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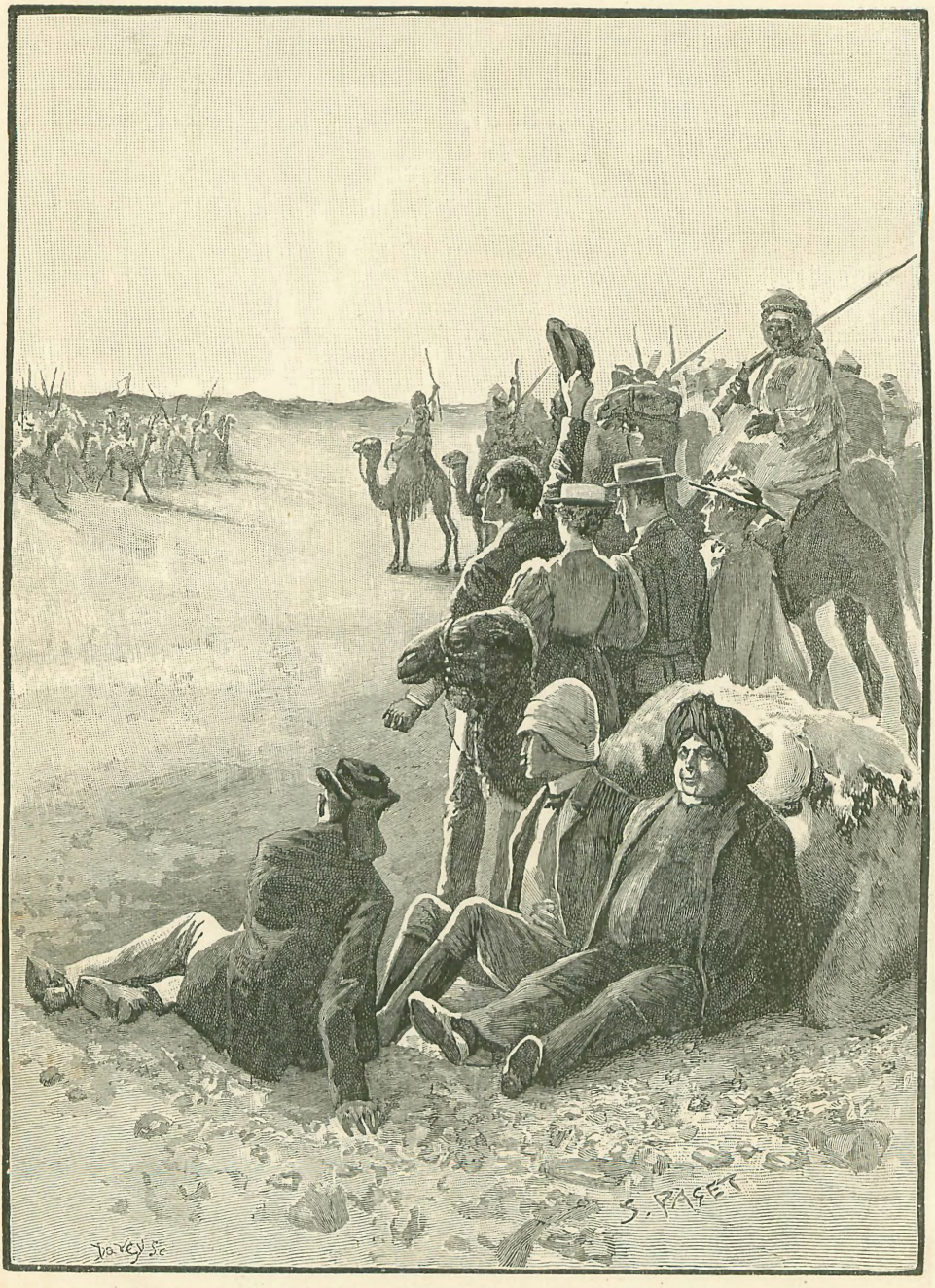

"'NORAH, DARLING,' HE SHOUTED, 'KEEP YOUR HEART UP!'"

(*See page* 11.)

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# *The Tragedy of the Korosko.*

By A. Conan Doyle.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE camels, some brown and some white, were kneeling in a long line, their champing jaws moving rhythmically from side to side, and their gracefully poised heads turning to right and left in a mincing, self-conscious fashion. Most of them were beautiful creatures, true Arabian trotters, with the slim limbs and finely turned necks which mark the breed; but among them were a few of the slower, heavier beasts, with ungroomed skins, disfigured by the black scars of old firings. These were loaded with the doora and the waterskins of the raiders, but a few minutes sufficed to redistribute their loads and to make place for the prisoners. None of these had been bound with the exception of Mr. Stuart—for the Arabs, understanding that he was a clergyman, and accustomed to associate religion with violence, had looked upon his fierce outburst as quite natural, and regarded him now as the most dangerous and enterprising of their captives. His hands were therefore tied together with a plaited camel-halter, but the others, including the dragoman and the two wounded blacks, were allowed to mount without any precaution against their escape, save that which was afforded by the slowness of their beasts. Then, with a shouting of men and a roaring of camels, the creatures were jolted on to their legs, and the long, straggling procession set off with its back to the homely river, and its face to the shimmering, violet haze, which hung round the huge sweep of beautiful, terrible desert, striped tiger-fashion with black rock and with golden sand.

None of the white prisoners with the exception of Colonel Cochrane had ever been upon a camel before. It seemed an alarming distance to the ground when they looked down, and the curious swaying motion, with the insecurity of the saddle, made them sick and frightened. But their bodily discomfort was forgotten in the turmoil of bitter thoughts within. What a chasm gaped between their old life and their new! And yet how short was the time and space which divided them! Less than an hour ago they had stood upon the summit of that rock and had laughed and chattered, or grumbled at the heat and flies, becoming peevish at small discomforts. Headingly had been hypercritical over the tints of Nature. They could not forget his own tint as he lay with his cheek upon the black stone. Sadie had chattered about tailor-made dresses. Now she was clinging, half-crazy, to the pommel of a wooden saddle, with suicide rising as a red star of hope in her mind. Humanity, reason, argument—all were gone, and there remained the brutal humiliation of force. And all the time, down there by the second rocky point, their steamer was waiting for them—their saloon, with the white napery and the glittering glasses, the latest novel, and the London papers. The least imaginative of them could see it so clearly: the white awning, Mrs. Shlesinger with her yellow sun-hat, Mrs. Belmont lying back in the canvas chair. There it lay almost in sight of them, that little chip broken off from home, and every silent, ungainly step of the camels was carrying them more hopelessly away from it. That very morning how beneficent Providence had appeared, how pleasant was life—a little commonplace, perhaps, but so soothing and restful. And now!

The red head-gear, patched jibbehs, and


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yellow boots had already shown to the Colonel that these men were no wandering party of robbers, but a troop from the regular army of the Khalifa. Now, as they struck across the desert, they showed that they possessed the rude discipline which their work demanded. A mile ahead, and far out on either flank, rode their scouts, dipping and rising among the yellow sand-hills. Ali Wad Ibrahim headed the caravan, and his short, sturdy lieutenant brought up the rear. The main party straggled over a couple of hundred yards, and in the middle was the little, dejected clump of prisoners. No attempt was made to keep them apart, and Mr. Stephens soon contrived that his camel should be between those of the two ladies.

"Don't be down-hearted, Miss Adams," said he. "This is a most indefensible outrage, but there can be no question that steps will be taken in the proper quarter to set the matter right. If it had not been for that villain Mansoor, you need not have appeared at all."

It was shocking to see the change in the little Bostonian lady, for she had shrunk to an old woman in an hour. Her swarthy cheeks had fallen in, and her eyes shone wildly from sunken, darkened sockets. Her frightened glances were continually turned upon Sadie. There is surely some wrecker angel which can only gather her best treasures in moments of disaster. For here were all these worldlings going to their doom, and already frivolity and selfishness had passed away from them and each was thinking and grieving only for the other. Sadie thought of her aunt, her aunt thought of Sadie, the men thought of the women, Belmont thought of his wife—and then he thought of something else, also, and he kicked his camel's shoulder with his heel until he found himself upon the near side of Miss Adams.

"I've got something for you here," he whispered. "We may be separated soon, so it is as well to make our arrangements."

"Separated!" wailed Miss Adams.

"Don't speak loud, for that infernal Mansoor may give us away again. I hope it won't be so, but it might. For example, they might determine to get rid of us men and to keep you."

Miss Adams shuddered.

"What am I to do? For God's sake tell me what I am to do, Mr. Belmont! I am an old woman. I have had my day. But Sadie—I am clean crazed when I think of her."

"Put your hand out under your dust-cloak," said Belmont, sidling his camel up against her's. "Don't miss your grip of it. There! Now hide it in your dress, and you'll always have a key to unlock any door."

Miss Adams felt what it was which he had slipped into her hand, and she looked at him for a moment in bewilderment. Then she pursed up her lips and shook her stern, brown face in disapproval. But she pushed the little pistol into its hiding-place, all the same, and she rode with her thoughts in a whirl. Could this indeed be she, Eliza Adams, of Boston, whose narrow, happy life had oscillated between the comfortable house in Commonwealth Avenue and the Tremont Presbyterian Church? Here she was, hunched upon a camel, with her hand upon the butt of a pistol, and her mind weighing the justifications of murder. Oh, life, sly, sleek, treacherous life, how are we ever to trust you? Show us your worst and we can face it, but it is when you are sweetest and smoothest that we have most to fear from you.

"No, I am not scared, Mr. Stephens," said Sadie, turning towards him a blanched face which belied her words. "We're all in God's hands, and surely He won't be cruel to us. It is easy to talk about trusting Him when things are going well, but now is the real test. If He's up there behind that blue Heaven——"

"He is," said a voice behind them, and they found that the Birmingham clergyman had joined the party. His tied hands clutched on to his Makloofa saddle, and his fat body swayed dangerously from side to side with every stride of the camel. His wounded leg was oozing with blood and clotted with flies, and the burning desert sun beat down upon his bare head, for he had lost both hat and umbrella in the scuffle. A rising fever flecked his large, white cheeks with a touch of colour, and brought a light into his brown ox-eyes. He had always seemed a somewhat gross and vulgar person to his fellow-travellers. Now, this bitter healing draught of sorrow had transformed him. He was purified, spiritualized, exalted. He had become so calmly strong that he made the others feel stronger as they looked upon him. He spoke of life and of death, of the present, and their hopes of the future, and the black cloud of their misery began to show a golden rift or two. Cecil Brown shrugged his shoulders, for he could not change in an hour the convictions of his life; but the others, even Fardet, the Frenchman, were touched and strengthened. They all took

"DON'T MISS YOUR GRIP OF IT."

off their hats when he prayed. Then the Colonel made a turban out of his red silk cummerbund, and insisted that Mr. Stuart should wear it. With his homely dress and gorgeous head-gear, he looked like a man who has dressed up to amuse the children.

And now the dull, ceaseless, insufferable torment of thirst was added to the aching weariness which came from the motion of the camels. The sun glared down upon them, and then up again from the yellow sand, and the great plain shimmered and glowed until they felt as if they were riding over a cooling sheet of molten metal. Their lips were parched and dried, and their tongues like tags of leather. They lisped curiously in their speech, for it was only the vowel sounds which would come without an effort. Miss Adams's chin had dropped upon her chest, and her great hat concealed her face.

"Auntie will faint if she does not get water," said Sadie. "Oh, Mr. Stephens, is there nothing we could do?"

The Dervishes riding near were all Baggara with the exception of one negro—an uncouth fellow with a face pitted with small-pox. His expression seemed good-natured when compared with that of his Arab comrades, and Stephens ventured to touch his elbow and to point to his water-skin, and then to the exhausted lady. The negro shook his head brusquely, but at the same time he glanced significantly towards the Arabs as if to say that, if it were not for them, he would act

differently. Then he laid his black forefinger upon the breast of his jibbeh.

"Tippy Tilly," said he.

"What's that?" asked Colonel Cochrane.

"'TIPPY TILLY,' SAID HE."

"Tippy Tilly," repeated the negro, sinking his voice as if he wished only the prisoners to hear him.

The Colonel shook his head.

"My Arabic won't bear much strain. I don't know what he is saying," said he.

"Tippy Tilly. Hicks Pasha," the negro repeated.

"I believe the fellow is friendly to us, but I can't quite make him out," said Cochrane to Belmont. "Do you think that he means that his name is Tippy Tilly, and that he killed Hicks Pasha?"

The negro showed his great white teeth at hearing his own words coming back to him. "Aiwa!" said he. "Tippy Tilly—Bimbashi Mormer—Boum!"

"By George, I've got it!" cried Belmont. "He's trying to speak English. Tippy Tilly is as near as he can get to Egyptian Artillery. He has served in the Egyptian Artillery under Bimbashi Mortimer. He was taken prisoner when Hicks Pasha was destroyed, and had to turn Dervish to save his skin. How's that?"

The Colonel said a few words of Arabic and received a reply, but two of the Arabs closed up, and the negro quickened his pace and left them.

"You are quite right," said the Colonel. "The fellow is friendly to us and would rather fight for the Khedive than for the Khalifa. I don't know that he can do us any good, but I've been in worse holes than this, and come out right side up. After all, we are not out of reach of pursuit, and won't be for another forty-eight hours."

Belmont calculated the matter out in his slow, deliberate fashion.

"It was about twelve that we were on the rock," said he. "They would become alarmed aboard the steamer if we did not

appear at two. The reis was a sleepy old crock, but I have absolute confidence in the promptness and decision of my wife. She would insist upon an immediate alarm being given. Suppose they started back at two-thirty, they should be at Halfa by three. How long did they say that it took to turn out the camel corps?"

"Give them an hour."

"And another hour to get them across the river. They would get to the Abousir Rock and pick up the tracks by six o'clock. After that it is a clear race. We are only four hours ahead, and some of these beasts are very spent. We may be saved yet, Cochrane!"

"Some of us may. I don't expect to see the padre alive to-morrow, nor Miss Adams either. See here, Belmont, in case you get back and I don't, there's a matter of a mortgage that I want you to set right for me." They rode on with their shoulders inclined to each other, deep in the details of business.

The friendly negro who had talked of Tippy Tilly had managed to slip a piece of cloth soaked in water into the hand of Mr. Stephens, and Miss Adams had moistened her lips with it. Even the few drops had given her renewed strength, and now that the first crushing shock was over, her wiry, elastic Yankee nature began to reassert itself.

"These people don't look as if they would harm us, Mr. Stephens," said she. "I guess they have a working religion of their own, such as it is, and that what's wrong to us is wrong to them."

Stephens shook his head in silence. He had seen the death of the donkey-boys, and she had not.

"Do you know what I am thinking of all the time?" said Sadie. "You remember that temple that we saw—when was it? Why, it was this morning."

They gave an exclamation of surprise, all three of them. Yes, it had been this morning; and it seemed away and away in some dim past experience of their lives, so vast was the change, so new and so overpowering the thoughts which had come between. They rode in silence, full of this strange expansion of time, until at last Stephens reminded Sadie that she had left her remark unfinished.

"Oh, yes; it was the wall picture on that temple that I was thinking of. Do you remember the poor string of prisoners who are being dragged along to the feet of the great king—how dejected they looked among the warriors who led them? Who could—who *could* have thought that within three hours the same fate should be our own? And Mr. Headingly——," she turned her face away and began to cry.

"Don't take on, Sadie," said her aunt; "remember what the minister said just now, that we are all right there in the hollow of God's hand. Where do you think we are going, Mr. Stephens?"

The red edge of his Baedeker still projected from the lawyer's pocket, for it had not been worth their captors' while to take it. He glanced down at it.

"If they will only leave me this, I will look up a few references when we halt. I have a general idea of the country, for I drew a small map of it the other day. The river runs from south to north, so we must be travelling almost due west. I suppose they feared pursuit if they kept too near the Nile bank. There is a caravan route, I remember, which runs parallel to the river, about seventy miles inland. There is a line of wells through which it passes. It comes out at Assiout, if I remember right, upon the Egyptian side. On the other side, it leads away into the Dervish country—so, perhaps——"

His words were interrupted by a high, eager voice which broke suddenly into a torrent of jostling words, words without meaning, pouring strenuously out in angry assertions and foolish repetitions. The pink had deepened to scarlet upon Mr. Stuart's cheeks, his eyes were vacant but brilliant, and he gabbled, gabbled, gabbled as he rode. Kindly mother Nature! she will not let her children be mishandled too far. "This is too much," she says; "this wounded leg, these crusted lips, this anxious, weary mind. Come away for a time, until your body becomes more habitable." And so she coaxes the mind away into the Nirvana of delirium, while the little cell-workers tinker and toil within to get things better for its home-coming. When you see the veil of cruelty which Nature wears, try and peer through it, and you will catch a glimpse of a very homely, kindly face behind.

The Arab guards looked askance at this sudden outbreak of the clergyman, for it verged upon lunacy, and lunacy is to them a fearsome and supernatural thing. One of them rode forward and spoke with the Emir. When he returned he said something to his comrades, one of whom closed in upon each side of the minister's camel, so as to prevent him from falling. The friendly negro sidled

his beast up to the Colonel, and whispered to him.

"We are going to halt presently, Belmont," said Cochrane.

"Thank God! They may give us some water. We can't go on like this."

"I told Tippy Tilly that, if he could help us, we would turn him into a Bimbashi when we got him back into Egypt. I think he's willing enough if he only had the power. By Jove, Belmont, do look back at the river."

Their route, which had lain through sand-strewn khors with jagged, black edges—places up which one would hardly think it possible that a camel could climb—opened out now on to a hard, rolling plain, covered thickly with rounded pebbles, dipping and rising to the violet hills upon the horizon. So regular were the long, brown pebble strewn curves, that they looked like the dark rollers of some monstrous ground-swell. Here and there a little straggling, sage-green tuft of camel-grass sprouted up between the stones. Brown plains and violet hills—nothing else in front of them! Behind lay the black jagged rocks through which they had passed with orange slopes of sand, and then far away a thin line of green to mark the course of the river. How cool and beautiful that green looked in the stark, abominable wilderness! On one side they could see the high rock—the accursed rock which had tempted them to their ruin. On the other the river curved, and the sun gleamed upon the water. Oh, that liquid gleam, and the insurgent animal cravings, the brutal primitive longings, which for the instant took the soul out of all of them! They had lost families, countries, liberty, everything, but it was only of water, water, water, that they could think. Mr. Stuart in his delirium began roaring for oranges, and it was insufferable for them to have to listen to him. Only the rough, sturdy Irishman rose superior to that bodily craving. That gleam of river must be somewhere near Halfa, and his wife might be upon the very water at which he looked. He pulled his hat over his eyes, and rode in gloomy silence, biting at his strong, iron-grey moustache.

Slowly the sun sank towards the west, and their shadows began to trail along the path where their hearts would go. It was cooler, and a desert breeze had sprung up, whispering over the rolling, stone-strewed plain. The Emir at their head had called his lieutenant to his side, and the pair had peered about, their eyes shaded by their hands, looking for some landmark. Then, with a satisfied grunt, the chief's camel had seemed to break short off at its knees, and then at its hocks, going down in three curious, broken-jointed jerks until its stomach was stretched upon

"LOOKING FOR SOME LANDMARK."

the ground. As each succeeding camel reached the spot it lay down also, until they were all stretched in one long line. The riders sprang off, and laid out the chopped tibbin upon cloths in front of them, for no well-bred camel will eat from the ground. In their gentle eyes, their quiet, leisurely way of eating, and their condescending, mincing manner, there was something both feminine and genteel, as though a party of prim old maids had foregathered in the heart of the Libyan desert.

There was no interference with the prisoners, either male or female, for how could they escape in the centre of that huge plain? The Emir came towards them once, and stood combing out his blue-black beard with his fingers, and looking thoughtfully at them out of his dark, sinister eyes. Miss Adams saw with a shudder that it was always upon Sadie that his gaze was fixed. Then, seeing their distress, he gave an order, and a negro brought a water-skin, from which he gave each of them about half a tumblerful. The Emir said a few abrupt words to the dragoman and left.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Mansoor began, with something of his old consequential manner; but a glare from the Colonel's eyes struck the words from his lips, and he broke away into a long, whimpering excuse for his conduct.

"How could I do anything otherwise," he wailed, "with the very knife at my throat?"

"You will have the very rope round your throat if we all see Egypt again," growled Cochrane, savagely. "In the meantime——"

"That's all right, Colonel," said Belmont. "But for our own sakes we ought to know what the chief has said."

Cochrane shrugged his shoulders. Privations had made him irritable, and he had to bite his lip to keep down a bitter answer. He walked slowly away, with his straight-legged military stride.

"What did he say, then?" asked Belmont, looking at the dragoman with an eye which was as stern as the Colonel's.

"He seems to be in a somewhat better manner than before. He said that if he had more water you should have it, but that he is himself short in supply. He said that to-morrow we shall come to the wells of Selimah, and everybody shall have plenty—and the camels too."

"Did he say how long we stopped here?"

"Very little rest, he said, and then forwards! Oh, Mr. Belmont——"

"Hold your tongue!" snapped the Irishman, and began once more to count times and distances. If it all worked out as he expected, if his wife had insisted upon the indolent reis giving an instant alarm at Halfa, then the pursuers should be already upon their track. The Camel Corps or the Egyptian Horse would travel by moonlight better and faster than in the daytime. It would take at least an hour before they would all get started again. That would be a clear hour gained. Perhaps by next morning——

And then, suddenly, his thoughts were terribly interrupted. The Colonel, raving like a madman, appeared upon the crest of the nearest slope, with an Arab hanging on to each of his wrists. His face was purple with rage and excitement, and he tugged and bent and writhed in his furious efforts to get free. "You cursed murderers!" he shrieked, and then, seeing the others in front of him, "Belmont," he cried, "they've killed Cecil Brown."

What had happened was this. In his conflict with his own ill-humour, Cochrane had strolled over this nearest crest, and had found a group of camels in the hollow beyond, with a little knot of angry, loud-voiced men beside them. Brown was the centre of the group, pale, heavy-eyed, with his up-turned, spiky moustache and listless manner. They had searched his pockets before, but now they were determined to tear off all his clothes in the hope of finding something which he had secreted. A hideous negro with silver bangles in his ears grinned and jabbered in the young diplomatist's impassive face. There seemed to the Colonel to be something heroic and almost inhuman in that white calm, and those abstracted eyes. His coat was already open, and the negro's great black paw flew up to his neck and tore his shirt down to the waist. And at the sound of that r-r-rip, and at the abhorrent touch of those coarse fingers, this man about town, this finished product of the nineteenth century, dropped his life-traditions and became a savage facing a savage. His face flushed, his lips curled back, he chattered his teeth like an ape, and his eyes—those indolent eyes which had always twinkled so placidly—were gorged and frantic. He threw himself upon the negro, and struck him again and again, feebly but viciously, in his broad, black face. He hit like a girl, round arm, with an open palm. The man winced away for an instant, appalled by this sudden blaze of passion. Then with an impatient, snarling cry he slid a knife from

his long loose sleeve and struck upwards under the whirling arm. Brown sat down at the blow and began to cough—to cough as a man coughs who has choked at dinner, furiously, ceaselessly, spasm after spasm. Then the angry red cheeks turned to a mottled pallor, there were liquid sounds in his throat, and, clapping his hand over his mouth, he rolled over on to his side. The at last, in bitter silence, beside the delirious Nonconformist.

So Headingly was gone, and Cecil Brown was gone, and their haggard eyes were turned from one pale face to another, to know which they would lose next of that frieze of light-hearted riders who had stood out so clearly against the blue morning sky when viewed from the deck-chairs of the *Korosko*. Two

"HE ROLLED OVER ON TO HIS SIDE."

negro, with a brutal grunt of contempt, slid his knife up his sleeve once more, while the Colonel, spitting like a wild cat, was seized by the bystanders, and dragged, raving with fury, back to his forlorn party. His hands were lashed with a camel-halter, and he lay gone out of ten, and a third out of his mind. The pleasure trip was drawing to its climax.

Fardet, the Frenchman, was sitting alone with his chin resting upon his hands, and his elbows upon his knees, staring miserably out over the desert, when Belmont saw him start

suddenly and pick up his head like a dog who hears a strange step. Then, with clenched fingers, he bent his face forward and stared fixedly towards the black hills through which they had passed. He followed his gaze, and, yes—yes—there was something moving there! He saw the flash of metal, and the sudden gleam of some white garment. A Dervish vedette upon the flank turned his camel twice round as a danger signal, and discharged his rifle in the air. The echo of the crack had hardly died away before they were all in their saddles, Arabs and negroes. Another instant, and the camels were on their feet and moving slowly towards the point of alarm. Several armed men surrounded the prisoners, slipping cartridges into their Remingtons as a hint to them to remain still.

"By Heaven, they are men on camels!" cried Cochrane, his troubles all forgotten as he strained his eyes to catch sight of these new-comers.

"They've been smarter than I gave them credit for," said Belmont. "They are here a long two hours before we could have reasonably expected them. Hurrah, Monsieur Fardet, *ça va bien, n'est ce pas?*"

"Hurrah, hurrah, *marveilleusement bien! Vivent les Anglais! Vivent les Anglais!*" yelled the excited Frenchman, as the head of a column of camelry began to wind out from among the rocks.

"See here, Belmont," cried the Colonel. "These fellows will want to shoot us if they see it is all up. Will you be ready to jump on the fellow with the blind eye, and I'll take the big nigger, if I can get my hands loose. Stephens, you must do what you can. You, Fardet, *comprenez vous? Il est necessaire* to plug these Johnnies before they can hurt us. You, dragoman, tell those two Soudanese soldiers that they must be ready—but, but" . . . . his words died into a murmur and he swallowed once or twice. "These are Arabs," said he, and it sounded like another voice.

Of all the bitter day, it was the very bitterest moment. Happy Mr. Stuart lay upon the pebbles with his back against the ribs of his camel, and chuckled consumedly at some joke which those busy little cell-workers had come across in their repairs. His fat face was wreathed and creased with merriment. But the others, how sick, how heart-sick, were they all! The women cried. The men turned away in that silence which is beyond tears. Monsieur Fardet fell upon his face, and shook with dry sobbings.

The Arabs were firing their rifles as a welcome to their friends, and the others as they trotted their camels across the open returned the salutes and waved their rifles and lances in the air. They were a smaller band than the first one—not more than thirty—but dressed in the same red headgear and patched jibbehs. One of them carried a small white banner with an inscription.

"What's that they have in the middle of them?" cried Stephens. "Look, Miss Adams! Surely it is a woman!"

There was something there upon a camel, but it was difficult to catch a glimpse of it. And then suddenly, as the two bodies met, the riders opened out, and they saw it plainly.

"It's a white woman!"

"The steamer has been taken!"

Belmont gave a cry that sounded high above everything.

"Norah, darling," he shouted, "keep your heart up! I'm here, and it is all well!"

*(To be continued.)*

# *Glimpses of Nature.*

## I. — THE COWS THAT ANTS MILK.

By Grant Allen.

DON'T let my title startle you; it was Linnæus himself who first invented it. Everybody knows the common little "green-flies" or "plant-lice" that cluster thick on the shoots of roses; and most people know that these troublesome small insects (from the human point of view) are the true source of that shining sweet juice, rather slimy and clammy, that covers so many leaves in warm summer weather, and is commonly called honey-dew. A good many people have heard, too, that ants use the tiny green creatures in place of cows, coaxing them with their feelers so as to make them yield up the sweet and nutritious juice which is the ants' substitute for butter at breakfast. But comparatively few are aware how strange and eventful is the brief life-history of these insignificant little beasts which we destroy by the thousand in our flower-gardens or conservatories with a sprinkle of tobacco-water. To the world at large, the aphides, as we call them, are mere nameless nuisances — pests that infest our choicest plants; to the eye of the naturalist, they are a marvellous and deeply interesting group of animals, with one of the oddest pedigrees, one of the queerest biographies, known to science.

I propose, therefore, in this paper briefly to recount their story from the cradle to the grave; or, rather, to be literally accurate, from the time when they first emerge from the egg to the moment when they are eaten alive (with some hundreds of their kind) by one or other of their watchful enemies. In this task, I shall be aided not a little by the clever and vivid dramatic sketches of the Aphides at Home, which have been prepared for me by my able and watchful collaborator, Mr. Frederick Enock, an enthusiastic and observant naturalist, who thinks nothing of sitting up all night, if so he may catch a beetle's egg at the moment of hatching: and who will keep his eye to the microscope for twelve hours at a stretch, relieved only by occasional light refreshment in the shape of a sandwich, if so he may intercept some rare chrysalis at its moment of bursting, or behold some special grub spin the silken cocoon within whose case it is to develop into the perfect winged insect.

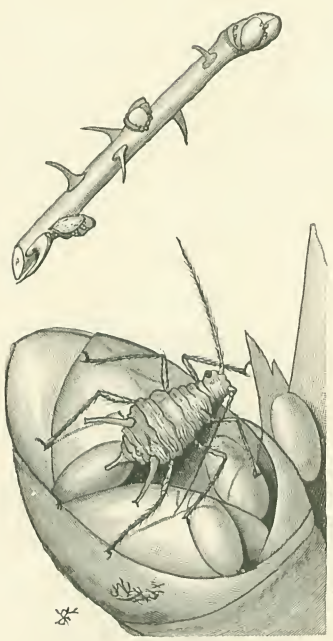
Rose-aphides, or "green-flies," as most people call them, are, to the casual eye, a mere mass of living "blight"—a confused group of tiny translucent insects, moored by their beaks or sucking-tubes to the shoots of the plant on which they have been born, and which they seldom quit unless forcibly ejected. For they are no Columbuses. The spray of rose-bush figured in sketch No. 1 shows a small part of one such numerous household, in quiet possession of its family tree, and engaged, as is its wont, in sucking for dear life at the juices of its own peculiar food-plant. You will observe that they are clustered closest at the growing-point. Each little beast of this complex family is coloured protectively green, so as to be as inconspicuous as possible to the keen eyes of its numerous enemies; and each sticks to its chosen twig with beak and sucker as long as there is anything left to drink in it, only moving away on its six sprawling legs when its native spot has been drained dry of all nutriment.

NO. 1.—A BRANCH OF THE FAMILY TREE.

We often talk metaphorically of vegetating:

the aphis vegetates. Indeed, aphides are as sluggish in their habits and manners as it is possible for a living and locomotive animal to be; they do not actually fasten for life to one point, like oysters or barnacles; but they are born on a soft shoot of some particular plant; they stick their sucking-tube into it as soon as they emerge; they anchor themselves on the spot for an indefinite period; and they only move on to a new "claim" when sheer want of food or *force majeure* compels them. The winged members are an exception: *they* are founders of new colonies, and are now on their way to some undiscovered Tasmania.

And, indeed, as we shall see, these stick-in-the-mud creatures have yet, in the lump, a most eventful history—a history fraught with strange loves, with hairbreadth escapes, with remorseless foes, with almost incredible episodes. They have enemies enough to satisfy Mr. Rider Haggard or the British schoolboy. If you look at No. 2, you will see the first stage in the Seven Ages of a rose-aphis family. The cycle of their life begins in autumn, with the annual laying of the winter eggs; these eggs are carefully deposited on the leaf-buds of some rose-bush, by a perfect wingless female, at the first approach of the cold weather. I say a perfect wingless female, because, as I shall explain hereafter, most aphides (and especially all the summer crops or generations that appear with such miraculous rapidity on our roses and fruit-trees) are poor fatherless creatures; waifs and strays, not born in the usual way from a male and female parent, but budded out vegetatively like the shoots of a plant from an unwedded mother.



NO. 2.—WORN-OUT MOTHER—LAYING HER LAST EGG.

About this strange retrogressive mode of reproduction, however, I shall have more to tell you in due time by-and-by; for the present, we will confine ourselves to the immediate history of the autumn brood, which is regularly produced in the legitimate fashion, as the result of an ordinary insect marriage between perfectly developed males and females. As October approaches, a special generation of such perfect males and females is produced by the unwedded summer green-flies; and the females of this brood, specially told off for the purpose, lay the winter eggs, which are destined to carry on the life of the species across the colder months, when no fresh shoots for food and drink are to be found in the frozen fields or gardens.

The eggs, so to speak, must be regarded as a kind of deferred brood, to bridge over the chilly time when living aphides cannot obtain a livelihood in the open. In No. 2 we see, above, a rose-twig with its leaf-buds, which are undeveloped leaves, inclosed in warm coverings, and similarly intended to bridge over the winter on behalf of the rose-bush. On this twig, then, we have the winter eggs of the aphis, mere dots represented in their natural size; they are providently laid on the bud, which in early spring will grow out into a shoot, and thus supply food at once for the young green-flies as they hatch and develop. So beautifully does Nature in her wisdom take care that blight in due season shall never be wanting to our Marshal Niels and our Gloires de Dijon!

In the same sketch, too, we have, below, a pathetic illustration, greatly magnified, of the poor old worn-out mother, a martyr to maternity, laying her last egg in the crannies of the bud she has chosen. I say "a martyr to maternity" in solemn earnest. You will observe that she is a shrivelled and haggard specimen of over-burdened motherhood. The duties of her station have clearly been too much for her. The reason is that she literally uses herself up in the production of offspring; which is not surprising, if you consider the relative size of egg and egg-layer. When this model mother began to lay, I can assure you she was fat and well-favoured, as attractive a young green-fly as you would be likely to come across in a day's march on the surface of a rose-twig. But once she sets to work, she lays big eggs with a will (big, that is to say, compared with her own size), till she has used up all her soft

internal material; and when she has finished, she dies—or, rather, she ceases to be; for there is nothing left of her but a dried and shrivelled skin, a mere mummified form or withered external skeleton.

During the winter, indeed—in cold climates at least—the race of aphides dies out altogether for the time being, or only protracts an artificial existence in the heated air of green-houses and drawing-rooms. The species is represented at such dormant periods by the fertilized eggs alone, which lie snug among the folds or scales of the buds till March or April comes back again to wake them. Then, with the first genial weather, the eggs hatch out, and a joyous new brood of aphides emerges. And here comes in one of the greatest wonders: for these summer broods do not consist, like their parents in autumn, of males and females, but of imperfect mothers—all mothers alike, all brotherless sisters, and all budding out young as fast as they can go, without the trouble and expense of a father. They put forth their progeny as a tree puts forth leaves, by mere division. The new broods thus produced are budded out tail first, as shown in No. 3, so that all the members of the family stand with their heads in the same direction, the mother moving on as her offspring increases; and, since each new aphis instantly begins to fix its proboscis into the soft leaf-tissue, and in turn to bud out other broods of its own, you need not wonder that your favourite roses are so quickly covered with a close layer of blight in genial weather.

To say the truth, the rate of increase in aphides is so incredibly rapid that one dare hardly mention it without seeming to exaggerate. A single industrious little green-fly, which devotes itself with a quiet mind to eating and reproduction, may easily within its own lifetime become the ancestor of some billions of great-grandchildren. It is not difficult to see why this should be so. The original parent buds out little ones from its own substance at a prodigious rate; and each of these juniors, reaching maturity at a bound, begins at once to bud out others in turn, so that as long as food and fine weather remain the population increases in an almost unthinkable ratio. Of course, it is the extreme abundance of food and the ease of living that result in this extraordinary rate of fertility; the race has no Malthus to keep it in check—each aphis need only plunge its beak into the rose-shoots or leaves and suck; it can get enough food without the slightest trouble to maintain itself and a numerous progeny. It does not move about recklessly, or use up material in any excessive intellectual effort; all it eats goes at once to the production of more and more aphides in rapid succession. The plant in reality does all the work for it: the aphis just sits with its sucker plunged in a reservoir of sap, and lazily absorbs the manufactured food-stuffs.

Many things, however, conspire to show that aphides did not always lead so slothful a life: they are creatures with a past, the unworthy descendants of higher insects, which have degenerated to this level through the excessive abundance of their food, and through their adoption of what is practically a parasitic habit. When life is too easy, men and insects invariably degenerate: struggle is good for us. One of these little indications of a higher past Mr. Enock has given us in the upper part of sketch No. 3. For the members of the spring brood, hatched out of the winter eggs, and produced in the ordinary way of insect life by a father and mother, go through the regular stages of grub and chrysalis, like any other flies; or, if you wish to be accurately scientific, pass through the usual forms of larva and pupa, before they reach the full adult condition. This, of course, shows them to be the descendants of higher insects which underwent the common metamorphosis of their kind. But the budded-out, fatherless broods which follow them in summer are produced ready-made, so to speak, without the necessity for passing through larval or infantile stages. They are never grubs; they

NO. 3.—BUDDING MOTHER—PRODUCING A FATHERLESS BROOD.

are born fully formed, and proceed forthwith to moor themselves, to feed, and to bud out fresh generations, without sensible interval. In No. 3 we have various stages in the development of the spring brood. Above we see the pupa, or chrysalis, produced from a grub (not very grub-like in shape), which has sprung from an egg; and on the right, below, we see the shrivelled larval skin from which it has just freed itself. This particular aphis was thus born as a six-legged grub or larva from an autumn egg; it passes through the intermediate form of a pupa, or chrysalis; and it will finally develop into a winged "viviparous" female, such as you see in No. 4 below, putting out its young alive

NO. 4.—WINGED FEMALE—THE FOUNDRESS OF A COLONY.

as fast as ever its wee body can bud them. You may observe, however, that in the case of aphides there is no great difference of form between the three successive stages.

In No. 4, again, we have a portrait from life of such a *winged* female, the mother of a numerous fatherless progeny; for both winged and wingless forms are produced through the summer. She is round and well-fed, as becomes a matron. Observe in particular the curious pair of tubes on the last few rings of her back; these are the organs for secreting nectar or *honey-dew*, a point about which I shall have a good deal more to say presently. A winged female like this may fly away to another rose-bush to become the foundress of a distant colony. The same illustration also shows, in a greatly enlarged form, her beak or sucking apparatus, which consists of four sharp lancet-like siphons, inclosed in a protective sheath or proboscis, and admirably adapted both for piercing the rose-twig and for draining the juices of your choicest crimson ramblers. The aphis sticks in the point as if it were a needle, and then sucks away vigorously at the rose-tree's life-blood. You can watch her so any day with a common small magnifier, and see how, like the lady at Mr. Stiggins' tea meeting, she "swells wisibly" in the process. Indeed, aphides are always beautiful objects for the microscope or pocket lens, with their pale, transparent green bodies, their bright black eyes, their jointed hairy legs, their delicate feelers, and their marvellous honey-tubes; and it will not be my fault if you still continue to regard them as nothing more than the "nasty blight" that destroys your roses.

Do not for a moment suppose, however, that you and your gardener, with his spray and his tobacco-water, are the only enemies the rose-aphis possesses. The name of her foes is legion. She is devoured alive, from without and from within, by a ceaseless horde of aggressive belligerents. The most destructive of these enemies are no doubt the lady-birds, which, both in their larval and their winged forms, live almost entirely on various kinds of green-fly. This practical fact in natural history is well known to hop-growers, for the dreaded "fly" on hops is an aphis; its abundance or otherwise governs the hop market, and Kentish farmers are keenly aware that a certain particular lady-bird eats the "fly" by millions, on which account they protect and foster the lady-bird, thus leaving the two insects, the parasite and the carnivore, to fight it out in their own way between them.

But No. 5 introduces us to a still more insidious though less dangerous foe: an internal parasite which lays its eggs inside the body of the bud-producing female. There the grub hatches out, and proceeds to eat up its unwilling hostess, alive, *from within*. In the sketch, we have an illustration, below, of an aphis which has thus been compelled to take in a stranger to board and lodge in her stomach; while the top figure shows you how the lodger, after eating his hostess out, eats himself out into the open air through her empty skin. If you look out closely for such haunted green-flies, inhabited by a parasite —most often an inchneumon fly—you will find them in abundance on the twigs of rose-bushes. They have a peculiar swollen, quiescent look, and a brownish colour.

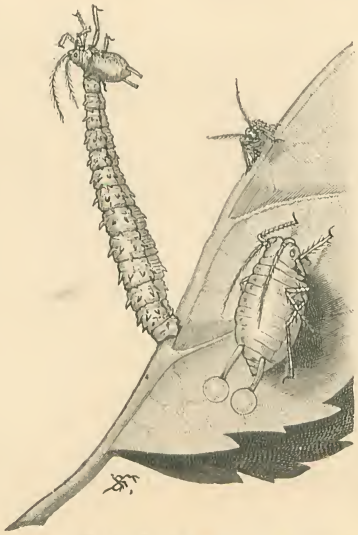
No. 6 shows us another such fierce enemy at work. This formidable insect tiger is the larva of the wasp-fly; he is a savage carnivore, who moors himself by his tail end, stretches out to his full length, and swoops down upon his unsuspecting prey from above; and, being blessed with a good appetite, he can get rid of no fewer than 120 aphides in an hour. As he probably eats all day, with little intermission for rest and digestion, this gives a grand total of about 15,000 or 16,000 victims at a sitting. However, the remaining aphides go on budding away as fast as ever to make up the deficiency, so the loss to the race is by no means irreparable. "*Il n'y a pas d'homme nécessaire*," Napoleon used to say: and the principle is even more true as applied to green-flies. If a few millions die, their place is soon filled again.

NO. 5.—UNNATURAL LODGER EATS HIS HOSTESS OUT OF HER SKIN.

Look once more at No. 6, and you will see that while the tiger-like enemy is engaged in hoisting and devouring one unfortunate aphis, its neighbour below, heedless of the tragedy, is quietly engaged in blowing off honey-dew.

This blowing-off of honey-dew leads me on direct to the very heart of my subject; for it is as manufacturers of honey-dew and as cows to the ants that aphides base their chief claim to attention. If they did not produce this Turkish delight of the insect world, nobody would have troubled to study them so closely. Let us go on to see, then, what is the origin and meaning of this curious and almost unique secretion.

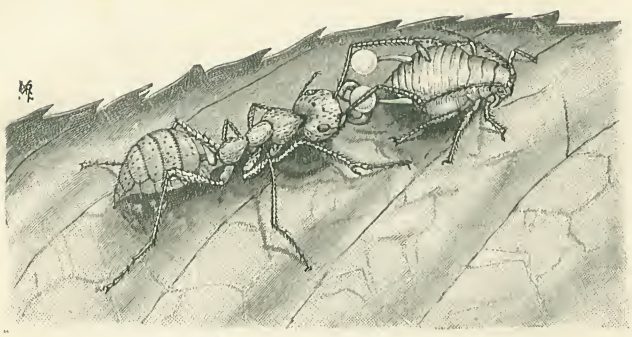
If you examine the leaves of a lime-tree or a rose-bush in warm summer weather, you will find them covered all over with a soft, sticky substance, sweet to the taste, and spread in a thin layer upon the surface of the foliage. This sweet stuff is honey-dew, and it is manufactured solely by various kinds of aphides, without whose trade-mark none other is genuine. Why do they make it? Not, you may be sure, out of pure unselfish moral desire to benefit the ants and other beasts that like it. In the animal world, nothing for nothing is the principle of conduct. The true secret of the origin of honey-dew appears to be this. Aphides live entirely off a light diet of vegetable juices; now, these juices are rich in compounds of hydrogen and carbon, especially sugar (or, rather, to be strictly scientific, glucose), but are relatively deficient in nitrogenous materials, which last are needed as producers of movement by all animals, however sluggish. In order, therefore, to procure enough nitrogenous matter for its simple needs, your aphis is obliged to eat its way through a quite superfluous amount of sweets, or of sugar-forming substances. It is almost as though we ourselves had to swallow daily a barrel of treacle, so as to reach at the bottom an ounce of beefsteak. To get rid of this surplus of sugar (or, rather, undigested glucose), almost all aphides (for they are a large family, with many separate kinds) have acquired a pair of peculiar organs, known as honey-tubes, on the backs of their bodies. Sometimes, when distended with superfluous food, they simply blow out the honey-dew secreted by these tubes on to the leaves below them.



NO. 6.—TRAGIC ENEMY WHO DEVOURS 120 PER HOUR.

The aphis in No. 6 is represented at the moment when it is thus ridding itself of its excessive sweetness. But honey-dew is sticky, and

apt to get in the way; it may clog one's legs, or interfere with one's proboscis: so the aphides prefer as a rule to retain it prudently till some friendly animal, with a taste for sweets, steps in to relieve them of the unpleasant tension. The animal which especially performs this kind office for the rose-aphis is the garden ant; and No. 7 represents such an ant in the very act of tapping and caressing



NO. 7.—AN ANT MILKING A ROSE-APHIS OF ITS HONEY-DEW.

an aphis with its feelers, in order to make her yield up on demand her store of honey. The process is ordinarily described as "milking."

You must understand, of course, that neither aphis nor ant is actuated by purely philanthropic considerations; this is a case of mutual accommodation. The aphis wants to get rid of a troublesome waste product which is apt to clog it. The ant wants to secure that waste product as a valuable food-stuff. Hence, from all time, an offensive and defensive alliance of the profoundest type has been mutually struck up between ants and aphides. How far this alliance has gone is truly wonderful. The ants not merely "milk" the aphides, but actually collect them together in herds and keep them in parks as domestic animals. Nay, more; as Sir John Lubbock has pointed out, different kinds of ants domesticate different breeds of aphides, as each is suited to the other's conditions. The common black garden ant attends chiefly to the aphides which frequent twigs and leaves, such as this very rose-aphis—for the black ant is a rover and a good tree-climber; he is much given to exploring expeditions over the surface of plants in search of honey, and he is not particular whether he happens to gather it from flowers or from insects. The brown ant, on the other hand, goes in rather for such species of aphides as frequent the crannies in the bark of trees; while the little yellow ant, an almost subterranean race, living underground among the grass roots in meadows, "keeps flocks and herds" (says Lubbock) "of the root-feeding aphides." All these facts you can verify for yourself with very little trouble in any English village.

It is most interesting to watch a black ant on the prowl after honey-dew. He is evidently led on to the herd by smell, for he mounts the stem where the aphides live in a business-like way, and goes straight to the point, as if he knew what he was after. When he finds an aphis that looks likely, he strokes and caresses her gently with his antennæ (as you see in the sketch), coaxing her to yield up the coveted nectar. The aphis, on her side, glad to receive his polite attentions, and accustomed to the signal, exudes a clear drop of her surplus sweet, which the ant licks up with its jaws greedily. But ants do much more than this in the way of aiding and protecting their "cows." They really appropriate them. Often they build, with mud, covered ways or galleries up to their particular herds, and erect earthen cowsheds above them; they also fight in defence of their flocks, as a Zulu will fight for his oxen, or an Arab for his camels. Their foresight is almost human: for when the winter eggs are laid, the ants will transport them into their nest, to keep them safe against frost; and when summer comes again, they will carry them out with care, and place them in the sun to hatch on the proper food-plant. Could man himself show greater prudence and forethought than these mites of herdsmen?

"The eggs," says Sir John Lubbock, "are laid early in October on the food-plant of the insect. They are of no direct use to the ants; yet they are not left where they are laid, exposed to the severity of the weather and to innumerable dangers, but brought into the nests, and tended with the utmost care through the long winter months till the following March"; when they are brought out again and placed on their special food-plant.

Lubbock even notes that ants have domesticated a far larger variety of other animals than we ourselves have. Our list includes at best the horse, the dog, the cat,

the cow, the camel, the sheep, the llama, the alpaca, the goat, the hen, the duck, the goose, the bee, the silkworm, and a dozen or so others; while ants have domesticated no fewer than 584 different kinds of crustaceans and insects, including beetles, flies, and mites, some of which have lived for so many generations in the dark galleries of the ant-hills that they have become totally blind, as happens almost always, in the long run, with underground animals.

During the live-long summer the aphides go on, eating and drinking, though not indeed marrying or giving in marriage, but budding out new broods with inexhaustible fertility. They settle down calmly on the spot where they were born, they stick to it for life, and they seldom move away from their native twig unless somebody pushes them, for though they have legs, they do not care to use them except on extreme provocation. But when autumn arrives, "a strange thing happens." Broods of perfect winged males and wingless females are then produced; and the males of these, like almost all other insects, take a marriage flight, find their predestined mates, and become with them the parents of the dormant eggs which outlive the year, and carry on the race to the succeeding summer. While warm weather lasts, few or no males are budded out; it is only when cold threatens to destroy the entire colony that little husbands are born, so as to give rise to eggs which may bridge over the gulf between summer and summer. If you keep the insects warm, however, and supply them with abundant food (as in a conservatory), they will go on producing imperfect females and fatherless broods, without intermission, for many years together. The egg-laying generation is thus shown to be merely a device for meeting the adverse chances of winter; the budding process suffices well enough, as long as warmth and food render the possibility of freezing or starvation unimportant.

On the other hand, the eggs and the brood born from them revert to the earlier habit of the race, when it was still an active, free-flying type, before it had been demoralized by acquiring its sedentary, parasitic habits. They hatch out into active little six-footed, or six-legged, grubs, which again give rise to very similar chrysalis forms, and finally develop into the "viviparous" or budding females. From this we can readily infer that only too great ease of living brought about the existing degeneracy of the race. Indeed, whenever a species earns its livelihood with too little exertion, it invariably degenerates, and often grows small, unintelligent, and vastly prolific; for superior races have relatively small families, while inferior races reproduce by the million. The mites which infest cheese and other food-stuffs are an exactly analogous case to that of the aphides, for they are degenerate spiders, grown small and prolific through the excessive ease of life afforded them by always settling in a cheese, all ready-made food for them, without the trouble or exertion of hunting.

Creatures which reproduce at such a rate, however, invariably pay the penalty for their rapid increase by an equally rapid and enormous death-rate; were it otherwise, the offspring of a single pair of codfish (with their million eggs) would soon turn the sea into one solid mass of cod; while the descendants of a single viviparous aphis would cover the earth with a 10ft. thick layer of teeming green-flies. However, Nature has remedies in store for them. Storms of rain and hail kill myriads of aphides; sudden changes of weather wilt them and nip them up; innumerable enemies make an honest livelihood out of them. Another of these ubiquitous foes is graphically represented in No. 8—the grub of the lace-wing fly, a sort of insect old-clothes man, which covers its back with the cast-off skins of its discarded victims. This is a clever device to enable it to escape observation. The larva, which is a fat and juicy morsel, catches aphides wholesale, and sucks their life-blood; when

NO. 8.—COMIC ENEMY WHO POSES AS OLD-CLOTHES MAN.

he has drained them dry, he hoists up their skins on to his back with his jaws, by way of overcoat. Then the hooks or spines on his back (shown above) hold them in place for a time, while the larva bends over and spins a few threads of web across them, to weave them into a neat and compact garment. Thus securely clad, he is hidden from view: he looks much like a twig covered with aphides, and avoids to some extent the too pressing attentions of his own enemies. Observe in this sketch the characteristic unconcern of the aphis who is destined to be his next victim.

Birds also destroy large numbers of aphides. You can see them picking them off in the bean-fields in summer.

It is lucky for us that these insect pests have so abundant a supply of natural enemies; for man, by himself, is almost powerless against them. Strange to say, and paradoxical as it sounds, it is the smallest enemies that we always find most difficult to extirpate. Lions and tigers we can kill off without difficulty; they can be shot and exterminated. Wolves and hyenas give us a little more trouble; while against rabbits, our resources are taxed to the utmost. A plague of rats and mice, or of tiny field-voles, can hardly be combated with any hope of success; while locusts and Colorado beetles devastate our crops with practical impunity.

When it comes to aphides, we are quite unable to cope with the infinite numbers of our infinitesimal foes; and if we take the microscopic creatures which cause cholera, typhoid fever, and other zymotic diseases, we may keep out of their way, it is true, or may isolate the objects in which they breed and store their germs, but we are practically without means to kill or hurt them. The larger the foe, the more easily is he met; the smaller our enemy, the more difficult is he to extirpate. We killed off the American buffalo (or bison) in a single generation; a thousand years would probably fail to kill off the insignificant little aphides that infest our roses.

In the case of one member of the family at least, the experiment has been tried on a gigantic scale in France, and as yet with comparatively small results. For the dreaded phylloxera which attacks the vines is, in fact, an aphis; and though immense rewards have been offered by the French Assembly for any good remedy against phylloxera, the only successful plan as yet proposed has been that of planting healthier and sturdier American vines, which resist the little beast a good deal better than the effete and worn-out European species. But many other members of the family wage war with distinguished success against the British farmer. The little black "colliers" which attack our bean crops are a species of aphis; so are the "blight" of apple-trees, the "fly" on turnips, and the most familiar parasites of the hop, the cabbage, the pear, and the potato. It is well for us, therefore, that the aphides have roused against them so many natural enemies among the birds and insects, or our crops would be destroyed by their persistent efforts. The ichneumon-flies alone kill their millions yearly; and the lady-birds well deserve their popular esteem for the good they do in keeping down the ever-increasing numbers of these voracious insects.

Yet, mischievous as they are, the tiny green aphides are well deserving of study both for their personal beauty and their singular life-history. Everybody can observe them, because they are practically everywhere. If you have a garden, they swarm on every bush. If you grow flowers in your window, they live in every pot. If you content yourself with an occasional bunch of roses or geraniums, you will find them, if you look, sucking away contentedly on the leaves of the rosebuds. Even in London parks or squares you may watch the industrious ants creeping slowly up the stems to milk their wee green cows; you may see with the naked eye, or still better with a pocket lens, the grateful aphis exude a tiny drop of limpid honey from its translucent tubes, and the ant lick it up with unmistakable gusto. So here, under our eyes, in every part of England, we may behold this quaint little drama in real life taking place, so familiar that it hardly attracts our attention, yet so marvellous that we scarce can credit it when we first behold it. Go out into the parks or gardens and examine it for yourself; for every one of the facts I have mentioned in this paper can be verified with ease (if only you have patience) in fields or meadows in all parts of Europe.

# *How a Racing Boat is Built.*

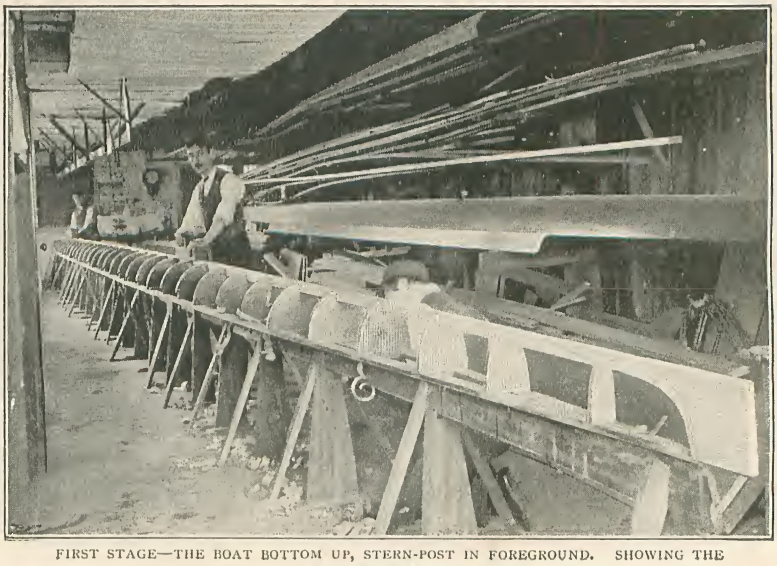
By S. J. Housley.

[*From Photographs specially taken by George Newnes, Ltd.*]

IN the early stages of practice a crew uses what is known as a "tub-ship," as distinct from the racing eight, or "light-ship," known to Americans as a "shell." Though in their actual proportions there may be but little difference between the two vessels, the difference in structure is very great. The tub-ship is built in "strakes," planks overlapping each other and nailed together by their edges—the most familiar form of construction in rowing-boats. Such craft are technically described as "clinker-built," or, more shortly, "clinkers"; whereas the light-ship presents an absolutely smooth surface, unbroken even by a keel. Either vessel will be from 58 to 60 or more feet in length, and from 2ft. 2in. to 2ft. 5in. in extreme width, according to the weight of the crew.

The "stocks" upon which the boat is to be constructed run almost the entire length of the workshop, and consist of a plank set on its edge, sustained at a convenient level above the floor, about 2ft., by a series of props and shores. In the early stages of her building, a keel-less boat, of whatever size, is laid bottom up. The first operation is to lay down the "frame." This is only a temporary construction, and does not ultimately form any part of the boat. It is an outline in wood of the "deck-plan," and is carefully arranged on the top of the stocks, being supported in its proper position by struts fastened to the stocks. On this frame the "moulds" are screwed at proper intervals. These also are temporary, and do for an eight what the ribs do for a big ship in building—they give her shape. For the ribs of a racing eight are of such slight material that their place has to be taken for a time by the moulds, which are cut from stout deal, and removed ultimately as the ribs are inserted. This method is employed in the case of any rowing-boat, whether clinker or keel-less.

When the moulds are all in position, a very fair idea may be formed of the lines of the future boat, as a glance at the accompanying illustration will show. Each mould has a slot cut in the part which corresponds to the bottom of the boat. The slots are sufficiently deep to admit the "keelson," the backbone of the craft. Every boat has a keelson of some form or other, which is the interior portion of her backbone, the keel, when there is one, being the outside portion. When the keelson is set in the slots it is planed down flush with the moulds. At either end are fixed the stem and stern posts, made of spruce or white cedar, properly grooved so that the "skin" of the eight may be let in flush with the surface of the post. In the illustration (No. 1) the stern-post is in the foreground, and the oblique join



FIRST STAGE—THE BOAT BOTTOM UP, STERN-POST IN FOREGROUND. SHOWING THE TEMPORARY MOULDS.

where it is fixed to the end of the keelson can be clearly seen, as well as the groove for the skin.

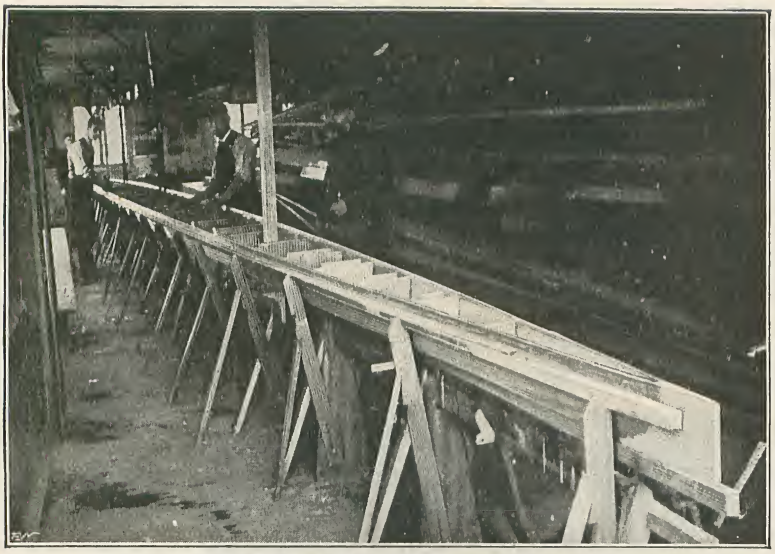
Planking, or putting on the skin, is the next process. When planks of sufficient size can be procured, an eight is built in six pieces, three to each side. If, as is the case with most boats built for a University crew, she is 60ft. in length, each piece must be quite 20ft., and the sections which belong to the middle part of the boat must be of considerable width. Such planks, without a shake or flaw, are not readily obtained.

One wood has proved pre-eminently suited for this purpose. Cedar is easily worked, easily bent, and very light. The finest cedar comes from Havana, and is a very different wood to the product of Florida, which is used in the manufacture of pencils. Some good cedar is also imported from Mexico. Indeed, the builder of racing craft may be said to ransack the world in search of materials. The cedar planks are sawn, by veneer saws usually, to about $\frac{3}{16}$th of an inch in thickness. They are cut to the approximate shape, and then bent to the form of the moulds. This is accomplished by holding them over an iron tube of large diameter, inside which burns a series of gas jets, and at the same time damping the wood. When a plank is sufficiently pliable it is laid on the moulds, and bound with string. The work of fastening each piece must now be done very rapidly; for, as the wood cools and dries, it is apt to get out of shape in an extraordinarily short space of time. The "scarves," or joints where the pieces overlap, are made by what is known to joiners as "halving"; half the thickness of wood is removed from each side, and these halves are glued and nailed together, so that the surface remains perfectly smooth and unbroken. On the inside, the scarf is frequently strengthened with an additional layer of cedar.

If anyone wishes to see the perfection of neatness and accuracy in making long "joins," let him examine the bottom of a racing eight, and not forget the adverse circumstances under which such exquisite work had to be produced. In illustration No. 2 an eight is represented partially planked. One-third of her length, the stern, remains to be covered, and one side of this is in progress. When that is done the "shell" of the boat will be complete.

SECOND STAGE—THE BOAT PARTIALLY PLANKED, THE SHELL NOW ALMOST COMPLETE.

This stage having been reached, the moulds and frame are unscrewed from the stocks, and the boat is turned over. The frame is removed, and the "shell" held firmly in position by a sort of external frame, which is wedged against either side of the boat by the series of clips and props shown in illustration No. 3, where Mr. Clasper, the builder, appears directing operations. Then her ribs are put in, having been cut from ash or oak to the proper pattern, and meet the keelson, but are not let into it. In order to keep the "floor" or bottom of the eight as flat and rigid as possible, the ribs are joined in pairs and fastened to the keelson by "floor timbers." These are also of oak or ash,



THIRD STAGE—THE BOAT TURNED OVER, WITH MR. CLASPER DIRECTING OPERATIONS. SHOWING THE EXTERNAL FRAME BY WHICH THE BOAT IS HELD IN POSITION.

of the same thickness as the ribs, not quite half an inch square in section. They pass right through the keelson, and are riveted on either side to the ribs. The skeleton of the boat is then completed by the insertion of the "inwales," which may be likened to an internal and permanent "frame." They do for the sides of the craft what the keelson does for the bottom—they supply the necessary rigidity.

In illustration No. 3 may be seen the slots at either side of the moulds from which the temporary frame has been taken. The inwales occupying this position may be seen in illustration No. 4. Gradually, as the structure grows in strength, the moulds are removed, and by the time the stage represented in this picture has been reached are entirely absent. The hull is now finished. It remains to fit the ship to receive and bear the strain which will be put upon her when the eight athletes on board begin to "make her hum." Their power is applied at the end of the outriggers; these are supported by the "wash-boards," and the wash-boards by the "shoulders." These last are like strong ribs with a big top projecting above the inwale, and are a conspicuous feature in illustration No. 4. The extra tall ones, which are in pairs, are those to which the outriggers are fastened through the wash-boards, and are rather heavier than the others. One wash-board is just being fitted to the shoulders. It is of fairly stout cedar, or mahogany, and extends only along so much of the boat's length as is occupied by the rowers. By the coxswain's seat it ends in a slope down to the inwale; forward, it commences in the "cutwater," which is seen in illustration No. 5.

At either end the boat is covered in with a fine canvas of Irish linen. For further protection it is sometimes found necessary

FOURTH STAGE—SHOWING THE INWALES, AND WASH-BOARDS SUPPORTED BY THE SHOULDERS. THE MOULDS ENTIRELY REMOVED.

to add "sea-boards" to the wash-boards. These are strips of wood, a couple of inches or so in width, nailed horizontally to the top of the wash-boards and projecting outside. They are merely a temporary contrivance to prevent the ship from being swamped in a heavy sea, and are not an essential part of an eight.

In 1873 appeared the last great innovation in racing craft, the introduction of the sliding-seat. In rowing, the power of the stroke is mainly determined by the distance through which—within reasonable limits—the shoulders can be made to travel by the swing of the body. A sliding-seat enables the rower, while maintaining the swing which he practised upon a fixed seat, to shift his whole body 16in., and so to increase by that amount the distance travelled by his shoulders. It is said that one oarsman, before the introduction of the new contrivance, had a seat built of extra width, upon which he slid. To him, the advantages of transferring the friction from his own person to a piece of unfeeling mechanism must have been painfully obvious. So the sliding-seat came into existence. Its primitive form was something like the lid of a cigar box, raised upon four little square blocks, which slid along two greased metal rails.

FIFTH STAGE—SHOWING LINEN COVERING, CUTWATER, AND OUTRIGGERS.

In those days, every sliding oarsman bore upon his "shorts" the marks of his pursuit, in two black lines down the back of each thigh, made by the grease from the rails. The modern seat is an anatomically constructed cup, running upon four neat little vulcanite rollers, which fit upon rails of metal or vulcanite; while, in the latest pattern, the bearings of the wheel-axles, instead of being round holes in brass, are long slots; if the wheels by any chance became jammed, the seat would still slide comparatively freely on the bearings. The seats, with their axles and wheels, may be seen in illustration No. 5. This picture also gives a good view of the linen covering and outriggers.

In a sea-boat, the "stretcher" is a long and stout stick fitting into slots on the floor; unless, as is often the case, the rower prefers to put his foot against the back of the opposite seat. In a river-boat it is a wide and thick plank, from which the leg drive is obtained. It should accommodate the whole foot. Two straps pass over the toes—more to give confidence at the finish of the stroke than for any other purpose; certainly not to pull the slide up, as that will come forward of its own accord when a proficient oarsman sits upon it. The heels rest upon a bit of board placed upon the floor-timbers on the rower's side of the keelson, or upon two semi-circular brass rails screwed to the lower part of the stretcher.

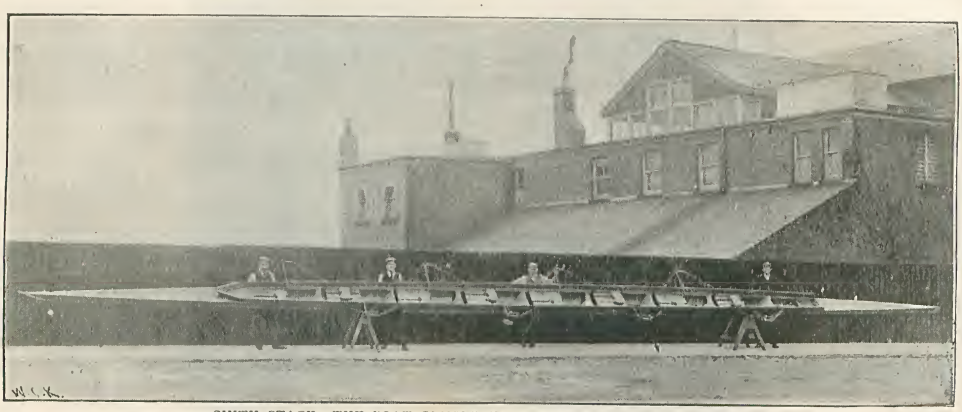
Eights have been arranged so that the crew might sit in a row down the centre of the craft, but the usual disposition may be seen by a glance at illustrations Nos. 5 and 6. "Seven" takes time from "stroke," so does "six"; "five" takes time from "seven," "four" from "six," and so on up either side of the boat. The thwarts, upon which the runners, or rails, for the seats are screwed, are well shown in illustration No. 6. They are fastened to the inwale at the sides, and

supported at either end on bulk-heads, which are usually pierced or sawn into a shape like the pier of a bridge. True bulk-heads, which are quite watertight, inclose the canvassed ends of the boat; so that it is difficult to sink an eight, and impossible to sink a sculling-boat of similar construction without breaking her. The shaped bulk-heads, which support the thwarts, may be seen in illustration No. 4, as well as the little ledges by which the thwarts are fastened at their sides to the inwale.

When the eight has been thus built, her shell carefully smoothed and varnished, and the seats put in, it only remains to bolt on her riggers, finish her rudder, and add the "fin," if she is to have one. The latter is a plate of thin metal attached a little behind the coxswain's seat, and performs the office of a keel. It makes the boat run a straight course, and steadies her "swing" when the rudder has been used round a corner. For, as every coxswain knows, an eight containing a crew of 100 stone or more in weight will go on swinging for an astonishingly long time after the rudder has been "taken off." The fin remedies this, to a great extent, but is not always used.

Lastly the riggers are bolted on, with bolts which pass right through the wash-boards and the special shoulders made to receive them. Their form, with the arrangement of the stays, is seen in illustration No. 6. The rigger itself is of four rods—the single stay being regarded as an auxiliary—of which the two upper are solid, to enable the "sill," or level part of the rigger, to be forged flat, and the two lower are tubular. The "tholes," or upright parts of the rigger, and the sill are faced with wood; and the tops of the two tholes are bound together with string, to prevent the oar being displaced by a blow from a wave. To catch a "crab" with a rigger so tied is a fatal error, and results in a breakage of something, or somebody. Illustration No. 5 shows the eight having the last riggers fitted to her, and No. 6 shows her complete and ready for the water.

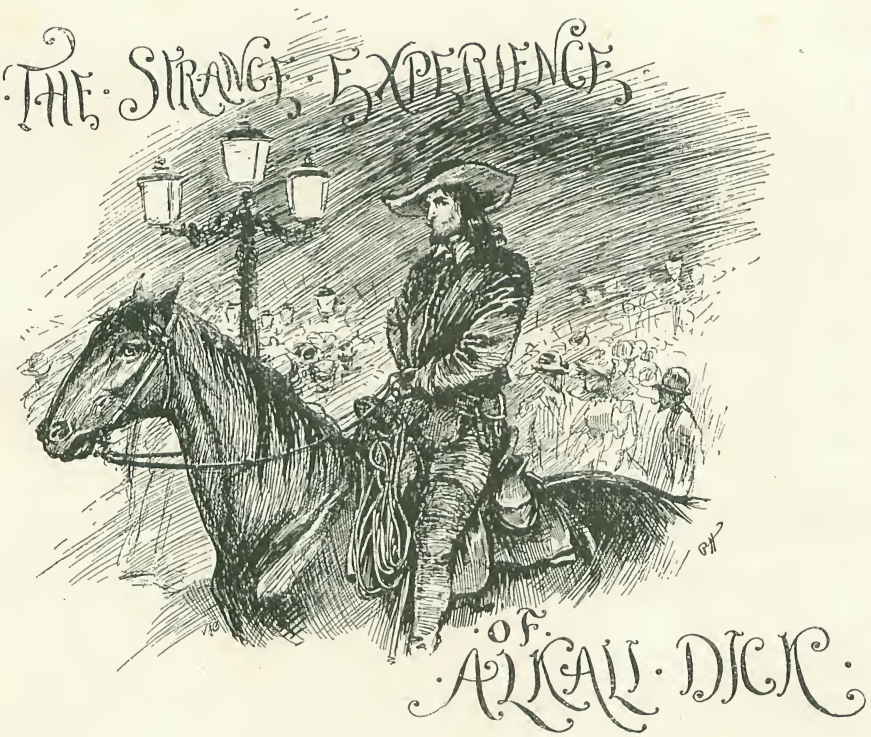
Like other productions of this world, the modern light-ship has passed through a gradual course of evolution. It was not born an adult. The lines of the hull, the methods of construction, the details of outriggers, seats, and so forth, have all of them undergone modification at the hands of various builders; while in the course of time the choice of the actual materials used has completely changed. In fact, the racing craft of 1897 is almost as different in structure and appearance from the vessels in which the "Fathers of the Race" rowed the first University match in 1829, as the torpedo-destroyer is different to the old-fashioned twenty-gun brig.



SIXTH STAGE—THE BOAT COMPLETE AND READY FOR THE WATER.

Until the year 1840, the race was rowed in ships which would seem at the present day justly to merit the term "tub." Up to that date outriggers had not been used; the boats were "in-rigged," the rowlocks being set absolutely upon the gunwales. A craft fitted in such style had naturally to be built with considerable beam to enable the rowers to use an oar of an effective length; and, had the sliding-seat been invented in the days of in-rigged boats, the shortness of the oars would have been exceedingly inconvenient.

Outriggers were introduced by Henry Clasper—father of Mr. John H. Clasper, to whom we are indebted for permission to reproduce the photographs which illustrate this article—in the year 1845.




By Bret Harte.

He was a "cowboy." A reckless and dashing rider, yet mindful of his horse's needs; good-humoured by nature, but quick in quarrel; independent of circumstance, yet shy and sensitive of opinion; abstemious by education and general habit, yet intemperate in amusement; self-centred, yet possessed of a childish vanity — taken altogether, a characteristic product of the Western plains, which he should have never left.

But reckless adventure after adventure had brought him into difficulties, from which there was only one equally adventurous escape: he joined a company of Indians engaged by Buffalo Bill to simulate before civilized communities the sports and customs of the uncivilized. In divers Christian arenas of the Nineteenth century he rode as a northern barbarian of the First might have disported before the Roman populace, but harmlessly, of his own free will, and of some little profit to himself. He threw his lasso under the curious eyes of languid men and women of the world, eager for some new sensation, with admiring plaudits from them and a half contemptuous egotism of his own. But outside of the arena he was lonely, lost, and impatient for excitement.

An ingenious attempt to "paint the town red" did not commend itself as a spectacle to the householders who lived in the vicinity of Earl's Court, London, and Alkali Dick was haled before a respectable magistrate by a serious policeman, and fined as if he had been only a drunken coster. A later attempt at Paris to "incarnadine" the neighbourhood of the Champs de Mars, and "round up" a number of *boulevardiers*, met with a more disastrous result—the gleam of steel from mounted gendarmes, and a mandate to his employers.

So it came that one night, after the conclusion of the performance, Alkali Dick rode out of the corral gate of the Hippodrome with his last week's salary in his pocket and an imprecation on his lips. He had shaken the sawdust of the sham arena from his high, tight-fitting boots; he would shake off the white dust of France, and the effeminate soil of all Europe, also, and embark, at once, for his own country and the Far West!

A more practical and experienced man would have sold his horse at the nearest market and taken train to Havre, but Alkali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Dick felt himself incomplete on *terra firma* without his mustang — it would be hard enough to part from it on embarking—and he had determined to ride to the seaport.

The spectacle of a lithe horseman, clad in a Rembrandt *sombrero*, velvet jacket, turn-over collar, almost Van Dyke in its proportions, white trousers and high boots, with long, curling hair falling over his shoulders, and a pointed beard and moustache, was a picturesque one, but, still, not a novelty to the late-supping Parisians who looked up under the midnight gas as he passed, and only recognised one of those men whom Paris had agreed to designate as "Booflobils" going home.

At three o'clock he pulled up at a wayside *cabaret*, preferring it to the publicity of a larger hotel, and lay there till morning. The slight consternation of the *cabaret*-keeper and his wife over this long-haired phantom, with glittering, deep-set eyes, was soothed by a royally-flung gold coin, and a few words of French slang picked up in the arena, which, with the name of Havre, comprised Dick's whole knowledge of the language. But he was touched with their ready and intelligent comprehension of his needs, and their genial if not so comprehensive loquacity. Luckily for his quick temper, he did not know that they had taken him for a travelling quack-doctor going to the Fair of Yvetot, and that Madame had been on the point of asking him for a magic balsam to prevent migraine.

He was up betimes and away, giving a wide berth to the larger towns; taking by-ways and cut-offs, yet always with the Western pathfinder's instinct, even among these alien, poplar-haunted plains, low-banked willow-fringed rivers, and cloverless meadows. The white sun shining everywhere — on dazzling arbours, summer-houses, and trellises; on light green vines and delicate pea-rows; on the white trousers, jackets, and shoes of smart shop-keepers or holiday-makers; on the white head-dresses of nurses and the white-ringed caps of the Sisters of St. Vincent—all this grew monotonous to this native of still more monotonous wastes. The long, black shadows of short, blue-skirted, sabotted women and short, blue-bloused, sabotted men slowly working in the fields, with slow oxen, or still slower heavy Norman horses; the same horses gaily bedecked, dragging slowly not only heavy waggons, but their own apparently more monstrous weight over the white road, fretted his nervous Western energy, and made him impatient to get on.

At the close of the second day he found some relief on entering a trackless wood—not the usual formal avenue of equi-distant trees, leading to nowhere, and stopping upon the open field—but apparently a genuine forest as wild as one of his own "oak bottoms." Gnarled roots and twisted branches flung themselves across his path; his mustang's hoofs sank in deep pits of moss and last year's withered leaves; trailing vines caught his heavy-stirruped feet, or brushed his broad *sombrero;* the vista before him seemed only to endlessly repeat the same sylvan glade; he was in fancy once more in the primeval Western forest, and encompassed by its vast, dim silences. He did not know that he had in fact only penetrated an ancient park, which, in former days, resounded to the winding *fanfare* of the chase, and was still, on stated occasions, swept over by accurately green-coated Parisians and green-plumed *Diane's*, who had come down by train! To him it meant only unfettered and unlimited freedom.

He rose in his stirrups, and sent a characteristic yell ringing down the dim aisles before him. But, alas! at the same moment, his mustang, accustomed to the firmer grip of the prairie, in lashing out, stepped upon a slimy root, and fell heavily, rolling over his clinging and still undislodged rider. For a few moments both lay still. Then Dick extricated himself with an oath, rose giddily, dragged up his horse—who, after the fashion of his race, was meekly succumbing to his reclining position—and then became aware that the unfortunate beast was badly sprained in the shoulder, and temporarily lame. The sudden recollection that he was some miles from the road, and that the sun was sinking, concentrated his scattered faculties. The prospect of sleeping out in that summer woodland was nothing to the pioneer-bred Dick; he could make his horse and himself comfortable anywhere—but he was delaying his arrival at Havre. He must regain the high road—or some wayside inn. He glanced around him; the westering sun was a guide for his general direction, the road must follow it north or south; he would find a "clearing" somewhere. But here Dick was mistaken; there seemed no interruption of, no encroachment upon, this sylvan tract, as in his Western woods. There was no track or trail to be found; he missed even the ordinary woodland signs that denoted the path of animals to water. For the park, from the time a Norman Duke had

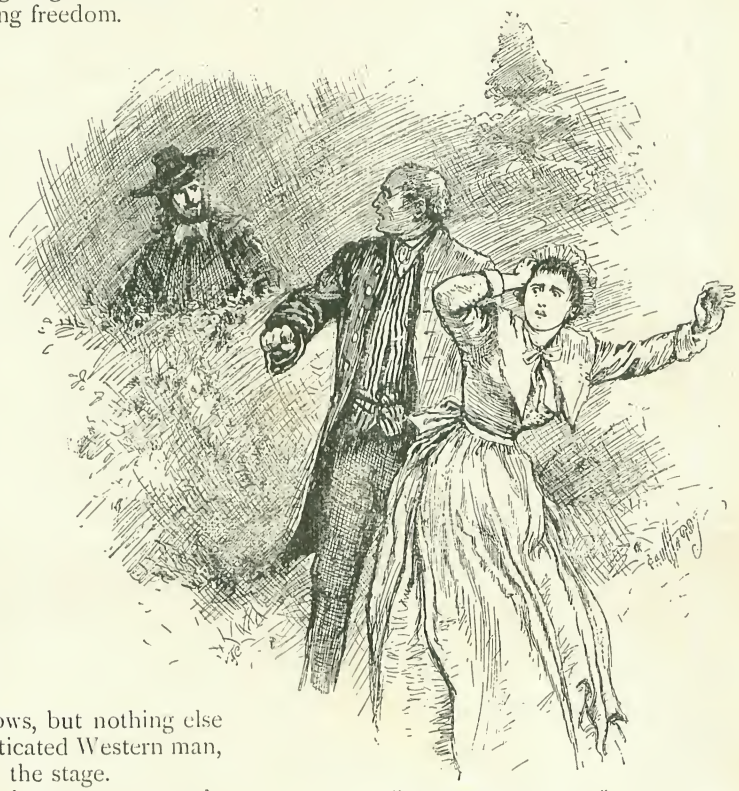
first alienated it from the virgin forest, had been rigidly preserved.

Suddenly, rising apparently from the ground before him, he saw the high roof-ridges and *tourelles* of a long, irregular, gloomy building. A few steps further showed him that it lay in a cup-like depression of the forest, and that it was still a long descent from where he had wandered to where it stood in the gathering darkness. His mustang was moving with great difficulty; he uncoiled his *lariat* from the saddle-horn, and, selecting the most open space, tied one end to the trunk of a large tree—the forty feet of horse-hair rope giving the animal a sufficient degree of grazing freedom.

Then he strode more quickly down the forest side towards the building, which now revealed its austere proportions, though Dick could see that they were mitigated by a strange, formal flower-garden, with quaint statues and fountains. There were grim black *allées* of clipped trees, a curiously wrought iron gate, and twisted iron espaliers. On one side the edifice was supported by a great stone terrace, which seemed to him as broad as a Parisian *boulevard*. Yet everywhere it appeared sleeping in the desertion and silence of the summer twilight. The evening breeze swayed the lace curtains at the tall windows, but nothing else moved. To the unsophisticated Western man, it looked like a scene on the stage.

His progress was, however, presently checked by the first sign of preservation he had met in the forest—a thick hedge, which interfered between him and a sloping lawn beyond. It was up to his waist, yet he began to break his way through it, when suddenly he was arrested by the sound of voices. Before him, on the lawn, a man and woman, evidently servants, were slowly advancing, peering into the shadows of the wood which he had just left. He could not understand what they were saying, but he was about to speak and indicate his desire to find the road by signs, when the woman, turning towards her companion, caught sight of his face and shoulders above the hedge. To his surprise and consternation, he saw the colour drop out of her fresh cheeks, her round eyes fix in their sockets, and with a despairing shriek, she turned and fled towards the house. The man turned at his companion's cry, gave the same horrified glance at Dick's face, uttered a hoarse "*Sacré!*" crossed himself violently, and fled also!

Amazed, indignant, and for the first time in his life humiliated, Dick gazed speechlessly after them. The man, of course, was a sneaking coward—but the woman was rather



"SHE TURNED AND FLED."

pretty. It had not been Dick's experience to have women run *from* him! Should he follow them, knock the silly fellow's head against a tree, and demand an explanation? Alas! he knew not the language! They had already reached the house and disappeared in one of the offices. Well! Let them go—for a mean, "low down" pair of country bumpkins!—*he* wanted no favours from them!

He turned back angrily into the forest to seek his unlucky beast. The gurgle of water fell on his ear; hard by was a spring, where

at least he could water the mustang. He stooped to examine it; there was yet light enough in the sunset sky to throw back from that little mirror the reflection of his thin, oval face, his long, curling hair, and his pointed beard and moustache. Yes! this was his face—the face that many women in Paris had agreed was romantic and picturesque. Had those wretched greenhorns never seen a real man before? Were they idiots, or insane? A sudden recollection of the silence and the seclusion of the building suggested certainly an asylum—but where were the keepers?

It was getting darker in the wood; he made haste to recover his horse, to drag it to the spring, and there bathe its shoulder in the water mixed with whisky taken from his flask. His saddle-bag contained enough bread and meat for his own supper; he would camp out for the night where he was, and with the first light of dawn make his way back through the wood whence he came. As the light slowly faded from the wood he rolled himself in his saddle-blanket and lay down.

But not to sleep! His strange position, the accident to his horse, an unusual irritation over the incident of the frightened servants—trivial as it might have been to any other man—and above all, an increasing childish curiosity, kept him awake and restless. Presently he could see also that it was growing lighter beyond the edge of the wood, and that the rays of a young crescent moon, while it plunged the forest into darkness and impassable shadow, evidently was illuminating the hollow below. He threw aside his blanket, and made his way to the hedge again. He was right; he could see the quaint, formal lines of the old garden more distinctly — the broad terrace — the queer, dark bulk of the house, with lights now gleaming from a few of its open windows.

Before one of these windows opening on the terrace was a small, white, draped table with fruits, cups and glasses, and two or three chairs. As he gazed curiously at these new signs of life and occupation, he became aware of a regular and monotonous tap upon the stone flags of the terrace. Suddenly he saw three figures slowly turn the corner of the terrace at the further end of the building, and walk towards the table. The central figure was that of an elderly woman, yet tall and stately of carriage, walking with a stick, whose regular tap he had heard, supported on the one side by an elderly *curé* in black *soutaine*, and on the other by a tall and slender girl in white.

They walked leisurely to the other end of the terrace, as if performing a regular exercise, and returned, stopping before the open French window; where, after remaining in conversation a few moments, the elderly lady and her ecclesiastical companion entered. The young girl sauntered slowly to the steps of the terrace, and leaning against a huge vase as she looked over the garden, seemed lost in contemplation. Her face was turned towards the wood, but in quite another direction from where he stood.

There was something so gentle, refined, and graceful in her figure, yet dominated by a girlish youthfulness of movement and gesture, that Alkali Dick was singularly interested. He had probably never seen an *ingénue* before; he had certainly never come in contact with a girl of that caste and seclusion in his brief Parisian experience. He was sorely tempted to leave his hedge and try to obtain a nearer view of her. There was a fringe of lilac bushes running from the garden up the slope; if he could gain their shadows, he could descend into the garden. What he should do after his arrival, he had not thought; but he had one idea—he knew not why—that if he ventured to speak to her he would not be met with the abrupt rustic terror he had experienced at the hands of the servants. *She* was not of that kind! He crept through the hedge, reached the lilacs, and began the descent softly and securely in the shadow. But at the same moment she arose, called in a youthful voice towards the open window, and began to descend the steps. A half-expostulating reply came from the window, but the young girl answered it with the laughing, capricious confidence of a spoiled child, and continued her way into the garden. Here she paused a moment and hung over a rose tree, from which she gathered a flower, which she thrust into her belt. Dick paused, too, half-crouching, half-leaning over a lichen-stained, cracked stone pedestal from which the statue had long been overthrown and forgotten.

To his surprise, however, the young girl, following the path to the lilacs, began leisurely to ascend the hill, swaying from side to side with a youthful movement, and swinging the long stalk of a lily at her side. In another moment he would be discovered! Dick was frightened; his confidence of the moment before had all gone; he would fly—and yet, an exquisite and fearful joy kept him motionless. She was approaching him, full and clear in the moonlight. He could

see the grace of her delicate figure in the simple white frock drawn at the waist with broad satin ribbon, and its love-knots of pale blue ribbons on her shoulders; he could see the coils of her brown hair, the pale, olive tint of her oval cheek, the delicate, swelling nostril of her straight, clear-cut nose; he could even smell the lily she carried in her little hand. Then, suddenly, she lifted her long lashes, and her large grey eyes met his.

Alas! the same look of vacant horror came into her eyes, and fixed and dilated their clear pupils. But she uttered no outcry — there was something in her blood that checked it—something that even gave a dignity to her recoiling figure, and made Dick flush with admiration. She put her hand to her side, as if the shock of the exertion of her ascent had set her heart to beating, but she did not faint. Then her fixed look gave way to one of infinite sadness, pity, and pathetic appeal. Her lips were parted —they seemed to be moving, apparently in prayer. At last her voice came, wonderingly, timidly, tenderly:—

"*Mon Dieu! c'est donc vous? Ici. C'est vous que Marie a cru voir! Que venez vous faire ici, Armand de Fontonelles? Répondez!*"

Alas, not a word was comprehensible to Dick; nor could he think of a word to say in reply. He made an uncouth, half-irritated, half-despairing gesture towards the wood he had quitted, as if to indicate his helpless horse, but he knew it was meaningless to the frightened yet exalted girl before him. Her little hand crept to her breast and clutched a rosary within the folds of her dress, as her soft voice again arose, low but appealingly:—

"*Vous souffrez! Ah, mon Dieu! Peut on vous secourir? Moi même—mes prières pourraient elles interceder pour vous? Je supplierai le Ciel de prendre en pitié l'âme de mon ancêtre. Monsieur le Curé est là—je lui parlerai. Lui et ma mere vous viendront en aide.*"

She clasped her hands appealingly before him.

"SHE CLASPED HER HANDS APPEALINGLY BEFORE HIM."

Dick stood bewildered, hopeless, mystified; he had not understood a word; he could not say a word. For an instant he had a wild idea of seizing her hand and leading her to his helpless horse, and then came what he believed was his salvation—a sudden flash of recollection that he had seen the word he wanted, the one word that would explain all, in a placarded notice at the Cirque of a bracelet that had been *lost*—yes, the single word "*perdu.*" He made a step towards her, and in voice almost as faint as her own, stammered: "*Perdu!*"

With a little cry, that was more like a sigh than an outcry, the girl's arms fell to her side; she took a step backwards, reeled, and fainted away.

Dick caught her as she fell. What had he said!—but, more than all, what should he do now? He could not leave her alone and helpless—yet how could he justify another disconcerting intrusion? He touched her hands, they were cold and lifeless—her eyes were half-closed, her face as pale and drooping as her lily. Well, he must brave the worst now—and carry her to the house, even at the risk of meeting the others and terrifying them as he had her. He caught her up—he scarcely felt her weight against his breast and shoulder, and ran hurriedly down the slope to the terrace, which was still deserted. If he had time to place her on some bench beside the window, within their reach, he might still fly undiscovered! But as he panted up the steps of the terrace with his burden, he saw that the French window was still open, but the light seemed to have been extinguished. It would be safer for her if he could place her *inside* the house—if he but dared to enter. He was desperate—and he dared!

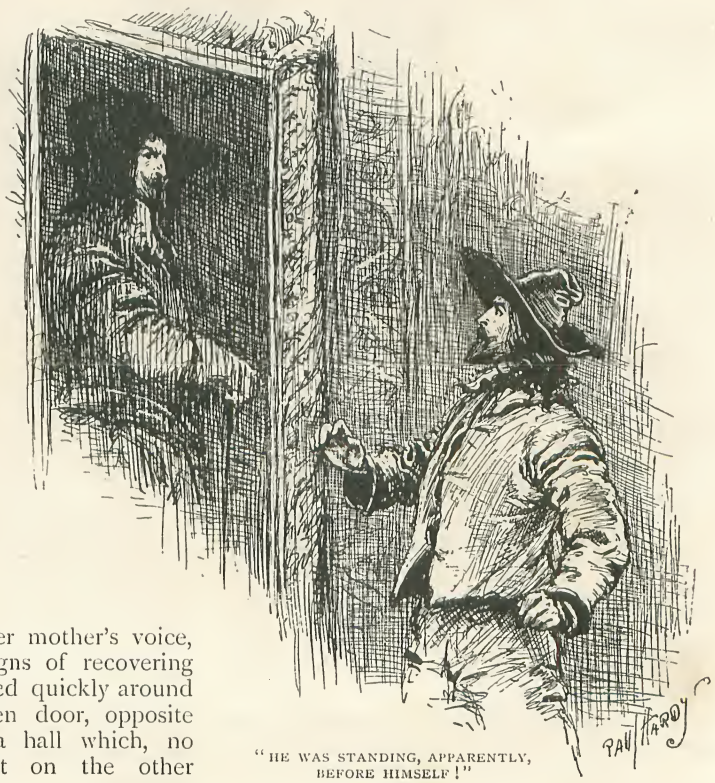
He found himself alone, in a long *salon* of rich but faded white and gold hangings, lit at the further end by two tall candles on either side of the high marble mantel, whose rays, however, scarcely reached the window where he had entered. He laid his burden on a high-backed sofa. In so doing, the rose fell from her belt. He picked it up, put it in his breast, and turned to go. But he was arrested by a voice from the terrace:—

"Renèe!"

It was the voice of the elderly lady, who, with the *curé* at her side, had just appeared from the rear of the house, and from the further end of the terrace was looking towards the garden in search of the young girl. His escape in that way was cut off. To add to his dismay, the young girl, perhaps roused by her mother's voice, was beginning to show signs of recovering consciousness. Dick looked quickly around him. There was an open door, opposite the window, leading to a hall which, no doubt, offered some exit on the other side of the house. It was his only remaining chance! He darted through it, closed it behind him, and found himself at the end of a long hall or picture-gallery, strangely illuminated through high windows, reaching nearly to the roof, by the moon, which on that side of the building threw nearly level bars of light and shadows across the floor and the quaint portraits on the wall.

But to his delight he could see at the other end a narrow, lance-shaped open postern door showing the moonlit pavement without—evidently the door through which the mother and the *curé* had just passed out. He ran rapidly towards it. As he did so he heard the hurried ringing of bells and voices in the room he had quitted—the young girl had evidently been discovered—and this would give him time. He had nearly reached the door, when he stopped suddenly—his blood chilled with awe! It was his turn to be terrified—he was standing, apparently, before *himself!*

His first recovering thought was that it was a mirror—so accurately was every line and detail of his face and figure reflected. But a second scrutiny showed some discrepancies of costume, and he saw it was a panelled portrait on the wall. It was of a man of his

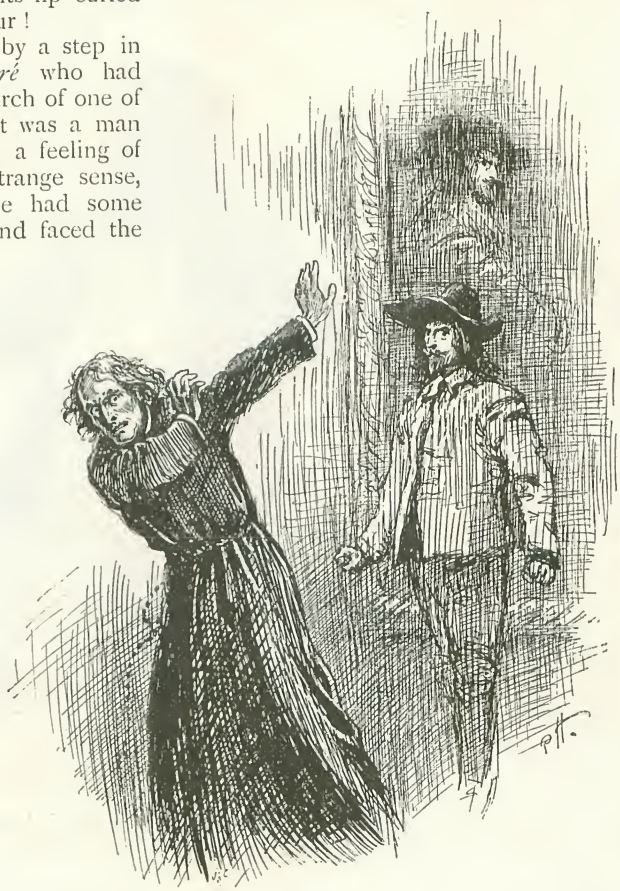


"HE WAS STANDING, APPARENTLY, BEFORE HIMSELF!"

own age, height, beard, complexion, and features, with long curls like his own, falling over a lace Van Dyke collar, which, however, again simulated the appearance of his own hunting-shirt. The broad-brimmed hat in the picture, whose drooping plume was lost in shadow, was scarcely different from Dick's *sombrero*. But the likeness of the face to Dick was marvellous—convincing! As he gazed at it, the wicked, black eyes seemed to flash and kindle at his own—its lip curled with Dick's own sardonic humour!

He was recalled to himself by a step in the gallery. It was the *curé* who had entered hastily, evidently in search of one of the servants. Partly because it was a man and not a woman, partly from a feeling of bravado—and partly from a strange sense, excited by the picture, that he had some claim to be there, he turned and faced the pale priest with a slight dash of impatient devilry that would have done credit to the portrait. But he was sorry for it the next moment!

The priest, looking up suddenly, discovered what seemed to him to be the portrait standing before its own frame and glaring at him. Throwing up his hands with an averted head and an "*Exorcis——!*" he wheeled and scuffled away. Dick seized the opportunity, darted through the narrow door on to the rear terrace, and ran, under cover of the shadow of the house, to the steps into the garden. Luckily for him, this new and unexpected diversion occupied the inmates too much with what was going on in the house, to give them time to search outside. Dick reached the lilac hedge, tore up the hill, and in a few moments threw himself, panting, on his blanket. In the single look he had cast behind, he had seen that the half-dark *salon* was now brilliantly lit—where no doubt the whole terrified household was now assembled. He had no fear of being followed; since his confrontation with his own likeness in the mysterious portrait, he understood everything. The apparently supernatural character of his visitation was made plain; his ruffled vanity was soothed — his vindication was complete. He laughed to himself and rolled about, until in his suppressed merriment the rose fell from his bosom, and — he stopped! Its freshness and fragrance recalled the innocent young girl he had frightened. He remembered her gentle, pleading voice, and his cheek flushed. Well, he had done the best he could in bringing her back to the house—at the risk of being taken for a burglar—and she was safe now! If that stupid French parson didn't know the difference between a living man and a dead and painted one—it wasn't his fault. But he fell asleep with the rose in his fingers.



"EXORCIS!"

He was awake at the first streak of dawn. He again bathed his horse's shoulder, saddled, but did not mount him, as the beast, although better, was still stiff, and Dick wished to spare him for the journey to still distant Havre, although he had determined to lie over that night at the first way-

side inn. Luckily for him, the disturbance at the Château had not extended to the forest, for Dick had to lead his horse slowly and could not have escaped, but no suspicion of external intrusion seemed to have been awakened, and the woodland was, evidently, seldom invaded.

By dint of laying his course by the sun and the exercise of a little woodcraft, in the course of two hours he heard the creaking of a hay-cart, and knew that he was near a travelled road. But to his discomfiture he presently came to a high wall, which had evidently guarded this portion of the woods from the public. Time, however, had made frequent breaches in the stones; these had been roughly filled in with a rude *abatis* of logs and tree tops pointing towards the road. But as these were mainly designed to prevent intrusion into the park rather than egress from it, Dick had no difficulty in rolling them aside and emerging at last with his limping steed upon the white, high road. The creaking cart had passed; it was yet early for traffic, and Dick presently came upon a wine-shop, a bakery, a blacksmith's shop, laundry, and a somewhat pretentious *café* and hotel in a broader space which marked the junction of another road.

"AN ENTHUSIASTIC LOVER OF AMERICA."

Directly before it, however, to his consternation, were the massive, but time-worn, iron gates of a park, which Dick did not doubt was the one in which he had spent the previous night. But it was impossible to go further in his present plight, and he boldly approached the restaurant. As he was preparing to make his usual explanatory signs, to his great delight he was addressed in a quaint, broken English, mixed with forgotten American slang, by the white-trousered, black alpaca-coated proprietor. More than that—he was a Social Democrat and an enthusiastic lover of America—had he not been to "Bos-town" and New York, and penetrated as far West as "Booflo"?—and had much pleasure in that beautiful and free country! Yes! it was a "go-a-'ed" country—you "bet-your-lif." One had reason to say so—there was your electricity—your street cars—your "steambots"—ah! such steambots—and your "r-rail-r-roads." Ah! observe! compare your r-rail-r-roads and the buffet of the Pullman with the line from Paris, for example—and where is one? Nowhere! Actually, positively, without doubt, nowhere!

Later, at an appetizing breakfast—at which, to Dick's great satisfaction, the good man had permitted and congratulated himself to sit at table with a free-born American—he was even more loquacious. For what then, he would ask, was this incompetence—this imbecility—of France? He would tell. It was the vile corruption of Paris, the grasping of capital and companies, the fatal influence of the still clinging *noblesse*, and the insidious Jesuitical power of the priests. As for example, Monsieur "the Booflo-bil" had doubtless noticed the great gates of the park before the *café*? It was the preserve—the hunting-park of one of the old grand seigneurs, still kept up by his descendants, the Counts of Fontonelles—hundreds of acres that had never been tilled, and kept as wild waste wilderness—kept for a day's pleasure in a year! And, look you! the peasants starving around its walls in their small garden patches and pinched farms! And the present Comte de Fontonelles cascading gold on his mistresses in Paris; and the Comtesse, his mother, and her daughter living there to feed and fatten and pension a brood of plotting, black-cowled priests. Ah, bah! where was your Republican France, then? But a time

would come. The "Booflo-bil" had, without doubt, noticed, as he came along the road, the breaches in the wall of the park?

Dick, with a slight dry reserve, "reckoned that he had."

"They were made by the scythes and pitchforks of the peasants in the Revolution of '93, when the Count was *emigré*, as one says with reason 'skedadelle,' to England. Let them look the next time that they burn not the Château—'bet your lif'!"

"The Château," said Dick, with affected carelessness. "Wot's the blamed thing like?"

It was an old affair—with armour and a picture-gallery—and *bric-à-brac*. He had never seen it. Not even as a boy—it was kept very secluded then. As a man—you understand—he could not ask the favour. The Comtes de Fontonelles and himself were not friends. The family did not like a *café* near their sacred gates—where had stood only the huts of their retainers. The American would observe that he had not called it "*Café de Château*," nor "*Café de Fontonelles*"—the gold of California would not induce him. Why did he remain there? Naturally, to goad them! It was a principle, one understood! To *goad* them and hold them in check! One kept a *café*—why not? One had one's principles—one's convictions—that was another thing! That was the kind of "'air-pin"—was it not?—that *he*, Gustav Ribaud, was like!

Yet for all his truculent Socialism, he was quick, obliging, and charmingly attentive to Dick and his needs. As to Dick's horse, he should have the best veterinary surgeon—there was an incomparable one in the person of the blacksmith—see to him, and if it were an affair of days, and Dick must go, he himself would be glad to purchase the beast, his saddle, and accoutrements. It was an affair of business—an advertisement for the *café!* He would ride the horse himself before the gates of the park. It would please his customers. Ha! He had learned a trick or two in free America.

Dick's first act had been to shave off his characteristic beard and moustache, and even to submit his long curls to the village barber's shears, while a straw hat, which he bought to take the place of his slouched *sombrero*, completed his transformation. His host saw in the change only the natural preparation of a voyager, but Dick had really made the sacrifice, not from fear of detection, for he had recovered his old swaggering audacity, but from a quick distaste he had taken to his resemblance to the portrait. He was too genuine a Westerner, and too vain a man, to feel flattered at his resemblance to an aristocratic bully, as he believed the ancestral De Fontonelles to be. Even his momentary sensation as he faced the *curé* in the picture-gallery was more from a vague sense that liberties had been taken with his, Dick's, personality, than that *he* had borrowed anything from the portrait.

But he was not so clear about the young girl. Her tender, appealing voice, although he knew it had been addressed only to a vision—still thrilled his fancy. The pluck that had made her withstand her fear so long until he had uttered that dreadful word—still excited his admiration. His curiosity to know what mistake he had made—for he knew it must have been some frightful blunder—was all the more keen, as he had no chance to rectify it. What a brute she must have thought him—or *did* she really think him a brute even then?—for her look was one more of despair and pity! Yet she would remember him only by that last word—and never know that he had risked insult and ejection from her friends to carry her to a place of safety. He could not bear to go across the seas carrying the pale, unsatisfied face of that gentle girl ever before his eyes! A sense of delicacy—new to Dick, but always the accompaniment of deep feeling—kept him from even hinting his story to his host; though he knew—perhaps *because* he knew—that it would gratify his enmity to the family. A sudden thought struck Dick. He knew her house—and her name. He would write her a note. Somebody would be sure to translate it for her.

He borrowed pen, ink, and paper, and in the clean solitude of his fresh chintz bedroom, indited the following letter:—

"DEAR MISS FONTONELLES,—Please excuse me for having skeert you. I hadn't any call to do it; I never reckoned to do it—it was all jest my derned luck! I only reckoned to tell you I was lost—in them blamed woods—don't you remember?—'lost'—*perdoo!*—and then you up and fainted! I wouldn't have come into your garden, only, you see, I'd just skeered by accident two of your helps, reg'lar softies, and I wanted to explain. I reckon they allowed I was that man that that picter in the hall was painted after. I reckon they took *me* for him—see? But he ain't *my* style, nohow, and I never saw the picter at all until after I'd toted you, when you fainted, up to your

"HE INDITED A LETTER."

house, or I'd have made my kalkilations and acted according. I'd have laid low in the woods, and got away without skeerin' you. You see what I mean? It was mighty mean of me, I suppose, to have tetched you at all, without saying 'excuse me, miss,' and toted you out of the garden and up the steps into your own parlour without asking your leave. But the whole thing tumbled so suddent. And it didn't seem the square thing for me to lite out and leave you lying there on the grass. That's why! I'm sorry I skeert that old preacher, but he came upon me in the picter hall so suddent, that it was a mighty close call, I tell you, to get off without a shindy. Please forgive me, Miss Fontonelles. When you get this, I shall be going back home to America, but you might write to me at Denver City, saying you're all right. I liked your style; I liked your grit in standing up to me in the garden until you had your say, when you thought I was the Lord knows what—though I never understood a word you got off—not knowing French. But it's all the same now. Say! I've got your rose!

"Yours very respectfully,

"RICHARD FOUNTAINS."

Dick folded the epistle and put it in his pocket. He would post it himself on the morning before he left. When he came downstairs he found his indefatigable host awaiting him, with the report of the veterinary blacksmith. There was nothing seriously wrong with the mustang, but it would be unfit to travel for several days. The landlord repeated his former offer. Dick, whose money was pretty well exhausted, was fain to accept, reflecting that *she* had never seen the mustang and would not recognise it. But he drew the line at the *sombrero*, to which his host had taken a great fancy. He had worn it before *her!*

Later in the evening Dick was sitting on the low veranda of the *café*, overlooking the white road. A round, white table was beside him, his feet were on the railing, but his eyes were resting beyond on the high, mouldy iron gates of the mysterious park. What he was thinking of did not matter, but he was a little impatient at the sudden appearance of his host—whom he had evaded during the afternoon—at his side. The man's manner was full of bursting loquacity and mysterious levity.

Truly, it was a good hour when Dick had arrived at Fontonelles—"just in time." He could see now what a world of imbeciles was France. What stupid ignorance ruled, what low cunning and low tact could achieve—in effect, what jugglers and mountebanks, hypocritical priests and licentious and lying *noblesse* went to make up existing society. Ah, there had been a fine excitement, a regular *coup d'théâtre* at Fontonelles—the Château yonder; here at the village, where the news was brought by frightened grooms and silly women! He had been in the thick of it all the afternoon! He had examined it—interrogated them like a *juge d'instruction*—winnowed it, sifted it. And what was it all? An attempt by these wretched priests and *noblesse* to revive in the nineteenth century—the age of electricity and Pullman cars—a miserable mediæval legend of an apparition—a miracle! Yes!—One is asked to believe that at the Château yonder was seen last night three times the apparition of Armand de Fontonelles!

Dick started. "Armand de Fontonelles!" He remembered that she had repeated that name!

"Who's he?" he demanded, abruptly.

"The first Comte de Fontonelles! When monsieur knows that the first Comte has been dead three hundred years—he will see the imbecility of the affair!"

"Wot did he come back for?" growled Dick.

"Ah!—it was a legend. Consider its artfulness! The Comte Armand had been a hard liver, a dissipated scoundrel, a reckless beast, but a mighty hunter of the stag. It was said that on one of these occasions he had been warned by the apparition of St. Hubert, but he had laughed—for, observe, *he* always jeered at the priests too; hence this story!—and had declared that the flaming cross seen between the horns of the sacred stag was only the torch of a poacher, and he would shoot it! Good! the body of the Comte, dead, but without a wound, was found in the wood the next day, with his discharged arquebus in his hand. The Archbishop of Rouen refused his body the rites of the Church until a number of masses were said every year and — paid for! One understands! one sees their 'little game'; the Count now appears — he is in purgatory! More masses — more money! There you are. Bah! One understands, too, that the affair takes place, not in a *café* like this—not in a public place—but at a château of the *noblesse*, and is seen by," the proprietor checked the characters on his fingers, "*two* retainers; one young demoiselle of the *noblesse*, daughter of the *châtelaine* herself; and, my faith, it goes without saying, by a fat priest, the *curé!* In effect—two interested ones! And the priest—his lie is magnificent! Superb! *For he saw the Comte in the picture-gallery—in effect—stepping into his frame!*"

"Oh, come off the roof," said Dick, impatiently; "they must have seen *something*, you know. The young lady wouldn't lie!"

Monsieur Ribaud leaned over, with a mysterious, cynical smile, and lowering his voice, said:—

"You have reason to say so. You have hit it, my friend. There *was* a something! And if we regard the young lady, you shall hear. The story of Mademoiselle de Fontonelles is that she has walked by herself alone in the garden—you observe *alone*—in the moonlight, near the edge of the wood. You comprehend? The mother and the *curé* are in the house—for the time effaced! Here at the edge of the wood—though why she continues, a young demoiselle, to the edge of the wood does not make itself clear—she beholds her ancestor—as on a pedestal—young, pale, but very handsome and *exalté*—pardon!"

"Nothing," said Dick, hurriedly; "go on!"

"She beseeches him why! He says he is lost! She faints away, on the instant, there—regard me!—*on the edge of the wood* — she says. But her mother and *Monsieur le Curé* find her pale, agitated, distressed *on the sofa in the salon.* One is asked to believe that she is transported through the air—like an angel—by the spirit of Armand de Fontonelles. Incredible!"

"Well, wot do *you* think?" said Dick, sharply.

The *café* proprietor looked around him carefully, and then lowered his voice significantly:—

"A lover!"

"A what!" said Dick, with a gasp.

"A lover!" repeated Ribaud. "You comprehend! Mademoiselle has no *dot*—the property is nothing—the brother has everything. A Mademoiselle de Fontonelles cannot marry out of her class, and the *noblesse* are all poor. Mademoiselle is young—pretty they say, of her kind. It is an intolerable life at the old Château; Mademoiselle consoles herself!"

Monsieur Ribaud never knew how near he was to the white road below the railing at that particular moment. Luckily, Dick controlled himself, and wisely, as M. Ribaud's next sentence showed him.

"A romance—an innocent, foolish liaison, if you like—but, all the same, if known of a Mademoiselle de Fontonelles, a compromising — a fatal—entanglement. There you are—look! For this, then, all this story of cock and bulls and spirits! Mademoiselle has been discovered with her lover by someone. This pretty story shall stop their mouths!"

"But wot," said Dick, brusquely, "wot if the girl was really skeert at something she'd seen, and fainted dead away, as she said she did — and — and —" he hesitated—"some stranger came along and picked her up?"

Monsieur Ribaud looked at him pityingly.

"A Mademoiselle de Fontonelles is picked up by her servants, by her family, but not by the young man in the woods, alone. It is even more compromising!"

"Do you mean to say," said Dick, furiously, "that the rag-pickers and sneaks that wade around in the slumgallion of this country, would dare to spatter that young gal?"

"I mean to say, yes—assuredly, positively yes!" said Ribaud, rubbing his hands with a certain satisfaction at Dick's fury. "For you comprehend not the position of *la jeune fille* in all France! Ah! in America, the young lady she go everywhere alone; I have seen

her — pretty, charming, fascinating — alone with the young man. But here, no! never! Regard me, my friend. The French mother, she say to her daughter's *fiancé*, 'Look! there is my daughter. She has never been alone, with a young man, for five minutes—not even with you. Take her for your wife!' It is monstrous!—it is impossible!—it is so!"

There was a silence of a few minutes, and Dick looked blankly at the iron gates of the park of Fontonelles. Then he said: "Give me a cigar."

M. Ribaud instantly produced his cigar-case. Dick took a cigar, but waved aside the proffered match, and entering the *café*, took from his pocket the letter to Mademoiselle de Fontonelle, twisted it in a spiral, lighted it at a candle, lit his cigar with it, and returning to the veranda, held it in his hand until the last ashes dropped on the floor. Then he said, gravely, to Ribaud:—

"You've treated me like a white man, Frenchy, and I ain't goin' back on yer—tho' your ways ain't my ways—nohow; but I reckon in this yer matter, at the Shotto you're a little too previous! For though I don't as a ginral thing take stock in ghosts, *I believe every word that them folk said up thar.* And," he added, leaning his hand somewhat heavily on Ribaud's shoulder, "if you're the man I take you for, you'll believe it too! And if that chap, Armand de Fontonelles, hadn't hev picked up that gal, at that moment, he would hev deserved to roast in hell another three hundred years! That's why I believe her story. So you'll let these yer Fontonelles keep their ghosts for all they're worth; and when you next feel inclined to talk about that girl's *lover*—you'll think of me—and shut your head! You hear me, Frenchy, I'm shoutin'! And don't you forget it!"

Nevertheless, early the next morning M. Ribaud accompanied his guest to the railway station, and parted from him with great effusion. On his way back an old-fashioned carriage with a postilion passed him. At a sign from its occupant, the postilion pulled up, and M. Ribaud, bowing to the dust, approached the window, and the pale, stern face of a dignified, white-haired woman of sixty that looked from it.

"Has he gone?" said the lady.

"Assuredly, madame; I was with him at the station."

"And you think no one saw him?"

"No one, madame, but myself."

"And—what kind of a man was he?"

M. Ribaud lifted his shoulders, threw out his hands despairingly, yet with a world of significance, and said:—

"An American."

"Ah!"

The carriage drove on and entered the gates of the Château. And M. Ribaud, *café* proprietor and Social Democrat, straightened himself in the dust, and shook his fist after it.

# *Ourselves in Figure and Diagram.*

IT is with a certain feeling of diffidence that we offer an article and a series of diagrams illustrating the dimensions of our own business, but evidence is not lacking that such particulars as we purpose giving are of considerable interest to a great part of the public. The large numbers of people of all degrees who have availed themselves of the opportunity of inspecting our printing processes, and in particular the production of complete folded and stitched copies of *Tit-Bits* from one machine at the rate of about seven a second, convinces us that we shall not be accused of anything in the nature of boastfulness in the illustrations we shall offer. The facts exist, the figures are accurate, and we treat them as interesting material for a short article, just as we treat all sorts of other interesting facts in other articles, short and long.

First, then, as to *Tit-Bits*, the journal first published by the firm. The first number appeared on October 22nd, 1881, and from that date to the end of June, 1897 (the last number included being that for June 26th), the total of all copies numbers three hundred and forty-eight million five hundred and forty-four thousand and twenty-six. It is easy to write the number down in figures thus: 348,544,026, but it is not altogether easy to realize what they mean. Presently we shall give some illustrative formulæ which will assist the reader. First, however, here is a diagram consisting of two squares, one laid over the other (Fig. 1). The small, white, uppermost square in the bottom corner represents the sale of the first number of *Tit-Bits*, which was 12,000; the large tinted square represents, to accurate proportion, the sale of the Easter number of this year, which was 671,000—the highest figures then reached for any single week. The diagram gives at a glance an idea of the vast increase fifteen years have seen. Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons, the great bookstall firm, returned the parcels of the first number unopened. At the present time they take 135,000 copies each week, and make no audible complaint of the trouble of opening the parcels.

But to come to our 348 millions odd of aggregate sale. Of this number of copies, 136,143,367 were of 16 pages each, and 212,400,659 were of 20 pages, and the calculations to follow have allowed in every case for these variations, as also for the presence or absence of the familiar green cover, which was not added till No. 240. First, then, the pennies paid for *Tit-Bits* from the beginning, if laid edge to edge in a straight line, would extend from

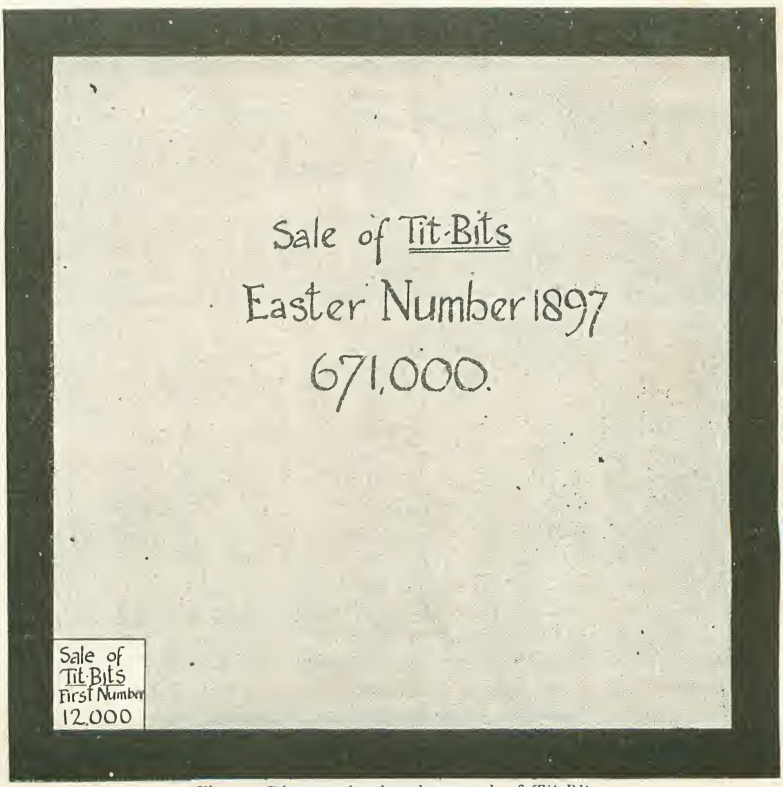
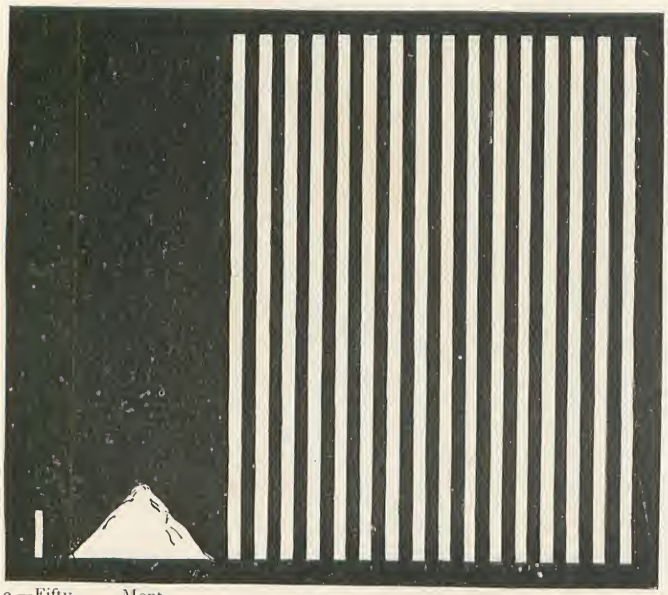



Fig. 1.—Diagram showing the growth of *Tit-Bits*.



2.—Fifty Monuments. Mont Blanc. Sixteen Columns of *Tit-Bits*, each twenty miles high.

London to the North Pole, back again to London, and back once more half way to the Pole again, and thirty miles over. But an illustration appealing more directly to the eye is given in Fig. 2. The very little column at the extreme left of the diagram represents fifty times the height of the Monument on Fish Street Hill—we may consider it, indeed, as fifty Monuments set endwise. Next, to the right of that, stands a mountain; it is Mont Blanc, the highest mountain in Europe, and though in outline it is not an exact representation of the original, its height is accurately proportioned to the rest of the diagram. To the right of this again we come upon sixteen tall columns. Each of these is twenty miles high, and the whole represents sixteen piles of copies of *Tit-Bits*, one flat on another, being the entire issue of 348,544,026. Now one begins to get a faint idea of what all those millions actually mean. Of course, the proportions in this diagram are entirely in height; the columns, both of *Tit-Bits* and of Monuments, are wider in regard to the height than they should be; but on this very small scale they would be quite invisible lines if they were made of relative measurements.

If some industrious and generous person were to collect all these copies and start with them on a tour of Europe, he might go over every country—Russia, Germany, Austria, Italy, Turkey, Greece, France, Spain, Portugal, England, and all the rest—giving a copy to every living man, woman, and child as he went; and when he had finished his tour (imagination staggers at a guess at how long it would take him) he would bring home a good many more than eighteen million copies for himself, out of which he might make a pile of 532 Monuments high.

But there are more big figures, and some even bigger than these. Suppose we take a pair of scissors and attack all these copies of *Tit-Bits*, cutting off separately each line of letterpress. Then let us join the ends of these together, making an immensely long strip of paper, containing one immensely long line of printing, with no white-margin paper left between. How long would this line be?—Seventy-three million twenty-six thousand two hundred and sixteen miles and a half. Stretch this out at length into space, and build a railway line along it; then start an express train, going at 60 miles an hour, along this line. How long would this train take—never stopping nor slackening—to get to the end of the line and fall over into immensity?—Very nearly one hundred and thirty-nine years.

But now let us take our seventy-three million-mile strip and count, not the words, but the *letters* it contains. They amount to 61,692,547,699,200, which, expressed in words, is sixty-one thousand six hundred and ninety-two billion five hundred and forty-seven million six hundred and ninety-nine thousand two hundred. It looks immense, but it is far bigger than it looks. We will test this. We will divide our strip into convenient lengths for handling. Let us pass these lengths one after another through ten chaff-cutters, all working together by steam (Fig. 3). The chaff-cutters cut off each a letter at a time from the slips (disregarding punctuation), and each cuts off 200 letters a minute, so that all-together cut off 2,000 letters in that time. How long will these ten chaff-cutters, cutting incessantly day and night, take to cut off all the separate letters? Make a guess before you read the next sentence. They will take nearly fifty-eight thousand six hundred and eighty-seven years! And this at the rate of considerably more than one

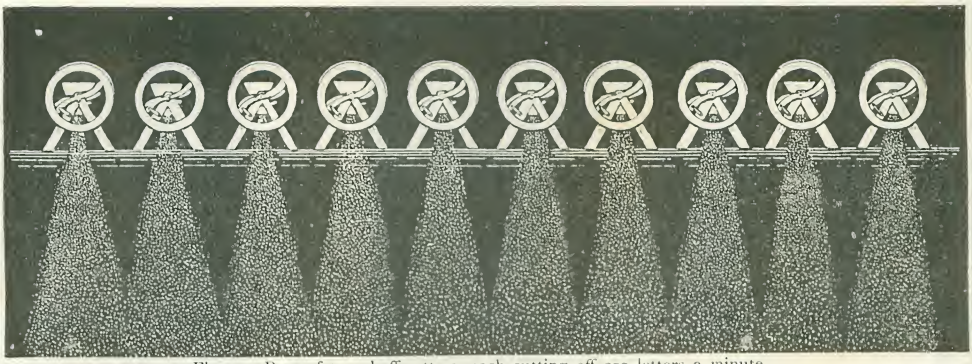


Fig. 3.—Row of ten chaff-cutters, each cutting off 200 letters a minute.

thousand and fifty millions a year! But imagine our chaff-cutters multiplied by ten, and that the whole hundred started to work at the English Bible date of the creation of the world; suppose that they all worked incessantly from that day to this at the same rate of speed; then they would only have come to the conclusion of their task about thirty-two years ago.

We will now imagine our 348 million odd copies reconstituted again. We take them as they appear on the newsagent's stall, wired and folded, and we lay them in a long line, the bottom edge of one touching the top edge of its neighbour. We carry this line *twice* round the world at its extreme circumference, *twice* round the moon, at the extreme circumference of that luminary, and then we find that we have 5,190 miles of the line still left to dangle in space. Fig. 4 exhibits this feat, and shows the proportion of the length left over to the diameters of the earth and the moon.

Gather up all our papers again and try one more *Tit-Bits* experiment. This time we take out all the wires and separate each copy into sheets. It will be seen, in the paper as it is now, with twenty pages, that there are five of these, each carrying four pages, two above and two below, and the green cover makes a sixth. When the paper consisted of only sixteen pages there were only four white sheets and the cover, and in the early period there was no cover. Now, take all these sheets, green and white, and join them end to end, making an immense band. That band will be 581,853 miles long. We pass it round the earth, carry it right away to the moon, round the moon and back again, precisely in the manner of a bicycle chain round the cog-wheels. In Fig. 5 we show this; but the diagram is broken in the middle, and a great piece taken out, because, otherwise, it could never have been got on the page. This will be understood when it is remembered that the distance between the earth and the moon is thirty times the earth's diameter. So we show but the two ends of our little arrangement. But this is not all. After the circuit has been completed there still remains a piece of our band—just a trifle of eighty-two or eighty-five thousand miles or so—according to the place in the moon's orbit where you may make the measurement. With this we may do as we please—wrap it three times round the earth

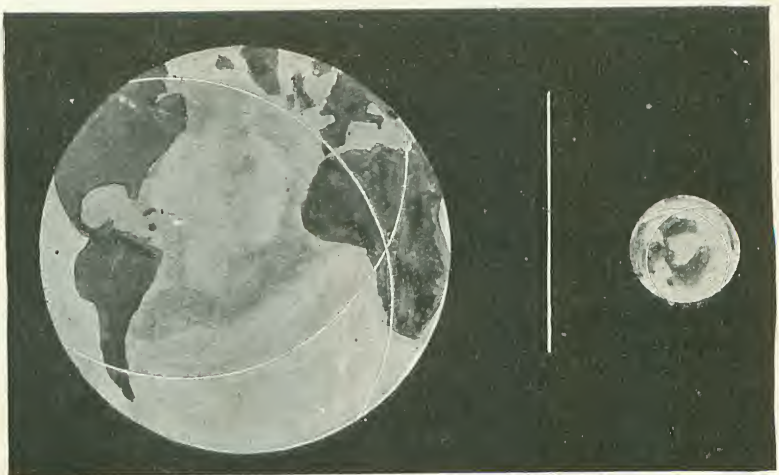


Fig. 4.—Copies of *Tit-Bits* in line, twice round the earth, and twice round the moon, with a remainder of 5,190 miles.

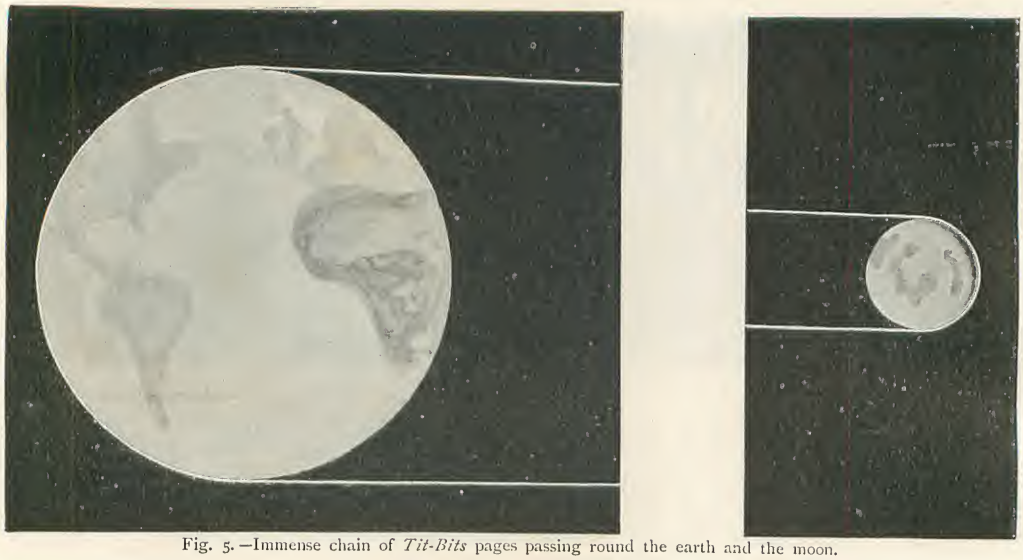


Fig. 5.—Immense chain of *Tit-Bits* pages passing round the earth and the moon.

at the equator perhaps, and leave ten thousand miles or so dangling in the breeze.

There are other *Tit-Bits* figures that may be mentioned briefly, since space is short. One hundred and forty-one million pieces of type have been set for it, exclusive of all punctuation-marks, which would make a good few millions more. Three hundred and twelve tons' weight of printers' ink has been used. The paper used would cover 73,468 acres. A sum of more than £26,000 has been given away in prizes and insurance money to the readers of the paper. People who read (in sensational stories) of somebody picking up a cash-box containing such a sum in gold and bolting off with it may be interested to know that £26,000 in sovereigns weighs 4cwt. 10lb. avoirdupois—a handsome weight of metal to trot about with. Put it in a box—indeed, a box weighing but 4lb.—and the parcel will weigh level with three men of 11st., or 154lb., each (Fig. 6).

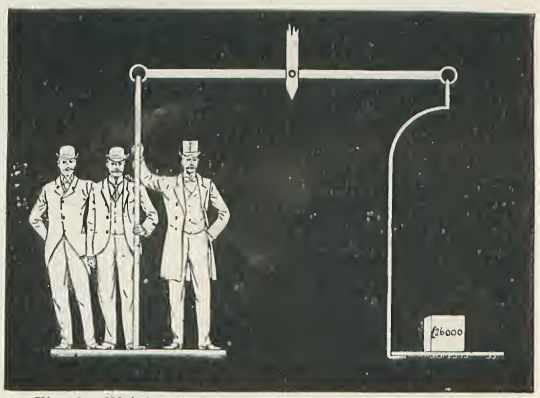



Fig. 6.—Weight of *Tit-Bits* Insurance and Prize money in sovereigns, equals weight of three men.

Suppose one started to count all the copies of *Tit-Bits* sold, and could count 100 a minute, keeping it up without a moment's cessation for twelve hours a day, we should finish the task in thirteen years three months and a few odd days. If a vast packing-case were constructed, capable of holding all these copies, that case might serve as a barrack for 2,217 soldiers, allowing the regulation amount of space, which is 600 cubic feet for each man.

Now we turn to THE STRAND MAGAZINE. It must be remembered this magazine dates back only six years and a half—to the beginning of 1891, in fact,—and it has but twelve issues a year. Nevertheless the total number sold up to and including our June number of this year is very little short of twenty-six millions, the precise numbers being 25,929,947. Let us pile these copies into one exceedingly tall column, and then cast about for something to compare the pile with. Monuments are useless, there are not enough of them. Try mountains. First take Everest, the highest mountain in the world. It is scarce five miles and a half high, so that alone it is insignificant beside our great pile. So we stand Dapsang, almost as high as Everest, on top of it. On top of that we plant Mount Godwin-Austen, Kinchinjinga, Dwalagiri, Nanda Devi, Trisul, Chumulari, Tagarma, Khan Tengri, and ten or twelve extra

Himalayas, all more than 20,000ft. high, each on top of the other. Then we reach out to South America, and take up Aconcagua in one hand and Mercedario in the other, and add these, with Gualtieri and Huascan, to the pile, which by this time is getting quite lofty. We turn to Africa, and in like manner lift Kilimandjaro, Kenia, and Ruwenzori: one on another they go to raise the pile. And so we proceed till we have selected and poised one above another the highest thirty-one mountains in the whole world. The column of mountains is by this time immense—appalling. But still it is over-topped by our pile of STRAND MAGAZINES, and we are beginning to get tired. With one more effort, however, we root up our old friend, Mont Blanc, and crown the pile with it, and then—the tops of the two columns are level, and each column is a hundred and thirty miles high (Fig. 7). *Mem.* for those clever people who may take it into their heads to work out this little problem for themselves. It will not be enough to measure the thickness of a few copies of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, and proceed from that. There have been immense issues of double numbers, which have been exactly allowed for; and the number of advertisement pages has varied—a thing also carefully taken into account. There have been 15,000 pictures printed in this Magazine, the originals of which would completely cover the walls of the Royal Academy.

Fig. 7.—The height of a pile of all *Strand Magazines* issued to June, 1897, equals a pile of the highest thirty-two mountains in the world.

But there are other periodical publications issued from the offices of the firm, such as *Woman's Life*, *The Hub*, *The Penny Library of Famous Books*, *The Strand Musical Magazine*, *The Penny Musical Library*, *British Boys*, *Navy and Army*, and others; and there have been books issued in numbers, such as the *Oracle Encyclopædia*, *Round the World*, *Round the Coast*, *Round London*, *The Art Bible*, *The Way of the Cross*, etc. In the space at disposal it is quite impossible to treat of these separately, interesting as it might be; so that we may say that of these other periodicals, most of quite recent establishment, the sale has been well above twenty-nine millions; to be exact, 29,218,264. This brings the total sale of all the periodical publications of the firm to the handsome total of 403,692,237.

An accumulation of squares will help us to realize what these figures mean. Let us suppose there are sixteen hundred of these squares. Next, suppose that on each of these squares a pile of a quarter of a million copies of the periodical publications of George Newnes, Limited, was placed; when we had finished our last pile we should find ourselves still with nearly 3¾ millions of copies for which no place remained. But let us alter the arrangement. Since the periodicals are of various thicknesses, let us make all the piles of the same height, regardless of numbers. Then we shall find that we have *1,600 piles, each 10⅓ times the height of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square, from the top of the statue to the ground.* And that is not all—we shall have a few left. Enough, that is to say, to make one more pile as high as the Matterhorn—or more than ninety-two times the height of the Nelson Monument. Think over this, and think hard, and you will begin to perceive that 403 millions odd is a rather large number. Fig. 8 shows all this literature packed in a parcel and put on a gigantic pair of scales. On the other side of the scales is a parcel neatly packed with 435,000 men, each weighing 11st., or 154lbs. The parcel of literature altogether outweighs the parcel of humanity. Indeed, it would be necessary to add 812 more men to make the scales hang level. From this it will be

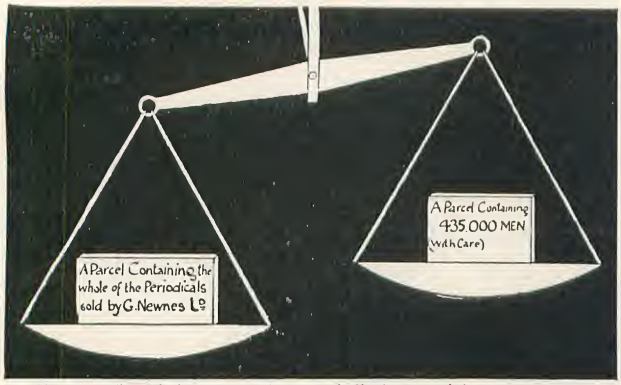
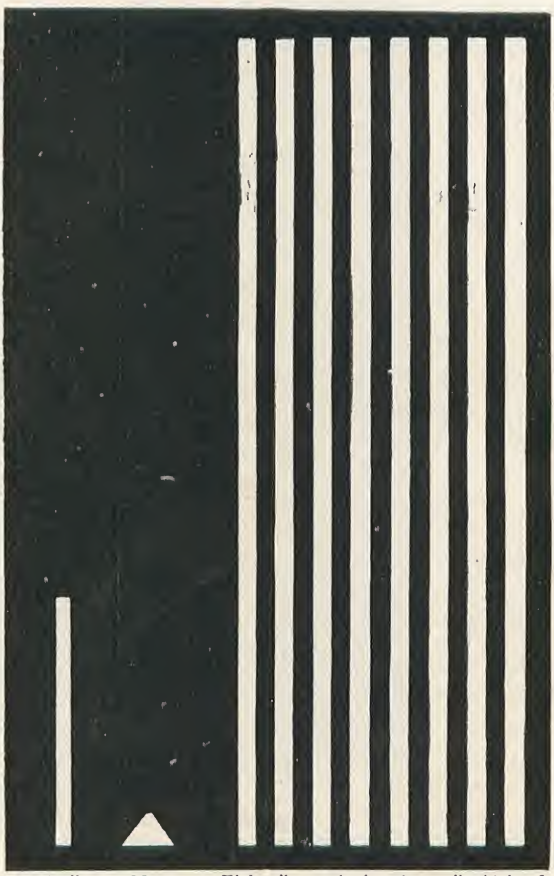



Fig. 8.—The whole output of our periodicals outweighs 435,000 men.

easy for the arithmetical reader to calculate the weight of the periodicals in tons. And for these periodicals, all counted at published price, a sum of nearly two and a half millions of pounds has been paid by the public.

And now for a last diagram — a diagram in some degree corresponding with Fig. 2, but on a smaller scale (Fig. 9). Here the pile of fifty Monuments has disappeared, since on this scale it would be invisible. Its place (to the left) is taken by one of the tall, twenty-miles-high columns from Fig. 2. This column is still twenty miles high, but is shown far smaller, and it is introduced in order to adjust the proportions between the two diagrams. The small cone to its right is still Mont Blanc—now, on the reduced scale, looking very small indeed. Then, to the right, come eight columns. Each of these is, not twenty, but *sixty-four* miles high; and the whole eight columns, with an aggregate height of 512 miles, are built each of a single pile of the Newnes publications mixed —*Tit-Bits*, STRAND MAGAZINE, *Musical Magazine*, *Woman's Life*, and all the rest, and the whole comprises all the copies of all the issues yet sold. And if this diagram, with that of the squares and that of the scales, can give no reader a clearer conception than he before possessed of the meaning of such a row of figures as 403,692,237, and of its size and weight when expressed in periodical literature—then probably nothing can; except, perhaps, being compelled to count the number.



9.—A pile from Fig. 2. Mont Blanc. Eight piles, each sixty-four miles high, of all our publications.

It may, perhaps, be of some further interest to say that since the formation of the business into a limited liability company in the middle of 1891, the accounts for ordinary postage amount to the equivalent of two million four hundred thousand penny stamps.

# *By the Mess Fire.*

By "The Professor."

A COLD July evening in the Matoppa Mountains. Darkness had at last settled down over the valley, and the lads were all at rest or preparing for the attack that was ordered for daylight on the morrow.

Happy in the consciousness that they at any rate need not satisfy their inward cravings by the prevailing practice in Colonel Plumer's column, namely, tightening their belts, one little group took out their pipes, and having finally managed to rake up the constituents of a few whiffs of smoke apiece from pocket corners, and from one real capitalist, who owned half a packet of cigarettes and nobly tore off the papers and threw his all into the common stock, settled down in various attitudes, more remarkable perhaps for ease than elegance, round their fire which, replenished, shot, as the flames rose and fell, flickering beams of yellow light round the circle, lending comeliness to faces unfamiliar with soap and water and showing six days' immunity from razor.

Tiffin was there, once the best shot in the B.B.P., who never failed his friend and comrade in the hour of danger, and Smith, and, last, Tom Yeatley of the old "A" Troop, famed for hard drinkers, swearers, and fighters wherever the uniform and brown silk puggaree had been known.

Out through the still night, during an occasional lull in the chat round the fire, as each man lazily surmised whether or no he'd be sound in skin at that hour on the following night, the distant cry of the Cossack posts doing their solitary and dangerous duty a quarter of a mile from either flank of the laager came softly down the night.

We had been discussing the Jameson Expedition, when, in a quiet moment, Yeatley said: "I never told you how that business of cutting the wires came off, did I?"

None of us had heard, and we said so.

"Then," says he, "it's an old yarn now, and I suppose will hurt no one, so to pass an hour while the terbacker lasts, I'll heave it off my chest. Hark! what's that, a challenge?"

We all listened, and sweet and distant

"'THEN,' SAYS HE, 'IT'S AN OLD YARN NOW.'"

through the still air the tenor cry came floating down : " No. Three, A-l-l-'s W-e-l-l." " No. Four, A-l-l-'s W-e-l-l."

" No, it's all right," says Tiffin ; " only the posts passing the word," and Yeatley went ahead.

" Most of you remember how unsettled we were last December, with the yarns of what was intended by Jameson's camp at Pitsani, the recruiting that was going on, an' the proposed disbanding of the old B.B.P., and handing over all that would go to the Chartered Company. You, Smith, and Tiffin were in 'A' Troop at the time, and we often spoke of the rumours of expeditions against Linchwe at Mochudi, and other ratty ideas of what the force was going to do. How well the secret was kept at Mafeking!"

" Yes," said Smith ; " nothing of those stores that Dr. Woolf built along the road to the Rand could pass the Border without my signature. I was on the Customs at the time, and wondered what the dickens Woolf could be putting up stores for, and only importing rations and forage to stock them with."

" Well," continued Yeatley, " I was down at my little place on the Molopo River at Mafeking, on Sunday, the 29th of December, when the 'telegraph orderly' came down at a gallop, and said the Colonel wanted me at once. Up I went, thinking to myself, 'What the blazes have I been doing now?' and expecting to get a choking off over something or the other. You bet I was surprised when he asked : 'Can we depend on you to keep your mouth shut, Corporal Yeatley?' I stood to attention, and says : 'I believe so, sir.'

" 'Well,' says he, 'hold yourself in readiness to proceed across the Border to-night with Mr. Welsh. I want you to guide him to the telegraph line between Zeerust and Rustenberg, and from there to the line to Lichtenberg ; and keep your eye lifting that the Dutchmen don't catch you, or you'll get shot.' This sounded pretty thick, so I asked :—

" 'Is there any extra pay sticking out, sir?'

" 'Yes,' says he, 'I think I can promise you a hundred pounds if all goes well, and you may keep your horse and saddlery.' I needn't tell you, boys, that the horse and saddle was all I got. The 'hundred of the very best' gets further out of sight every day.

" 'You won't need to take arms,' he said, 'and Mr. Welsh will tell you anything more after you start.'

" Well, I thought all this sounded pretty queer, but saluted and left the orderly-room, went home, and overhauled my saddlery ready for a start. I was too excited to sleep that afternoon, and about seven saddled up my mare and Lieutenant Welsh's horse, and rode up to the officers' quarters to wait for him. I was in uniform, and wore the broad-brimmed hat and white puggaree which the Colonel made 'A' Troop take to when 'F' and 'K' Troops came down from Macloutsie to Mafeking.

" After a while Welsh comes out, and says, 'Will you have a liquor, corporal?'

" I had a whisky and we mounted, and riding round the outskirts of the town, struck out to hit the Transvaal road. This was at half-past seven ; at nine that night, as some of you know, the B.B.P. marched out of camp and never entered it again.

" Well, we galloped off along the road through the commonage, our horses' hoofs raising clouds of dust that hung in the still air behind us and stretched back to the faint distance, glimmering white in the moonlight. It was just such a night as this, cool and pleasant, that the horses tossed their heads and reefed as they raced along, the polished bits flashing bright in the light. After we passed McMillan's farm, the white buildings showing clearly against a background of river timber, we pulled up to a walk, as there was a long ride sticking out, seventy miles at least, and Lieutenant Welsh says : 'Have you been told what we are to do?' 'No, sir,' says I. 'Then I'll tell you. We have to destroy the wire between Zeerust and Rustenberg in half-a-dozen places, then strike across country to the Lichtenberg line and treat it the same way, and, if we can, get back across the Border into Bechuanaland with our skins whole ; in the meantime, the wires between Mafeking and Maribogo and Mafeking and Pitsani will be cut, and the B.B.P. and M.M.P. having met at Malmani, will force a march on Johannesburg, where the Uitlanders have risen, and without help from us will be blown to pieces, women and all.'

" 'Hooray,' says I, and on we galloped again.

" At Cowan's farm, where, over a hundred miles from where he was wounded, Captain Coventry's horse, Silver Tail, was found straying, bloodstained saddle still on its back, two days after the Battle of Doornkop, we pulled up to give the nags another breath. You remember Silver Tail, Smith, don't you?"

" Rather," said he ; " I rode her in the

races a few weeks before the march came off. She belonged to Cowan then, and a rougher brute I never saw."

"Well," continued Yeatley, "after leaving Cowan's a few miles behind, we crossed the Border and were on Transvaal ground, and shortly afterwards, riding mighty careful, we passed the two mud huts sheltering the detachment of Transvaal Police stationed on the road passing the frontier. We need not have been so particular, as a few hours later the B.B.P., 150 strong, with Maxims, seven-pounders, and ammunition carts, clattered over the stony road, past the very doors of the police-quarters, and never even awakened the watchful sentinels. Another seven miles, and we rode slowly through Malmani; the inhabitants had apparently all gone to rest, and only a few lights shone in uncurtained windows here and there along the solitary street. The majority of the buildings were of galvanized iron, and looked blue and cold in the moonlight. We forded the river at the drift above Stink-hout-boom farm, passed the cemetery, amongst whose trees the rising night-wind was sighing in a spooky sort of way, and struck off along the road to Zeerust.

"We had come about twenty miles, and Welsh, who was a long, thin, miserable slab of humanity, says: 'Have we much further to go?' The poor devil was weak; he had been in command of a party out in the low country, and had been down with fever, never properly getting over it, and wasn't fitted for such work as we had to do that night. I told him we had to ride another twenty miles before we commenced work, and then another ten across country to the Lichtenberg line, ending up with twenty more before we should be safe across the Border again, adding for his comfort that we should certainly be shot like jackals if the Boers caught us and had the least idea of what was up. He didn't seem very happy on it, and kept quiet for a few miles.

"A couple of miles from Zeerust we saw lights on Du Toit's farm, Wonner Hoek, glimmering across the bare veld. I was surprised to see the people were still up—Dutchmen, as a rule, make for bed when it gets dark.

"'Could you do with a drink of coffee, sir?' I says.

"'By Jove, yes,' he answered.

"So we went across the spruit to the farm, where I was better known than liked by anyone but the girl, Susie du Toit. The father,

"I TOOK HER ASIDE."

an old Boer, who had done his share at Bronkhurst Spruit in the old war, hated anything that wore a British uniform; and the sons I had had a row with over a cattle deal, and booted all round the Market Square in Mafeking—so they did not care much for me either.

"However, there were two of us, so the men were very civil, and Susie gave us some coffee, while the horses chewed at a bundle of forage.

"The crowd was just going to bed, and being sort of interested in the girl, I took her aside whilst Welsh swopped broken English with the men, told her there was bound to be trouble in the Transvaal before long, and asked her to come into Bechuanaland with me an' I would come back for her in the early morning, if she would keep awake and have her horse handy.

"Looking up, I caught one of her brothers eyeing her and listening to what we said, so changed the subject. When the horses had finished and we'd paid for the forage, we started on again, and in a short time crossed the Marico River and rode through Zeerust.

"SNIP!"

"I noticed a saddle-horse tied up to the horse-rail outside the hotel, and vaguely wondered who was about at that hour and what he was after. I found out afterwards, and in a way that wouldn't ha' been pleasant if it had come off.

"Leaving Zeerust behind, we rode along the Rustenberg road about four miles, then struck off across the veld to hit the telegraph line, which just here was wide of the road. We soon found a post, and I said to Welsh, 'Here you are, sir; now your job commences.' He got off his horse and started in to climb the pole, whilst I stood below holding the reins. 'It's no go,' he said, after getting about half-way up and slipping down several times, 'I'm too weak; that beastly fever has taken it all out of me. You'll have to do it.'

"I'm not much in the climbing way, so I said I had no orders from the Colonel about cutting the wire, but was only told to guide him to the line and he'd do the rest.

"Welsh said he couldn't help it, and I should have to take my orders from him; so I studied a bit, and then, seeing he in his tired state would only be a burden to me, said: 'All right, sir, I'll do it; but you are done up, and must make the best of your way back to Malmani and wait for the column to come through, or continue along the road and get back across the Border.' What he did I don't know, for I never saw or heard of him again, until a few days ago I came across him in Colonel Plumer's M.R.F.

"Well, after he left I took the wire-cutters and struggled up the pole. Snip! and with a loud ringing sort of hiss the wire fell to the ground, the pole bending under me as all the strain came on the sound side. Snip! again, and the pole sprang back to the perpendicular, nearly flipping me away like a blob of clay from a sling-stick. I smashed the china insulator and slid down to the ground, walked along the wire, and, cutting it again as near the next pole as I could reach, tied one

end to my saddle, and mounting, rode off into the veld a bit, towing the span of wire after me, dropped it where it would not be found in time to be of use for repairs, and returned to tackle the line again further on. In repeating this performance for the third time, the rotten cast-steel nippers broke in my hand and fell to the ground.

"Here was a mess! How on earth was I to finish the work? I cursed those confounded nippers for a solid five minutes; but that wouldn't mend 'em. Thinking of what to do, I remembered passing some transport waggons outspanned beside the road about a mile back. Where there's waggons there's an axe, and I saw a way out of the trouble. Mounting again, I lit out for the outspan; there they still were apparently outspanned till 'twas time to start the early morning trek. No dog had barked when first I passed them, so it was safe to ride right up amongst the oxen lying and standing along the trek-tows. When my horse was so mixed up with the spans that we couldn't very well be seen, I stopped, and was carefully dismounting to search for the axe, when suddenly the transport-rider's horse, which was tied up to the tail of the nearest waggon, neighed! I, close up, jumped clear of my skin, but fortunately the mare did not answer.

"Keeping still for a moment to see no one stirred, I moved cautiously up to the waggon tent against which the axe is usually hung. No axe there. Then I tried against the front of the waggon-box, getting a poke in the ribs from a pole-ox's horn as I did so. Good luck! there it was, its polished head glinting back the moon-rays. In half a second I had it, remounted, and was riding off when a voice sounded from underneath the tent, 'Allamachtig, ook iss dar?' 'Als recht, mynheer,' I yelled, and galloped away. It must have been about one o'clock when I found a fresh spot on the line, and a reasonably thin wooden pole to cut down. But, great Scot! the row that axe made chopping on the pole and shaking the wires up above was something cruel, and I expected to be rushed by every blessed Dutchman for miles round. At last I got him down, cut a span of wire out, and carted it off.

"I reckoned I'd done about enough for glory to that line, and was just starting away over the veld south-west to cut the Lichtenberg line, when I heard the clatter of hoofs on gravel, and looking along the skyline saw some moving forms just topping the ridge between me and the Zeerust road. That was quite good enough for me; I didn't stop to investigate, but sent the spurs home, and my old nag, which had had a good spell and pick at the grass while I was working, spluttered off down the hill, sending the stones flying, to the dark shadow at its foot, where a deep spruit ran along on its course to the Marico River. How we ever got down that hill in the dark over the rocks and gullies I don't know; the wind fairly whistled in my ears as we pelted along. We stopped in the donga, and I looked back for the pursuers. They were lost, however; no doubt they were carefully picking their way down the krantz.

"Anyhow, they had seen what I was up to, and it was high time to trek out of that, so I set the mare going, and plugged away through the bush and rocks along the spruit towards the Lichtenberg line, which I judged was about ten miles away to the south-west. After about a mile along the creek we left the bush and struck out across the bare, high veld.

"On the top of the watershed we stopped and listened for signs of pursuit, but there was no sound but the rustle of the wind in the long, dry grass, and the distant yapping snarls of a jackal, coming faintly down the cool breeze.

"Away we galloped over the veld; the country all around, bright lit by the summer moon, reflected again from the white grass and quartz pebbles. Now and then there'd be a scuffle and a splutter as a startled duiker or stembuck sprang from its lair, and lit out for its natural, scared by being nearly run over, and once the old mare shied half-way across the Transvaal as a great, grey, ghostly secretary-bird rose from where he had been lying, and after a few preliminary strides with his derned long legs, and swooshes of his wings, rose and flapped off through the night.

"I saw a couple of farms, and kept clear and wide of them to avoid disturbing the dogs, and before half-past two reached the wire and commenced operations.

"The posts here were all galvanized iron, and I had to climb up, and having smashed the insulator, endeavour to cut the wire against the top of the post with my axe.

"To understand how things happened, I must tell you that just where I had hit the wire, there was a long tongue of bush came down from a kopje on the east towards Lichtenberg, and towards Zeerust the ground ran steeply away to a thick patch of thorn bush; below that

again ran a deep kloof full of camel-thorn trees, which continued up the far side, and ran patchy and thin over the veld away in the direction of Zeerust.

"Well, I had made a jab or two at the wire with my axe, but it wasn't all velvet, I can tell you, hanging on to a thin iron pole by my eyelids, so to speak, and chopping away with a heavy axe that wouldn't hit the darned wire straight, but slipped away to one side or the other at every blow, jolly nearly taking me with it. Every hit rang off along the line, making enough row to raise the dead.

"At last one fell straight, and with a hissing clang the wire parted, and falling on either side of the post coiled itself away through the grass out of sight.

"'Thank the Lord for that lot,' I thinks, and dropping the axe I slid to the ground; that is, I slid half-way but dropped the rest, for I hadn't reached foothold when bang! bang! two shots rang out from the Lichtenberg bush, and whang! a bullet hit the iron post making it quiver again, and singing away through the night amidst the echoes of the reports travelling from hill to hill.

"My horse was tied to a tree about twenty yards away. I don't exactly remember how I did it, but I was in the saddle with the axe in my hand in about two ups, and was off to the donga on the Zeerust side like one policeman.

"Bang! Bang! the shots flew after me again, and passed with a vicious little whizz; 'tis a sound we don't think much of now, boys, but I didn't see any points about it that night, and bent low in the saddle as we raced into the bush.

"I had just reached the timber and kidded myself I was safe again, when there was a yell in front, and three horses came shooting through the timber and pulled up across my track. Lord, how I remember

"THE OTHER MAN STOOD."

that sight! There was one white horse, and as the beggars pulled up and levelled their rifles, I saw the moonlight glint on the barrels and thought I was a gone cuss.

"In that moment I must ha' gone clean, jumpin' mad, for with a yell I swung the axe round my head and raced straight at 'em. Two fired—missed—and cleared for cover to reload. The other man stood, and the light glinted and gleamed up and down his barrel as he followed my horse's movement. I remember thinking, though it was all over in a second, 'He's making dead sure,' and at that instant he fired.

"There was no hiss this time, but the flame shot a warm breath over my cheek. As he fired, I loosed the axe-handle, and saw its head catch him on the jaw. We passed so

fast that I could see no effect; but turning immediately in the saddle, a riderless horse trotting into the bush, and a dark, shapeless, motionless heap in the centre of the moonlit patch amid the timber, showed the first blow of the Jameson Raid was struck. A moment more, and the thickening bush hid us from sight, and loud, hoarse shouts of the baffled Boers proclaimed they were sold again by the 'Verdomde rooinek.'

"I was fairly drunk with excitement, and felt inclined to turn again and have another dash through them for sport.

"At the bottom of the hill, all torn by thorns and bleeding at the neck where I had been either bullet-grazed or ripped by the bush, I stopped and listened.

"Up on the krantz the Dutchmen were following, shouting and yelling, and their calls, mingled with the rattling of the stones as they scuffled down the hill, showed they were following the right line. I considered a bit and decided, instead of hitting straight for the Border, which was not far away, to go back to Susie's place and pick her up to take her for safety to Bechuanaland. I thought the Boers must know what is up, and there'd be a battle there in the Marico for a start, so she'd be better away; and besides, my pursuers would probably make straight for the Border, and, being fresher mounted than me, would stand a show of catching up on the open country that lay between this patch of bush and English ground. It was no good hoping to do more to the wire, as my axe was gone for good, and altogether things hereabouts was getting a bit too thick; so we trotted on, taking advantage of the cover until I couldn't hear voices any more, then away we galloped across the veld, stopping and listening now and agen for sounds.

"We passed one farm a few hundred yards off—Coetzee's, it was. Lights were dodging about and men's voices calling, so I judged they had either heard the shooting or old 'Oom Paul' had wind of what was coming, and had called out the commandos. However, they didn't see or hear me, and about four in the morning I was outside Susie's window, and she was climbing out to me. We went carefully to the kraal where the horses were; Susie's saddle was on the wall, and in five minutes she was mounted and ready. Susie, whose mother was English, or, at any rate, Colonial, told me they were all asleep in the house, and would not miss her till daylight. I jumped up, and away we went. I had kept clear of Zeerust coming to the farm, and had now only to fear Malmani and the police of the Border.

"The mare was still going well, and I hoped to get her home all right. She was a splendid bit of stuff. It was a grand gallop. I was happy as Larry, in high spirits, and felt fit for all the Dutchmen in the district.

"We eased up at Malmani Cemetery, and, seeing lights flying round in the town below, left it wide on the right, swimming the Malmani River about Wenthuigel farm; this is how we missed the B.B.P. column, which had reached Malmani, and were waiting there for Jameson and the M.M.P. I didn't know for certain that they had yet marched, and wouldn't go through the town on spec, and p'r'aps fetch up against a Boer commando. Susie had lost her hat in the gallop, so I gave her my police-hat, with the broad brim looped up, and white puggaree, tying a handkerchief round my own head.

"The moon had now gone down, and at Bultfontein there was only a pale glimmer from the stars; daylight would be along in half an hour, but we were nearly safe. I called to Susie, 'It won't be good enough to go through the police at the Border; they will be waiting, and may possibly have seen something of the B.B.P., if they've started. We had better go down through this bush, across the Border at the back of Fricke Botha's place, and get to Cowan's farm, where we'll be able to get some coffee, and then take it easy into Mafeking.' 'Very well,' she said, and we turned off the road.

"Now, it just happened, when half an hour later we reached the Border, we fell plump on top of a crowd of Boers coming up from Rooi Grond. They had been commandeered early in the night, and were patrolling the frontier.

"Against the coming daylight in the east we must have showed big, and they evidently recognised my police-hat on Susie, for there was a yell, and they hopped off their horses and started in firing away like mad. Lord, how those shots whizzed past us. 'Quick, separate!' says Susie; 'you take to the river and I'll break into the hills again. None of them can touch my horse. Good luck!'—and she was off at a pace my mare, pretty well knocked up by the night's work, couldn't ha' looked at. Bang! Bang! Whizz! I cleared to the left, where, about half a mile away, the Molopo ran on its course to Mafeking, seven miles away. As soon as we parted the firing was stopped, and I heard a shout.

"Before crossing the Border I had to

"WE FELL PLUMP ON TOP OF A CROWD OF BOERS."

dodge two more parties, galloping up to see what all the firing was about, but got off without being seen, reached the river, crossed the Border, and got safely into Mafeking.

"I kept my teeth shut, and after Jameson and all our chaps were taken, I thought it would be healthy to change my scenery for a while, as I was very well known across the Border, and didn't want to be asked to explain my reason for cutting about the Marico so free that night; so I came up to Matabeleland, joined the M.M.P., and here we are.

"When this war's over I'm going to ask the Colonel or somebody for that hundred quid (I reckon I earned it), and go back and marry Susie. I haven't heard a word from her since, though I wrote several times, but through this war the mails are always going wrong, and her letter must have gone astray. She must have got home all right. She had a fresh horse, knew the veld, and rides as well as I can. She's all right.

"And now, chaps, my yarn is done and we had better turn in. There'll be a fight in the morning, and I want to dream about Susie and forget Smith's baking, and Tulibulli beef. Good-night, all."

Half an hour afterwards Tiffin leaned over on Smith's blanket and whispered, "How'll poor Tom feel when he hears how Susie du Toit paid with her life for wearing one of our hats, and lies in a nameless grave where she fell shot through the heart? This yarn explains all. I never understood how the Boer patrol had killed one of their own women; but with a police-hat on, and in the faint light, who could tell she was not a man? I'm not going to tell him, anyhow, and all the other chaps are strangers to Mafeking and don't know the story. Poor old Tom! Good-night."

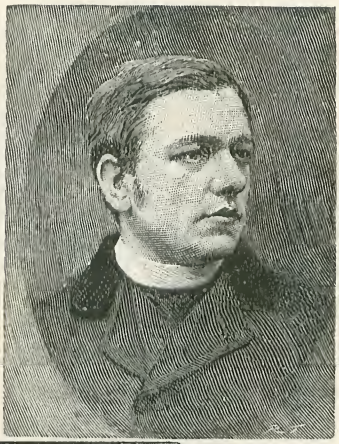
Tom Yeatley never knew, for when next day, after a stubborn and bloody resistance from Babijaan's Impi lurking in caves and crevices, we climbed the mountain and stood victors on its summit, eight puffs of blue smoke rose lazily in the quivering sun-scorched air, as the same reports that heralded swift death to his sweetheart now paid the last sad honour to her soldier's grave.

*From a]* AGE 11. [*Photograph.*

## REV. CANON ROBERT EYTON, M.A.

BORN 1845.

THE REVEREND CANON EYTON, Rector of St. Margaret's and Canon of Westminster since 1895, is the second son of the Rev. R. W. Eyton, Rector of Ryton, and author of "The Antiquities of Shropshire." Canon Eyton was educated at Shrewsbury and Christ Church, Oxford, being



AGE 30.
*From a Photo. by Mason & Co.*

AGE 41.
*From a Photo. by Lombardi.*

ordained deacon and priest in 1870. He was Rector of Upper Chelsea in 1884–1885 and Prebendary of St. Paul's in 1885. Canon Eyton is a well-known and powerful preacher, and the numerous theological works for which he is responsible have shown him to be an equally powerful and convincing writer.

*From a]* AGE 16. [*Photograph.*

*From Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY [*Gunn & Stuart.*

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 16. *[Muller & Co.*

## MISS HENRIETTA RAE.
### (Mrs. Normand.)

THE reputation of Miss Henrietta Rae as a classical painter has been steadily growing for the past seven or eight years. During that time much attention has been drawn to her large and excellent canvases at the summer exhibitions of the Royal Academy, among which may be mentioned "Ophelia," "Psyche at the Throne of Venus," "Eurydice," "Zephyr and Flora," and "La Cigale." Miss Rae, as a student, worked at the British Museum, the Queen's Square School of Art (which she entered at the age of thirteen), and at the Royal Academy Schools, to which she was admitted in 1879. She also studied at Heatherley's, painting by gaslight from the living model. Such severe study naturally precluded her from all the ordinary enjoyments of social pleasures, a penalty which a woman who wishes to succeed as a painter must be prepared to pay. She was first represented in the Academy in 1881. The present year's picture, "Isabella and the Pot of Basil," is an admirable production. In Miss Rae's estimation her best work is the "Ophelia" now the property of the Corporation of Liverpool. Miss Rae's other well-known pictures are "Doubts," exhibited in 1886, her first success; "Apollo and Daphne," 1895, and "Summer," by which she was represented in last year's Academy. Miss Rae is the wife of Mr. E. Normand, the well-known artist; they work together in their home at Norwood.

AGE 30.
*From a Photo. by Henry T. Reed.*

*From a drawing by]* AGE 22. *[Ernest Normand.*

*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[Window & Grove.*

*From a]* AGE 10. *[Drawing.*

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 40. *[W. & D. Downey.*

## LORD NATHAN MEYER DE ROTHSCHILD.

BORN 1840.

NATHAN MEYER, first Lord Rothschild, whose family name is a household word in every country in the world, is the eldest son of Baron Lionel Nathan de Rothschild. He was born in London, and educated at King's College School, London, and Trinity College, Cambridge. He was elected as Liberal member for Aylesbury, 1865, and retained the seat until 1885, when he was created a Peer. Lord Rothschild is the head of the London banking firm of N. M. Rothschild and Sons. At Tring Park, and in his fine house in Piccadilly, Lord Rothschild has assembled a multitude of treasures of art, of which he is one of the most generous patrons. Perhaps one of the most coveted honours in

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 32. *[Barrauds, Ltd.*

*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[Barrauds, Ltd.*

connection with this memorable year has fallen to Lord Rothschild, in his selection, by the Prince of Wales, as Honorary Treasurer to the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund to commemorate the Sixtieth Anniversary of the Queen's Reign.

*From a]* AGE 17. [*Photograph.*

## MR. THOMAS HAYWARD.

BORN 1871.

THOMAS HAYWARD furnishes a proof of the hereditary faculty for the game of cricket, his father being Dan Hayward, and his uncle T. Hayward, both leading professionals in the sixties. The famous Surrey cricketer was born at Cambridge, and after exhibiting considerable ability in local matches for the Cambridge Y.M.C.A. and other teams, joined the Oval staff, and qualified by residence for Surrey. During the period of qualification he rendered good service for the Club and Ground, and in 1893 made his first appearance for his county of adoption in the home match *v.* Warwickshire. In 1894, against Somerset, his three-figure score was the chief factor towards Surrey's success, and in the return match with Kent he scored 142 in four hours and a quarter. It was a brilliant display, and enabled him to secure fourth place in the batting averages for the championship fixtures, and to occupy third position for "all matches." Hayward

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 21. [*A. Simmons.*

*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. [*R. W. Thomas.*

was selected by Lord Hawke to form one of the South African team, and his brilliant batting was one of the features of the tour, while in several instances his bowling proved very destructive. Last year Hayward had the honour to represent England *v.* the Australians. He scored five centuries during the season, his chief being 229 not out, against Derbyshire, which is, up to the present, his record score. He also captured ninety-one wickets for an average of sixteen, and scored 1,595 runs, with an average of thirty-four, thus proving that he is one of our leading all-round men at the summer game.

# *Queer Competitions.*

By Framley Steelcroft.

[*Illustrated with Special Photographs.*]

DOWN in the much-discussed, but really little-known, East-end of London, they do *not* take their pleasures sadly. I hope to make this clear in the following pages. Now, competitions of curious sorts occupy a very prominent place among these pleasures; and so, after a prolonged and heartrending struggle with rampant hilarity, our artist succeeded in obtaining a remarkably successful series of photographs, showing these interesting contests actually in progress. The central head-quarters of these competitions is known as "Wonderland," Whitechapel, and the presiding genius is Mr. J. Woolf, than whom no man knows better the "near East." Mr. Woolf himself originates most of the contests, but occasionally he receives an idea from one of his patrons. Our first illustration shows a basket-carrying contest, between porters from Spitalfields Market. The men commence with six baskets, run various heats, and then gradually increase the number until about seventeen baskets are swaying dangerously on the competitors' heads, and threatening their several admirers, who are probably half crazy with excitement. These things are taken seriously — how seriously, no one could realize who has not seen a contest or two drawn off.

THE MARKET PORTERS' BASKET-CARRYING CONTEST.

The moment Mr. Woolf announces on his playbills a new competition, entries begin to flow in, for the East-end contains champions (more or less) in almost every conceivable and inconceivable branch of pastime and trade. The prizes include cups, purses of silver, medals, and various useful articles ranging from a lady's blouse to a barrel of beer. Competitors haven't much time for practice. It may be (as in the case of the basket-carrying contest) that their daily work is practice enough. Fair play is rigidly enforced, and the official timekeeper, referee, judge, etc., are absolutely impartial. In the matter of the basket-carrying race, neatness is taken into consideration, as well as speed and number of baskets carried. Much, of course, depends upon the skilful stacking of the baskets.

Trickery is only to be expected, and malice is not unknown. One competitor turned up for the basket-carrying race fully equipped as a certain winner. The baskets (nineteen in number) were already stacked on a barrow outside; they were all *glued together!* Another man in the same race, feeling himself beaten in the last lap, and burning with rage against a person in the audience who had persisted in taunting him, contrived to let fall eleven baskets on his tormentor's head.

Nor are the ladies forgotten. The next picture shows a perambulator race between mothers, each mother bringing her own baby, and Mr. Woolf providing the perambulators. The winner claims the baby-carriage, but I am bound to say that frequently it isn't worth much at the close of the race. Even the babies enter into the spirit of the thing, and shriek with delight at the rapid movement and the overwhelming antics of their mothers.

I am assured that the organiza-

THE MOTHERS' PERAMBULATOR RACE.

tion of a contest of this sort between women is a thing of tremendous difficulty. The competitors are boiling over with excitement, more or less suppressed. There are many false starts, to say nothing about recriminations and utterly irrelevant accusations bandied about amongst the ladies. The race is fairly fast, and often furious. Astute women try to cut off corners, but only succeed in injuring both the bassinet and its innocent occupant. The losers have to be regaled, or, rather, appeased, with heavy refreshments, whilst the winner and her prize are smuggled quietly away. The *status quo ante*, however, is restored on the morrow, when the fierce excitement has subsided.

To ignore the boys in these competitions would be to court disaster. The accompanying photo. shows a peculiar contest, the boys having to stand on their heads for three minutes. The first prize in this competition is magniloquently, if vaguely, described as "a purse of silver"; but it is safe to assume that the amount is not large. The purse of silver sometimes has a pleasing variation in the form of a pair of hob-nailed boots or a suit of clothes.

In this contest regard is paid to age, weight, and height, which are kept pretty uniform among the competitors. The fathers and mothers attend mainly, it would appear, to deal out plaudits or imprecations according to the success or failure of their inverted progeny. The parents of the winner are proud of their boy—just as parents of high degree would be on learning that their son had won a valuable scholarship.

AN "UPSIDE DOWN" COMPETITION FOR BOYS.

GRINNING THROUGH HORSE-COLLARS.

Another strange contest is depicted in the photo. here reproduced. Half-a-dozen typical East-end gentlemen are seen making frightful grimaces through as many horse-collars. The judge—an artist in diabolical leers—guards against undue haste in awarding the prize, which is probably a silver watch. He calls for many demonstrations in the way of facial contortion, awarding marks after every "round." Just before the final grin, the judge sums up, so to speak. He implores the men to brace themselves for a supreme effort, and the gallant fellows certainly respond nobly to the call. The judge is sometimes assisted by five or six competent experts, and this interesting body holds consultations and deliberations with all the gravity of a committee of artists about to purchase a priceless work of art for the nation. Trade contests are extremely popular, particularly the butchers' contest, which is portrayed in our next photograph. Here we see three local celebrities—champions all—competing for a complete set of butchers' implements.

The knights enter the lists. Three whole sheep are prepared, and the man who turns his sheep into joints in the neatest manner and the shortest time wins the prize. Mr. Woolf acts as timekeeper, and one of the best-known master-butchers in Aldgate presides in the dual capacity of judge and referee. The head is first cut off; the sheep is then cut down the middle and quickly turned into ten separate joints of mutton, five on each side. These are, of course, leg, loin, shoulder, neck, and breast. A little under three minutes is the record time, and a very wonderful performance it is.

BUTCHERS' CONTEST—CUTTING A SHEEP INTO JOINTS.

A singing match, such as is next depicted, reveals surprising talent for mimicry and comicality. This is a free-and-easy gathering of market men, and the champion singer is

A SINGING CONTEST.

selected by general vote. In the centre is seen one of the cleverest amateur coster vocalists in London—one from whom Mr. Chevalier might obtain many hints—for it should be borne in mind that this is the genuine article photographed in his native place, and not the coster of the variety stage.

Impresarios and agents would do well to attend these East-end singing contests, for there is much talent latent there. One or two of the men actually compose their own words and music; but the majority of the competitors sing the latest successes of the day. The little fellow seen on the right in the photo. is quite a local celebrity—a juvenile comedian of astonishing ability, and one that would delight the drawing-rooms of the West-end with his quaint whimsicalities.

But for right-down uproarious hilarity, give me the shaving match. The one represented in our photo. may be taken as typical of all.

The subjects were inspected by a disinterested barber, and parcelled out to the competitors, two to each. And each shaver was allowed the services of his own lathering-boy; he might also bring his own implements, but it were well for him to look after them. On one occasion an evilly-disposed person removed a competitor's razors, and only replaced them after he had whittled a few oak sticks with them.

A SHAVING MATCH.

BOYS' TREACLE-ROLL CONTEST.

But let us get into the present tense, being more impressive. The subjects are reclining —napkined and smiling through the layers of lather. Each competitor — an undistinguished foreigner — stands with uplifted razor quivering with excitement, and awaiting the word of command. "Go!" the air is filled with strange cries, mainly from the subjects. They are cut horribly, and cry out in a language of their own. It is not magnificent, but it is like war. One subject can stand it no longer; he rises, gory and wrathful, and smites the artist allocated to him.

But let us turn from a scene of such feverish excitement, and consider the pastoral simplicity of the boys' treacle-roll contest. In this we see that a number of hollowed-out pieces of French bread have been filled with treacle, and suspended at regular intervals from a slack rope. The boys have their hands tied behind their backs, and the one who can eat the most in a given time is hailed as the prize-winner.

The thing is far from easy. Besides the horizontal swing of the bread on the line, there is also a vertical dancing movement, caused by the slackness of the rope. Then, again, when a piece is bitten out of the roll, the thick, viscous stuff inside comes pouring down on the upturned face.

A WASHING MATCH.

Talking of messes brings me to the washing contest, which is next seen, and whose vicinity is neither safe nor desirable. The splashing is terrific, because the ladies know that the winner is entitled to the stool, tub, washing-board, and clothes washed. These latter usually consist of soiled towels, handed

THE WEIGHT-CARRYING CONTEST.

out by a non-combatant expert. They have to be thoroughly washed and wrung out within five minutes. Any unfair dealing is resented by the arbitrators. It is also resented by the competitors themselves, who sometimes assert their love of fair play in a violent manner, and, perhaps, with wet sheets wrung hard. The celerity of some of the champions is amazing. One woman could do a large family's week's washing in little more than an hour.

In the next photo. is seen in progress the weight-carrying contest, which causes no end of fun. The weights to be carried—sacks of wet sand, flour, cement, or potatoes—are carefully compared, and then placed in the middle of a 40ft. circus-ring. Round these stand the competitors, and, at a given word, the men hoist the sacks on to their head or back, and commence the race. No restrictions are put on the method of carrying, but marks are awarded for grace of movement and dexterity in the management of the load.

Here is another competition in which boys only take part. It is called the Boys' Animal Race, and the competitors can race how they please, provided the palms of their hands rest upon the ground. As might be expected, there is never any lack of entries when a boys' contest is announced; and at such contests the decisions would be easy enough, were it not that the lads' fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, muster in strong

AN "ALL-FOURS" RACE FOR BOYS.

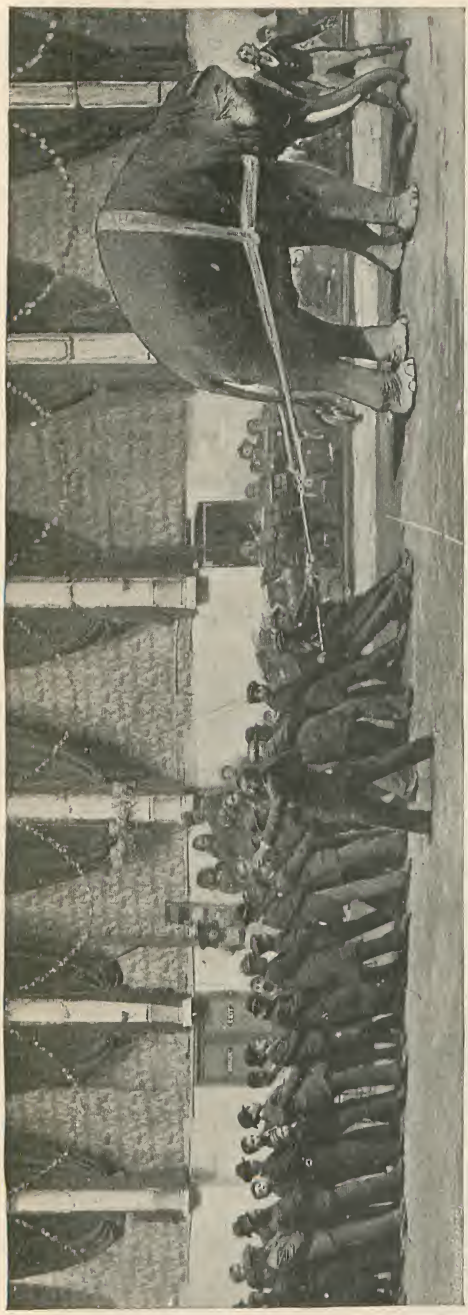
THE BLINDFOLD COSTERS' BARROW RACE.

force, and are never backward in giving the management large pieces of their mind when they consider their boy has been unfairly treated.

A pretty big space is required for the costers' barrow race. The competitors are always blindfolded. In order that the necessary *elan* may be present in the race, the barrows are not the costers' own. This being so, tremendous energy and magnificent recklessness are shown. Each man feels that, having a good substantial barrow in front of him, he can literally go anywhere and do anything. He does. The starters stand all in a row, but the mode of progression soon becomes chaotic. The barrows crash into each other end on, broadside on, and at every conceivable angle. One quiet, resolute man, having first carefully surveyed the course before the bandage was placed over his eyes, incontinently runs amuck among the audience, and expresses great surprise on learning that he has half killed an elderly female, and stunned a gigantic Billingsgate porter who, but a moment before, was making the great building resound with Homeric laughter.

Kicking the football through a hoop is the next contest to be dealt with here. The hoop is held or suspended by a cord, and the winner is allowed to claim the football as his own. Many skilful football players enter for this contest, but the feat is far harder than one would think. It is, however, considered so easy that scores of people, including girls and elderly women, enter the contest, with the too frequent result that the ball leaves their foot at right angles, and strikes full in the face some jubilant onlooker who probably took up a position

KICKING THE FOOTBALL THROUGH THE HOOP.



ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MEN PULLING AGAINST AN ELEPHANT FOR A BARREL OF BEER.

considered absolutely "immune" against accidents.

Each competitor is allowed twelve kicks, and some of the more skilful men make wonderfully near shots, once they have "picked up the range"—to use a military term. Only Association balls are used. In the photo. it will be noticed that our artist has actually photographed the winning feat—if one may use such a word in connection with a kicking contest. The exposure was made at the very moment when the ball was passing through the hoop. As this particular contest is one requiring some skill and judgment, readers might try it for themselves, and invite their friends to do likewise. Of course, when done in a circus ring with a great (and unprotected) audience all round, unlooked-for contingencies arise which create surprising diversions.

But the most impressive of all the queer competitions was the one billed as "One Hundred and Fifty Men pulling against an Elephant for a Barrel of Beer." Of this our artist has secured a capital photo. The competitors, I should mention, get their barrel of beer whether they win or lose. Their task is to pull the huge animal back over the chalk-line. But it has yet to be seen how many men are required for this. The night our artist attended there were, hauling on the rope, twenty or thirty men above the advertised number; yet the elephant—a fine brute, weighing nearly four tons—simply promenaded about with his lengthy and excited following.

One never-to-be forgotten night the men played a trick upon the elephant, to say nothing about the elephant's master. Finding that they were losing, the hindermost gave the big rope a few twists round one of the stout wooden beams that supported the building. The elephant felt a sudden check, and strained forward far more than we see him doing in the photo. The proprietor smiled benignantly, knowing nothing. Suddenly the great beam broke with a loud report, the huge elephant lurched heavily forward and nearly fell, and half the roof came tumbling in on the audience, many of whom were half delirious with merriment at the turn things had taken. It was the most successful of all the queer competitions, but it didn't pay.

Our old friend the greasy pole is next on the list. The photograph depicts the moment of triumph, when the successful competitor has at length reached his goal—a fine leg of mutton—and is waving his cap with his free hand in token of victory. The pole is greased with soft soap, laid on thickly. Notwithstanding this, sailors from the docks frequently climb it with an alacrity that astonishes the beholders. The ordinary rank-and-file of the competitors, however, strive in vain to reach even half-way up, their repeated failures moving the audience

CLIMBING THE GREASY POLE FOR A LEG OF MUTTON.

to the wildest mirth. I was told of one morose man who, having at length won the leg of mutton, committed, with that curious but effective weapon, a violent assault upon those who had jeered at his awkward efforts.

Here is a very peculiar competition. It is called the Big Babies' Race; but this is a curiously inexact title. It is simply a race between men, each carrying a man in his arms baby-fashion. The men to be carried are, of course, weighed carefully, and any material difference in weight is allowed for by extra start. Now, this is where the fun comes in. The carriers, as you may judge, have their work cut out for them. They have to move pretty fast, and carry from ten to twelve stone in the bargain. The carried, however, are very differently situated, and have really nothing to do but remain perfectly still. But a certain desire for more or less transient fame prompts them to give utterly unnecessary demonstrations of an embarrassing kind. Embarrassing, that is, to the carriers. For the carried clasp their hosts (if I may so call them) tightly around the neck, and even hit them in the eye with their disengaged hand. This sort of thing is discouraging, and not conducive to agility, but it raises the delight of the audience to a perfectly frantic pitch. Sometimes one pair will conspire to spoil the chances of another who look like winning; but unfair conduct is almost invariably detected, and those who practise it disqualified.

One wonders how the next contest originated. Can it be a garbled version of the mediæval tournament? It may be briefly described as an indiscriminate *mêlée* — the combatants mounted on donkeys and armed with wet mops. As each knight is "unhorsed," he retires more or less gracefully (sometimes he has to be "persuaded" with his own mop); and the solitary survivor—the man remaining on his donkey to the last—is hailed as victor and prize-winner.

Than this there is no more popular contest. Each coster brings his own "moke," and wonderfully intelligent some of these animals are. The donkey on the right in the photo. is well known throughout the East-

THE "BIG BABIES" RACE.

A COSTERS' TOURNAMENT.

end as a marvel of intelligence. He is shapely and well groomed. He has already won several prizes at the donkey shows (most delightful of exhibitions), and at the word of command he will lie down, ring a bell, or fetch his master's pipe. All this, of course, after the hard day's work is done.

The quick-dressing contest for boys is vastly diverting. A number of lads remove their hats, coats, waistcoats, and boots, and place these in one big heap in the middle of the ring. The heap is afterwards tossed and carefully mixed by the attendants; then the competitors retire to the judge's box, some little distance away. At a given signal they make a dash for the heap of clothes, and the one who dresses himself in his own clothes and reappears at the judge's box in the shortest time—that boy wins the prize, which is probably a brand-new suit of clothes.

The scene is one of the wildest confusion. The boys put on each other's clothes, and only discover the mistake when too late. They wrangle and waste precious moments fighting over a tattered vest, or two right boots. You will see them delving at the big heap, and pitching aside their own garments in the great excitement of the moment. The contest becomes even more complicated when men and boys compete together. Then you may see the smallest of small boys hurrying towards the judge's box in a pair of navvy's boots and a huge coat trailing along behind. 'Twas all that was left for him,

A QUICK DRESSING CONTEST FOR BOYS.

A DRY BISCUIT EATING MATCH.

poor child, and he *should* put in some sort of appearance.

Eating-matches are among the most popular of all. One is depicted in the accompanying photo. The starters in this extraordinary race stand in a row, hats or caps in hand. In these latter are placed identical quantities of dry arrowroot biscuit, each lot most carefully weighed. Not a crumb is to be wasted. This rule is enforced because tricky competitors have been known to crumble to dust the greater part of their biscuit, thus having to swallow, perhaps, less than half the task allowance. Each man is allowed a mug of water, lest he should choke. The champion biscuit-eater is, I am told, a Shadwell man, and he doesn't waste time in chewing the dry stuff, but just swallows whole lumps, leaving many of his fellow-competitors gasping, choking, and coughing, in the throes of mastication.

There is another eating match. Scalding hot suet dumplings, all of one weight, are placed before a number of lads, and the hands of the latter are tied behind their backs. The moment the signal is given, the young fellows bend to their work with all the zest of the Oxford eight. Possibly you wouldn't think this kind of contest admitted of any ingenuity? It does, however. This particular eating match was brought off on the stage at "Wonderland" before a crowded audience. I watched the winner of the first heat tackling his second dumpling. The others were blowing vigorously upon the steaming mass, but he was not. He just smote that scalding dumpling with his head—the corner of his forehead, to be exact—and flattened it out over the plate. Then his task was easy, for after the first upward rush of steam, the dumpling grew comparatively cool in a few seconds. And the other fellows wondered why they hadn't thought of the same thing.

EATING SCALDING DUMPLINGS AGAINST TIME.

# *The Catch of the Season.*

By Mary Angela Dickens.

MRS. COCHRANE'S supper-parties had become a feature of the season. Mrs. Cochrane's whole establishment had developed considerably in popularity this year, and Mrs. Cochrane herself was rather sought after. The late Mr. Cochrane, by-the-bye, had died so long ago that he seemed only to have existed in order to provide his widow with a very comfortable income, which she persistently outran.

The particular supper-party in question had followed an evening at a music-hall, and the eight people assembled in the smoking-room were in hilarious spirits. Mrs. Cochrane herself was as nearly full length as possible in a low chair, smoking a cigarette. At her feet, cross-legged, on a stool, was a noisy youth, and close by lounged an older man. The next trio was composed of two very smart women and a man. They were playing cards and gambling recklessly. It was under cover of a burst of laughter from the other group that one of these women glanced round at the last remaining couple, and said, with a knowing laugh :—

"What do you bet she's brought it off to-night? Look at them!"

The two thus alluded to were a young man and a girl. The girl held a banjo, and her face was bent over it as she readjusted one of the strings. The man was leaning forward watching her intently. The full light of a lamp caught his face, and showed it straightforward and even boyish; good-looking, in a fair, regular-featured fashion.

The woman addressed smiled, spitefully.

"Ralph Hamer has walked into the trap like the good-natured booby he is," she responded. "I suppose Mrs. Cochrane had the girl up on purpose!"

"She's done herself a lot of good by the way, then," said the man, shuffling the cards. "It's given her no end of kudos to have that girl in tow. Cousin of Mrs. Cochrane's, isn't she?"

At that moment, with a loud preliminary chord on the banjo, the girl in the background broke out into song. It was a popular street-song, with a catchy rhythm, and she sang it with extraordinary spirit and dash. In two minutes everyone was singing the chorus, and as the noisy burst of applause died away Mrs. Cochrane rose.

"Sylvia," she said, laughing, "you've broken up the sitting. A realization of the feelings of our neighbours reminds me of the fact that it's nearly three o'clock, and it's time I turned everyone out!"

There was more laughter, a noisy leave-taking in the hall, and then Mrs. Cochrane turned and went back to the smoking-room. She went slowly, the smiles dying from her face before the sharp, calculating expression which did duty with her for thoughtfulness. The room had a dissipated and dishevelled look, and on the hearthrug, with one hand resting on the mantelpiece, stood the girl who had sung to the banjo, alone.

"ON THE HEARTHRUG STOOD THE GIRL."

She was a tall girl, and she was wonderfully pretty. She had a straight little nose, a Cupid's bow mouth, and a curiously strong outline of jaw and chin which gave the charm of the unexpected to her appearance. She raised her eyes as Mrs. Cochrane came in, and her eyes were something of a disappointment. They were large and well shaped, but they seemed to lack depth. She spoke in a clear, rather hard, voice.

"I should like to speak to you for a moment, if you are not in a hurry."

Mrs. Cochrane cast a somewhat furtive glance at her.

"It's late," she said, carelessly, "but there's no particular hurry."

There was a vague distance and formality about the manner of each woman to the other now, differing noticeably from their manner to one another in public.

"It is due to you," the girl went on, "that you should be the first to know that I am engaged to Sir Ralph Hamer."

Mrs. Cochrane rested one foot on the fender.

"Ah!" she said, at last. She looked up in the girl's face again, with a quick, inquisitive glance. "Well—I congratulate you. There's no doubt that you've made the catch of the season. It came off this evening, I suppose?"

The girl made an impatient gesture of assent, and then each woman seemed to be thinking over her next words. Mrs. Cochrane came to a conclusion first.

"I take it for granted," she said, in business-like tones, "that you have not forgotten the first condition of the arrangement between us?"

The girl looked at her companion for the first time. There was a curious expression in her eyes—relief, defiance, and a touch of shame.

"You mean—that we should speak to no one of the relation in which we stand? No, I have not forgotten!"

"Ah!" said Mrs. Cochrane, again. She was looking attentively into the fire. "And, for the future?"

There was no answer. The girl had turned away and was twisting her gloves with oddly fierce movements of her fingers. A thin smile touched Mrs. Cochrane's lips. She spoke, however, suavely, and with a touch of insinuation.

"I don't know what your views may be," she said; "but really, I don't know that you can do much better than sit tight to that condition. Of course, I know nothing about you," she added, quickly, and with another of those appraising glances, "but—if I were you—I think——"

There was a world of suggestion in the dropping away of her voice, and this time the girl spoke.

"You mean that you advise me to let Sir Ralph marry your cousin and guest?" she said, hardly.

Mrs. Cochrane shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't advise," she said. "But here's the case. We had better call things by their right names for once. I was desperately hard up, and I advertised, under the rose, for a girl who wanted to be introduced into society and who was willing to pay a pretty high figure. It's been done by other people before me, only, of course, it doesn't do to have it known. You answered my advertisement, through your solicitor; we had an interview; we exchanged references, and we fixed it up. We neither of us asked unnecessary questions, and we've got along very well. Now, of course, I don't particularly wish that Ralph Hamer should know that I'm reduced to taking a girl into my house for a consideration. But the question is—do you particularly wish it? If I were you, I think I shouldn't!"

Again there was no answer. The girl was standing with her head bent, her hands clenched round the gloves. The elder woman laid her hand suddenly on the round young arm.

"Don't be a fool," she said. "You're not half a bad sort, whoever you are, and you may just as well pull this off! Don't say anything to him! The Hamers are an awfully old family and all that, and frightfully proud. He mightn't make a fuss, but—he might! You shall be married from here, don't you know, and afterwards—it'll be all right!"

Sylvia Yorke turned her head slowly. It cannot be said there was any gratitude in her face. There was a bitter smile about her mouth and her eyes were hard. The most striking feature in her complex expression was an indescribable contempt—a contempt which was not all for Mrs. Cochrane.

"Thanks," she said. "I'll think it over."

She disengaged herself deliberately from Mrs. Cochrane's hold, and went out of the room.

Mrs. Cochrane stared after her, blankly.

"I wonder!" she said to herself—"I wonder who she is, and I wonder what she'll do. Horrid nuisance that she should have

"MRS. COCHRANE STARED AFTER HER, BLANKLY."

got engaged!" And then she too departed to her own room.

Mrs. Cochrane went to bed. But Sylvia Yorke made no attempt to do so. She sat down in an arm-chair by the fire and stared into the flames. At last she roused herself. She went to the dressing-table and took up a letter which lay there—a large envelope, unopened. She carried it back to her chair, sat down again, and opened it. There was another letter inclosed; a common envelope addressed in a straggling hand to "Miss Sylvia Yorke, care of Messrs. Symons and Cooke, Golden Square, London." This, also, Sylvia opened, and from it she drew a letter. It was written in the same illiterate hand, and it was signed, "Your afectionat mother, Martha Yorke."

Sylvia read it through, and as she finished it she rose abruptly. She crumpled the sheet of paper in her hand, and threw it with a certain violent precision right into the heart of the glowing coals.

"It can't be helped," she said to herself. Her face was white and set. "It can't be helped."

Mrs. Cochrane and her guest did not breakfast together. When Mrs. Cochrane put in an appearance in the drawing-room on the following morning at about half-past eleven, Sylvia was moving restlessly about the room. She stopped, and spoke at once.

"Sir Ralph Hamer will be here by-and-by," she said. Her voice rang hard and defiant. "Will you see him? He will want to be married soon, I believe—there is no reason why we should wait—and if it is to be from here, you would like to have it settled."

Mrs. Cochrane smiled.

"Oh," she said; "you've decided?"

"Yes."

Twenty-four hours later, all "the world" knew that Sir Ralph Hamer was engaged to Mrs. Cochrane's cousin—"that pretty Yorke girl, you know," people said. "She's staying with Mrs. Cochrane for the season. She has a little money, too, they say—not that old Ralph wants it. And no people—an orphan, and that kind of thing!"

The wedding was to take place in the middle of July; the two people chiefly concerned lived in a whirl of trousseau, house-hunting, and furnishing assisted with an independent selfishness, eminently characteristic of her, by Mrs. Cochrane, and the rush of the London season grew faster and faster.

Before long it began to be said that Sylvia Yorke was over-doing it.

"She can't stand it, you know," said sage observers. "She looks awfully thin and fagged—quite plain, I thought her, the other day."

"Her nerves are all to pieces, too," was the response. "She's as fractious as she can be. She'll break down if she doesn't look out, or Sir Ralph will break it off!"

But in spite of these prognostications, Sylvia Yorke did not break down, nor did Sir Ralph Hamer appear to contemplate "breaking it off!" That her temper grew increasingly fitful no one knew better than those who had most to do with her. She had also lost flesh and colour to a noticeable extent, and there was a strained look in her eyes. But she spared neither herself nor anyone else, and her sharpest speeches never brought more than a passing cloud to the sunshine of Ralph Hamer's happiness.

The day before that fixed for the wedding came in due time, and early in the afternoon Sir Ralph Hamer stood on the steps outside Mrs. Cochrane's house. The sunshine was blazing down upon him, and he was dressed in attire little calculated to withstand the rays of the sun—the correct calling costume of an English gentleman. But he appeared to be absolutely oblivious of discomfort. His face was good to see. It was expressive of such simple, overflowing contentment. The door was opened, and he passed into the cool shade of the house.

"If you'll wait here a moment, sir," said the servant, opening the dining-room door, "Miss Yorke told me to say she would be ready in a moment."

It was scarcely a moment, indeed, before Sylvia Yorke came in. She, too, was dressed for calling. She wore one of the big picture hats of the season, and it suited her to perfection. She looked curiously gentle and quiet, and as she came towards Sir Ralph there was something in her manner which suggested that the effect produced was not all due to the picture hat.

"SIR RALPH HAMER."

He stooped to kiss her with a certain eager timidity—last time they met she had declared that she hated to be kissed. But to-day she suddenly put up her hands and drew his head down.

"Ralph," she said, "you do love me, don't you?"

Sir Ralph's reply need not be chronicled. It was absolutely sincere, but a trifle conventional. But it hardly satisfied Sylvia Yorke.

"Me—my own self?" she said. "Ah, don't protest! Say it quietly—I want to believe you."

Something in the vibration of her voice penetrated to the young man's consciousness. He did not understand her, but intuition served him in place of comprehension. He took her two hands in his and pressed his lips to them with a steady, tender touch. Then he said:—

"I love you, your very own self, with all my heart and soul."

"You would love me—Sylvia—whoever I was?"

"I should love you—Sylvia—whoever you were!"

He smiled as he spoke, and she suddenly dropped his hands, clinging to him passionately.

"Oh, Ralph," she said, with an odd, suffocated tone in her voice. "Oh, Ralph, I love you! I can't help it! I love you!" Ralph Hamer held her close, and the room was very still.

It was Hamer who moved first. The little scene seemed for the moment to have reversed their usual position. He turned her cheek up with a tender touch and kissed it.

"Well," he said, with a long sigh. "We must go, I suppose, my darling."

Sylvia did not stir.

"I wish," she said, in a low, far-away tone, "there were no one else in the world—only you and I."

Ralph Hamer laughed lovingly. "I wish it too, sweetheart," he said. "When I think of to-morrow, I wish it devoutly! But, unfortunately, there are one or two other people, you see—and there is Aunt Ellinor awaiting our arrival at this moment, worse luck."

A faint sigh from Sylvia, and then she drew herself from his hold, and rearranged her hair and hat.

"We'll walk to a hansom," she said, absently. "Shall we go?"

They were going together to an aunt of Ralph Hamer's—an old lady who was too infirm to go to the wedding on the following day. She had already seen Sylvia, and had been much attracted by her, and on the present occasion there was a courteous tenderness about her manner to the young girl

which was very charming. But in some indefinable way she seemed to jar upon Sylvia Yorke. As she sat in the dainty drawing-room, listening to the feeble, high-bred old voice, the girl's expression gradually changed, and the lines of her face grew hard and sharp. She rose at last, rather abruptly, to take leave.

Old Lady Ellinor put out a blanched and wrinkled hand and drew the girl down beside her.

"Good-bye, my dear," she said. "May you be very, very happy." She paused a moment, looking into the pretty, unresponsive face. Then she added, "My child, may an old woman say to you how much she feels for you to-morrow, in that you have no mother to be with you. I——"

But Sylvia Yorke had risen sharply to her feet.

"Thank you, Lady Ellinor," she said, hardly; "you are so kind to me. Good-bye. Ralph, are you ready?"

Ralph was ready, and he was also rather annoyed with his aunt for "upsetting Sylvia with sentimental nonsense," and with himself for feeling that Sylvia had behaved with scant courtesy. He took refuge in a cheerful flow of words — words about nothing — a flow which he kept up in hopeful oblivion of the fact that Sylvia made him no answer.

He was talking himself into his usual serenity when he was suddenly checked. Into the middle of a cheery sentence broke Sylvia's voice:—

"Ralph, for goodness sake, stop! I don't care a bit about bearing-reins, or anything else now."

She spoke with so sharp a note of irritation

"'GOOD-BYE, MY DEAR,' SHE SAID."

that Ralph Hamer looked at her in startled amazement. Her lips were pale and compressed, and her brows were drawn together as she looked straight before her.

"I — I'm awfully sorry, dearest," he faltered. "I didn't know——"

She stopped him with a gesture.

"There—don't!" she said. "Here we are, thank goodness."

The cab drew up at Mrs. Cochrane's door. Ralph Hamer helped her out, and then hesitated.

"Am I not to come in?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," was the almost

fierce answer. "Yes, Mrs. Cochrane expects you—you can come!"

And the door being opened, she swept impetuously into the house.

Mrs. Cochrane was in the drawing-room, and she held out her hand to Sir Ralph with an effusive but rather forced smile. Mrs. Cochrane had found it by no means unpleasant to have a young man devotedly attached to her *ménage*, but at the moment it bored her to have to be amiable to him.

"Here you are!" she said. "I'm too dead-beat to get up to receive you! Take a finger and shake it gently, or I may fall to pieces."

"I'm awfully sorry," returned the young man. "Parties, Mrs. Cochrane?"

"Parties!" she echoed. "As if I should have time for parties to-day! That's Sylvia's tea. No, Sir Ralph, weddings—your wedding. Such a bother about the flowers, Sylvia, and that wretched woman hasn't sent my frock."

"Hasn't she?" Nothing could well have been more curt and less interested than Sylvia's comment, and Mrs. Cochrane looked at her sharply. Then she leaned back in her chair. She was tired and she was cross. The non-arrival of her dress was a grievance; she wanted to give vent to her temper, and Sylvia's indifference irritated her. There was a spiteful gleam in her eyes as she said, lightly:—

"And what have you two been doing? Lady Ellinor, wasn't it? Go off nicely?"

There was a moment's blank silence; then Sylvia Yorke said, brusquely:—

"I don't know that it did, particularly. Why should it?"

Ralph Hamer's protest was forestalled by Mrs. Cochrane. She laughed.

"Really, I don't know," she said. "People-in-law are proverbially a bore, aren't they? It's lucky for Sir Ralph that you don't bring him any."

She glanced as she spoke from Sylvia to Ralph Hamer, with a cynical little laugh. And as his frank tone responded, Sylvia Yorke moved restlessly. The irritation of her nerves seemed to be growing upon her.

"I don't know that, Mrs. Cochrane," he said. "I think I should have got on all right with Sylvia's people, if she had had any!"

"Doesn't it depend at all on what they might be like?" returned Mrs. Cochrane. She was looking at the young man with a touch of mockery in her face, and she was quite unaware that Sylvia Yorke was gazing intently at her. "Supposing you had found Sylvia's aunts—as she evidently finds yours—nuisances!"

"Did you find Aunt Ellinor—a nuisance?" said Sir Ralph, waiving the point at issue, and turning very simply and wistfully to Sylvia.

She started sharply, and a great wave of colour swept over her face.

"I never said that!" she said, recklessly. "But I don't care for that style, don't you know! Don't suppose for a moment that I shall grow into the old-fashioned type, Ralph. I shall go with the times! I'm nothing if not modern—mind that!"

"Mind yourself, in short, Sir Ralph," cried Mrs. Cochrane, hilariously. "You'd better make sure what kind of young woman you're marrying, while there's time. It's proverbially weak-minded, you know, to 'buy a pig in a poke'!"

There was an unmistakable sneer in her voice now, as she fixed her shallow gaze on Sir Ralph's open face, and quite suddenly Sylvia Yorke started to her feet.

"Ralph," she said, sharply, "I wish you'd go! I'm tired to death. Go at once."

"Sir Ralph is here, please, miss. He came away with me at once!"

It was ten o'clock on the following morning—the day that was to be Sylvia Yorke's wedding day, and the words were spoken by Mrs. Cochrane's housemaid. She was standing on the threshold of Sylvia's bedroom.

There was no answer. Sylvia herself was standing with her back to the door. For the moment she did not move. Then she turned and came across the room. She seemed hardly to realize the servant's presence until she was actually passing her, and then she suddenly put out her hand.

"Thank you, Lucy," she said. "You are a kind girl."

Then she went on down the stairs; she opened the drawing-room door and went in, shutting it deliberately behind her.

Sir Ralph was waiting for her, and he came hastily towards her.

"Dearest," he said, "there's nothing wrong? Your note—Sylvia, dearest, how odd you look!"

But Sylvia stopped him.

"Don't!" she said, steadily, but in a low, strained voice. "I've got something to tell you. Sit down, Ralph."

"Something to tell me?" he echoed. He obeyed her mechanically, and she walked to the window. Then she turned and faced him, steadily.

"I didn't mean to tell you until after we were married. I didn't mean you to know.

You won't marry me, of course, when you do know, but I can't help that; I must tell you."

Sheer wonder and bewilderment evidently kept Ralph Hamer in his seat, and sealed his lips. His eyes were eloquent enough—eloquent of absolute incomprehension and incredulity. There was hardly a breathing space of silence, and then she went on.

"I've deceived you," she said. "You've simply been taken in. You think I'm a cousin of Mrs. Cochrane's, a girl of good family and without relations. I'm nothing of the kind. I never heard of Mrs. Cochrane, nor she of me, until a few months ago. I don't want to drag her into it, more than is necessary, but you must know the fact. I paid to come to her—paid her to introduce me and take me about—do you understand?"

There was a long, deep breath. Ralph Hamer had risen to his feet, and he stood gazing full at her, his pleasant face pale and dazed.

"HE STOOD GAZING FULL AT HER."

"I—don't think I do!" he said, in a low, uneven voice.

She laughed a fierce, grating laugh. A burning patch of colour appeared on either cheek, and she began to speak recklessly.

"You will," she said, "when you get used to it! I paid, I tell you, to live in her house and go about with her; and nothing was to be said by either of us to anyone. Well, that's not all—if it had been, I might have told you when we were first engaged. I suppose it's just possible that I might have come into Mrs. Cochrane's house in this way and yet have been—all right—a lady, and that kind of thing. But—I'm not. I come of common people—not even middle-class—but common people. My father"—she paused a moment, and then continued, defiantly—"my father keeps a little public-house in a suburb of Manchester."

There was a moment's blank silence. Then Ralph Hamer turned away, and, stretching out his hand, steadied himself against a tall chair-back, and stood with his head bent as though he were confronting a rough wind.

When the girl spoke again her voice had dropped strangely. It was hard and dull.

"It is due to you," she said, "to know how it came about—as far as I can explain it. I don't know how it was that I was always different from the girls I ought to have made friends with—the butcher's daughter and the baker's daughter! But I was. I always wanted to know more and see more. I wanted another kind of life, and I hated all our ways. My father and mother spoilt me. They sent me to a good school away from home even when I was quite a little thing. And then, when my money came, it was all easy." She paused and laid one hand on the window curtain, clenching it tightly. "It was a cousin of my father's who left me my money," she said. "I've not deceived you there. I have money. Father wouldn't use it—he said he did not want it, and they wanted me to have my way. I was fourteen then, and they let me go and live in Dresden. I went to live among gentlepeople altogether, and then I knew—I knew—that I couldn't

help it—that it was in me to like it best and to be like them—and not like—my own class. I read and I heard things, and I longed to see the world. I suppose I was ambitious, according to my miserable lights, and I thought I could make a life for myself. I saw Mrs. Cochrane's advertisement, and I answered it. I didn't tell my father and mother where I was—they look upon me as a being from another sphere, poor things, and leave it all to me. They've never even heard of you — I couldn't very well be married from home, you see!" She stopped an instant, drawing a quick, deep breath. Then she went on. "I'm an adventuress, I suppose—like a melo-drama, or a third-rate novel. I never thought of that before! I never thought of marrying until I got into the swing of things and saw—how easy it would be. Then I made up my mind that I would. You may as well know the very worst of me—I drew you on! I thought you were just the thing. And it was all right. I should have gone through with it, only—only——" Her voice broke and died away. There was a moment's dead silence, and then she added, hoarsely, "It doesn't matter. I couldn't bear to hear that hateful woman sneer at you—that's all."

It seemed to be all, indeed. There was no sound in the room except the man's quick breathing and the soft sound made by the girl's hand as she clenched and unclenched it round a fold in the curtain. At last Ralph Hamer said, in a low, stifled voice :—

"Do you mean me to understand that—you never cared for me?"

A spasm passed across her face.

"I don't see what that has to do with it," she said. "I've deceived you, don't you see? I don't belong to your class. You would never have thought of marrying me if you had known all about me." She stopped abruptly; then, as abruptly, she spoke again: "It is no use to say I'm sorry, or anything of that kind. Of course, you'll always hate the thought of me! Try not to think of me at all."

She tore her hold from the curtain, and was dashing blindly across the room towards the door, when her passage was suddenly blocked. Ralph Hamer stood straight before her.

"It's too late, Sylvia!" he said. His face was white and drawn, and his voice was husky. "It doesn't matter now what I should have done or shouldn't have done. Do you think I care a hang who you are or what you are? You're Sylvia—my Sylvia! That's all I know—all I care about, unless —you don't love me?"

She drew away from him, gazing into his face.

"Do you quite understand what I've told you?" she asked. "Do you quite understand?"

"I don't understand whether you love me, Sylvia—and nothing else matters!"

There was a moment's breathless pause, and then, quite suddenly, she was sobbing passionately on his shoulder.

"Oh, how dense you are!" she cried, wildly. "How very, very dense! Don't you see that it's just because I've grown to love you so, to love you more than anything or anybody in all the world, that I was forced to tell you?"

"I WAS FORCED TO TELL YOU."

It answered very well. What far-off ancestor had repeated himself in Sylvia Yorke it was impossible to say. But, whoever he was, gentle blood had run in his veins, and surely gentle blood ran now in hers. Lady Hamer made herself a place in the London world, and she and her husband are one of the happiest and most popular couples to be met with. They are nowhere more popular than in the house of Lady Hamer's father, which they visit—occasionally. And no one was more surprised at the success of the match than Mrs. Cochrane.

# On Show

## More Dogs.

Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd

III.

BY this I began to grow more accustomed to the brown gentleman with the coffee-pot hat. I felt that, after all, such a person must have been quite a familiar figure in ancient Egypt, and indeed I began to feel that I should lose myself in this extraordinary show without his guidance; so that I became conscious of much sympathy and fellow-feeling with the brown gentleman, though whether or not it was at all due to his regard for strict truth I would rather not say.

"Come," he said, "here are the collies. Collie fanciers call them the topmost of all dogs—the cauliflower of the canine race, so to speak. But they're insincere. Look at 'em! There's a whole row of them anxious to shake hands—even to attempt liberties in the way of licks; and this although they're all perfect strangers. Ever meet any of them before?"

I had to admit that as far as I was concerned they were all entire strangers, and, indeed, they were most effusive. They dragged at their chains and hung long tongues out of friendly grins, while such as had learned the trick (and most of them had) thrust forth paws to shake.

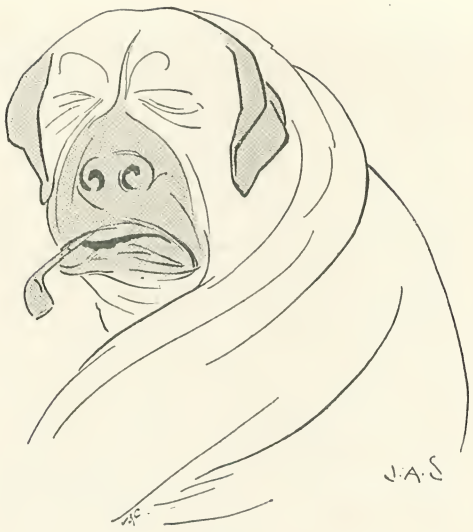
"That's just like the collie," said the brown man; "he has a diseased craving to be popular, and so he goes about doing the cordial. Honestly, I believe, he'd much rather bite. But it takes a dog a long time to bite himself into popularity, and so the collie licks and shakes hands

THE INSINCERE COLLIE.

— that being the shortest cut. By this means he gets so popular that he can afford a bite now and again—and he has it, I tell you!"

By this we were past the collies — to my relief, for I *have* seen a collie suddenly plant a most amiable grin round about a human calf—we were past the collies, and I had an extensive view of a back.

"Fine back, isn't it?" the brown gentleman commented. "Belongs to a mastiff. He's sulking. Natural, perhaps, considering he's so much out in the cold now. Foreign competition again. His complaint is just that of the bulldog, but the mastiff has more reason. Hardly a soul troubles about him now, and people who want size patronize the Dane."



SULKING.

At this, a deep rumbling growl was heard behind the vast expanse of back; the mastiff had recognised the name of his hated rival, and he showed signs of making preparations to turn himself entirely round and face us. So we left, hurriedly. A mastiff is not naturally short-tempered, but one doesn't feel confident in his presence when he is aroused by remembrance of his wrongs at the hands of the Great Dane. Still, a sulky mastiff requires a certain amount of time to turn himself completely round, and we were still among the big dogs when we stopped, and I brushed against an immense leather muzzle which hung from the bench where a Newfoundland sat.

"Muzzle!" commented the brown man. "Presented by a grateful nation (or County Council, perhaps) in token of services rendered. They're giving him a rest, you see. He's saved so many lives by jumping into the water and laying hold of drowning people's clothes with his mouth, that they've put a muzzle on him so as to insure his having a holiday for the rest of his life, and saving no more lives. Besides, I have heard that his teeth sometimes damaged the clothes, which would never do. Moreover, once or twice he saved people who should properly have been allowed to drown.

A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE R.H. SOCIETY.

"Look at this. Bob-tailed sheep-dog. He's a creature to be pitied, now. Down in his native place—all in the Downs, in fact—he was contented and fairly happy, and they called him the Southdown Cur. He didn't mind that — he was used to abuse. One eminent authority called him a 'blue, grizzled, rough-haired, large-limbed, surly, small-eared, small-eyed, leggy, bob-tailed dog,' and printed it in a book; but the dog didn't seem to mind.

He went about his humble duties much as usual, and did not increase his allowance of human leg by as much as a mouthful; though any dog might be excused for losing his temper at being called a bob-tailed cur, to say nothing of the other things. But then somebody discovered him, and suddenly he became fashionable. It doesn't suit him a bit. Just look at him. *Does* he seem cut out to dwell in gilded splendour? *Does* he look a bit like a giddy flutterer amid the what d'ye call of the thingumbob? Put him on his native heath, and give him a crowd of live mutton to bully, and he'll make the wool fly with perfect self-possession, and receive the maledictions of his gentle shepherd with native *insouciance*. But in a drawing-room he's out of his element. He doesn't know what to do with his hat and stick, his eyeglass won't stop in, he falls over his legs, and he spills his tea. And he feels altogether as bad as—as that St. Bernard pup."

FASHIONABLE, BUT——?

The St. Bernard pup had been so inquisitive as to peep over the partition at the dog behind him. The dog was ill-tempered, and a bulldog, and now the St. Bernard pup was trying to look as though some other pup had peeped—without the smallest success.

"Here are the bloodhounds," the brown Egyptian resumed. "Most of the old ladies go round the other way—the name *is* rather shocking, I must admit. Great animals, bloodhounds. Any number of wonderful anecdotes as to their tracking powers. Sometimes they try the bloodhound after a murderer, and he fails each time, but the anecdotes go on just the same. Still, the anecdotes are a bit timid in some respects. The wonderful events mostly occurred a long time ago, and they have a way of happening in the West Indies and so forth. That is fable. I scorn such

"I WONDER WHO'S THERE?'

"I'LL PEEP.'

"OH, LOR!"

timidities. I knew a bloodhound only last week who had a wonderful scent. His master used to amuse himself by tearing up a letter into little bits and scattering them out of window. The faithful hound would rush out and bring every bit back, no matter how far it might have blown, and then, entirely by his wonderful scent, he would re-arrange them in their right places on the rug, so that the letter might be read. Yes, he was a very good dog. He saved his master from committing suicide — simply by his wonderful scent. Master had misfortunes in the City—ruined. Rushed to telegraph office and sent home wire, 'Everything lost. I go to hide myself away and commit suicide.—Mudkins.'

PATRONIZING THE LOWER ANIMALS.

Then he rushed off. Wife distracted, of course. Didn't know what to do or where to go to stop suicide. Bright idea; let bloodhound smell telegram. Devoted creature sniffed it, and with a delighted howl set off running to post-office and thence under telegraph wires all the way to the City. Ran with nose in air, smelling wires thirty feet up by which message had come. Consequently kept running against telegraph poles, but didn't mind that. Arrived at London post-office, got on his master's tracks there, and ran him down at last in a cellar, about to blow out his brains. Faithful hound flung itself on unhappy master, snapped revolver out of his hand, bit all the bullets out of cartridges and swallowed 'em. Master finding himself with only blank cartridge gave up idea, went back to office, and found it all a mistake. What d'you think of that? No feebleness about an anecdote like that, eh? Noble dogs, bloodhounds. Not many of the human visitors here stand comparison with them in appearance, do they? The bloodhound's regal, but the little Airedale terrier's a gentleman, too. The evolution of the bloodhound is finished. We're breeding up some of the other sorts slowly into humans, as I've already told you, but you can't go much higher than the bloodhound, and you'd risk going lower. Not that some breeders mind going lower, you know. For instance, some of them are working the Maltese terrier down into the

THE GENTLEMANLY AIREDALE.

THE SCOTCH TERRIER.

THE MALTESE—SOME DAY.

vegetable kingdom, hoping, when they've evoluted his legs away and made a stalk of his tail, to get a new variety of chrysanthemum. But this isn't legitimate. It's as bad as the devolution of the dachshund into a sausage. On the other hand, the poodle's very advanced. What with its curl-papers and its top-knots, and its corkscrew ringlets and its changing fashions, nobody would be surprised to find a Pioneer Poodle Club established to-morrow, for the furtherance of Poodles' Rights. At present, as you will observe, one of the poodle's wrongs arises from its indistinguishability when asleep. It then becomes a mere heap of thrums and threads and general wool waste, and people poke it with sticks, asking, "Why, what sort o' dawg's this here—not a poodle, is it?" And after thirty or forty such experiences the poodle loses his temper—unless he's a very mild poodle, indeed. But the chief wrong of the poodle is the razor. Sometimes he is shaved so as to appear as nearly like a ridiculous lion as possible, with frilled cuffs. Then he catches lumbago. As soon as he is getting used to the lumbago, and beginning to like it, somebody shaves his head and lets the coat grow round the body like a muff, and then he catches influenza. But whether a muff or a tasselled lion, whether regaled with lumbago or influenza, the poodle is held in derision all the time. Little boys laugh at him in the street, navvies

THE NEW POODLE.

guffaw, and schoolgirls giggle. Nobody will take the poodle seriously. Perhaps the name has something to do with it. What a noble name is St. Bernard! Bloodhound has a majestic terror of its own; mastiff expresses staunch power in its very sound; Great Dane is serenely noble, and 'bulldog' has a sound of very respectable breadth and substantiality. But poodle! It is a derision in itself. It is far worse than noodle; there is a contemptuous burst about the first syllable that noodle lacks altogether. The lion

"YES—POODLE, HANG YOU!"

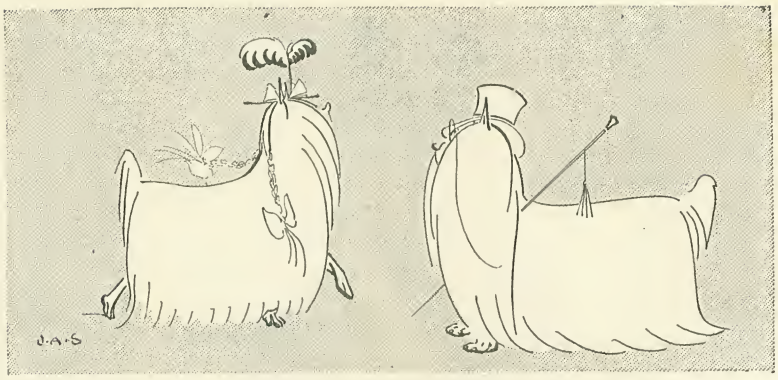
himself would be laughed at if his name was poodle. Just imagine any man starting in business with such a name! And so the poodle, clever dog as he is, is never taken seriously for a moment—not for one moment, by anybody. Not so seriously, even, as the ladies' toy dogs. Though, indeed, little as they may seem to deserve it, they are taken very seriously indeed. How would you like to be judge of the ladies' toy dogs here?"

I should not have liked it at all, and I said so. My excellent wife is a strong-minded woman, and usually desirous of having her own way, but I fear that in the Ladies' Kennel Association—

"No," the brown man went on, "of course you wouldn't like it. You may talk about the Victoria Cross, and all that sort of thing, if you like. But I want to know where will the adequate reward come from for the judge who has the courage to order the first lady out of the ring with her dog? Yes, there's a deal of credit due to the man who strolls calmly up to a cannon's mouth and stops it with his hat, or what not; but what's that compared to the man who stands up fearlessly (or at least without showing fear), unarmed and defenceless, in the midst of thirty ladies of the Kennel Association, to select the best of their dogs? One shudders to think of his situation. Just walk along here a bit, where the toy dogs are—the place that looks like a baby-linen shop full of cradles. Some of the cradles are adorned with roses, some with lilies of the valley, and all with silk bows and satin coverlets. Observe the ladies sitting on guard before them. Is there one whom you would care to face if she were thoroughly roused? I think not. There are times, it is whispered, when these ladies face each other, at association meetings, but on these occasions male persons are humanely excluded. It is pleasant to find that even these redoubtable ladies have a benevolent regard for the weaker sex."

"OUT OF THE RING? SIR!"

ON GUARD.



THE WELL-BRUSHED YORKSHIRES.

I remembered my dear wife's regard for me, her care in seeing me safely in at the turnstile, her solicitude for the recovery of the shilling undiminished on my return, and I felt glad that probably some other men had wives of equal solicitude and determination. There is a certain consolation in a reflection of that sort.

"You remember what the bulldog said to us a little while ago," remarked the brown man, "about his mistress, and the wool boots, and the smelling-salts, and so on? Well, some of these toy dogs get treated worse than that. The shampooing, and the combing, and the oiling, and the tying-up with ribbons are enough to make any dog turn melancholy and refuse his food and his muzzle.

IN FRONT.

BEHIND.

That's where some of the ladies make a mistake. They try to breed up to the higher forms by attending to mere externals. See how they tittivate a Yorkshire terrier, for instance. They plait a long tail from the back of its head and tie it with pink ribbon; they brush and comb out its whiskers in front; so that at first sight one gets a suggestion of Lord Dundreary, and, on going behind, another of a little girl at school. But that dog is a Yorkshire terrier

all the time ; he'll never get nearer evolution into a lord or a schoolgirl by all the brushing with all the brushes from all the shops in Oxford Street. Just the same with the pug. You may put him in an embroidered layette, give him an eider-down quilt in a satin cover and a pillow edged with old point lace ; you may have a smelling-bottle close handy, you may perfume the room with pastilles, you may work him a little pocket just over his head to put his watch in, you may have a gold-end bell-pull in reach, and an expensive coral rattle with silver bells for him—but all that won't make him a baby. No. The ladies are in too great a hurry. We breeders who understand things are content with slow evolution through many generations. The ladies, bless 'em, are impatient, and want human development in a fortnight. So, as they can't get it in essentials, they go in for appearances, and, having made their animal as human as possible as regards combing and brushing, and ribboning and beading, and lacing and watch-pocketing and bell-roping, they try to imagine the evolution accomplished. It won't do ; and, what is worse, it actually retards the development all we breeders are so anxious to promote. I think I told you how reluctant dogs were to be evoluted. They believe themselves at the top of the tree already, and despise mere men and women, who are their servants and shampooers. It's hard enough to get over these facts as they are ; but when a pug feels himself between silk sheets, under an eider-down quilt, with lace hangings, and smelling-bottle complete, is it likely that he will exert himself to develop into a creature like his owner, who is ignominiously tailless, and acts as his common drudge? No, of course not. But, there, that's enough. I expect the show will be over soon, and I must go and get some more coffee in my hat—it's been boiling away tremendously. Yes, the dogs are going—there's a row of Skye-terriers, with one visible eye between the lot, chained together to go home. Do you remember the dogs in the story who ate their tickets and couldn't tell where they were going to?"

PUG—FIRST PRIZE.

HOME AGAIN ! LEFT WHEEL !

*(To be continued.)*

# *Timber Titans.*

By George Dollar.

A GERMAN ship named *Maria Hackfeld* was lately dispatched from San Francisco to London with a cross-section of a California redwood tree, consigned, it is said, to Mr. William Waldorf Astor. The shipment is reported to be the result of a bet recently made by Mr. Astor, who, at a dinner party, told his English friends some astonishing stories about the size of the redwoods. Mr. Astor wagered that he could procure a cross-section of a redwood large enough to form a table for forty guests. This wager will undoubtedly be won with ease. The cross-section is 2ft. in thickness, showing the greater diameter of the tree to be 16ft. 6in., and the smaller diameter 14ft. 11in. The circumference is, therefore, about 52ft., which ought to accommodate forty average men without difficulty.

Odd to say, also, this section, notwithstanding its great size, is but a tiny thing, after all. Many redwoods in California measure 60ft. in circumference, and some have measured 75ft. These, again, are outstripped in size by the so-called "big trees" of the Calaveras and Mariposa groves, the like of which are seen in no other part of the world. Many English people know them only through whisky and wine advertisements. The irrepressible advertising agent has, in fact, seized upon the very tree shown on this page, in order that public attention may be strongly drawn to the merits of the juicy Californian grape. Others know of them through frequent visits to the Crystal Palace, where the bark of the grand old "Mother of the Forest," which measured 90ft. in girth and 321ft. in height, has been exhibited for years.

Botanically speaking, both the redwoods and the "big trees" are species of the genus Sequoia—a pretty name given to them in honour of Sequoyah, the Cherokee Indian who invented letters for his people. They are both natives of California, the redwoods being confined to the coast ranges and the "big trees" to the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. They are distinguished by their peculiar fibrous bark and their rich colour of cinnamon brown. The redwood grows in such large quantities that it is a fit material for commerce, and the redwood industry of Humboldt County, California, where the trees abound, is enormous. The "big trees," on the other hand, are carefully guarded by the Government. The Mariposa Grove, which contains over seven hundred majestic trees, has been set apart by Congress as a national park, and the Government commissioners are able to resist the encroachments of everything except forest fires, which, at times, have sadly decimated and destroyed the trees.

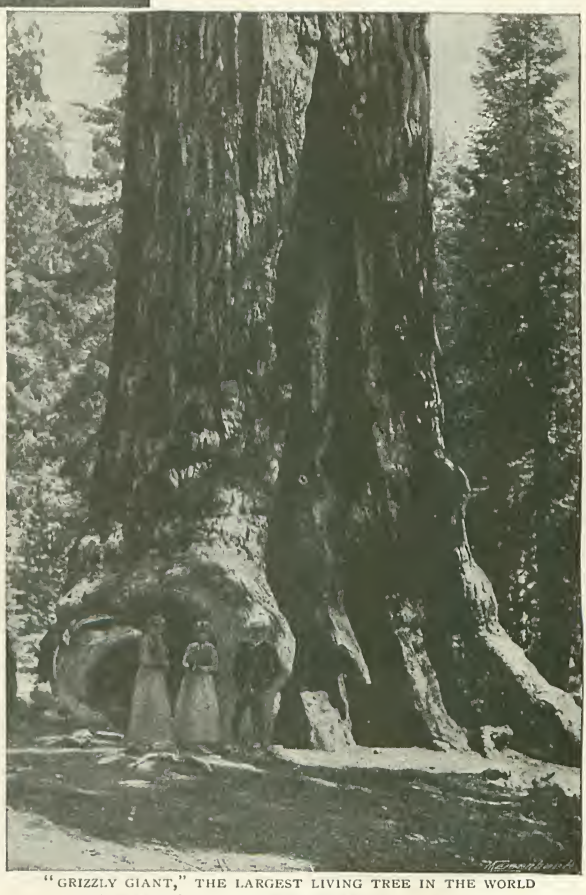
A BIG TREE OF CALIFORNIA.
*Photo. from the Pacific Illustrating Bureau, San Fran., Cal.*

Many of the trees are known throughout the world by characteristic names given to them in honour of popular heroes and favourites of the hour. A section of one of the fallen kings of the Mariposa

"CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK," IN MARIPOSA GROVE, CALIFORNIA.
*From a Photo. by Underwood & Underwood, London.*

The "big trees" were discovered in 1852 by a white hunter named Dowd, who in that year found himself in the neighbourhood of Calaveras Grove. The date 1850 is carved on one of the trees, and this has led many people to think that the big trees had been visited previously to 1852. Since that time, the trees have been one of the remarkable natural "sights" of the United States. Botanists have quarrelled over the proper name to give them, and have estimated their age from the rings in the fallen logs. Cross-sections have been cut and forwarded to different parts of the country, in order that people might see for themselves that the stories of the "big trees" were true. In Boston, several years ago, one of these cross-sections was erected in a public square, and dances were held on its polished surface. The idea of using a tree for such a purpose

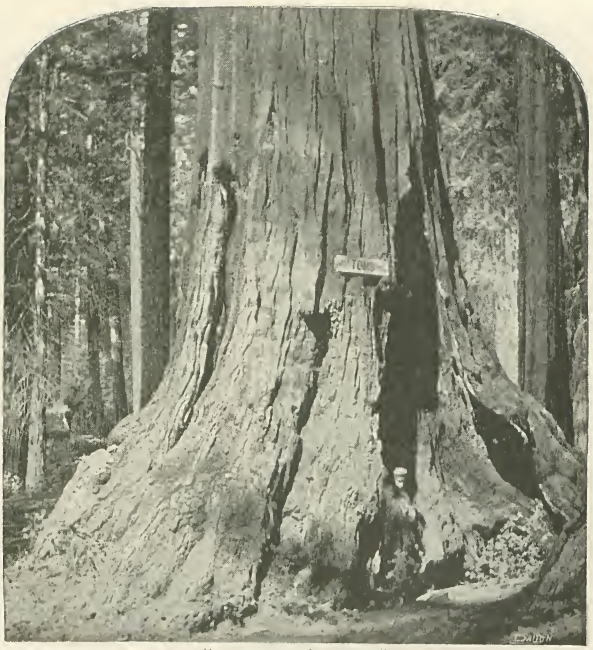
group is called "Chip of the Old Block," and our illustration gives but a faint idea of what the "old block" must have been in the day of its towering grandeur. Another tree, shown on the following page, has been called "Uncle Tom's Cabin," on account of the tent-like opening at its base—an opening in which the stalwart figure of a man is dwarfed. The most famous tree is called "Grizzly Giant," which is over 93ft. in circumference at the ground, and over 64ft. at a distance of 11ft. from the base. It reaches a height of 200ft. before throwing out a branch, and its first branch is 8ft. in diameter. "Grizzly Giant" is the largest living tree in the world, and stands over 275ft. high. These figures can, however, but barely suggest the mammoth girth of this celebrated sequoia, which people travel from all parts of the world to see. Nor can the visitor realize that it and its neighbours have been standing for 2,500 years. Yet such is the estimated age of these forest giants. They were but bushes when Nero fiddled before burning Rome.



"GRIZZLY GIANT," THE LARGEST LIVING TREE IN THE WORLD
*Photo. from the Pacific Illustrating Bureau, San Fran., Cal.*

originated in California, where a stump of one of the trees has had a house built upon it, to serve as a ball-room.

A glance at our illustration of the primeval redwood forest in Humboldt County, California, the first of several redwood photographs lent to us by the Humboldt Chamber of Commerce, will give an idea of the massive trunks of these valuable trees, which stretch out for 100 miles along the coast, "not in sentinel groves," according to a poetical writer, "but in one continuous belt—dense, stately, dark, and forbidding." The forests are apparently imperishable, except through the axe of the woodsman, and this is wielded with care. The trees are never injured by fire. The wood resists combustion, and is hard to burn even when dry. The redwood is the only lumber that can take the place of the white pine, answer as a satisfactory substitute for mahogany and black walnut, displace oak for redwood ties, cypress and cedar for shingles, and surpass



"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."
*From a Photo. by Underwood & Underwood, London.*

*From a]* PRIMEVAL REDWOOD FOREST IN HUMBOLDT COUNTY, CALIFORNIA. *[Photograph.*

*From a Photo. by]* CUTTING DOWN THE REDWOOD. *[A. W. Ericson, Arcata, Cal.*

all other woods for durability when in contact with earth, or when exposed to moisture. These qualities make the redwood industry important to the builders of cities and homes, of railroads, flumes, and conduits, to those engaged in mining, manufacturing, and agriculture all over the country. It is important to the consumers, and they should feel as gratified as do the people of Humboldt, that there is still a reserve forest containing 50,000,000,000ft. of timber, which can be utilized for so many purposes. Redwood will make an enduring foundation, solid walls, and an imperishable roof. Thus it provides the substantial equipment for any structure. But it may be made to embellish and adorn the home, as well as shelter the inmates. As a finishing wood it is unequalled, and for cabinet material some qualities of it are superior. Even the stumps, it is said, refuse to perish or even to die, but send forth shoots and sprouts which, if left undisturbed, would renew the forests in course of centuries.

With such superb natural resources at hand, it is not strange that the redwood forests should resound with the cry of the lumberman and the crash of the falling tree. With these may be heard the grating of the saw as it cuts its swath through the heart of the tree, the

LOGGING WITH OXEN IN THE MOUNTAINS.
*Photo, from the Pacific Illustrating Bureau, San Fran., Cal.*

LOADING REDWOOD LOGS ON A CAR.
*From a Photo. by A. W. Ericson, Arcata, Cal.*

steady click of the axe, the buzzing of fifty saw-mills in the neighbourhood, and the puff of powerful locomotives engaged in pulling the heavy logs out of the woods. It is a scene of eternal hurry in the very heart of Nature.

In order to cut down the trees, the choppers stand on platforms raised around the tree at some little distance from the base. The steady movement of the axe makes a quick impression on the massive timber, but it sometimes takes two weeks for two men to start the tree on its crashing fall to the ground. Most of the unskilled labourers of the county are employed in felling, although even this class of work requires a special amount of skill.

The great bulk and weight of redwood logs, and the fact that operations in the logging regions are in progress only during summer months and the absence of snow, make lumbering in Humboldt differ from the methods used elsewhere. The character of the country, mostly rugged, also introduces a distinct element into logging operations. Ingenuity combined with capital has intervened, and almost every extensive redwood mill-plant in Humboldt includes several miles of railroad, with locomotives, cars, and other equipments for transporting logs and lumber, numerous donkey-engines for hauling logs out into the road, several miles of electric wire with instruments to supply telephone service to the remotest camps and connect them with the mill and yard, and, in many cases, a system of wire cable on the endless chain principle, with stationary engine to "snake" the logs to the railway landing. Oxen are still used in some camps, and it is an interesting sight to watch a long string of tugging oxen toiling down through the hills amid a cloud of dust, the logs after them like a gigantic snake.

A redwood is ready for the donkey-engine as soon as it has been sawed into sections. Chains and ropes are then attached to the log, and it is drawn through the forest towards the platform-cars or trolleys, upon which it is deposited. In the illustration at the top of this page we may see one of these mammoth sections in position on the car. When all the cars are loaded in this manner, they are made up into a train and attached to a powerful locomotive.

A not uncommon sight in the redwood region, but one which, to strangers, would appear remarkable, is illustrated at the bottom of this page, where we get a full view of a

*From a Photo. by]* TRAIN-LOAD OF TWENTY-FOUR REDWOOD LOGS. *[A. W. Ericson, Arcata, Cal.*

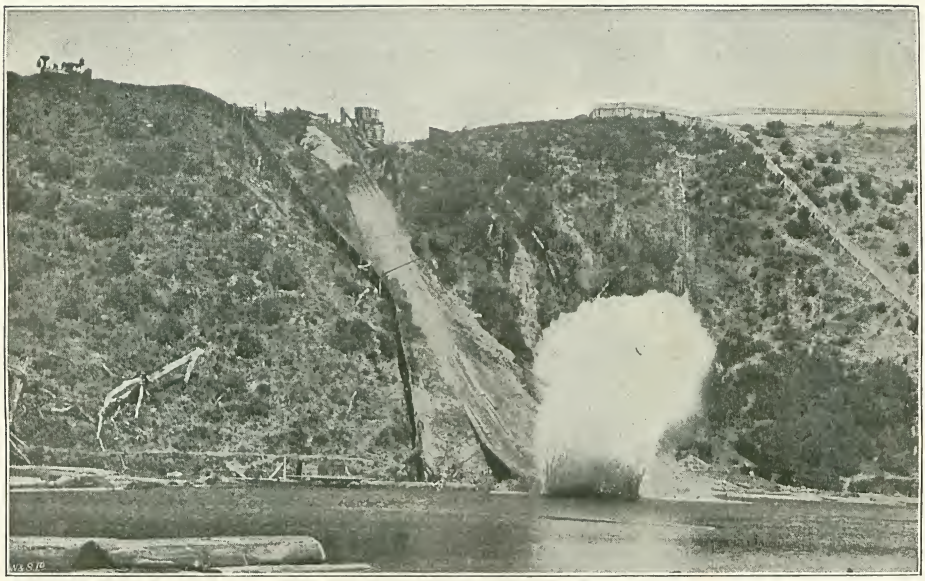


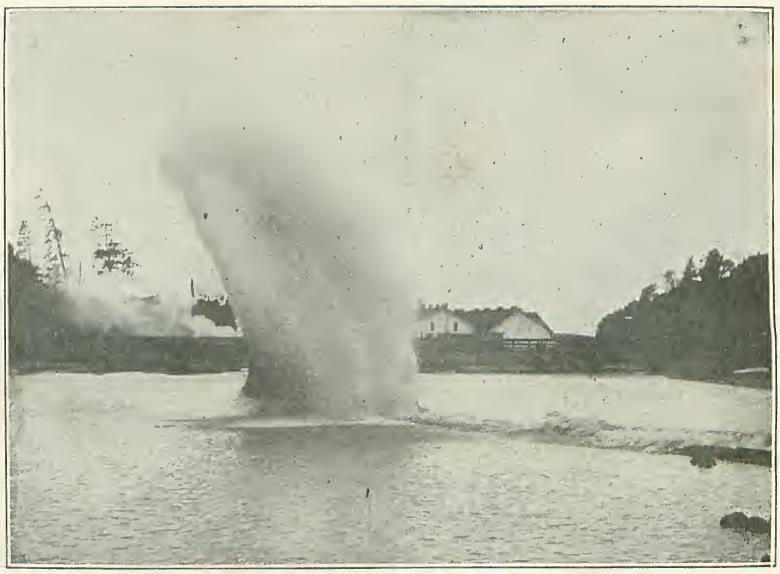
*Photo. from*] A LOGGING CHUTE. [*The Pacific Illustrating Bureau, San Fran., Cal.*

train-load of twenty-four redwood logs winding slowly from among the hills.

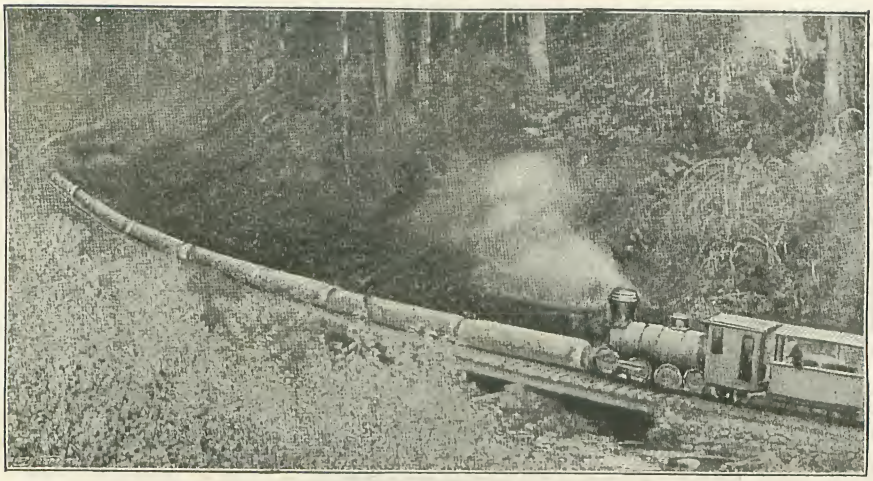
By many lumbermen in California the rivers are used with great effect in the transport of logs. In the summer the logs are dumped into the bed of the stream to await a winter freshet, which carries the mass along with great speed to the mills, where they lie until they are ready to be sawed.

The greater part of the logs, however, are transported by the railways direct to the side of the river or pond, and there shot into the water by means of inclined ways made of other logs. The logs dash down with great swiftness, and enter the water with a huge splash, casting the spray high into the air with the force almost of a torpedo explosion. The illustrations on this page show a log-chute and the magnificent column of water sent up by the diving log.

From the log-pond to the saw-mill is usually but a step. In some mills the logs are pulled up on small cars; in others, they are drawn up on greased ways by means of long cables. In the forest of the Bridal Veil Lumbering Company, at Bridal Veil, in Oregon, the logs are transferred to the mill by means of a curious railway, illustrated on the following page. The train, so-called, is made up of an ordinary locomotive and a string of logs, each one as large in diameter



DIVING LOG
*Photo. from The Pacific Illustrating Bureau, San Fran., Cal.*

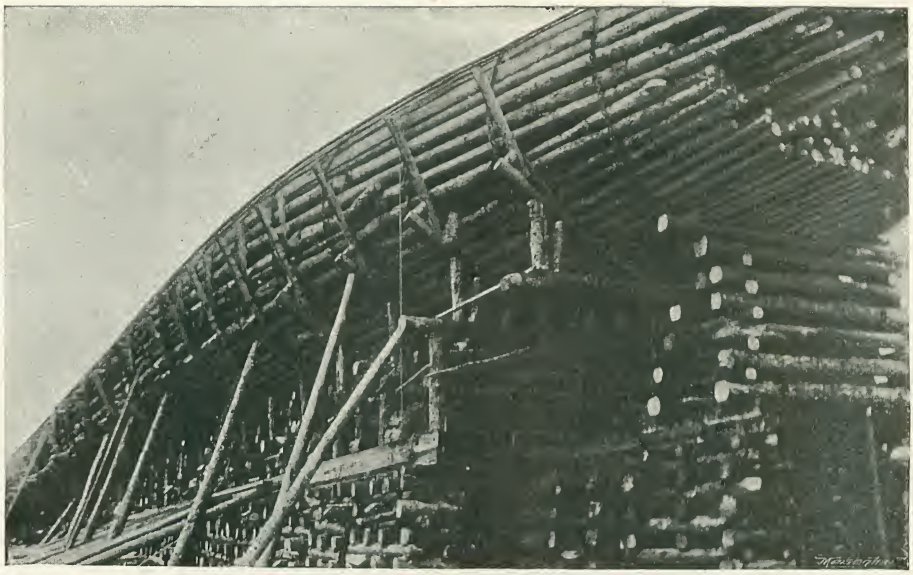


A RAILROAD WITHOUT CARS.
*By courtesy of "Cassier's Magazine." From a Photo. by Browning, Portland, Oregon.*

and some even larger than the boiler of the engine. Boards are nailed to the sleepers between the rails, and on these the logs slide. Except on descending grades, the boards are greased, and the train moves at good speed. Where the road is level or slightly ascending the engine pulls the logs, and where it is descending it holds them back. At the mills of the company the manufactured lumber, regardless of size, is run into a flume, and this is carried about two miles to the planing-mill and shipping yard, the flume descending about 1,200ft. in that distance.

One of the great items of expense in the lumber business is the cost of transportation from the forests to the consumer. Huge sums which might otherwise have been left in the pockets of householders have been placed in the coffers of railway and steamship companies. It was in order to lessen the cost of transport that the cigar-shaped log-raft was designed. These extraordinary rafts, of which we give five excellent illustrations, are the invention of Mr. Hugh R. Robertson, of St. John, New Brunswick. The first raft was built at Joggins, in Nova Scotia, and on account of its novelty quickly gained the nickname of the "Joggins raft." It was built in 1887, and its dimensions, of which a fair idea is given in the illustration below, were: length, 560ft.; depth, 35ft. It took several months

CIGAR-SHAPED LOG-RAFT BUILT AT JOGGINS, NOVA SCOTIA, 1887.
*From a Photo. by Mr. J. Fraser Gregory, St. John, New Brunswick.*



THE JOGGINS RAFT FROM BENEATH, SHOWING SUPPORTS.
*From a Photo. by Mr. J. Fraser Gregory, St. John, New Brunswick.*

to build, and was composed of several hundred thousand logs, closely bound together in a cradle of logs, which rested upon timber foundations. The raft was pointed at one end, and lay on the shore slant-wise in order that it might be quickly and easily launched. During the process of construction the inventor was much laughed at, but, nothing daunted in his scheme, he launched the raft and dispatched it to New York in tow. The first Joggins raft, however, quickly bore out the prophecies of Mr. Robertson's opponents, and came to grief in the wild and wintry Atlantic. The hawser which attached it to the tug was snapped by the force of the waves, the raft burst in pieces, and the huge logs, which represented many thousand pounds in gold, were rapidly distributed over the surface of the Atlantic, to the deep chagrin of the inventor, and the danger of mariners.

Notwithstanding this accident, the Joggins raft had really come to stay. A second raft

LAUNCHING THE JOGGINS RAFT.
*From a Photo. by Mr. J. Fraser Gregory, St. John, New Brunswick.*

CIGAR-SHAPED RAFT BUILT ON THE PACIFIC COAST. LENGTH 528FT., CONTAINING 560,000 LINEAL FEET OF TIMBER.
*Photo. from the Pacific Illustrating Bureau, San Fran., Cal.*

was quickly built in co-operation with Mr. J. D. Leary, and sent to New York, a distance of 700 miles, in ten days, where the lumber of which it was made was sold at a profit enormous in itself, and yet at a price remarkable for cheapness. The much-derided inventor made a fortune, and, selling his idea to Mr. Leary, left for the Pacific Coast, where he is engaged to this day in transporting lumber by means of cigar-shaped rafts with wonderful success. Our last two illustrations show the side and top view of one of these rafts lately built on the Columbia River. Its value was £9,000, and its length 528ft., with the width of 52ft. and a draught of 24ft. The heavy chains, which are so plainly seen in the illustration, inclose 560,000 lineal feet of timber.

THE TOP OF A CIGAR-SHAPED RAFT.
*Photo. from the Pacific Illustrating Bureau, San Fran., Cal.*

# *Side-Shows.*

## V.

By William G. FitzGerald.

NOTHING can be more certain than that parody and travesty will follow a big boom in the entertainment world. And provided that the parody is really funny and clever, there is money in it. When the "strong man" craze was at its height, a certain relatively humble comedian conceived a really delightful and original idea. His only child—a sweet little girl of four or five years—was one day found alone in her bedroom doubling up her chubby right arm, lifting her tattered doll high into the air with tremendous pomp and circumstance, and generally giving an irresistible "strong man" show before a full-length mirror, with preternatural, big-eyed gravity. The father thought that if his baby-girl could give a similar show in public it would prove a great attraction. It did. And yet there was, after all, absolutely nothing in the thing; the infant went through certain motions in imitation of the orthodox strong man; and the people literally howled with delight—particularly as the tiny mimic's turn followed that of the real article.

TOM WOOTTWELL, THE MOCK "STRONG MAN.
*From a Photograph.*

This leads up to the "strong man" parody devised by Mr. Tom Woottwell, than whom no funnier fellow exists. The show indicated in the photo. here reproduced was screamingly comic. First, as to the costume of the mock "strong man." He is dressed in dilapidated old tights, which are supposed to be strained almost to bursting point at the arms and calves, owing solely to the abnormal muscular development of those parts. The calves are particularly funny—far less sinew than sawdust, however.

And observe the showman's leer as he strikes an attitude for the great feat of breaking a thick iron chain on the "muscles" of his arm. "Keep your eye on me, and you'll be astonished," he is saying. You would be, by the way, if you saw the next stage of the show. The man's mighty arm bends slowly but surely; his breath comes quick and short, and at the supreme moment the chain snaps asunder with an extraordinary uproar and flies right up into the wings—hauled up there, of course, by invisible wires.

The terrible strain proves too much for the great man; it "knocks the stuffin' out of him"—literally, for suddenly the "muscles" collapse and a thin stream of sawdust trickles on to the stage, leaving the audience convulsed with laughter.

The wonderful convolutions of which the human body is possible have already been dealt with in these articles. But it has been found that no matter how astounding may be the postures assumed, the ordinary contortionist show is apt to pall upon the fickle public. Therefore, of course, there arises an artist who devises an absolutely novel show. Here he is—"Marinelli, the Man Snake," and premier contortionist of the world. The extraordinary performance of this "reptile" is a veritable nightmare—a suggestion of Mr. H. G. Wells's wildest flight of scientific extravagance. The monster rears aloft his awful head,

MARINELLI, THE HUMAN PYTHON.
*From a Photo. by Fos. Bscherer, Munich.*

emitting horrible sounds hitherto unknown among the invertebrates; he drags his slow length erratically along the stage, and then suddenly coils himself up, twisting backwards and forwards like a mad thing.

Marinelli was once responsible for a pretty bill of damages. He was rehearsing by himself at a great theatre-circus in Frankfort one day, when a troupe of performing animals — elephants and horses chiefly — unexpectedly entered the ring, also for rehearsal purposes. The moment the animals set eyes on the huge "snake," they stampeded madly, literally bringing down the house with them. Fortunately, the only audience consisted of a few porters and trainers. Three valuable horses were so injured in the rush, however, that they had to be shot, and two elephants got out into the streets in a state of the wildest terror. And all this because the Human Python's silken and tinselled skin looked so dreadfully natural, to say nothing about his terrifying convolutions.

Trick-cycling shows we are all familiar with. Some crack experts ride tricycles, and others bicycles. There are others, again, who, contemning a multiplicity of wheels, perform all their wonderful feats on one solitary wheel, with which they seem able to do any conceivable thing. M. Noiset, however, the trick-cyclist whom we have chosen for this article, has gone still higher (or is it lower?) in the scale. He rides *half a wheel!* Of course, the angles are not sharp, but rounded. No one ever heard tell of round angles, perhaps, but then our cyclist's performance is likewise unique. You will notice that the machine is provided with unusually long and powerful cranks, which (to say nothing about the back-pedalling necessary) are very requisite for the forward movement, when the half-circle has run its course, and the flat side is about to come down on to the ground. This young artiste, when touring across Europe and America in the various variety theatres, always contrived to get up public races between himself and the local professional scorcher, invariably stipulating, however, for a nicely calculated start. They have wonderful

M. NOISET ON HIS SEMI-CYCLE.
*From a Photo. by Otto Flach, Konigsberg.*

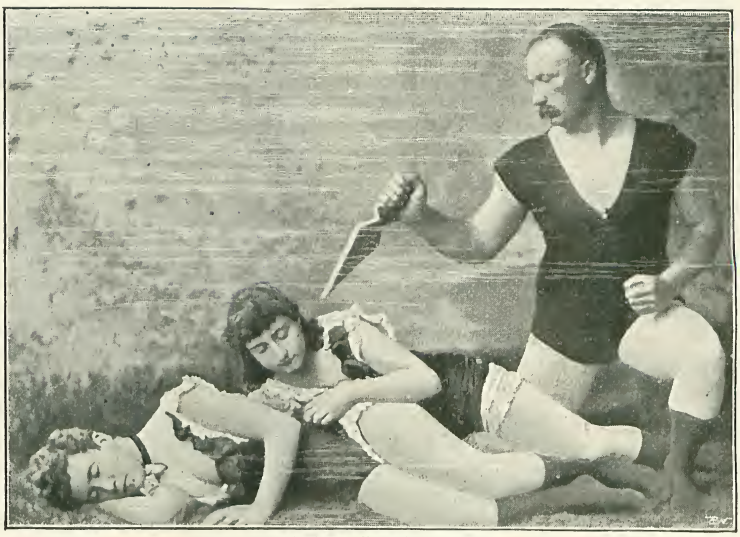
MDLLE. MAZELLO ROSE AND HER PERFORMING PIGEONS.
*From a Photograph.*

business instinct, these fellows! Of course, this sort of thing created no end of interest and amusement, and made everybody agog to visit the theatre-circus and see the "semi-cyclist" go through the whole of his show. But fancy a race at Herne Hill between our interesting young friend and Mr. Shorland or Mr. Stocks!

The next interesting show to be dealt with is that given by Mdlle. Mazello Rose and her marvellous performing pigeons and doves. Bird shows, as a rule, are the dullest of entertainments—a vast quantity of glittering apparatus ("made in Germany") and a few mournful cockatoos going round and round under obvious protest and because they can't help it. Mdlle. Rose's show, however, is very different. Her pigeons are the quaintest little beggars imaginable, and can perform everything that dogs perform. An acrobatic pigeon sounds staggering, but these birds stand in rows and tumble at the word of command. They also have a kind of fair all to themselves, with swings, see-saws, and roundabouts, all going busily.

Finally, there is a sort of pantomime—a house on fire, lurid stage, miniature engines and escapes, and a gallant rescue by the perky bird seen on the lady's left, nearest her face. "Their intelligence is almost human," remarked the agent to me, almost tearfully, as he was describing the show; "and I believe," he added, somewhat inconsequently, sinking his voice impressively—"I *believe* she talks to them in pidgin-English."

The evolution of the under-water show was very gradual. Years ago, if a professional swimmer went into a glass-fronted tank of water (heated overnight) and then leered at the audience for one minute, he was hailed as a very Titan among entertainers. Then came more or less graceful passes, kiss-waftings, and gesticulations, which also impressed people mightily. Later on, some original fellow thought of tricks under water—picking up coins with the mouth, skipping, passing through a hoop, eating, and the like. The subaqueous drama depicted in our photo., however, is of quite recent date. The *dramatis personæ* are Professor Beaumont and his two daughters. This tragedy under



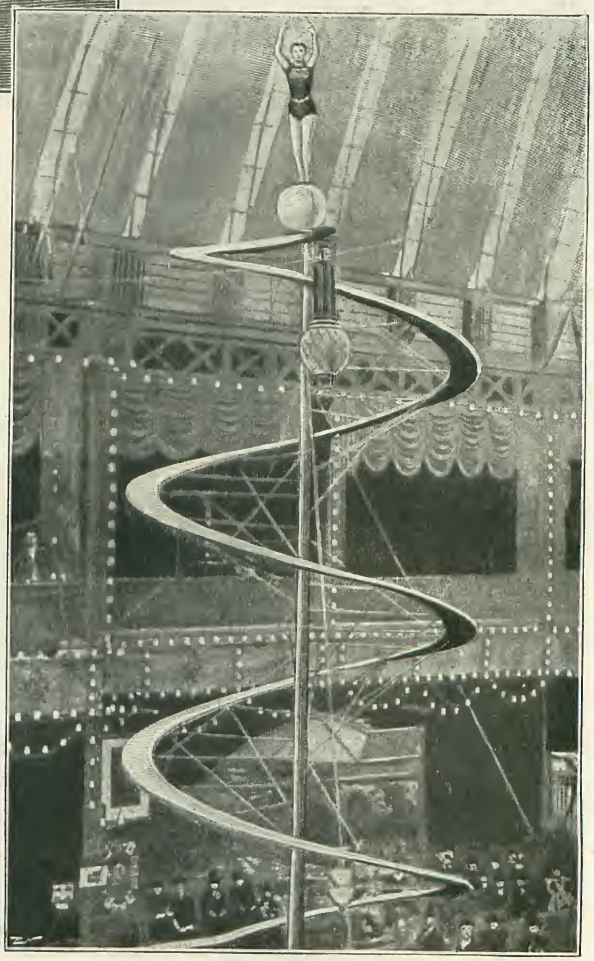
A TRAGEDY UNDER WATER.
*From a Photo. by Adrian Smythe, Llandudno.*

ONE OF THE MOST DIFFICULT BALANCING FEATS EVER ATTEMPTED.
*From a Photo. by G. Bellisario, Cardiff.*

water, as played by the troupe of professional swimmers here shown, is a most touching business. I am assured that during the performance there is "not a dry eye in the audience." I can well believe it. The players themselves, even, are a trifle damp. You see, the idea is that the heart-broken father, mad with grief at the death of his wife, and seeing his two daughters suffering the torments of slow starvation, resolves to take the lives of the hapless girls. It is not made clear why the family should be in this state of destitution, though their wardrobe certainly, and of course, necessarily, is rather scanty. However, the whole point of the thing lies in the fact that the drama is played under water, and that within three minutes. At the end of this time a moving object-lesson in resurrection is given, and father and daughters retire in the lime-light, shorting a little after their long immersion.

One of the original Girards is next depicted, having been photographed in the very act of performing one of the most difficult balancing feats that can possibly be performed. Comment upon this feat is a little superfluous, so well does the photograph explain it. At the same time one may demonstrate the apparent impossibility of the thing by taking two canes and two ordinary felt hats and trying the feat for oneself. This artist belongs to that class of Continental performers which makes it a practice to sandwich in between grotesque foolery many exceedingly difficult and fine feats of balancing and dexterity. These, in fact, sometimes miss fire, and go unappreciated by superficial observers, owing to the seemingly careless and airy manner in which they are executed, and the comicalities with which their accomplishment is interlarded.

The next curious show to figure in this article is the one given by Alphonsine, the "Premier Spiral Ascensionist." It is only at big places of entertainment



MADAME ALPHONSINE, THE "SPIRAL ASCENSIONIST."
*From a Photograph.*

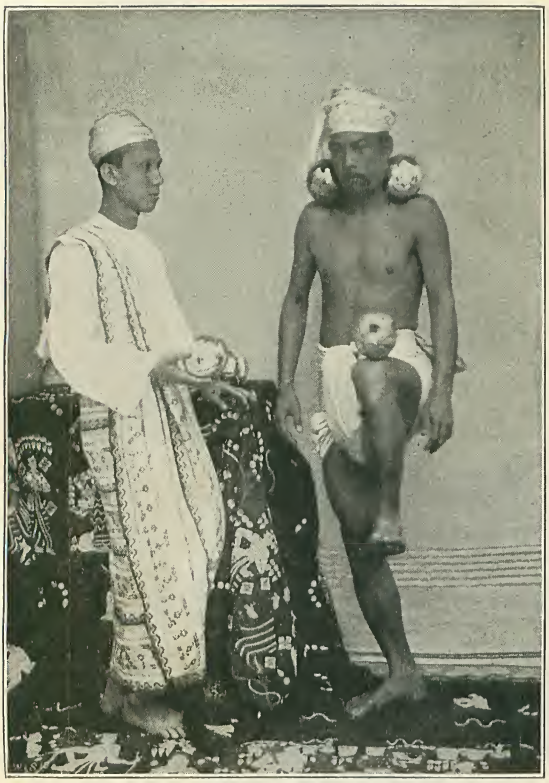
—like the Royal Aquarium (where the accompanying photo. was taken) and the Crystal Palace—that this lady can give her show, for her apparatus is extensive, besides being peculiar. The manner of the ascent is sufficiently obvious. A pole, fully 100ft. high, is firmly fixed, having at its apex a small circular platform, or rest, 2ft. or 3ft. in diameter; this is the ultimate goal of the "ascensionist." The spiral pathway is next erected about the pole, and stayed from it by means of light steel girders. This curious roadway commences at the floor end with a slight inclined plane. Here is placed the ball, a hollow wooden one, about 2ft. in diameter. When everything is ready the lady appears; so does the limelight—that absolute *sine quâ non* of the sensational show. Madame jumps on the ball, and simply impels it up the spiral way by a series of more or less graceful prances and jerks with her slippered feet. She stops at various stages of her curious journey, ostensibly to salute her admiring audience and challenge their applause, but really to have a moment's rest, for it is terribly hard work. One grieves to hear that Madame has had some bad accidents. Once—fortunately just when she had reached the extreme summit—the entire spiral way collapsed, leaving one to wonder, as in the case of the fly in the amber, how the lady "got there." This accident was due to the defective fastening of one of the stay-rods. Several times the ball has left the perilous track—jumped the narrow ribbon of iron that protects the edge of the spiral pathway. On such occasions Madame has been more or less seriously hurt.

SPINNING THE HUMAN TOP.
*From a Photo. by Frank Johnston.*

Alaska and Laure, who appear in our next production, are two grotesque French comedians; they sing, dance, knock each other about, and generally work very hard. The funniest, as well as the most original, item in their stage "business" is the one depicted in the photograph we have reproduced. This is the "Boy with the Human Top." The "Human Top," if you take the trouble to turn him right side up, looks as if he thoroughly enjoyed the situation. On the stage his head usually rests in a sort of wooden cap, padded, and revolving on a well-oiled ball-and-socket arrangement. His legs are sometimes spread out, his hands always; this is in order that he may spin readily and long. The owner of the Top—the "Boy," that is—occasionally spins his human plaything with his hands, but more often than not he winds around the Top's body about 50ft. of clothes-line. Presently he pulls this, and the Human Top begins to gyrate, slowly at first, but later on with dizzy rapidity. It is an automatic Top—one that greatly helps its owner in the sport. As a fact, the Top can spin himself, but not for long. Besides, the presence of the Boy and the action of the clothes-line—these are essential to the success of the show.

The next photograph reproduced shows Moung-Toon, one of the most wonderful jugglers that the East has produced. As might be supposed from his name, Moung is a Burman; and the story of his evolution as a showman is interesting. It seems the Burmese are born jugglers; they juggle with everything, even their finances and their police. Well, Moung was as a boy very fond of juggling, and he proceeded to perfect himself in several of the ordinary native school pastimes that were the delight of young Rangoon.

One day the inevitable entertainment agent arrived among the pagodas and soon got together a body of native jugglers, mainly



MOUNG-TOON, THE MARVELLOUS BURMESE JUGGLER.
*From a Photo. by F. Cooper, Marseilles.*

on behalf of one of the great London exhibitions. Now, Moung was among these, but after one season in England, he devised new feats for himself, and then severed his connection with the troupe. The result was that he made heaps of money, bought costly apparatus for himself, and aspired to a dresser of his own race. Why he should want a dresser is not obvious from the photo.; still, Moung saw it was the correct thing among "big" men, and besides, it was nice and convenient to have someone to hand up the balls and so forth.

The amazing part of Moung's show was that *he never touched with his hands the things which he juggled.* He used glass balls and balls made of strips of cane. These he would pick up from the floor with his prehensile toes and balance upon his instep. A jerk, and the ball was upon his knee; another, and it was on his shoulder. Then he would place a second ball on his other shoulder in the same way. By a quick movement of his body, the juggler would next cause the balls to rise in the air and fall behind his back; but before they could reach the ground, he had knelt down and received them on the backs of his knee-joints.

What is virtually the foremost animal show of the world is given by Mr. Seeth's forest-bred lions. Seeth himself, who can command the handsome salary of £150 a week, is seen in the accompanying curious photo. with a full-grown lion on his shoulders. One of the most curious items in the show is a big "merry-go-round," manned by lions, and pulled round by a pretty little pony. Each lion squats grumpily in a miniature sailing ship, and protests from time to time at the futility of the whole business. Mr. Seeth also drives his lions (which are really magnificent brutes) in a specially built chariot; and as he himself is attired as a Greek hero, the *ensemble* makes a very striking picture. Seeth is a powerful and fearless man, both of these qualities being evidenced by our photograph.

Little Zeretto, the child acrobat depicted in the accompanying illustration, is a remarkable example of the pliability of the human frame. Much nonsense has been written and spoken about the

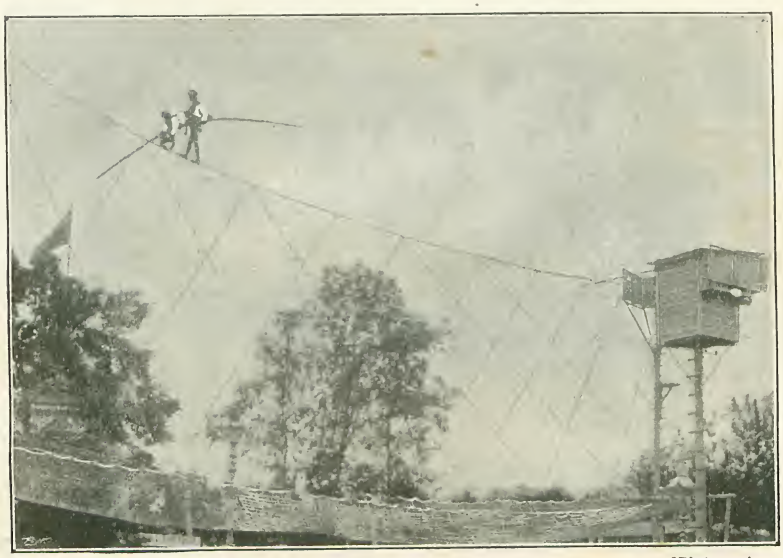
MR. SEETH, WITH ONE OF HIS PERFORMING LIONS.
*From a Photo. by Karoly, Nottingham.*

ZERETTO, THE CHAMPION CHILD HIGH KICKER.
*From a Photo. by Harry A. Webb, Philadelphia.*

cruelty which enters into the training of stage children. Always providing that their trainers commence with the children at a very early age, it is not only possible gradually to make the little ones perform astounding acrobatic and other feats, but the youngsters themselves get to love their calling and take an interest in it, and in the devising of new items of business.

The child that figures in this photo. is positively as supple as ever it is possible to become. You will observe that the tamboureen is held by the mother as high as the little girl can reach. Well, she is able to touch this with either foot —surely the uttermost limit of the high kick!

We now come to an entirely different form of entertainment, after the manner of the late Chevalier Blondin — with variations. In the accompanying photograph we see the Brothers Weichmann performing the "Human Wheelbarrow" feat on a rope 110ft. high and 200ft. long. This is, of course, an open-air show, and one requiring a net that weighs nearly a ton. The rope, it will be seen, is steadied with guy-ropes from both sides. The Brothers Weichmann have a pretty original show. Besides the Human Wheelbarrow feat seen in the photo., they go through amusing and even startling antics as man-monkeys and kangaroos, effecting a complete change of costume and character on the high rope, possibly over a wide river at some country fête or gala. For this they receive from £80 to £100 on each occasion. Everything that is requisite for the performance of the various feats is kept in the aerial box or refuge seen to the right in the photograph.



*From a]* "THE HUMAN WHEELBARROW" ON THE HIGH ROPE. *[Photograph.*

# *A Railway Adventure.*

From the German of Dr. Max Nordau.

THE windows of the crowded *café* had been thrown open, and the fresh, cool air of the spring night struggled for mastery with the close tobacco-laden atmosphere which filled the large hall.

A glance out into the night showed the deep-blue heaven overhead and a brilliant full moon, whose cold, clear rays sparkled on the fresh foliage of the budding trees as they swayed gently to and fro in the light breeze. The members of the society to which I at this time belonged had been accustomed for some time past to reserve a certain table in the *café* for themselves, where they met every evening to chat over and discuss the events of the passing hour. They were, for the most part, respectable citizens, who had far more appreciation for bright gas-light and a good dinner than for the charms of a glorious spring night, and nothing was further removed from their thoughts on this particular occasion than a romantic contemplation of the beauties of Nature. On the night I am speaking of, our conversation was of a prosaic enough character, as was only natural in a small town, and exhausted itself in discussions about local matters, the theatre, taxes, and similar—to an outsider—extremely uninteresting topics.

Through some chance remark, however, which I can no longer recall, the question had sprung up if it were really credible that a man's hair could suddenly become grey in consequence of a violent shock to the mind. Some of those present were only half inclined to disbelieve this somewhat startling theory, whilst others could not be sufficiently scathing in the remarks they made concerning people who were simple enough to place any credence in such nursery tales.

As the discussion grew warmer and warmer, until every member of our party was engaged either in championing or combating the question in point, a man, seated near us, rose slowly, pushing his chair from him, and approached our table. He was a fine, tall

"A MAN APPROACHED OUR TABLE."

fellow, of herculean build, and his intelligent features, which bore an expression of great determination, were rendered very striking by a pair of keen blue eyes; but what made his appearance still more remarkable was the fact that both his hair and beard were as white as snow, although they surrounded a countenance which would not permit one to reckon his age at more than about thirty-five.

"Excuse me, gentlemen, if I am interrupting your conversation," he remarked, bowing politely to all of us. "You were just discussing a subject that has more than an ordinary interest for me. I happen myself to be a living proof that, under certain circumstances, a terrible shock to the mind can produce that self-same physical effect of which you were just speaking, and which the majority of you seem to discredit."

These words naturally excited the curiosity of all present to the highest degree. We quickly made room for our new acquaintance at the table, and, when he had seated himself comfortably, urged him to relate to us the circumstances which had produced such a strange and sudden change in his appearance. The stranger feigned no great shyness, and acquiesced in the most pleasant manner possible by relating to us the following:—

"If any of you gentlemen have ever interested yourselves more closely in American affairs, the name of Auburn cannot well be strange to you; it denotes much the same for the United States as Spielberg does for Austria. You must not picture Auburn to yourselves merely as a gloomy and extensive prison—as one large, solitary building—no! It is rather an entire colony of criminals, a sort of town or metropolis for the wretches that the community has thrust out.

"Shut in by immense walls, which rise up from the level plain to a considerable height, are crowded together a large number of detached buildings—houses that contain the prison-cells, warders' dwellings, hospital, and workshops—all sullen and forbidding-looking; and here and there dotted about may be seen a small patch of grass, a few trees, and, very occasionally, a flower-bed, like the last lingering recollections of innocent childhood amongst the black thoughts of a criminal.

"Certain events, which would have but little interest for you, had led to my journeying from Hamburg — my birthplace — to America, immediately after the completion of my studies, and, after a short stay in New York, I accepted the post of prison-doctor at Auburn, which, as you perhaps know, is situated in the State of New York. I was intrusted with the medical supervision over that part of the prison which was set apart for the worst class of criminals—men, or I should say human hyenas, whose blood, as Mephistopheles says, had already ceased to be 'a fluid of rare quality.'

"Two of these wretches were destined to spend the remainder of their days in the prison, and they, by reason of their great physical strength as well as by the extraordinary cunning they had evinced in several desperate attempts to regain their freedom, were subjected to even closer supervision than the rest of their companions. I was an object of particular hatred and dislike to these two scoundrels, because I had been instrumental in the discovery of a number of iron implements which they—God only knows how they had obtained possession of them!—had concealed under their clothes; and again on another occasion because I had refused to receive them into the hospital when they had feigned illness, expecting doubtless when they were once in there that they would find more favourable opportunities for accomplishing their escape. The ruffians were separated and placed in remote parts of the prison, and were laden with chains; but in spite of all these precautions, one fine morning the one, and a few days later the other, together with their chains, had disappeared without leaving a trace behind them.

"It must have been almost a fortnight after the flight of these two criminals, which had caused the utmost consternation amongst the authorities at Auburn, that I ordered my horse one afternoon, and started off for a ride to Cayuga Bridge. It was mid-day when I reached the end of my journey, and I stood still for some time contemplating with silent delight the exquisite scenery which lay stretched out for miles before me. The Cayuga Lake, one of those which, together with Lake Erie, compose that vast system of inland seas in the State of New York, lay in all its beauty at my feet. The long, slender streak of silver wound in and out of the rugged black cliffs which hemmed it in, and which rose sheer up out of the lake, facing each other like grim opponents who had for thousands of years bid one another defiance. Far down the lake, which is forty miles long, and at this particular spot about one broad, I could discern the enormous trestle-bridge, a marvel of American engineering skill, which carries the Auburn division of the New York Central Railway

across, passing on its way through the small station of Cayuga Bridge.

"My business in the village was soon finished, and towards evening I started home again. Do you know how delightful a ride on a summer's evening is? Cayuga Bridge is surrounded by extensive oak forests, through which the greater part of my journey lay. The gnarled and massive trunks cast long shadows, and the foliage rustled so gently in the soft evening breeze, that one seemed rather to feel than to hear it. As I rode between these giants of the forest, sweet recollections of my distant home crept into my heart, and, sunk in my thoughts, I let the reins fall on my horse's neck, who trotted steadily forward. I admired the marvellous variety of colour that the rays of the setting sun produced as they shone through the mass of dark-green leaves, and seemed to kindle their edges into flame.

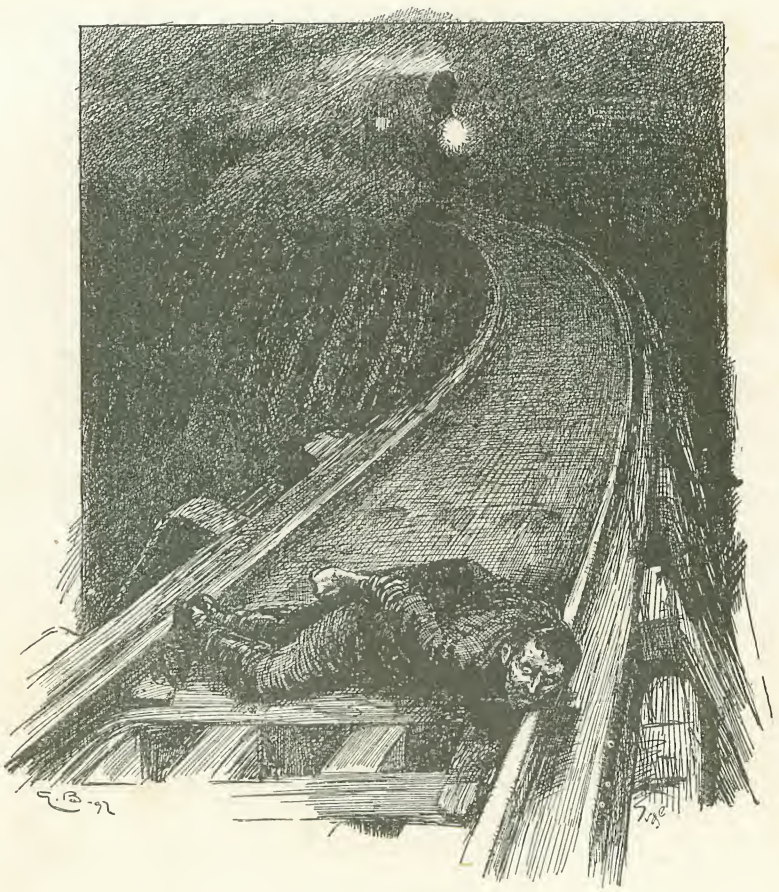
"Suddenly I was startled out of my reverie by a slight noise which appeared to come from the undergrowth on either side of the road. Turning sharply round, I grasped my revolver, but in the same moment I received a stunning blow on the back of my head, which knocked me senseless from my saddle. Once more I recollect opening my eyes, and thinking that I could see indistinctly one of the escaped criminals bending over me, and then all became a blank.

"I RECEIVED A STUNNING BLOW ON THE BACK OF MY HEAD."

"It must have been late in the night when consciousness again returned to me. Slowly opening my eyes, I saw far above me the dark blue vault of the sky, and the full moon shining brightly. A dull, painful sensation at the back of my head prompted me to place my hand there, and I then discovered

that I was bound hand and foot. Gradually I collected my thoughts; I remembered now the murderous attack in the forest, and a fearful foreboding flashed through my mind, which almost caused my heart to stand still. I felt that I was laid across two sharp parallel projections, which cut into my shoulders and the back of my legs, causing me intense pain, and far below me I could hear the gentle plashing of water.

"Heavens! there could no longer be any doubt: I was lying stretched across Cayuga Bridge, bound, incapable of moving an inch, with the hideous and absolutely certain prospect of being cut literally to pieces by the next train that



"I STRAINED EVERY MUSCLE."

passed. For the second time that night I almost swooned as I realized my situation; but by a powerful effort of will I recovered myself, and tugged desperately at the ropes that bound me until they cut almost into my muscles; I shrieked, and wept finally like a child. I made mad endeavours to roll myself into another position, and then recollected that a careless movement might precipitate me into the flood below—bound hand and foot, to sink like a stone!

"A shudder ran through my frame, and I lay motionless again; but not for long, for the light of the great—almost fearfully bright—moon overhead, the ripple of the water deep below me, the breeze that came in light puffs, and then died away again, giving place to a death-like stillness, occasionally broken by the scream of some distant night-bird—all was unbearable, and caused me the anguish of death. And then the rails! the rails! My thoughts were torturing me, and yet I could not escape them. The wooden beams of the bridge vibrated perceptibly from the movement of the water below, and I thought that I could already feel the approach of the train, and my hair bristled with the horror of it. The breeze now blew somewhat stronger,

and I imagined that I could already hear, far away in the distance, the puffing and panting of the locomotive, and my heart stood still, to beat with redoubled force the next moment.

"There are certain things, gentlemen, which are absolutely incomprehensible to me: one of them is the fact that I was able to survive that night. One thought stood ever clear in my mind: I must endeavour by some means to shift my position—if possible, to one between the metals—if I did not wish, possibly even in the next moment, to become the prey of the most awful death one could conceive. And I succeeded! I strained every muscle, every sinew, till I could strain no more. I wound and twisted myself, and panted until I thought my head must burst, and after superhuman exertions, which appeared to last an eternity, and perhaps lasted but a minute, I found myself in the hollow between the rails.

"Was I saved? I had no time to consider that, or to rejoice over the fresh chance of life which was now offered to me, for my whole being concentrated itself in intent listening. Far away in the distance I could now hear—first of all indistinctly, and then gradually increasing as it drew nearer and nearer—the regular, monotonous panting which heralds the approach of a locomotive. The fearful stillness of the night gave way, as each minute passed, to the more fearful noise, to the clanking and thundering of the engine as it raced on towards me at the headlong speed of American trains. Now a thousand feet more—now five hundred—all the horrors of hell possessed me; but I lay without moving a muscle. Once, indeed, I tried to scream. I could no longer hear my own voice; how, then, could the people in the train be expected to hear me? And now for an immeasurably short space of time a blaze of light beat down upon me, and a blast of hot air rushed over me, then everything became dark, and I heard a thunder as if the heavens were crashing in. Close, quite close, at scarcely a hairbreadth's distance, rushed the enormous mass over me. I was saved!

"Already half-unconscious, I was still sensible of a deafening clattering and roaring above me, and I saw shadow-like masses flying past; still one moment more of deadly anguish—one of the coupling-hooks, hanging somewhat lower than the rest, had caught and dragged me several yards, tearing finally a large piece out of the breast of my coat—then all objects seemed to whirl around me, the moon, the bridge, and the lofty cliffs, in one mad dance, and I became insensible.

"When I next woke, I found myself in my own bed, and around me well-known faces. And now to be brief: I had been found on the morning after that awful night by a platelayer who had recognised me, and had brought me back to Auburn. For a fortnight I lay delirious with brain fever, hovering between life and death; but my strong constitution pulled me through. The first time after my recovery that I had occasion to use a looking-glass, I saw what traces those moments had left on me."

The doctor ceased speaking; but his pale face, the look of horror, and the great beads of sweat on his forehead all showed how keen his recollection was of that terrible experience. We also had listened to his narrative with breathless attention, and it was some time before we could shake off the impression it had left upon us.

# *From Behind the Speaker's Chair.*

## XXXVIII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

THERE still linger round the Houses of Parliament traces of the terror that reigned twelve years ago after the explosion in the Crypt, following at no long distance of time from the more serious outrage that shook the offices of the Local Government Board at Whitehall. Something like a state of siege was declared within the precincts of the Houses of Parliament. The police garrison was more than doubled. The railings of Palace Yard formed the limit of approach. Respectable persons halting for a moment in passing to look within became objects of dire suspicion to the watchful police. The very messengers running between the newspaper offices and the Press Gallery were numbered and labelled, and required to display their authority before passing the cordon of police.

WESTMINSTER HALL IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Up to this period of panic Westminster Hall remained, though in somewhat restricted conditions, what it had ever been, a possession and a thoroughfare for the people. In "Barnaby Rudge" there is a graphic picture of the scene at the era of the Lord George Gordon Riots, drawn by Charles Dickens from contemporary records. "There were many knots and groups of persons in Westminster Hall," Dickens writes, "some few looking upward at its noble ceiling, and at the rays of evening light, tinted by the setting sun, which streamed in aslant through its small windows, and, growing dimmer by degrees, were quenched in the gathering gloom below. Some noisy passengers, mechanics going home from work, and otherwise, who hurried quickly through, waking the echoes with their voices, and soon darkening the small door in the distance, as they passed into the street beyond. Some in busy conference together on political or private matters, pacing slowly up and down with eyes that sought the ground, and seeming, by their attitudes, to listen earnestly from head to foot. Here a dozen squabbling urchins made a very Babel in the air. There a solitary man, half-clerk, half-mendicant, paced up and down, with hungry dejection in his look and gait. At his elbow passed an errand lad, swinging his basket round and round, and with his shrill whistle riving the very timbers of the roof; while a more observant schoolboy, halfway through, pocketed his ball, and eyed the distant beadle as he came looming on. The smooth, worn pavement, dusty with footsteps, still called upon the lofty walls to reiterate the shuffle and the tread of feet unceasingly, save when the closing of some heavy door resounded through the building like a clap of thunder, and drowned all other noises in its rolling sound."

OLD WESTMINSTER HALL.
*From an Illustration in "Barnaby Rudge," by Cattermole.*

IN THE CLAIMANT'S DAY.

As long as the Courts of Justice flanked Westminster Hall, the spendid vestibule was, by necessity, left free to access by the people. Whilst the Courts were sitting, it was scarcely a less picturesque scene than that depicted by Dickens. Shortly before the demolition of the old courts, the drama reached its climax in the coming and going of the Claimant. Morning and evening, through weeks and months, the broad width of Westminster Hall was narrowed by a wedge of humanity that opened to make room for this portly person waddling to and from his carriage.

When the seat of justice was shifted to the Strand the House of Commons clutched at Westminster Hall, and with its traditional exclusive selfishness, proclaimed it sacred ground. The public were not absolutely excluded, but they were not, as heretofore, indiscriminately admitted, necessity being created for showing that they had some business or errand in direct communication with the courts. If, for example, they had orders for the gallery, they might pass through Westminster Hall on their way thither. They might even, on field nights, stand in groups to the right of the big doorway, watching the members pass through, and loudly whisper their names. After the explosion panic, the public were so rigidly excluded from Westminster Hall, that a member might not personally conduct a stranger along the echoing pavement of the lonely hall.

As far as the safety of members in Session in the House of Commons is concerned, these restrictions are as ineffective as they are arbitrary. A nineteenth-century Guy Fawkes provided with a modern explosive would not haunt subterranean passages or waste his time in Westminster Hall. As that blatant personage O'Donovan Rossa showed a couple of Sessions ago, there is no difficulty in obtaining a seat on the front bench of the Strangers' Gallery. Being there, O'Donovan Rossa was content to obtain cheap advertisement by flinging out a noisy protest upon the astonished heads of members. If he had meant business, he might, at his leisure, and with certain aim, have flung on the floor a bomb that would promptly and indefinitely have adjourned the sitting.

This contingency was ever present with the authorities during the scare. They attempted to guard against it by careful examination of anything that looked bulky about the person of a stranger. Even members carrying small black bags were objects of police suspicion. It was felt then, and the assurance remains, that the unassailable basis of safety of the House of Commons from murderous assault from the Strangers' Galleries is the invincible objection *Messieurs les assassins* have to linger within reach of the explosive at its supreme moment. They hanker after the slow match and the opportunity it provides of getting away to a safe distance before innocent and unsuspecting sojourners or passers-by are blown into eternity.

FORGOTTEN SENTRIES.

One of the quaintest relics of the scare exists out of public view in the back courtyard of the Houses of Parliament. The long length of this is bridged at various points by portions of the building. The habitual tendency of the dynamitards to place one of their infernal machines in a snug corner, under an arched building, pointed the police mind to these passages as being the very places where attempt to blow up the Houses of Parliament would be made. Accordingly, in the height of the panic, order was given that a policeman should be placed on duty at every archway, relief being so arranged that by night as well as by day the spot should be guarded. The edict has never been withdrawn, and into this peaceful Jubilee year, day and night, summer and winter, through the recess as through the Session, every archway of the Court Yard echoes to the tread of a puzzled policeman.

DRESS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Study of a collection of pictures and prints depicting the House of Commons in Session at various epochs of its history is, apart from the personalities, interesting as illustrating the changes in sartorial fashion. The House in Session in early spring was, to tell the truth, a very ordinary-looking assembly. Summer setting in with the severity of the last two years, the dull-toned benches blossom in summer array. Now is the coy cummerbund seen, and the white ducks of Cap'en Tommy Bowles flutter to and fro, imbuing the scene with a grateful touch of purity and innocence.

At its best and brightest, the House of Commons is, from the spectacular point of view, a poor thing compared with what it was in the time of Walpole, or even of Pitt. In the National Portrait Gallery there is a precious picture of the House, showing it at work in the Session of 1742. It is an engraving by Piné from a drawing from life by Gravelot. The scene is, of course, the old House of

Commons, with its chapel-like galleries, its candelabra pendant from the ceiling. Speaker Onslow is in the Chair, and the crowded audience is addressed by Sir Robert Walpole, who wears the blue ribbon of the Garter. All the members wear wigs, and are dressed in handsome frock-coats with high stocks. According to the custom common to gentlemen of England of the day, every man sports his sword. To-day the only armed man in the House of Commons is the Serjeant-at-Arms.

LORD TWEEDMOUTH AND THE NEW RIFLE.

The inflexibility of the rule against either members or strangers bringing weapons into the House incidentally adds to the long list of injustices to Ireland. It is an ancient privilege of the City of Dublin, that when in its corporate capacity it presents a petition to the House of Commons, the document is presented in person by the Lord Mayor, gowned and chained, accompanied by his sheriffs, his mace-bearer, and his sword-bearer. But before entering the House to stand at the bar with the Lord Mayor, the sword-bearer is obliged to deposit his lethal weapon with the door-keeper.

MR. MARJORIBANKS'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

Another instance where this rule, prohibiting the carrying of arms in the House, arbitrarily interfered with a peaceable procedure, is connected with one of the few speeches the present Lord Tweedmouth addressed to the House of Commons whilst he still sat in it as Mr. Marjoribanks. He had strong views in respect to a new magazine rifle. I forget precisely what direction they took. In order to do justice to their exposition, it was found necessary to turn the Whips' room into a sort of armoury. For several nights anyone entering, on whatever business, was pretty certain to find himself covered by a deadly barrel, along whose glistening level Mr. Marjoribanks's eye gleamed. He was merely explaining to someone else the bearings of the new rifle. It was startling at first. But when the caller, by the frequency of his visits, grew accustomed to it, it came to be regarded as quite a friendly reception.

Mr. Marjoribanks had looked forward to the advantage of a collection of the magazine rifles within reach of him as he stood at the table of the House delivering his lecture. The Speaker thought it would be interesting, but ruled it was irregular. So the rifles were left in the Whips' room.

IN PITT'S PARLIAMENT.

In Pitt's time swords were no longer worn in the House of Commons, though in other respects the dress of members is scarcely less picturesque. In the National Portrait Gallery there is a painting with a curious history, showing the House of Commons in Session in 1793. It is the work of a German artist, Karl Anton Hickel, who was fortunate in obtaining special sittings from prominent members. That such a picture was in existence long remained a tradition round Westminster. Diligent inquiry failed to get upon its track. It was ascertained that the artist on returning to his own country had taken his work with him.

MR. PITT.

*From Hickel's Picture of the House of Commons.*

It was the late Mr. Edward Stanhope who did the nation the service of capturing the prize. By diligent research he discovered that in the year after the Battle of Waterloo, the Emperor of Austria bought the picture from the heirs of the painter. It was carried to Vienna and subsided into a store-room. Earl Granville, at the time Foreign Secretary, took a warm interest in the matter, with the result that the Emperor of Austria graciously presented the picture to the National Portrait Gallery, where it now hangs—in somewhat of a vault it is true, but worth studying when the sun shines.

The scene is full of life and colour. William Pitt, in velvet coat and knee-breeches, with white silk stockings, is addressing the House, looking much less like Mr. Chamberlain than he does in his statue at Knowle, and in the less meritorious work of art in the corridor leading to the Lobby of the House of Commons. All the members are clean-shaven, powdered, and wigged. One on the Treasury Bench, immediately behind Mr. Pitt, is a colleague startlingly like Sir Frank Lockwood. With the exception of one or two members, who wear low, broad-brimmed felt hats, all are uncovered. *Per contra*, the Speaker wears the three-cornered hat, taken in hand in these days only for the purpose of counting the House.

VERY LIKE SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD.

At the corner seat below the gangway, inconveniently squeezed, is a figure which one would at first sight take to be the Chaplain, though what he is doing there, seated among members, is inexplicable. It is not the Chaplain, but the Master of the Rolls, arrayed in black gown and clerical bands. To-day the Master of the Rolls seated on that bench would be as much out of place as would be the Chaplain.

IN PEEL'S PARLIAMENT.

Another and better-known picture of the House of Commons, since it has longer been a national possession, is Sir George Hayter's view of the interior of the House during the morning of the Address to the Crown at the meeting of the first Reform Parliament on the 5th of February, 1833. In the serried ranks on the bench immediately behind his leader, Sir Robert Peel, is seated "the rising hope of the Conservative Party"—Mr. W. E. Gladstone, at the time in his twenty-fourth year, member for Newark. There is nothing about the face or figure that recalls the statesman we have known in recent years, the sole survivor of that now ghostly gathering.

The muster-roll contains some names familiar in Parliamentary history. Lord John Russell is on the Treasury Bench. Near him his esteemed colleague Lord Palmerston. Seated in various parts of the House are Sir Francis Burdett, Thomas Fowell Buxton, William Cobbett, John Evelyn Denison, afterwards Speaker; Sir James Graham, Grote, the historian; Gully, the sometime prize-fighter; Lord Althorpe, afterwards Earl Spencer; Lord Ashley, longer known as the Earl of Shaftesbury; the two Barings, who later severally became Lord Ashburton and Lord Northbrook; Cam Hobhouse, Jeffrey, of the *Edinburgh*; Henry Labouchere, who, unmindful of his nephew's later developed prejudices, became Lord Taunton; Macaulay, then sitting for Leeds; Daniel O'Connell, who in this Parliament preceded Lord Randolph Churchill in his preference for the corner seat below the gangway to the left of the Chair; John Arthur Roebuck, Lalor Shiel, Christopher Talbot, who only the other day, as it seemed, sat in the House of Commons with the proud title of its Father, now passed on to Mr. Villiers; Poulett Thompson, Sir Harry Verney, not long passed away, and John Walter, proprietor of the *Times*.

THE FASCINATION OF THE DIVISION LOBBY.

The average member of the House of Commons displays what the public are inclined to regard as disproportionate anxiety to figure in the division list. This ambition would be as intelligible as it is honourable if it were confined to important occasions, and was exercised in circumstances that made every vote tell. But whatever be the question, however local, even trivial, there is shown the same deathless determination to be in at the division.

Strangers in the Central Hall are occasionally surprised, even alarmed, to see

a file of gentlemen, some stout, many elderly, trotting at breathless speed over the space that divides the House of Lords from the Commons. They have been in the Lords listening to some important debate. There

"THE RUSH FOR THE DIVISIONS."

comes a messenger with news that a division is called. Instantly a stampede takes place. There is just time between the clearing of the House and the putting of the question a second time to cover the ground between the two Houses. There is perhaps upon the round earth no figure so pitiful, no face so distressed, as that of the member who, having made this, or other, dash for the division, finds the door closed even as he crosses the lobby. The looker-on would be inclined to think that for the country all was lost, even honour. If in remorse for his inability to avert calamity by his vote the disappointed member were straightway to repair to the Terrace and there shoot himself, no one would be surprised. Whereas the probability is that he does not even know upon what question the House is dividing, and if he has gathered so much information, he, not having been present through the debate, has not till he sees the Whips the slightest idea into which lobby he should go.

The explanation of the burning zeal, the over-mastering desire, is found in the fact that attendances upon the division lobby are carefully recorded, and at the end of the Session are tabulated, with the effect of showing more or less constant attendance on the part of members. In view of future contests in his constituency a member feels the desirability of building up a record whose official authority shall silence slander hinting at remissness of duty. With some members who cannot hope to reach the height of Mr. Gladstone's eloquence, or the position of Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Arthur Balfour, there is the laudable ambition of coming out at the end of the Session one of ten members who have been in the largest number of divisions. It comes to pass that the drudgery of an all-night sitting is gladly suffered, since in the course of it there may be opportunity of adding appreciably to the score of divisions.

A SMART TRICK.

If these remarks serve to impress the outsider with the high value set by members upon the opportunity of running up their division account, he will, at least partially, understand the alarm and indignation which followed upon discovery of a temporarily successful attempt at what may without disrespect be called rigging the market. Among the Standing Orders added in recent years is one whereby the Speaker or Chairman of Committees, deeming a demand for a division frivolous, may refuse to waste the time of the House in sending members round the lobbies. In such cases he calls upon members crying for the division to stand up in their places. The division lobby clerks are called in, the names of the small minority are taken down, and printed in the papers distributed on the following day.

For many Sessions this ordinance was passively operative. A fractious minority, knowing what was in store for them if they persisted, shrank from the ludicrous position of standing up like naughty boys whilst their names were taken down in presence of a jeering majority. This Session an ingenious mind discovered quite unexpected opportunities in Standing Order No. 30. He

observed that the names of the minority, printed in the Orders of the Day, were reckoned as if they had taken part in an ordinary division. This was worth double an average opportunity. Not only did the minority get a mark each in the table of divisions, but others of the majority, who might be pressing them close for precedence, were out of the running. The discovery was followed by an epidemic of frivolously claimed divisions within the meaning of the statute. Loyal Ministerialists, staying up late at night to back up the Government, sat in anguished impotence whilst some five or a dozen members opposite, frivolously claiming divisions, ran up their score three or four points in a single night.

"ANGUISHED IMPOTENCE."

After enduring this experience for what seemed an interminable period, an appeal was made to the Speaker, who, amid loud cheers, ruled that the practice, as far as it affected the division table, was an infringement of the spirit of the rule. Hereafter, the names of these minorities, though they will be taken down and printed, will not be included in the division list. This ruling was marked by a sudden and complete cessation of the practice of frivolously claiming divisions.

"CRUSHED AGAIN!"

A NEW HAT TRICK.

I hear a pretty story about a visit recently paid by Lord Charles Beresford to a Yorkshire town famed for its ironworks. The popular visitor was conducted over one of the largest foundries, among whose chief possessions is a massive Nasmyth hammer. After the mighty engine had performed a series of gigantic operations, Lord Charles was invited to place his hat beneath the hammer and see what would become of it.

The hat was a new one, selected for the special occasion. Lord Charles had seen chunks of iron battered out to the thickness of a threepenny-bit. But the commander of the *Condor*, the captain of the boat that went up the Nile and mended its boiler under a heavy fire, was not the man to flinch from the ordeal. He took off his hat and placed it under the hammer.

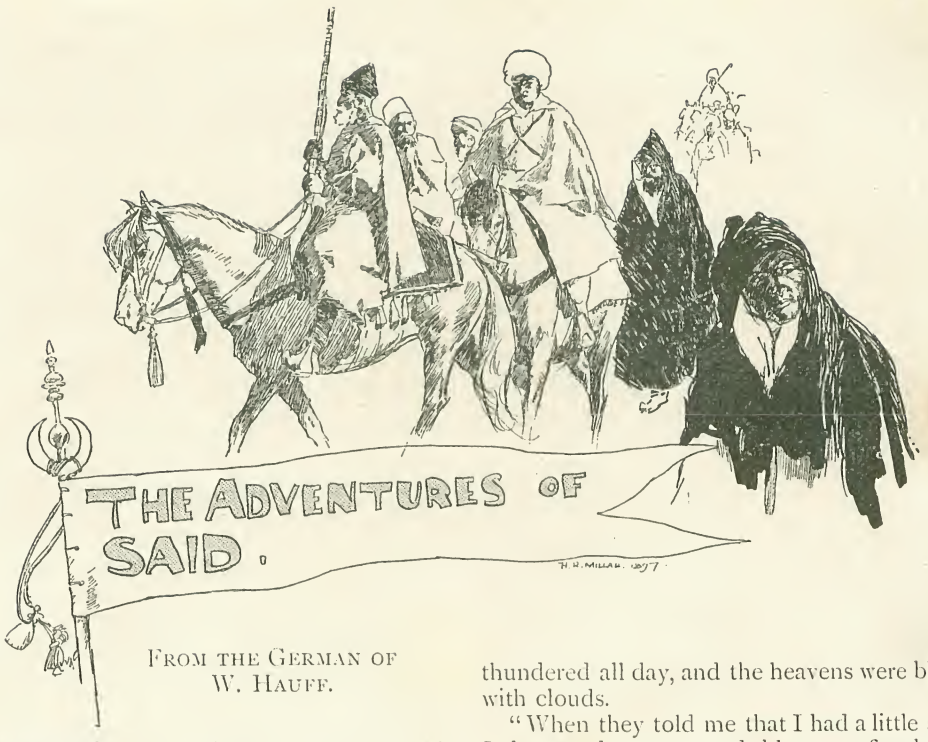
Down flashed the enormous weight, stopping short within a hair's-breadth of the roof of the hat. Lord Charles, with his child-like smile, resumed his prized possession.

Amongst the visitor's escort was a local member, a blatant person well known in the House of Commons and out of it.

"Most wonderful!" said Lord Charles, turning to the M.P.

"Oh! not at all," said he; "a mere nothing. They never fail. Now I'll try mine."

He placed his hat (not quite so glossy a specimen as Lord Charles's) under the hammer. At a given signal down it came, smashing the astonished hat much flatter than a pancake.




FROM THE GERMAN OF W. HAUFF.

IN the time of Haroun Al-Raschid, ruler of Bagdad, there lived in Balsora a man, Benezar by name. His means enabled him to live quietly and comfortably, without carrying on a business or trade; and when a son was born to him he made no change in his manner of living, "For," said he, "what will feed two, will feed three." Said, for so they called the boy, soon made a name for himself among his playmates as a lusty fighter, and was surpassed by none in riding or swimming.

When he was eighteen, his father sent him on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and before he started gave him much good advice, and provided him with money for his journey. Lastly he said:—

"There is something more I must tell you, my boy. I am not the man to believe that fairies and enchanters, whatever they may be, have any influence over the fate of mankind; that sort of nonsense is only good for whiling away the time; but your mother believed in them as firmly as in the Koran. She even told me, after making me swear never to reveal the secret except to her child, that she herself was under the protection of a fairy. I always laughed at her, but still I must confess that some very strange events happened at your birth. It rained and thundered all day, and the heavens were black with clouds.

"When they told me that I had a little son, I hastened to see and bless my first-born, but I found my wife's door shut, and all her attendants standing outside. I knocked, but with no result. While I was waiting there, the sky cleared, just over Balsora, although the lightning still flashed and writhed round the blue expanse. As I was gazing in astonishment at this spectacle, your mother's door flew open and I went in alone. On entering the room, I perceived a delicious odour of roses, carnations, and hyacinths. Your mother Zemira showed me a tiny silver whistle, that was hanging round your neck by a gold chain as fine as silk. 'This is the fairy's gift to our boy,' she said. 'Well,' I laughed, 'I think she might have given him something better than that—a purse of gold, for instance, or a horse.'

"But Zemira begged me not to anger the good fairy, for fear she might turn her blessing to a curse; so, to please her, the matter was never mentioned again till she was dying. Then she gave me the whistle, telling me never to part with you till you were twenty, when the whistle was to be yours. But I see no objection to your going away now. You have common-sense, and can defend yourself as well as any man of four-and-twenty. Go in peace, my son. Think ever of your father in good fortune or in ill, and may Heaven defend you from that last."

Said took an affectionate farewell of his father, and placing the chain round his neck, sprang lightly into his saddle, and went off to join the caravan for Mecca. At last they were all assembled, and Said rode gaily out of Balsora. Just at first the novelty of his position and surroundings occupied his thoughts, but as they drew near to the desert he began to consider his father's words. He drew out the whistle and put it to his lips, but, wonder of wonders, no matter how hard he blew, not a sound came out! This was disappointing, and Said impatiently thrust the whistle back into his girdle; still the marvellous had a strange attraction for him, and he spent the whole day in building his airy castles.

Said was a fine-looking fellow, with a distinguished face, and a bearing which, young as he was, marked him out as one born to command. Everyone was attracted to him, and especially was this the case with an elderly man, who rode near him. They entered into conversation, and it was not long before the mysterious power of fairies was mentioned.

"Do you believe in fairies?" asked Said, at last.

"Well," replied the other, stroking his beard thoughtfully, "I should not like to say that there are no such beings, although I have never seen one." And then he began to relate such wonderful stories, that Said felt that his mother's words must have been true, and when he went to sleep was transported to a veritable fairyland.

The next day the travellers were dismayed to see a band of robbers swooping down on them. All was confusion in an instant, and they had scarcely had time to place the women and children in the centre, when the Arabs were upon them. Bravely as the men acquitted themselves, all was in vain, for the robbers were more than four hundred strong. At this dreadful moment Said bethought him of his whistle; but, alas, it remained dumb as before, and poor Said, dropping it hastily, fired on a man, who seemed from his dress to be of some importance.

"What have you done?" cried the old man, who was fighting at his side. "There is no hope for us now."

And so, indeed, it seemed—for the robbers, maddened by the death of the man, pressed so closely on the youth that they broke down even his sturdy resistance. The others were soon overcome or slain, and Said found himself on horseback, bound and guarded by armed men. These treated him with roughness, and the only drop of comfort in his cup was that his old friend was riding near. You may be sure his thoughts were not very pleasant—slavery or death was all he had to look forward to.

After riding for some time, they saw in the far distance trees and tents, and in a short time they were met by bands of women and children, who had no sooner heard the news than they began to throw sticks and clods of earth at Said, shrieking, "That is the man who killed the great Almansor, bravest of men; he must die, and we will throw his body to the jackals."

They became so threatening that the bandits interfered, and, bearing off their prisoner, led him bound into one of the tents. Here was seated an old man, evidently the leader of the band. His head was bent.

"The weeping of the women has told me all—Almansor is dead," said he.

"Almansor is dead," answered the robbers, "oh, Mighty One of the Desert, but here is his murderer. Only speak the word. Shall his doom be to be shot, or to be hanged from the nearest tree?"

But the aged Selim questioned Said, and found that his son had been slain in fair fight. "He has done, then, no more than we ourselves should have done. Loose his bonds. The innocent shall not die," cried Selim, in his sternest tones, seeing his men's reluctance and discontent. As for Said, the very fulness of his heart closed his lips, and he could not find words in which to thank his deliverer. From this time he lived in Selim's tent, almost taking the place of that son whose death he had caused.

But sedition was rife among the robbers. Their beloved Prince had been murdered, and his murderer was shielded by the father! Many the execration hurled at Said as he walked in the camp; indeed, several attempts were made on his life. At length Selim perceived that soon even his influence would not be sufficient to guard the young man, and so he sent him away with an escort, saying that his ransom had been paid. But before they started he bound the robbers by a dreadful oath that they would not kill Said.

It was indeed a terrible ride! Said saw that his guides were performing their task with great reluctance, and soon they began to whisper together. He nerved himself to listen, and what he heard did not tend to reassure him.

"This is the very spot," said one. "I shall never forget it."

"And to think that his murderer still lives!"

"Ah! if his father had not made us take that oath!"

"Stay," cried the most forbidding-looking of all, "we have not sworn to bring this fellow to the end of his journey. We will leave him his life, but the scorching sun and the sharp teeth of the jackal shall perform our vengeance. Let us bind him and leave him here."

Said, hearing this brutal suggestion, made a desperate effort for his life. Spurring his horse, he rode off at full speed; but the bandits soon recovered from their amazement, and, giving chase, had him at their mercy. Tears, prayers, even bribes were of no avail, and the wretched Said was left to face death in its most painful form. Higher and higher mounted the sun, and Said tried to roll over to obtain some small relief. In doing this the whistle attracted his notice, and he contrived to get it between his lips, but for the third time it refused its office, and Said, overcome by the heat and the horror of his situation, fainted. After several hours he awoke to see, not the dreaded beast of prey, but a human being.

"AFTER SEVERAL HOURS HE AWOKE."

This was a little man, with small eyes and a long beard, who informed Said, when the latter had somewhat recovered, that he was Kalum Bek, a merchant, and that he was on a business expedition when he found him lying half dead in the sand. Said thanked the little man, and gratefully accepted a seat on his camel. As they were journeying the merchant related many stories in praise of the justice and acuteness of the Father of the Faithful.

"My cousin Messour," he said, "is his Lord Chamberlain, and he has often told me how the Caliph is wont to sally forth at night, attended by himself alone, to see how his people are cared for. And so, when we go about the streets at night, we have to be polite to every idiot we meet, for it is as likely to be the Caliph as some dog of an Arab from the desert."

Hearing such accounts as these, Said thought himself a lucky fellow to have the chance of seeing Bagdad and the renowned Al-Raschid. When they arrived in the city, Kalum invited Said to accompany him home. The next day the youth had just dressed himself in his most magnificent clothes, thinking of the sensation he would cause, when the merchant entered, and, looking at him scornfully, said: "That is all very fine, my young sir, but it seems to me you are a great dreamer. Have you the money to keep up that style?"

"It is true, sir," said Said, blushing, "that I have no money; but perhaps you will be kind enough to lend me sufficient to travel home with, for my father is sure to repay you."

"Your father, boy," laughed the merchant. "I really think the sun must have affected your brain. You don't suppose, do you, that I believe the fable you made up for my benefit? I know all the rich men in Balsora, but no Benezar. Besides, do you think the disappearance of a whole caravan would pass

unnoticed? And then, you bare-faced liar, that story about Selim! Why, that man is noted for his cruelty; and do you mean to tell me that he allowed the murderer of his son to go free—and that, too, without ransom? Oh, you shameless liar!"

"Indeed, I have spoken the truth," cried Said. "I have no proof of my words, and can only swear to you that I have spoken no falsehood. If you will not help me, then I must appeal to the Caliph."

"Really!" scoffed the little man; "you will beg, then, from no less exalted a person than our gracious Ruler! Just consider that the Caliph can only be approached through my cousin Messour, and that with a word I could——But I pity your youth. You are not too old yet for reformation. You shall serve in my shop for a year, and then, if you wish to leave me, I will pay you your wages, and let you go whither you will. I give you till midday to think over it. If you refuse, I will seize your clothes and possessions to pay myself for your passage, and throw you on the streets."

Said was indeed in difficulties; bad luck seemed to press upon him at every turn. There was no escaping from the room, for the windows were barred and the door locked. After cudgelling his brains for some time, he saw that he must submit to the indignity imposed upon him by the villainous little man, and so the next day he followed him to the shop in the bazaar. His duty was to stand (his gallant attire a thing of the past) in the doorway, a veil or a shawl in either hand, and cry his wares to the passers-by.

Said soon saw why Kalum had been so anxious to retain him as a servant. No one wished to do business with the hateful old man, but when the salesman was a handsome youth it was a different matter altogether. One especially busy day all the porters were employed, when an elderly lady entered, and made some purchases. After she had bought all she wanted, she demanded someone to carry her parcels home for her. In vain did the merchant promise to send them in half an hour—she would have them then or never; and her eye falling on Said, she wanted to know why he should not accompany her. After much remonstrance Kalum had to give in, and Said found himself following in the wake of the lady, who stopped at last before a magnificent house. She knocked and they were admitted, and after mounting a wide marble staircase, Said found himself in a lofty hall, far grander than he had ever seen before. Here he was relieved of his burden, and was just going out at the door, when:—

"Said," cried a sweet voice behind him. He turned round quickly, and saw to his amazement a daintily beautiful lady surrounded by attendants, instead of the old lady he had followed.

"Said, my dear boy," she said, "it is a great misfortune that you left Balsora before

"A DAINTILY BEAUTIFUL LADY."

you were twenty; but here in Bagdad there is some chance for you. Have you still your little whistle?"

"Indeed, I have," he cried, gladly; "perhaps you are the kindly fairy who befriended my mother?"

"Yes, and as long as you are good I will help you. But, alas! I cannot even deliver you from that wretch, Kalum Bek, for he is protected by your most powerful enemy."

"But can we do nothing? Can I not go to the Caliph? He is a just man and will help me."

"Haroun is indeed just, but he is greatly influenced by Messour, who, a model of uprightness himself, has been already primed by Kalum with his version of your story. But there are other ways of getting at the Caliph, and it is written in the stars that you will obtain his favour."

"I am to be pitied if I have to stay much longer with that rascal of a shopkeeper. But there is one favour I beg of you, most gracious of fairies. Jousts are held every week, but only for the freeborn. Couldn't you manage to give me equipments, and make my face so that no one would know me?"

"That is a wish worthy of a brave man, and I will grant it. Come here each week, and you will find everything you want. And now, farewell. Be cautious and virtuous. In six months your whistle will sound, and Zulima will answer its appeal."

Said took leave of his protectress, and, taking note of the position of the house, made his way back to the shop. He arrived there in the very nick of time, for Kalum was surrounded by a crowd of jeering neighbours, and was literally dancing with rage. This was what had happened. Two men had asked the merchant if he could direct them to the shop of the handsome salesman.

"Well! well!" said the old man, smiling, "Heaven has guided you to the right place this time. What do you want, a shawl or a veil?"

This to the men seemed nothing short of insolence, and they fell upon him tooth and nail, the neighbours refusing to help the old skinflint. But Said, seeing his master in such distress, strode to the rescue, and one of the assailants soon found himself on the ground. Under the influence of his flashing eyes the crowd soon melted away, for violence on the wrong side was not to their taste.

"Oh, you prince of shopmen, that is what I call interfering to some purpose! Didn't he lie on the ground as if he had never used his legs? I should have lost my beard for ever if you had not come up. How shall I reward you?"

Said had only acted upon the impulse of the moment; indeed, he now felt rather sorry that he had deprived the scoundrel of a well-deserved thrashing. He seized the opportunity, however, and asked for an evening a week in which to take a walk. This was granted him, and the next Wednesday he set out for the fairy's house. Here he found everything as Zulima had promised. First the servants gave him a wash, which changed him from a stripling to a black-bearded man, whose face was bronzed by exposure to the sun. Then he was led into a second room, where he saw a dress that would not have been put to shame by the State robes of the Caliph. He hastily donned this, and, magnificently equipped, descended the stairs. As he reached the door, a servant handed him a silk handkerchief with which to wipe his face when he wished to rid himself of his disguise. In the court were standing three horses; two were ridden by squires, but the most magnificent was for his own use. When Said arrived on the plain set apart for the jousts, all eyes turned on him, and curiosity was rife as to who the unknown knight could be; that he was distinguished and of high family none doubted.

When Said entered the lists he gave his name as Almansor of Cairo, and said that he had come to Bagdad because of the fame of the youths of that city. The sides were chosen, and the opposing parties charged. Said's horse was as swift as an eagle, and his prowess with the sword was so great that even the bravest shunned meeting him, and the Caliph's brother, who had been on his side, challenged him to single combat. The two fought, but were so equal that the contest had to be postponed till the next meeting. On the following day all Bagdad was ringing with the praises of the gallant young knight; and little did the people guess that he was then serving in a shop in the bazaar.

At the next tournament Said carried all before him, and received from the Caliph a golden medallion hanging from a gold chain. This aroused the envy of the other youths. Was a stranger to come to Bagdad and rob them of their honour? Said noticed the signs of discontent, and observed that all viewed him askance, except the brother and son of the Caliph. By a strange chance the one most bitter against him was the man he

"THE TWO FOUGHT."

had knocked down before Kalum Bek's shop. Led by this man, the others made a sudden attack on Said, who must have fallen if the Royal combatants had not rushed to his aid.

For more than four months he continued to fight in the lists, but one night as he was going home he noticed four men who were walking slowly before him. To his astonishment, he found they were speaking in the dialect used by Selim's band. He suspected that they were after no good, and so he crept nearer to hear what they were saying.

"He will be in the street to the right of the bazaar to-night, attended by the Grand Vizier," said one.

"That is good," answered the other; "there is no fear of the Grand Vizier, but I am not so sure of the Caliph—there might be some of his guard near."

"No, there won't," broke in a third; "he is always alone at night."

"I think it would be best to throw a lasso over his head," said the first.

"Very well, an hour after midnight"; and with these words they separated.

"Well, I have discovered a pretty plot," thought Said, and his first idea was to go at once to the Caliph, but he remembered how Kalum had maligned him to Messour, and stopped. No, the only way was for him to defend the Caliph in person. Accordingly, when night came on, he betook himself to the appointed street, and waited to see what was going to happen. Soon the men came and concealed themselves in different parts of the street. All was quiet for half an hour, and at the end of that time one of the robbers gave a sign, for the Caliph was in sight. With one accord the band rushed upon him, but Said rose from his hiding-place, and laid about him with such hearty goodwill that they were soon glad to take to their heels with all speed.

"My rescue," said the Caliph, "is no less wonderful than the attack made upon me. How did you know who I was? How did you get to know of the plot?"

Said then told how he had followed the men, and, hearing their plans, determined to frustrate their villainous intention.

"Receive my thanks," said the Caliph, "and accept this ring. Present it to-morrow at the Palace, and we will see what can be done for you."

The Vizier, too, gave him a ring, together with a heavy purse.

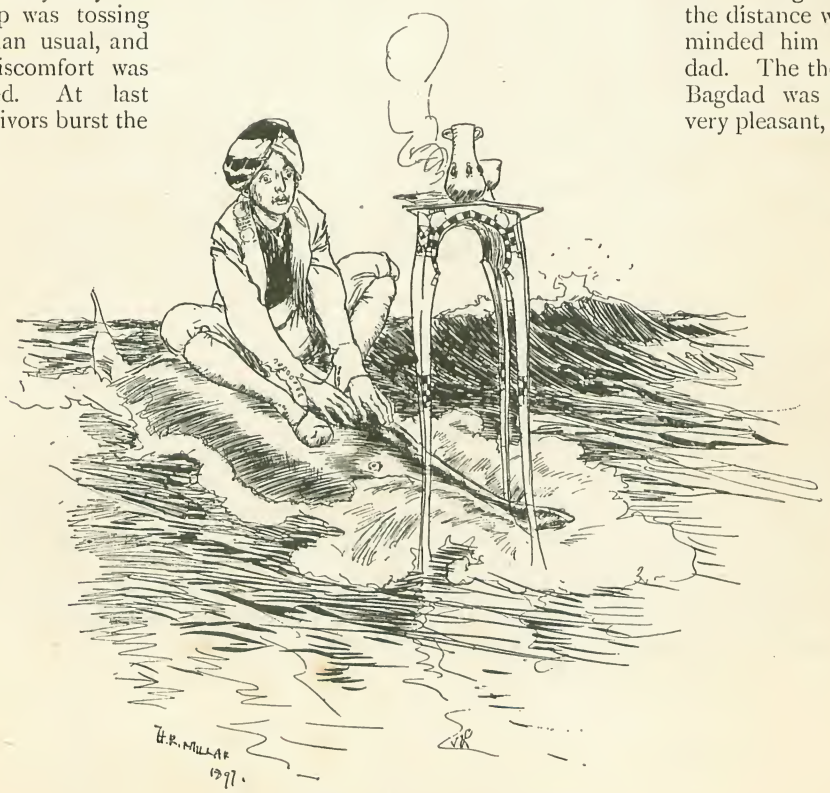
Mad with joy, Said hurried home, but here Kalum was awaiting him, anxious lest he should have lost his handsome servant. The little man raved at Said, but the latter had seen that his purse was full of money, and told him flatly that he would stay there no longer. He strode out at the door, leaving Kalum staring after him in open-mouthed astonishment. The next morning the merchant set the police on his track, and they brought him word that his quondam servant, dressed in a most magnificent fashion, was just setting out with a caravan.

"He has stolen money from me, the thief!" Kalum shrieked, and ordered the constable

to arrest Said. As Kalum was known to be related to Messour, his commands were promptly attended to, and poor Said found himself condemned, unheard, as having stolen the purse from his master. He was sentenced to life-long banishment on a desert island, and all his protestations of innocence were of no avail. The poor fellow was in despair, and even the stony-hearted merchant put in a plea for him. He was thrown into a filthy dungeon, together with nineteen others. He comforted himself with the thought that his life would be more endurable on board ship, but here he was mistaken. The atmosphere was foul, and the men fought like wild beasts for the best places. Food and water were handed out to them once a day, and at the same time the men who had died were hauled out.

A fortnight was passed in this misery, but one day they felt the ship was tossing more than usual, and their discomfort was increased. At last the survivors burst the hatches open, but to their despair they saw that the ship had been deserted by all the crew. The storm raged even more wildly, the ship rocked and settled deeper in the water. At last it went to pieces, and Said managed to cling to the mast. After he had floated for about half an hour, he suddenly remembered his whistle. It still hung round his neck, and holding on well with one hand to the mast, he put it to his mouth, and this time it did not fail him. At the sound of the clear, sweet note, the storm ceased as if by magic, and the sea became like glass, and, what was more wonderful still, the mast by which Said was supported was changed into a huge dolphin, to his no small terror. But he soon found there was no need for him to be afraid, for the fish bore him as swiftly as an arrow through the water.

After some time Said, remembering tales of enchanters, drew out his whistle, and, blowing a shrill blast, wished for a meal. At once a table rose from the depths of the sea, and Said enjoyed the much-needed refreshment. The sun was just sinking, when he saw a large town in the distance which reminded him of Bagdad. The thought of Bagdad was not so very pleasant, but still he trusted that the fairy, who had guarded him so far, would not let him fall into the hands of Kalum Bek. As he drew nearer he noticed a large house on the bank of the river, the roof of which was crowded with men, who were all gazing in astonishment at himself. No




"A TABLE ROSE FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA."

sooner had Said set foot on the land, than the fish vanished, and at the same time the servants appeared to lead him before their master. On the roof were standing three men, who questioned him in a friendly way. Said at once began to relate his story, from the time when he left Balsora, and his listeners declared that they believed him; still, they asked if he could produce the golden chain and the rings of which he had spoken.

"Here they are," said Said. "I determined not to part with them while I had life to defend them."

"By the beard of the Prophet, this is my ring, Grand Vizier—our deliverer stands before us!"

Said was overcome by finding in whose presence he was, and flung himself at the Caliph's feet. But Haroun raised him, and overwhelmed him with praise and thanks. Nothing would do but that Said must return with them to the palace, where they would conceive some plan to bring the merchant Kalum to book. On the next day Kalum himself begged for admittance to the presence of Haroun. A dispute had arisen between himself and a man of Balsora, and he asked for judgment.

"I will hear him," said the Caliph. "Said," turning to the youth as the servant left the room, "this is no other than your father. Do you hide behind that curtain, and you, Grand Vizier, fetch the magistrate who condemned Said."

In a short time Kalum entered, accompanied by Benezar, and, after the Caliph had mounted his throne, began his complaint.

"I was standing at my door a few days ago, when this man Benezar came down the street, offering a purse of gold for news of Said. I at once claimed the money, and told him how his son, for so I found him to be, had suffered the penalty for stealing a purse from me. Then the madman demanded his money back, and wanted to make me responsible for his rascal of a son."

"Bring the magistrate who condemned the youth," commanded Haroun. He was produced as if by magic. After much questioning, the justice confessed that no witness had been brought forward except the purse.

"Why," shouted the Grand Vizier, "that is my purse, you scoundrel, and I gave it to the gallant youth who saved me."

"Then," thundered the Caliph, "you swore falsely, Kalum Bek. What was done to Said?"

"I sent him to a desert island," stammered the magistrate.

"Oh, Said, my son, my son!" wept the unhappy father.

"Stand forth, Said," said the Caliph.

Confronted by this apparition, Kalum and the justice flung themselves on their knees, crying, "Mercy! mercy!"

"Did you have mercy on the misfortunes of this unhappy boy? You, my best of judges, shall retire to a desert island, so that you may have an opportunity of studying justice. But, Kalum Bek, what am I to say to you? You shall pay Said for all the time he has served you, and," as Kalum was beginning to congratulate himself on coming so well out of the business, "for the perjury you shall receive a hundred strokes on the soles of your feet. Take the men away and carry out their sentence."

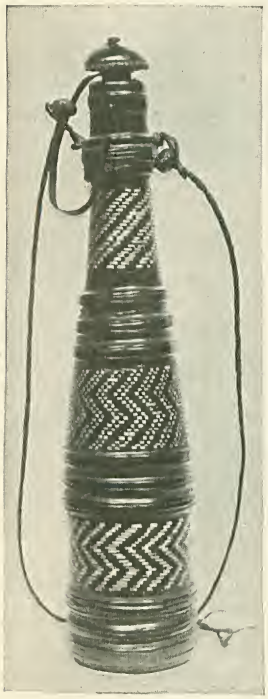
The wretched beings were led away, and the Caliph took Said and his father into another apartment. Here their conversation was interrupted by the yells of Kalum, who was undergoing punishment in the court outside. The Caliph invited Benezar to bring his goods and settle in Bagdad. He gladly consented, and Said spent his life in the palace built for him by the grateful Caliph—indeed, the proverb ran in Bagdad, "May I be as good and fortunate as Said, the son of Benezar."

# *Curiosities.*

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

QUEER FATE OF A GLASS WINE-BOTTLE.

Common glass bottles are evidently acquisitions of considerable value in the estimation of the natives of West Africa—at any rate, judging from the careful and ingenious manner in which the accompanying specimen has been protected and decorated. This is a photograph of an ordinary pint hock-bottle, which had probably been thrown away by some white men and eagerly pounced upon by a native, who (and the whole country-side agreed with him) considered he had lighted upon a real treasure. This bottle was covered in a very tasteful manner with hide and plaited strips of vari-coloured cane, the latter being worked into a zig-zag pattern in panels from top to bottom. Even the cork did not fail to receive attention, for it, too, was covered with hide and coloured a brilliant red. The bottle was afterwards used as a water-vessel by a powerful chief.



WATERFALL OF EXTRAORDINARY FORM.

"The accompanying photo.," writes Mr. Albert L. Tyles, of 28, Albany Road, Stroud Green, N., "is a great curiosity owing to the form which the water of the fall takes. It is a perfect representation of a stately, long-bearded old man, clothed in a flowing robe, and with a crown and sceptre. It is one of the waterfalls of the Lakes, 'Scale Force.' The form is perfectly natural. I did not notice it until after the photo. was developed."

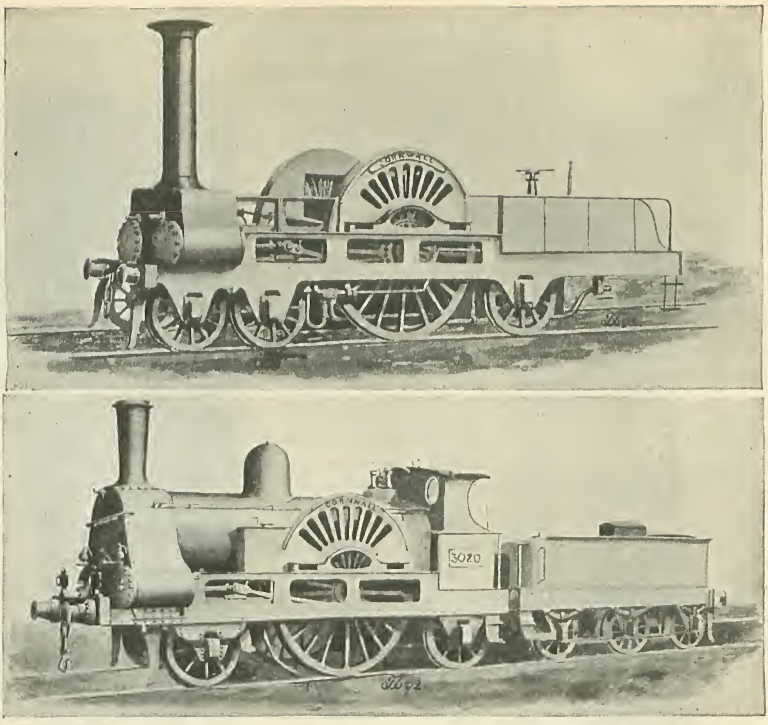
NARROW ESCAPE OF A MOUSE.

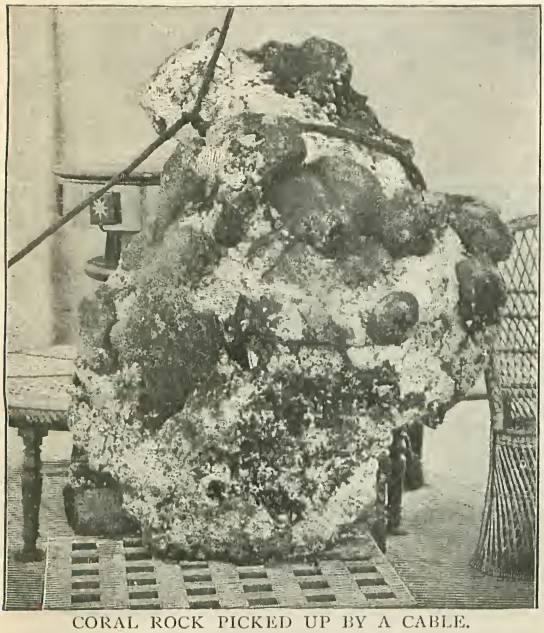
Mr. Chas. Hy. Heskins, of 94, Blenheim Road, Reading, was good enough to send in this extremely curious and interesting photo. The kettle, it seems, was a disused one, and stood for a long time on a shelf with the lid partly off, much as we see in the photo. One night the mouse got in, possibly in the hope of finding some stray crusts. Why the little animal should take it into his head to leave the inhospitable kettle by the spout is not known, but he did, with the result portrayed in the photo. His head got through all right, and two pathetic little paws; but "the force of Nature could no farther go," and poor mousie stuck fast. Next morning someone took the kettle in hand, and "assisted" the mouse's hindquarters with a stick of wood, with the result that he emerged slowly and stiffly, and was finally allowed to hobble painfully away. Truly, a *narrow* escape in more senses than one!

*From a Photo. by Dann & Co., Reading.*

A MUCH-ALTERED EXPRESS ENGINE.

This year the fine old engine here shown celebrates its Jubilee—fifty years of active service on the L. & N. W. Railway. The "Cornwall" began its career as we see it in the first illustration, and having kept pace, so to speak, with every improvement in up-to-date engineering, it gradually became metamorphosed into the elegant engine seen in the second picture. Very rare indeed is it for an express passenger-engine to survive half a century of active work, and then to be—like "Charley's Aunt"—"still running." The locomotive was built by Trevithick in 1847. It had an 8ft. 6in. driving-wheel, beneath whose axle the boiler was placed so as to keep the centre of gravity as low as possible. The engine may now be seen daily hauling the expresses between Manchester and Liverpool. (Sent in by Mr. H. B. Pilkington, 60, Talbot Street, Southport.)





CORAL ROCK PICKED UP BY A CABLE.

Major Alex. Wood, managing director of the Western and Brazilian Telegraph Company, kindly lent us this photo. It shows an immense mass of coral picked up by the company's cable on June 5th, 1877, whilst the Pernambuco—Bahia section was being repaired. The depth of water was twenty-seven fathoms, and the weight of the coral 1,082lb.

A REMARKABLE INK-BLOT.

It is to Mr. R. Howard-Smith, of 18, Wolseley Road, Crouch End, that we are indebted for this interesting curiosity. "This little square of paper," he writes, "was rescued from beneath the ink-bottle in our ink-stand. Careless jolting had somehow resulted in a passing fair image, which would do credit to the practised hand of a silhouette artist. Not a touch has embellished the picture. Is it a boy or a girl?"

*From a Photo. by Wallis & Co., Burnley.*

A HERO WHO SAVED THE QUEEN'S LIFE.

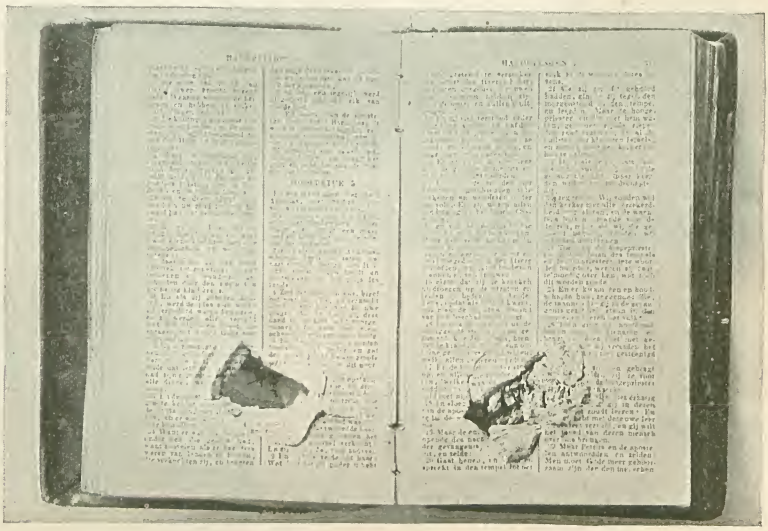
This is Mr. James Burnside, of 11, Ormerod Road, Burnley, Lancs, and here is his own account of the startling incident: "On March 2nd, 1882, I was at Windsor Station waiting to see the arrival of Her Majesty the Queen. I stood chatting near the booking-office door when I heard a loud report. I saw a man within the barrier with a smoking pistol pointing straight at the advancing Royal carriage. The excitement was terrific. . . . . How I managed to reach the assassin is utterly beyond me to relate. With one hand I seized the arm that held the revolver, and with the other I grasped the man's coat-collar. Then came the supreme moment of danger to the Queen. Her carriage was upon us, and the lunatic, Maclean, was struggling madly to raise his arm to fire. Suddenly my strength returned, and I forced his arm down to my own leg, and the peril was over."

CURIOUS ACCIDENT TO A BALLOON.

The Humboldt, a huge balloon belonging to the Society for the Cultivation of Aeronautics, was intended to ascend from the grounds of the Imperial Physico-Technical Institution, Charlottenburg, Germany. In its ascent it was forced towards a tall chimney and caught by the lightning-rod, which rent its fabric badly. This curious incident was very successfully photographed by Mr. C. P. Goerz, of Berlin-Schöneberg, with his Anschütz apparatus. The rent notwithstanding, the balloon kept afloat for nine hours, going from Charlottenburg to Annaberg, in Saxony. The lightning-rod of the shaft was much twisted by the strange collision.

THE BIBLE AS A CUIRASS.

Photo. sent in by Mr. E. B. Cooper, Box 23, Middelburg, Transvaal. A party of Boers was out scouting during the Zoutpansberg troubles in 1894. Suddenly the men were fired upon by Kaffirs. One bullet struck the foremost Boer, went through his head, and then struck his comrade. The latter had in his pocket this small Dutch Bible. The bullet pierced the Sacred Book and then lodged in the Boer's stomach, carrying with it fragments of the Bible. It was, however, successfully extracted, and the farmer is now well and strong again, his life having been saved by his Bible.



*From a Photo. by J. K. Barraud.*

### A FAMILY IN A SILVER PUNCH-BOWL.

These are the children of the Marquis and Marchioness of Granby. They are Lady Victoria Manners, born in 1883; Lord Haddon, born in 1885, and who died a short time ago; Lord John, born in 1886; and Lady Violet Catherine, born in 1888. The children were photographed in the enormous silver punch-bowl, which holds fifty-two gallons, and is one of the most interesting curiosities at Belvoir Castle, the Duke of Rutland's (their grandfather's) splendid seat. This superb piece of plate contains 1,980oz. of silver, and cost £500. The handles are in the form of a peacock, and the bowl rests on four very massive eagles' claws. The bowl is usually to be seen on a marble sideboard in the great dining-room at Belvoir. This very interesting photo. belongs to Miss Gardiner, of 5, Chaucer Mansions, Queen's Club Gardens, West Kensington, W.

*Photo. by F. W. Broadhead, Leicester.*

*Photo. by Billinghurst, Uxbridge.*

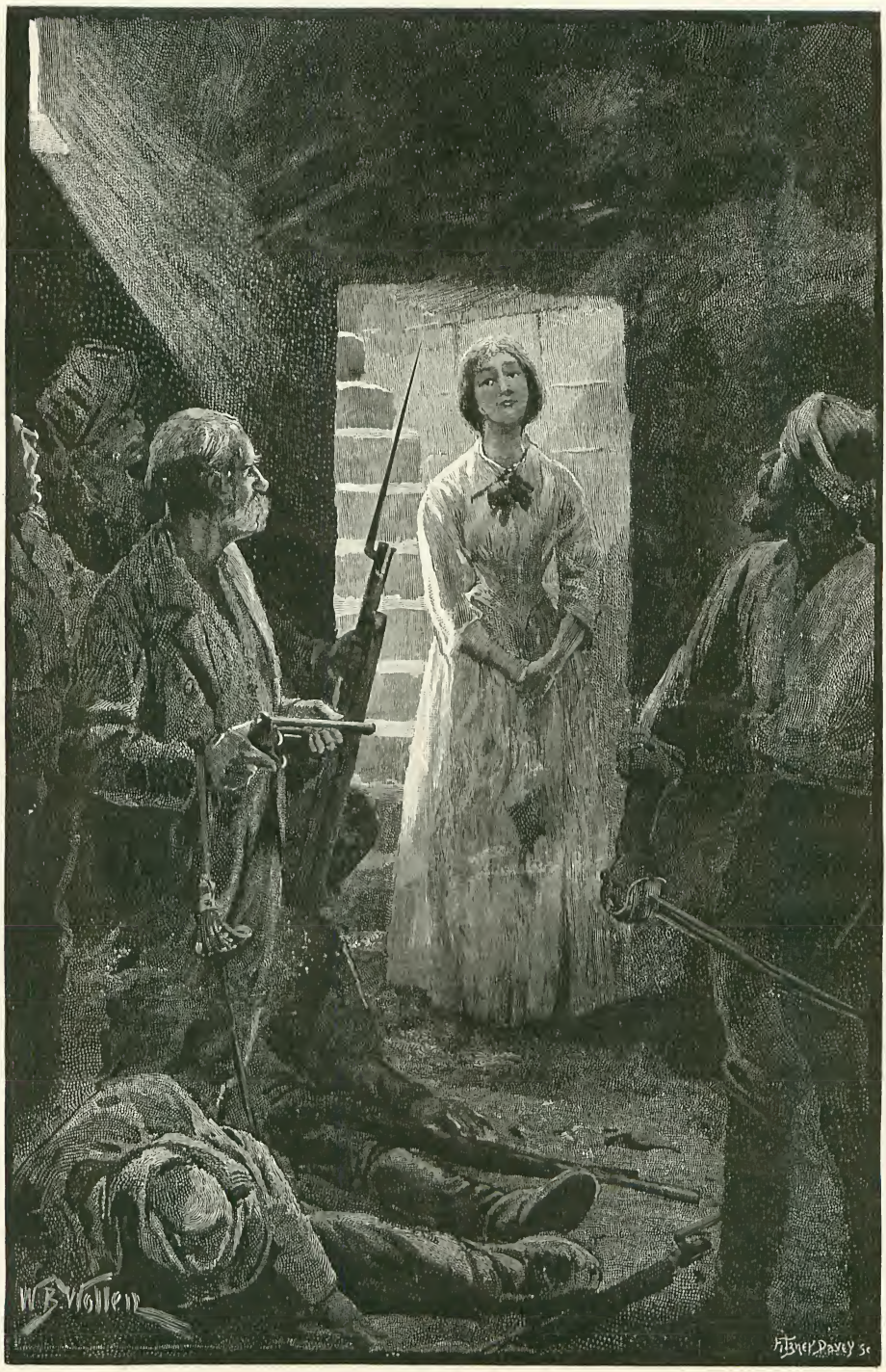
### WONDERFUL WORK BY AN OLD LADY.

We are indebted for this curiosity to Mr. H. Morten, of 28, High Street, Uxbridge. "The work," he says, "is an example of patient industry. It is entirely composed of shells of various colours, and is mounted in a box frame with a glass front. It was made by Mrs. Sara Morten, of Amersham, Bucks, at the beginning of the century. Special interest attaches to the specimen from the fact that the old lady was verging on ninety when she arranged the shells, and she worked entirely without the aid of spectacles."

### THE BIGGEST POTATO ON RECORD.

Grown by Mr. J. B. Swan, of Loveland, Col. Weight, 86lb. 10oz. We take the following from the back of the original photo.: "The *Loveland Reporter* — 'The Only Strictly Truthful Paper in Colorado'—under date of February 7th, 1895, said: This mammoth potato was shown in the *Reporter* office for awhile, and we measured it. It was 28in. in length and 14in. across."

*Photo. by A. H. Talbot, Loveland, Col.*




"'I AM QUITE READY, MAJOR,' SHE SAID, SIMPLY."

(*See page* 128.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xiv. AUGUST, 1897. No. 80.

# *His First Love.*

By A. Blair Lees.

THEY were sitting over their wine in Bryce's luxurious chambers — a party of men whom business or pleasure had kept in town during the festive season, or who had not had sufficient inducements offered them to quit it. Bryce was laying down the law concerning The Flirting Woman in his own peculiar, dogmatic way.

"A woman who flirts," he announced, in a tone of absolute finality, "a woman who deliberately plays with a man's heart for her own amusement is capable of anything — *anything!* from pocket-picking to murder."

The men seated round the table exchanged covert smiles. It was a joke of old standing amongst them that Bryce had been jilted by his first and only love—hence this particular bee in his bonnet, his confirmed bachelorhood, and unchivalrous attitude towards the fairer half of creation. Gordon, a slim young barrister, took up the cudgels on behalf of the sex.

"Granted"—he said, with an engaging drawl—"that a woman has no more right to tamper with a man's heart than with his banking account—but you would never get the dear creature to understand the principle of the thing. Scores of women, who wouldn't stoop to wrong you of a halfpenny, would break your heart without compunction out of sheer fun and kittenish perversity."

Bryce shot a glance at the speaker—his dark eyes flashing with the vindictive bitterness that the subject always roused in him.

"I say," he reiterated, with harsh emphasis, "that a deliberate flirt is capable of *anything*."

"Yaas, dear fellow!" drawled Gordon, sweetly, "we all heard you. Only — you can't prove it."

"I SAY THAT A DELIBERATE FLIRT IS CAPABLE OF ANYTHING."

"Can't?"

"No. You assume, what is manifestly unfair, that a woman who is guilty of one trifling weakness is capable of all—is, in fact, utterly unprincipled. You can't make it good! How would you stand yourself, judged by the same slap-dash rule? And they do say, don't they, that flirting girls make the best wives?"

"Would you care to run the risk?" asked his host, with a grim laugh.

Gordon shrugged his shoulders. "In my humble opinion," he said, lightly, "the risk is inevitable—the results, a matter of degree."

A general laugh followed this precocious statement.

"What do *you* say, Ives?" demanded Bryce, of a silent, keen-eyed man. "You are acquainted with the Indian variety of the tribe—you ought to know a little about the subject."

Ives shook his head. "I'm no judge!" he said, diffidently. "I have been up-country too long, and flirtation is a lost art in the remote stations—men can't very well flirt with each other. My principal experience of our fair exports was during the Mutiny; and that is not exactly an honest test, you will agree."

"Why not?" sneered Bryce.

Ives looked at him a little curiously before replying. "You men who sit at home at ease," he remarked, quietly, "rarely seem to grasp the intense gruesomeness of fighting! Flirtation never stands that fiery ordeal. Love, real love, the genuine article, thrives and blossoms under the strangest conditions and in the grimmest scenes—its counterfeits wither at the first breath of a hostile cannon. Did you ever picture your ideal flirt—the woman with no good in her—in a beleaguered fort, among the unspeakable horrors of a siege—where the enemy's shells keep crashing through the walls in quite unexpected places, and the groans of wounded and dying men are the least alarming sounds? I thought not. I could tell you a story of a flirt I knew," he went on, twirling the stem of his wine-glass round and round between his fingers. "It may interest you. I don't think it will bore you. Did any of you know Jack Reeves?"

A subdued murmur of assent passed round. Jack Reeves was dead. Ives's eyes were on his glass, and he did not see the dark, painful flush that crept slowly over his host's face, nor the ashen pallor that succeeded it.

"You know how he died, of course?"

"We heard," said one of the men, with a slight effort, "that he and his wife were killed at the taking of some out-of-the-way fort by the rebels. It was a most deplorable affair."

"It was. I was in it."

"You?" exclaimed Gordon. "It was reported that every one of the defenders was killed!"

"I daresay. It was not always easy to make out accurate reports just then—survivors had a disorderly knack of turning up, wounded and half-starved, after the despatches had been sent home. I ought to have been killed, no doubt, but I was knocked over in the thick of the last struggle, and fairly buried beneath a pile of rebel corpses. That saved me, I believe. The relief party we had been waiting for arrived on the scene half an hour too late. They routed the mutineers, and paid the last tribute of respect to their dead friends, and the men who meant to bury me brought me round again, instead. But enough of that!—it is not an experience to linger over.

"We were quite a nice little party at Jussulpur before the row broke out. I was down on a visit to Jack. He had been home on furlough the year before, and brought a wife back with him. She was the most desperate flirt I ever met. Not one of those sparkling, piquant little creatures whom one instinctively expects to have some fun with, but 'a daughter of the gods, divinely fair.' A calm, statuesque beauty, with an oval face, grandly chiselled features, a perfect mouth, and wonderful, luminous grey eyes.

"Old Major Gardner, who was in command of the garrison, hated the sight of her. I soon found out why. She never descended to frivolity, or let men render her conspicuous by their attentions, but she would listen by the hour while a man poured out his home-sickness, his ambitions, his lofty aspirations, his yearnings after the ideal and any other beautiful sentiment he happened to possess; and she would witch the heart out of him with the subtle, exquisite sympathy that lurked in her marvellous eyes, and in the curves of her wistful, perfect lips. And then, some day, the unlucky wretch would lose his head, and she—she would lift her delicate eyebrows incredulously and freeze him into nothingness.

"Then the crash came. I won't bore you by going into that—it is ancient history by now; but I should like to tell you how that woman died. For five weeks we held the tiny fort against a horde of rebels, and our slender garrison thinned daily.

"The mutineers knew their business thoroughly—thanks to our careful training! They planted their batteries on the roofs of neighbouring houses, and kept up a deadly fire on the fort. The havoc their shells wrought was frightful. Strong men were killed at their posts. Poor wretches who lay moaning in the 'hospital room' were hurled into eternity, together with the ministering women who bent over them, and the bodies were hastily buried in the compound, after dark. Day

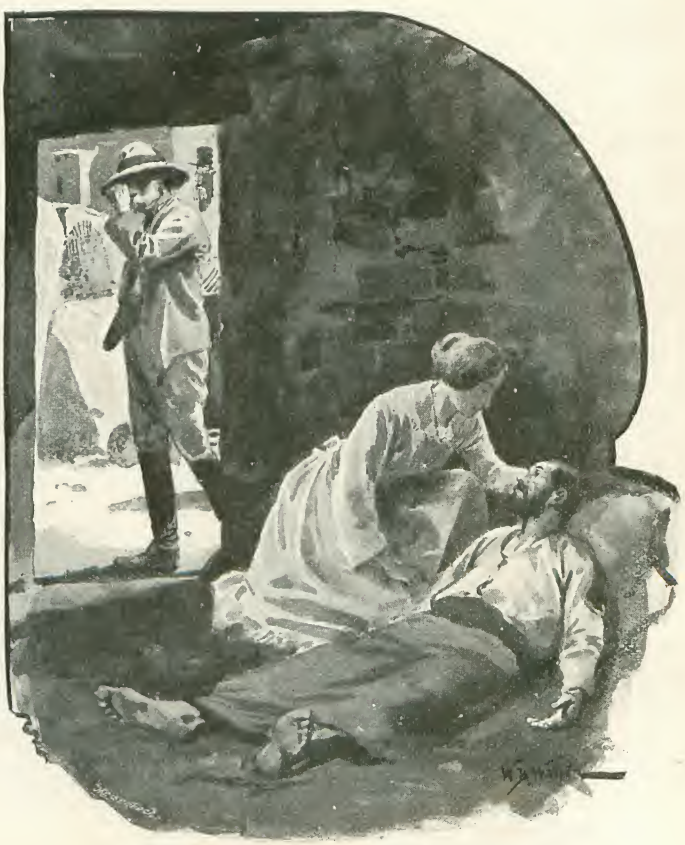
by day our ranks thinned, and the situation became, if possible, more serious. We had got a messenger sent off to the nearest station for assistance, but we neither knew whether he had got safely through the enemy's lines, nor whether he had found the other forts in the same plight as our own.

"It was a hideous experience. And through all the horror and carnage Mrs. Reeves passed calmly and serenely — like some fair star shining amid black clouds. In that terrible crisis, with that awful, palpable shadow of death hanging over us, all the falser side of her nature seemed to slip away from her like an ugly mask—leaving only what was good, and womanly, and true. Nothing daunted her, nothing sickened her. She went to and fro among the men, looking after their comfort, cheering the despondent; always brave and hopeful herself, and infecting others with her own brightness.

"Her care for the wounded was most unwearying. She seemed to feel no fatigue where they were concerned, and tended them without a thought of the risk she often ran from flying bullets and other missiles. Their own mothers and sisters could not have done more for them than she did — or done it in a sweeter way. When food ran short, she evolved eatable meals for us out of most unpromising materials, and lived on the same bare rations as the rest, in spite of our protests.

"The men simply worshipped the ground she walked over, and would have followed the forlornest of forlorn hopes at her bidding. The Major's views concerning her underwent a complete alteration. I saw him once dash his hand furtively across his eyes as he watched her supporting the head of a poor fellow dying of a gun-shot wound, and whispering gentle words into his ear. I think he foresaw the end from the beginning; though—true old bulldog that he was!—he never admitted it. The odds were too great even for British pluck and valour—unless help came soon.

"The fort was a queer, rambling little affair, with a detached tower rising from an angle of the compound. Jack and I shared the same watch at night on the tower roof. Long watches they were, as we grew short-handed, and weirdly still the nights seemed after the hideous din of the day-time—a cold, tense stillness, only broken by the howling of the jackals in the nullahs, and the comparatively musical cries of the rebel sentries. And always, when we had been at our posts a little while, we would see *her* gliding towards us, shadowy and ethereal in the starlight—for the stars came out and shone down as serenely on us in our trouble, as on our gaieties of a month before. Years seemed to have elapsed since then! And she would slip her hand through Jack's arm and lay her cheek against his sleeve, and watch with us—silent and intent as we were ourselves. There was no need for speech between those two. In the presence of the death-angel things clear marvellously. All



"I SAW HIM DASH HIS HAND ACROSS HIS EYES."

their former differences dropped out of sight, forgiven and forgotten. Only their love remained, and if ever a man and woman understood each other, they did. They could read each other's hearts without a word spoken on either side.

"She made it up to Jack then. She never hindered him, or unsteadied his nerves with tears and lamentations; she was the truest, bravest help-meet man ever had. Once, near the end, when she thought herself unobserved, I saw her lay her head down on his shoulder and cry quietly. And I saw the great tears rolling down his face as he bent over her—but I don't believe it was a case of the 'white feather' with either of them.

"Well, to cut it short, when the last day came, there were less than a dozen of us left—seven Englishmen, three of the faithful Sikhs, and Mrs. Reeves. Our position was practically hopeless. The Sepoys had taken the fort buildings after a lot of stubborn fighting, and heavy loss on our side. Only the isolated tower remained in our possession, and to say that we were 'intrenched' in that picturesque, but highly incommodious, building would be a fine bit of poetic license. We were boxed up in it like rats in a trap. The end was, as the doctors say — 'merely a question of time,' unless help came, and of that we had begun to despair. It had become plain to us that our situation was, in all probability, the rule and not the exception, and that the country must be in a state of revolt. We went about with grim faces in those days. We knew that we were doomed, but we meant to exact a high price for our lives, and had no notion of hurrying the final issue. The mutineers, to do them justice, were in no pressing hurry either. They appreciated the race sufficiently to know that a handful of half-starved and desperate Englishmen were likely to prove dangerous at close quarters, and they showed no indecent haste to come in and finish off the dying lion.

"They had us safe, and waited a day or two with the patience of an experienced grizzly sitting under his victim's bough—not venturing into the compound within range of our fire, but contenting themselves with shooting at us from the fort buildings. But when that last day dawned, we knew our time had come. There were unmistakable signs of activity in the enemy's camp.

"They had dragged a couple of small guns into the two doorways opening on to the compound, and pounded away perseveringly at the tough old tower, chipping large pieces off the stones, without doing much damage. I don't fancy they cared to try shells at that short distance. Now and then their gunners showed themselves, and gave us an opportunity of retaliation, of which we were not slow to avail ourselves, and we did plenty of promiscuous shooting.

"JACK WAS SHOOTING AWAY WITH APPALLING REGULARITY."

"The stairs leading from the base of the tower to the roof were divided into two flights by a small room or landing, lit by narrow loopholes, and shut off from the lower flight by a fairly strong door. The Major took up his position in this place with some of the men. Jack and I, with a couple of others, occupied the roof.

"Jack was shooting away with appalling regularity. The muscles of his good-natured face were set like iron, his eyes were glit-

tering, his hands cool and steady. He used two weapons alternately, and his wife, with a resolute expression on her pale, beautiful face, stood quietly by him, loading while he fired, utterly regardless of the hail of bullets that struck the stonework around her.

"All at once the guns ceased firing, and the supply of bullets began to slacken gradually, and shortly after we heard the Major's voice below, bellowing to us to come down. We ran to the staircase—or three of us did. Jack was turning slowly away from the parapet, when I saw him leap suddenly into the air, and fall back, stone dead, by his wife's side. Poor thing! She sank down on her knees beside him with a cry that went to my heart. Still, I could do nothing for her, so I went down to the Major.

"He was greatly shocked at my news, but drew me hastily towards the loophole by which he was standing.

"'What do you make of their silence, Ives? Can you guess what their next move will be?'

"I could not, and told him so.

"'They mean to venture a little more on the stakes,' he said, with a grim smile. 'They are going to run a gun out into the open, in the face of our bullets, and pour a heavy fire into the door below. One round of gunners will suffice for the work, and they will doubtless die happy in the knowledge that they are striking the hated Englishmen's deathblow. Then, the instant a breach is made in the door, the whole pack of fiends will swarm out of their cover and storm the tower."

"'And we?' I asked, rather laconically—the programme was not inviting.

"'The staircase is narrow,' he replied, sententiously. 'We have some ammunition left, and our swords. The first heroes through the breach will be the first in Valhalla.'

"'And Mrs. Reeves?' I asked, with a shudder.

"The old gentleman's brave face twitched slightly. I read in his eyes the terrible, inevitable reply, but before he could frame the words, a touch on his arm made him turn round. Mrs. Reeves stood behind us, very pale, but perfectly composed.

"'Major,' she said, 'my dear husband'—her sweet voice faltered for a minute, then steadied itself—'my husband promised that, if the worst came, he would keep his last bullet for me. May I now rely on *you* to do me this service? You will not fail me?' she added, appealingly.

"Her old enemy took the hand resting on his arm, and lifted it gently to his lips.

"'Madam!' he said, in his stately, old-fashioned way, 'I am honoured by your request. If the worst happens, as I greatly fear it will, you may rely on me. I will not fail you. But go back now—if—if I *want* you, I will call.'

"She thanked him gratefully, and returned to her vigil on the roof. We turned back to our loophole—I think neither of us could have looked the other in the face just then, for our life's ransom.

"Suddenly, a shout from the men at the opposite loophole, followed by the crack of their rifles, took us over to them. The gun on their side had been run out, as the Major predicted. Two of the gunners had already fallen. Two more rolled over lifeless as the gun was brought into position. The man who was pointing it fell by Major Gardner's hand.

"'Quick! Ives,' he cried; 'the man with the match.'

"I obeyed, but only succeeded in winging him. His right arm dropped at his side, but, with a defiant yell, he snatched at the match with his left and fired. There was a deafening report, and a crashing of wood, followed by such a howl of triumph, as might have come from the throats of a legion of fiends.

"'To the stairs!' shouted the Major, heading the rapid descent.

"We formed on the bottom steps, two abreast—just in time. On they came with a rush, leaping and yelling; down they went before our fire. Twice we repulsed them, but each time the sea of dark, demoniac faces surged in again. On they came, leaping over the bodies of their fallen comrades, on to the very stairs where we stood.

"The fight was a sharp and a terrible one. We fought as men are likely to fight in such a case, but we were outnumbered completely. Three of us fell. All of us were badly wounded. Every step of that winding stair was slippery with our blood. Inch by inch, we fought our way back to the landing—those that were left of us, four white men and two Sikhs.

"On the threshold we paused a moment, and in obedience to the Major's command, emptied our last volley at the crowd. They cleared back a space, tumbling over one another, and we managed to close the door and drag the bars across. Then, as they rushed up again, on the other side, battering at the wood with horrid imprecations, we leant against the walls, utterly spent. Our

ammunition was gone; we were all in a sorry plight. One of the Sikhs had sunk down half insensible; the Major supported himself against the door, in little better case.

"He pulled himself together with an effort, looked round at us with a sad smile, which had yet something of pride in it, and then he called out for Mrs. Reeves. He stood there, fingering his pistol nervously, his brave old face working. I have always thought that he meant to shoot her down as she turned the corner, to save her the torturing minute of anticipation, but she must have been near at hand, for when he looked up, she was standing on the bottom step—waiting!

"I can never forget that weirdly terrible scene. It is fixed indelibly on my brain. The crashing blows thundering on the door, the infernal yelling of the fiends outside of it, the gloomy landing with the fierce sunlight filtering through the narrow loopholes, the handful of desperate, doomed men, wounded and unsightly, the swarthy faces of the Sikhs; and in the midst of it all, that fair young woman, her white dress torn and draggled and soiled with smoke and blood, her face utterly calm—standing there, without a trace of fear, waiting for her death.

"'I am quite ready, Major,' she said, simply.

"The men caught their breath sharply. One of them, a big Irishman, gave a loud sob, and crossed himself. The Major could not speak. He made her a low bow—then, raising his weapon, he shot her through the heart. The next moment he fell himself, as the door burst open and the horde rushed in. The rest you know.

"It is not a story to talk about. I never told it before for that reason; but what Bryce said to-night made my blood boil, and—— Why, Bryce! Bryce! Surely, my dear fellow, you don't think I meant——"

Ives rose abruptly from his chair, and hurried round the table to his host.

The other men, whose attention had been riveted on the story, followed his movements with startled eyes, then they got up too, and crowded round in consternation.

Bryce had dropped forward with his arms on the table, his face buried in his hands. His breath came and went in long, shuddering sobs that shook his whole frame, and when they spoke to him, he seemed as if he did not hear. His vest was disordered, as though it had been hastily torn open, and on the table before him lay a jewelled miniature. Ives, glancing at it as he bent over his friend, drew back with a smothered exclamation.

"Great Heaven!" he gasped, with paling lips. "It is *she!*"

It was the portrait of a grandly beautiful girl, with a wistful, perfect mouth, and luminous grey eyes.

Poor Bryce! He had lived and loved—and lost!

"BRYCE HAD DROPPED FORWARD."

The men drew away from him reverently. They did what seemed the kindest thing, and slipped out of the room quietly, leaving him alone with his dead. Not till they reached the door did even Gordon find his voice—and then he only said, "Poor old Bryce!"

Ives stood on the doorstep when they had all gone. He thought of the stricken man in his lonely room above, and a great flood of pity welled up in his heart. Perhaps he, too, had suffered—for he shut the door softly and went back again to his friend.

# *Glimpses of Nature.*

## II.—A PLANT THAT MELTS ICE.

By Grant Allen.

IF you have ever visited the Alps in early spring, you will know well by sight the dainty little nodding bells of the alpine soldanella — twin flowers on one stalk, like fairy tocsins, which push their heads boldly through the ice of the *névé*, and form a border of blue blossoms on the edge of the snow-sheet. Most people, to be sure, visit the Alps in August; and they go too late. Autumn is the time when heather purples our bleak northern moors, but when the central mountain chain of Europe, so glorious in April, has become comparatively green and flowerless. If you wish to see what nature can do in the way of rock-gardens, however, you should go to Switzerland in early spring. It is then that blue gentians spread vast girdles of blossom over the alpine pastures; then that the green slopes on the mountain sides are yellowed by globe-flowers; then that the poet's narcissus stars with its white petals and scents with its sweet perfume the rich meadows on the spurs of the lesser ranges. Higher up, sheets of creeping rock-plants, close clinging to the uneven surface, fall in great cataracts of pink and blue over the steep declivities. As the snow melts, upward, the flowers open in zones, one after another, upon the mountain sides, so that you can mark your ascent by the variations in the flora, and the different successive stages of development reached by the most persistent kinds at various levels.

There is one adventurous little plant, however, among these competing kinds, which in its eagerness to make the most of the short alpine summer does not even wait, like its neighbours, for the melting of the snow, but, vastly daring, begins to grow under the surface of the ice-sheet, and melts a way up for itself by internal heat, like a vegetable furnace. It may fairly be called a slow-combustion stove, not figuratively, but literally. It burns itself up in order to melt the ice above it. This wonderful plant is the alpine soldanella, the hardiest and one of the prettiest of mountain flowers; it opens its fringed and pensile blue blossoms in the very midst of the snow, often showing its slender head above a thin layer of ice, where it fearlessly displays its two sister bells among the frozen sheet which still surrounds its stem in the most incredible fashion.

So much every tourist to the Alps in May must have noticed for himself, for whenever he reaches the edge of the melting ice-sheet he can see the ice pierced by innumerable twin pairs of these dainty and seemingly delicate blossoms. Comparatively few observers, however, have proceeded to notice that the soldanella, fragile as it is, actually forces itself up through a solid coat of ice, not exactly by hewing its way, but by melting a path for itself in the crystal sheet above it. Yet such is really the case; it warms the ice as it goes. The buds begin to grow on the frozen soil before the ground is bare, under the hardened and compressed snow of the *névé*—which at its edge is always ice-like in texture. They then bore their way up by internal heat (like that of an animal) through the sheet that covers them; and they often expand their delicate blue or white blossoms, with the scalloped edges, in a cup-shaped hollow above, while a sheet of re-frozen ice, through which they have warmed a tunnel or canal for themselves, still surrounds their stems and hides their roots and their flattened foliage. This is so strange a miracle of nature that it demands some explanation; the method by which the soldanella obtains its results is no less marvellous than the results themselves which it produces.

The winter leaves of soldanella, which hibernate under the snow just as truly as the squirrel or the dormouse hibernates in its nest, are large, leathery, tough, and evergreen. They are, in fact, just living reservoirs of fuel (like the fat of the dormant bear), which the plant lays by during the heat of summer in order to burn it up again in spring for the use of its flowers. When I use this language, you will think at first I am speaking figuratively. But I am not; I mean it in just as literal a sense as when I say that the coal in the tender of a locomotive serves as fuel for the engine, or that the corn in the bin of a stable serves as fuel to heat the horse's body. These leaves contain material laid by for burning; and it is by burning

that material up at the proper period that the soldanella manages to melt its way out of the wintry ice-sheet, and so to steal a march upon competing species.

The process requires explanation, I admit; let us try to understand it. Everybody knows, as a matter of common experience, that animals are warmer in winter than the air which surrounds them; warm-blooded animals, that is to say, which form the only class most people trouble about. Not everybody knows, however, that the same thing is more or less true of plants as well—that many plants have the power of evolving heat for themselves in considerable quantities. But this is actually true; indeed, all growing parts of a stem or young leaf-shoot must necessarily be slightly warmer than the air around them. For, when you come to think of it, whence do animals derive their heat? "From the oxidation of their food," the small boy of the day, crammed full of knowledge, will tell you, glibly. And what do you mean by oxidation but very slow burning? You may take a load of hay, and set a match to it, and it will burn at once quickly, by combining with the oxygen of the air in the open; or you may, if you choose, give it to a pair of horses to eat instead, and then it will burn up slowly, by combining with the oxygen of the air in their bodies. Lungs, in fact, are mere devices for taking in fresh oxygen, which then combines with the food or fuel in the blood of the animal. But whether you burn the hay slowly in a horse's body, or burn it fast in a fire, the main results are the same; you reduce the whole in the end to water and carbonic acid (with a few by-products), and you evolve an exactly equal amount of heat in the total process.

A century ago, Count Rumford pointed out that you might burn your hay as you chose, either in a horse or in a steam-engine; and that in either case you produced alike heat and motion. What we call fuel is just carbon and hydrogen, separated from oxygen; and what we call burning or combustion is just the re-union of the oxygen with the other elements, accompanied by a giving-off of heat equivalent in amount to that originally required in order to separate them.

Now, the foodstuffs of most animals are plants or parts of plants, especially seeds or grains, as well as the rich stores of starch or oil laid by in roots, bulbs, and tubers. These are all of them reservoirs of food or fuel, produced by the plant for its own future growth, and meant hereafter to sprout or germinate. All seeds, when they begin to quicken, unite with oxygen and evolve heat; and this heat is just the same in nature, whether it happen to be set free within or without an animal body. If you give an ox corn, he will oxidize it internally and warm his own body with it; but if you let it germinate, it will oxidize itself, and so produce a very small but slow fire, which warms both the corn and the space around it. Similarly, all growing shoots combine with oxygen, and, therefore, rise in temperature. In early spring, when the ground just teems with sprouting seeds and swelling buds, with growing bulbs or shooting tubers, the temperature of the soil is sensibly raised; and this very heat, evolved by germination, becomes itself in turn a cause of more germination; each seed and root and bulb and sucker helps to warm and start all the others. Spring largely depends upon the warmth thus produced. The earth, during this orgy of growth, is warmer by a good deal than the air about it; warmer even than it is in summer weather—indeed, were it not for the number of plants which thus start growing at once, growth would be almost impossible in very cold countries. Like roosting fowls, they warm one another.

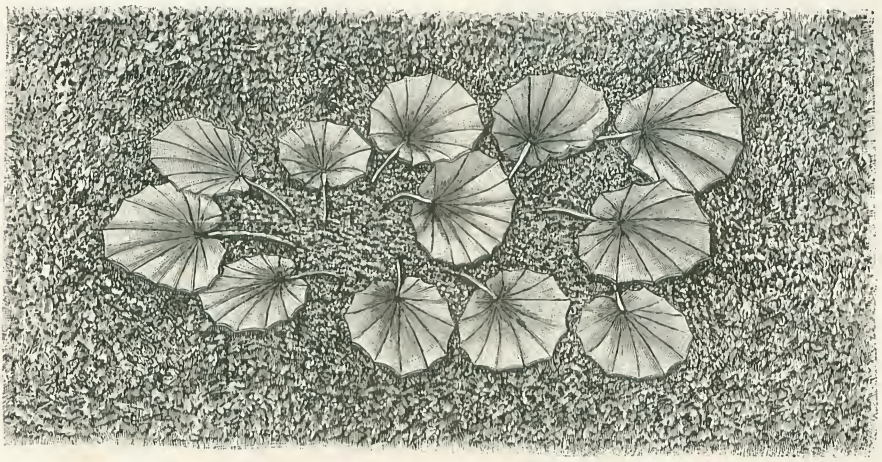
You think, however, the amount of heat that can be thus evolved must be very insignificant. By no means. Take an example in point. What do we mean by malting? We collect together a number of seeds or grains of barley, we wet them thoroughly, and allow them to begin germinating. Each grain individually gives out only a small amount of heat, it is true: but when many of them lie together, the total volume of heat produced is very great, and the amount would be even greater if it were not artificially checked at a certain stage: for the maltster does not wish his malt to be "over-heated." Malt, then, is nothing more than sprouting barley; and the heat it begets in the process of malting shows us very clearly how much warmth exists in sprouting seeds, or in the growing portions of young plants, buds, shoots, and tubers.

At the risk of seeming tedious in this preliminary explanation, I must also add that flower-buds and flower-stems which grow and open very rapidly must similarly use up oxygen in their growth, and therefore distinctly rise in temperature. In a very few large and conspicuous flowers, such as the big white calla lily, this rise in temperature during the flowering period can be measured even with an ordinary thermometer. No bud

can open without giving out heat; and the amount of heat is sometimes considerable.

And now, I hope, we are in a position to understand how soldanella acts, and why it does so. It is a plant which grows under peculiarly trying conditions. It has to eke out a livelihood in the mountain belt, just below the snow-line; and it is a low-growing type, which must flower early, or else it would soon be overshadowed by taller rivals. For growth is rapid in the Alps, once the snow has melted. Soldanella has thus to blossom, and to secure the aid of its insect fertilizers, at the precise moment when they emerge from their cocoons in the first warm days of the short alpine summer. If it waited later it would be overtopped and obscured in a very few days by the dense and rapid growth of waving grasses, and aspiring globe-flowers, and long-stalked, bulbous plants that crowd all round it. So the soldanella seizes its one chance in life at the earliest possible moment, and makes haste to pierce its way through the solid ice-sheet, while lazier rivals passively await its melting. That alone has secured its survival and success in the crowded world of the alpine pastures. For you must not forget that while to you and me the Alps are an unpeopled solitude, to the alpine plants they are a veritable London of competing life-types.

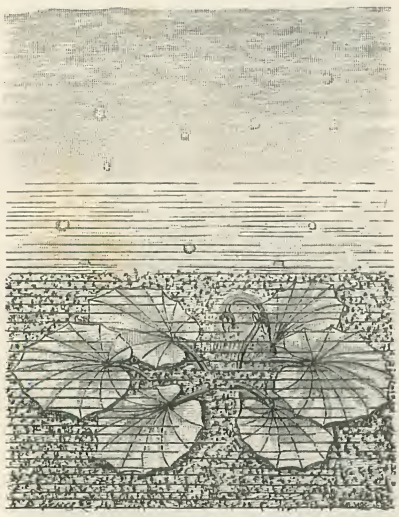
The canny plant lays its plans deep, too, and begins well beforehand. It has made preparations. All the previous summer it has been spreading its round leaves to the mountain sun, and laying by material for next year's flowering season. Leaves, you know, are the mouths and stomachs of plants; and the soldanella has a type of leaves admirably adapted to its peculiar purpose: expanded in the sunlight, they eat carbon and hydrogen the live-long summer, and turn the combined oxygen loose upon the air under the influence of the sun. By the time winter comes, they are thick and leathery, filled with fuel for the spring, and, of course, evergreen. They have also long stalks, which enable them during the summer to stretch up to the light; but in autumn, they descend and flatten themselves against the soil, so as not to be crushed by the snows of winter. The first of my illustrations (No. 1) shows a group of these fat leaves, seen from above, and flattened against the ground in expectation of the snow-sheet.



NO. 1.—LEAVES OF SOLDANELLA IN AUTUMN, FAT WITH FUEL, SEEN FROM ABOVE.

The material laid by in the thickened leaves consists of starches, protoplasm, and other rich foodstuffs. The snow falls, and the leaves, protected by their hard and leathery covering, remain unhurt by it. The food and fuel they have gathered is stored partly in the foliage and partly in the swollen underground root-stock. All winter through, the plant is thus hidden under a compact blanket of snow, which becomes gradually hard and ice-like by pressure. But as soon as the spring sun begins to melt the surface at the lower edge of the sheet, water trickles down through cracks in the ice, and sets the root-stock budding. It produces, in fact, the very same effect as the water which we pour upon malting barley in order to make it germinate. And the same result follows, though here more definitely, for the soldanella has collected its material deliberately as fuel, and uses it up on purpose to melt its passage.

It absorbs oxygen from the air below the snow, combines it with the fuels in its own substance, evolves heat from their combination, and begins to send up its nodding

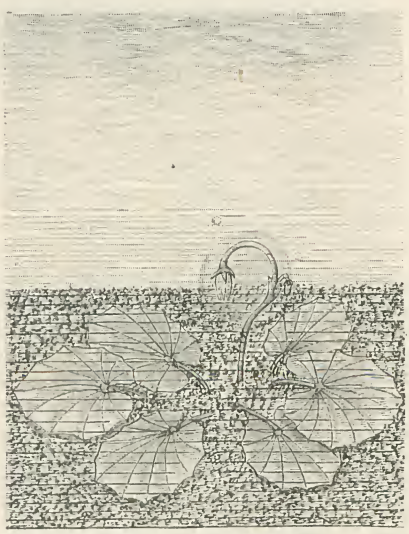


NO. 2.—BUD BEGINNING TO MELT ITS WAY UP THROUGH ICE IN A DOME-SHAPED HOLLOW.

flower-buds through the icy sheet that spreads above it.

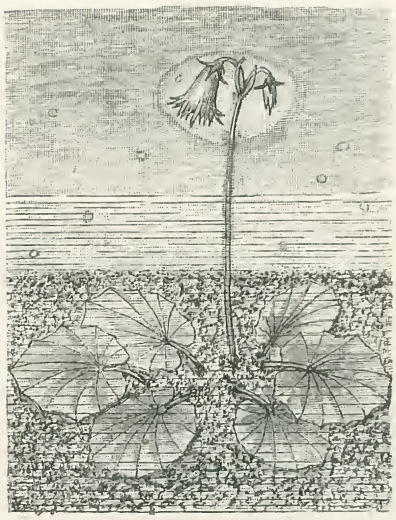
The warmth the plant obtains by this curious process of slow internal combustion it first employs to melt a little round hole in the ice for its arched flower-buds (No. 2). At the beginning, the hollow which is formed above each pair of buds is hemispherical or dome-shaped; the stem pushes it way up through a dome of air inclosed in the ice; and the water it liberates trickles down to the root, thus helping to supply moisture for further growth with its consequent heating. But by-and-by the stem lengthens, and the bud is raised to a considerable height by its continuous growth. Still, so slight is the total quantity of heat the poor little plant can evolve with all its efforts, that by the time the stem is an inch or two long, the lower part of the tunnel has curiously frozen over again, by the process which Tyndall called "regelation," and whose importance in glacier action he so fully demonstrated. In this stage, then, the melted space is no longer a dome; it assumes the form of a little balloon or round bubble of air, surrounding the flower-bud. At the same time, the ice beneath, having frozen again, almost touches the stem, so that the bud seems to occupy a small, clear area of its own in the midst of the sheet, with ice above, below, and all round it (No. 3). You would say that growth under such circumstances, in almost icy-cold air, was impossible—but if you examine the ice-sheet at the edge of the *névé*, you will find it studded by hundreds of such bubbles, each inclosing an uninjured soldanella bud in its centre. The reason is that the heat from the flower keeps the inclosed air just above freezing-point; and so long as it is not actually frozen, soldanella is indifferent to the cold of its surroundings.

Gradually, in this way, the little buds manage to bore their way to the surface and to the sunshine on the outside of the ice-sheet. At last the stalk melts its path out, and a flower appears on the top, in the centre of a small cup-shaped or saucer-shaped depression (No. 4). The exquisite blue bells are thus seen blooming in profusion, apparently out of the ice itself, or as if stuck into it. Unless you looked close, and noticed that their stems came from the ground beneath, you might even imagine they were rooted in the crystal mass of the *névé*. The edge of the snow-field in early spring is often pierced and riddled by hundreds of such soldanella borings; others above are in process of formation: and if you cut a piece open you will see inside how each is produced, with its narrow tunnel below, its balloon in the centre, or later, its saucer-shaped depression on the surface. Moreover, if you look at the



NO. 3.—BUD, SOMEWHAT LATER, INCLOSED IN A GLOBE OF AIR WITHIN THE ICE-SHEET.

foliage on the bare ground beneath, you will find that, when the flowers open, the leaves are no longer thick and swollen. All the fuel they contained has by this time been

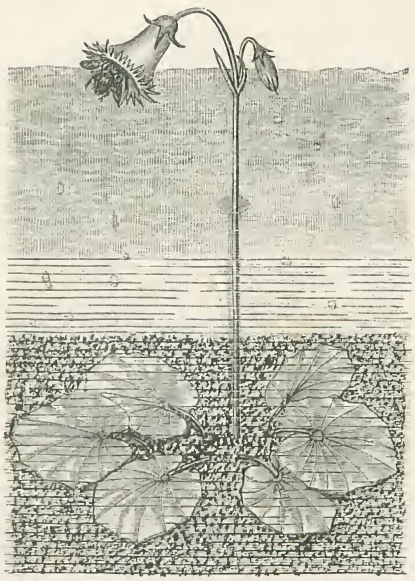


NO. 4.—FLOWER REACHING THE SURFACE OF THE ICE AND OPENING IN A CUP-SHAPED DEPRESSION.

burned up for warmth; all the formative material has been duly employed in making the buds or blossoms, with the stems that raised them; and nothing now remains but drained and flaccid skeletons, from which every particle of living matter has been withdrawn and utilized. Later on, new leaves are produced in turn from the root-stock, after the ice has melted; and these new leaves, raising themselves on their long stalks, and catching the sunlight, begin afresh to accumulate material for next year's growth and next year's burning.

But why do the flowers want so much to reach the open air at all? Why should they not blossom contentedly under the inclosing ice-sheet? A glance at No. 6 will serve to explain the reason. Flowers, after all, are mere devices for the fertilization of the fruit; it is the seeds and the next generation that the plant itself is mainly thinking about. The blossoms of soldanella are noticeable to us lordly human beings chiefly because they are so pretty; they have a delicate blue or violet corolla, exquisitely vandyked at the edge, and divided (on a closer view) into five more or less conspicuous lobes; so it is their colour and their daintiness that make us so much admire them. But to soldanella itself—which, after all, has to earn its livelihood with difficulty on a stern and rocky soil—this beauty that charms us is a mere matter of advertisement. The plant wants its blossoms to attract the early spring bees and honey-sucking flies, which carry pollen from head to head, and so fertilize its seeds for it. And fertilization, to the practical-minded plant, is the whole root of the question. It cares no more for the beauty of its flowers in themselves than the British manufacturer of cocoa or soap cares for the gorgeous colours and striking designs he lavishes on his advertisements. "Use Jones's Detergent" is the key-note of the poster. The object of an advertisement is to catch the eye and secure the money of customers; the object of the flowers, for all their beauty, is just equally to catch the eye and secure the visits of the fertilizing insects.

No. 5 shows how all this is managed. At the very same time that the soldanella raises its timid flowers, the bees and flies a little lower down the mountain sides are just escaping from their cocoons as full-fledged winged insects. It is for their sakes alone that the pensive blossoms tint themselves in blue or violet; for you will find throughout nature that blue is the true bee colour; and flowers that depend most for fertilization on bees or their allies are almost always decked out in blue or purple. If you examine a soldanella closely, too, you will see that all its parts are exactly adapted to the shape and organs of its most frequent visitor, here represented in the act of rifling its honey. Its bell-shaped blossoms just fit the insect in size; its stamens shed pollen just where his hairy body is adapted to receive it; its sensitive stigma is so arranged that he rubs the golden grains off on the receptive surface of the next flower he visits. Then the little capsules swell, and the seeds ripen; and the happy



NO. 5.—FLOWER VISITED BY A BEE, WHICH FERTILIZES IT.

soldanella, becoming a fertile mother of future generations, has fulfilled the main purpose of its stormy existence.

Sometimes, however, the ice-sheet above is too thick to pierce; and then the bud, after making manful efforts to melt its way out to the open air, is forced to give up the attempt in despair, and unfold its petals within its icy cavern. In that case, of course, no insect can visit it; and such cloistered blossoms are therefore obliged to have recourse to the inferior expedient of self-fertilization. I say inferior, because all higher plants strive as far as possible to produce seedlings which shall be the offspring of a distinct father and mother. The last illustration (No. 7) shows two flowers which have lengthened their stalk in vain to the furthest point for which they possess material, but have failed to melt a way out of the solid ice-sheet. They are therefore driven to curl round the tips of their stamens and fertilize themselves; a process which almost always produces inferior seeds and very weak seedlings. It is in order to prevent such disastrous results on a large scale, and to avoid the evils of constant "breeding in and in," that soldanella has invented its curious device for pushing its way boldly through its native ice-sheet to the sky and the insects. It goes there, not to look beautiful for you and me, but to secure the aid of its established pollen-carriers.

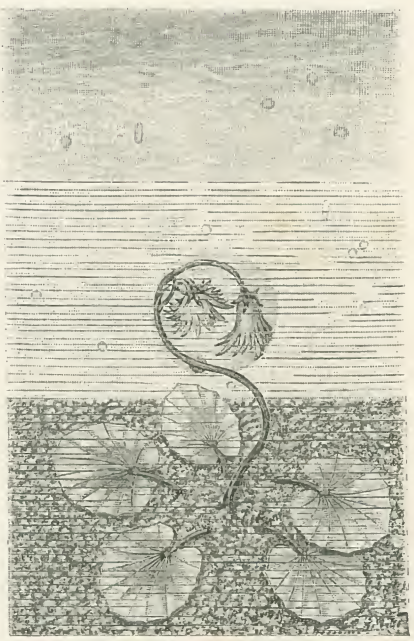
You must not suppose, however, that in doing all this the soldanella is displaying any extraordinary amount of unusual originality. Its speciality consists merely in the somewhat abnormal volume of heat which it generates. A great many plants, indeed, proceed much as the soldanella does in the matter of laying by materials for future growth in the leaves,

NO. 6.—GROUP OF FLOWERS IN DIFFERENT STAGES PROTRUDING THROUGH THE ICE-SHEET.

and using these up in the act of flowering. Take, for example, the famous and often somewhat exaggerated case of the so-called "aloe," or American agave. It is commonly said that "the flowering of an aloe" takes place but once in a hundred years. This is a poetical fiction. As a matter of fact, the agave flowers on an average after fifteen or twenty years; and then dies down utterly. Every visitor to Italy or the Riviera knows this huge plant well—a gigantic house-leek in form, with its big spiny leaves and its points sharp as a needle, which defend it as by a bristling row of bayonets. Now, the agave lays by its material for future growth in the thickened base or lower portion of its leaves; it thus forms a huge rosette, very much swollen and enlarged at the bottom. For years it goes on with exemplary patience, collecting supplies for its one act of flowering; then at last, feeling its time has come, it suddenly sends up a huge stalk, or trunk, like a vast

candelabrum, fifteen, twenty, or even thirty feet high, and supporting at its top a great bunch of big yellow blossoms. This enormous stem, with its colossal cluster of branching blossoms, takes only a few weeks to grow; and as it rises and flowers, or still more as the immense capsules ripen their seeds, the bases of the leaves, once swollen and thick, become by degrees flaccid and empty. The stem and blossoms have drained them dry. At last, as the seeds fall, the whole plant dies away, having used itself up for ever in its one great act of flowering, just as the egg-laying rose-aphis uses itself up in its orgy of motherhood.

Now, this is much the same as the way in which soldanella behaves, except that soldanella continues to flower, spring after spring, for many years together. It does not exhaust itself in a single blossoming. Otherwise, the two plants, though so different in size, behave in much the same general fashion. For agave must necessarily evolve a great deal of heat during its rapid flowering period; but this heat is useless to it, as heat, just as the heat we evolve in running a race is, as such, of no advantage to us. The main difference here is that soldanella has need of the heat, and employs it deliberately for its own purposes. That constitutes the really curious part of the performance; soldanella intentionally lays by rich living material, not only for growth, but also for fuel. It uses up part of its stock merely as building material for the stem and flowers: but it respires with part just as truly as you and I do—combines it with oxygen to form carbonic acid, and so to liberate heat; and gives off the heated product on purpose as an ice-melter. As the flower-bud grows, it keeps on respiring; and it is this respiration that produces the heat to melt the dome-shaped or balloon-shaped cavity within which the flower continues to develop.



NO. 7.—PAIR OF FLOWERS WHICH HAVE FAILED TO REACH THE SURFACE, OPENING IN A SPHERE-SHAPED HOLLOW.

Nor is such a rise of temperature in the opening flowers by any means confined to soldanella. Almost all flowers, it is probable, are rather warmer under certain circumstances than the air about them, exactly as almost all animals are. Indeed, you cannot have growth without a corresponding degree of warmth. Bell-shaped flowers, such as the foxglove, often display a sufficient amount of heat within their hanging heads to be measured by a thermometer, because their peculiar shape and their downward position are favourable for keeping the heated air undisturbed within them. The peculiarity of the soldanella thus resolves itself into this: that it alone of its type has learned how to employ this rise of temperature to the best purpose, and to melt a way for itself through the edge of the ice-sheet. In the struggle for existence, every point of advantage any creature possesses must tell in its favour, and the soldanella has thus been enabled to hold its own bravely in the intermediate belt at the margin of the ice-field. But its limits are narrow. In the open ground it is soon lived down by more hardy kinds, which rise higher into the air; its range is almost entirely bounded by a narrow belt just where the ice is melting. Above that point it cannot grow; below it, taller enemies soon oust and dispossess it. It utilizes its short time between these two impossibilities.

Strange as it sounds, too, the ice itself acts as a sort of protective blanket or coverlet to the trustful soldanella. Only a plant that could pierce the ice could ever have hit upon such a paradoxical mode of warming itself by its own internal combustion. If a herb that flowers in the open were to make experiments in warming itself in the same manner, its attempt would necessarily fail, because as fast as it heated the air, the wind would blow the heated portion away, and the plant would therefore derive no benefit from its expenditure of fuel. But we all know how Esquimaux can live in a

snow hut, keeping it warm inside by their own breath and the heat of their bodies. It is just the same in principle with the soldanella's ice-cave. The little dome or cavern gets warmed within by the respiration of the flower-bud; and the heat thus produced is retained within the walls of the cavity. It is almost as though a mouse or other small animal were to try to bore a path for itself through an ice-barrier, not by gnawing the ice, but by breathing upon it slowly till it melted. And the soldanella, we must remember, breathes just as truly as the mouse, though it breathes not with a mouth, but from all its surface.

See, then, how absolutely the soldanella behaves like a man who is making a conservatory. It lays by fuel for the stove in its leaves to keep its flower-buds warm and to force them in spring, at a time when they could not blossom without the artificial heat thus supplied them. It keeps in this heat within a transparent covering, the doors of which are never opened. As for light, that reaches it through the crystal summit. But it employs the heat also to bore its way out; and, as its ultimate object is to get its young seeds fertilized, it finally pushes its flowers out into the open air, where they may receive the attentions of the fertilizing insects—just as the gardener does, without knowing why, when he wishes seed set. The pendent bell-shaped blossoms, again, even after they open, are admirably adapted for keeping in the heat; and they are also exactly fitted to the shape and size of the bees and flies that act as their chartered carriers of pollen. A plant, in short, has to accommodate itself at every point to the needs of its situation; it has to secure for itself a firm foothold in the soil, and a due share of food from the surrounding air (for its diet after all is chiefly gaseous); it has to provide for its marrying and giving in marriage; it has to take care that its pollen shall be duly dispersed, and its seedlets fertilized; and finally it has to see that its young are satisfactorily settled in the world, and deposited on likely spots where they can germinate to advantage. It must be a good parent as well as a prudent and cautious adventurer.

The struggle for life carried on under these circumstances has sharpened the wits of plants to a far higher degree than most people imagine. Plants have developed almost as many dodges and devices for securing food or avoiding enemies as animals themselves have; and this single instance enables us to see with what forethought and cleverness they often provide against adverse chances. Soldanella, indeed, could not exist at all upon its ice-clad heights if it did not lay up food and fuel in summer against the needs of winter, like the bee and the ant; if it did not burn up its own fat for warmth, like the dormouse; if it did not tunnel the ice as the mole tunnels the earth; if it did not retire beneath the snow-sheet on the approach of winter as the queen wasp retires into the shelter of the moss when frosts begin to kill her worker sisters, or as the squirrel retires into his hole in a tree at the approach of December. Ancestral instinct teaches the one just as much as it teaches the other; and those who have closest watched the habits and manners of plants have the highest respect for their industry and intelligence.

Looked at from this point of view, we may consider indeed that every seed, bulb, or tuber is not merely a reservoir of material for future growth, but also a reservoir of fuel for supplying the heat necessary to the first stages of sprouting or germination. And without elaborating this question further, I may add that if you will examine closely many early spring buds and flowers, especially such as willow and hazel catkins, you will find not only that they are formed over winter and inclosed in warm overcoats to protect them from the cold, but also that they grow in spring before the air is warm enough to stimulate growth directly—or in other words, that they depend in part for heat on the consumption of their own internal fuels. You must thus give up the idea that plants are quite cold-blooded and passive things; you must remember that they can to some extent warm themselves; a conspicuous example of such warming being given us by soldanella, which manages not only to grow under thick ice, but even to melt its way up through the inclosing sheet by internal combustion.

# *The Oklahoma Boomers.*

By George Dollar.

ROME, according to the old saying, was not built in a day, but there are two towns in the United States, to mention no more, which were built in an afternoon. On the morning of April 22nd, 1889, these towns were nothing but prairie land, with no signs of civilization—bounded on the north by Kansas and Colorado, on the west by Texas and New Mexico, on the south by Texas and the Indian territory, and on the east by the Indian territory alone. It was originally set apart by the Government for the Indian tribes, but, through purchase from the Indians, it was opened for settlement by Presidential

THE "BOOMERS" LINED UP, WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL TO START.
*From a Photo. by T. Croft, Oklahoma City, O. T.*

lifeless patches in a flat and fertile country. But at four o'clock in the afternoon they were teeming with population. Streets were marked out, municipal governments chosen, banks, post-offices, gambling-saloons, and other conveniences of a motley civilization had been erected; and at evening, the sun, which had risen upon an empty land, set upon thousands of excitable men, women, and children, rough wooden houses, and myriads of tents.

This is no fairy tale. The names of the places are Guthrie and Oklahoma City, and the story of their foundation and settlement by the "Oklahoma boomers" lacks a parallel in the history of any other land. On any modern map, the Territory of Oklahoma may be found. It now contains 39,030 square miles. It is in the southern middle part of the United States, and is at present

proclamation on April 22nd, 1889. An Act of Congress, called the "homestead law," authorizes and regulates the sale of public lands, in parcels of 160 acres each, to actual settlers; and it was under this Act that more than 50,000 people gathered on the borders of Oklahoma eight years ago, ready for a grand rush for homes and wealth into the "promised land."

The "Oklahoma boomer" was not, however, like his towns, the product of a day. He was the child of several years of trouble. When the Indians in 1856 decided to sell their land, a Bill was rushed through Congress granting to the Atlantic and Pacific Railway the right of running across the territory, but the Courts decided that the land could not be thrown open except by proclamation, and that the railway charter would be forfeited if the railway encouraged settlement. It is

FIVE SECONDS AFTER THE SIGNAL.
*From a Photo. by T. Croft, Oklahoma City, O. T.*

now believed that the railway secretly hired men to break into the country. In the spring of 1880, a man named Payne and a band of followers evaded the troops and started a town, but they were soon landed in prison. Their release gave a great "boom" to Oklahoma, and larger bands of dangerous men invaded the territory, only to be arrested or expelled by the Government. The continuous agitation of the "boomers" had a cumulative effect. Discontented people from all over the States began to look upon Oklahoma as a paradise and the healer of all woes. The proclamation of President Harrison brought the excitement to a head, and for weeks before the opening day, the borders of Oklahoma were jammed. One man, with his wife and children, had been living there for over two years in a van, waiting for the day of days. The night before the opening, thousands of "boomers" paraded along the border, singing, shouting, and making a deafening din to mark their arrival, and scores of camp-fires lit up the prairie for miles around.

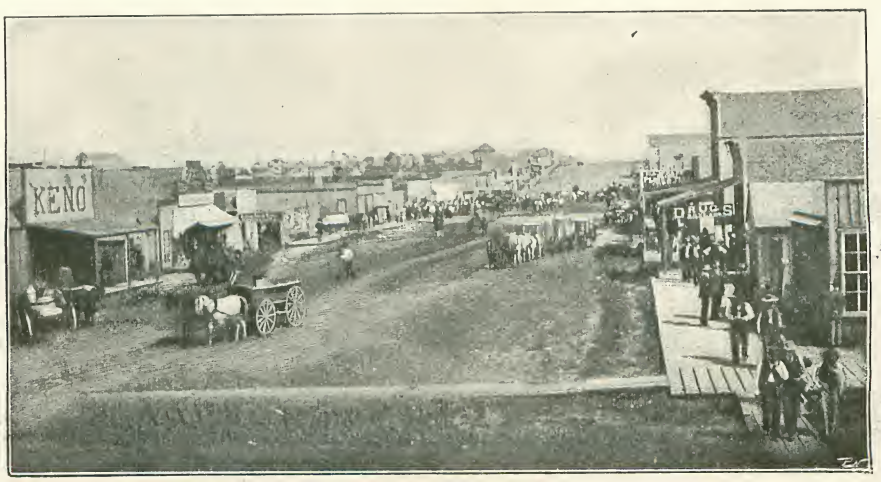
The signal for the opening of Oklahoma

PROCESSION OF "BOOMERS'" WAGGONS, THREE MILES LONG, INTO OKLAHOMA.
*From a Photo. by T. Croft, Oklahoma City, O. T.*

HOLDING DOWN TOWN LOTS IN OKLAHOMA CITY.
*From a Photo. by T. Croft, Oklahoma City, O. T.*

was to be a gun-shot, and as midday approached the excitement was intense. Swift horses, good for a long gallop across the prairie, were sold at enormous prices. Affectionate family partings took place, and wives and children were sent to the rear where the caravans were waiting. Some bloodshed occurred between desperadoes at the head of the line. This was held by men on horseback, and light carriages. Some 2,000 troops were necessary to keep the "boomers" in order, and to see that no one started before twelve o'clock. A railway company had made preparations to move 5,000 settlers with 1,000 car-loads of furniture. The trains due to start at twelve o'clock were crowded with passengers. Hundreds climbed to the top of the carriages and hung on for dear life, and the cow-catchers were jammed with people, huddled together like locusts. It was a restless, swaying throng. The future towns had already been selected for settlement, and the first man who got there would get the finest "claim."

At twelve the gun was promptly fired, and the booming of cannon announced the opening of the promised land. Almost indescribable confusion prevailed. The leading horses took the ground in a dead gallop, raising a cloud of dust that nearly covered the riders from view. Collisions occurred, but oaths were lost in the deafening noise. The trains whizzed along with their swaying crowds, but the horses had the best of it. One man ran down the railway line for six miles, with a tent, blankets, camp dishes, and provisions for two days on his back, and arrived at his claim in sixty minutes. One of the leaders in the grand rush was a daring girl, who secured the best lot in Guthrie. The riders were followed by




VIEW ON BROADWAY, OKLAHOMA CITY, FIVE WEEKS AFTER OPENING.
*From a Photo. by T. Croft, Oklahoma City, O. T.*

OKLAHOMA CITY TO-DAY.
*From a Photo. by T. Croft, Oklahoma City, O. T.*

a procession of waggons three miles long, containing furniture and food for the "boomers." One "boomer" carried over the border a load of coffins, which met with a ready sale. Five brothers who were accompanying a caravan disputed with some neighbours regarding the right of way, and three of the brothers were killed. It was a remarkable scene of hurry and dust, reddened here and there by the flow of blood.

The advent of the "boomers" into Guthrie and Oklahoma City was, unfortunately, anticipated by the "sooners." These were men who had been hiding in the territory, or who had slipped over the border in defiance of the troops. The result was that, when the "boomers" got to the site of their intended cities, they found that the "sooners" had pre-empted the finest claims. Disgust and rage were therefore followed by a general scramble for the remaining lots. Tents were quickly erected and sticks stuck into the ground to denote ownership. It was safer, too, for the owner to stay where he was and hold guard over his claim. Many of the "boomers" erected signs on their lots, with humorous inscriptions such as, "Keep off the Grass," "This is Mine, Eli," and "Don't Monkey with the Owner of this Lot." A ghastly spectacle was the figure of a man hanging from a pole with a black cap over his head and a sign on his breast, saying, "Property Must Be Protected." It effectively scared away intending thieves, but it was merely a dummy, used in odd moments as a punching-bag.

But these odd moments were very few. "Boomers" were scampering about trying to

WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL ON THE SOUTH LINE OF OKLAHOMA TERRITORY, SEPTEMBER, 1893.
*From a Photo. by W. A. Flower, Guthrie, O. T.*

STARTING A TOWN IN THE PROMISED LAND.
*From a Photograph.*

buy and sell lots, and many thousand dollars passed hands in an afternoon. The land office which was erected for the purpose of registering names and claims was besieged for hours by a throng of excited applicants. Lawyers did a rattling business in making out papers and settling disputes, and the citizens in general turned their attention towards a municipal election. In Guthrie, nearly 100,000 votes were polled. A bank was also started with fifty thousand dollars (£10,000) capital. A daily paper, called the *Oklahoma Herald*, was issued during the afternoon, and thousands of handbills of all descriptions were scattered among the "boomers," showing that various trades had been successfully started and shops opened.

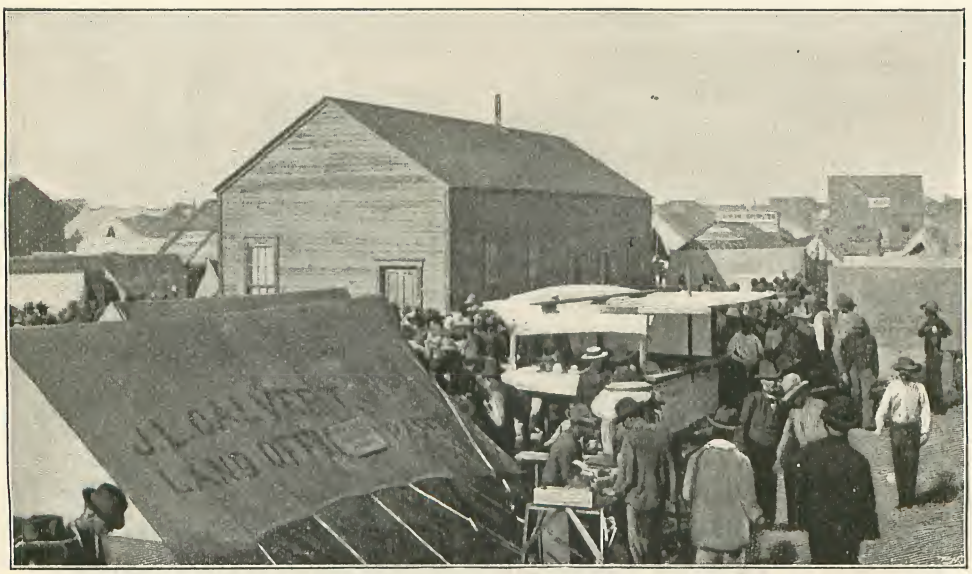
The inevitable reaction began in three days. Water grew scarce, and was sold for a dollar a bucketful. Food sold at famine prices, and eggs, fit only for theatrical purposes, brought unheard-of sums. The "boomers" had discovered that Oklahoma was not a paradise, that the available fertile territory could not begin to accommodate the 50,000 "boomers" who had crossed the border, and that starvation stared them in the face. The railway was

BUILT IN A DAY.
*From a Photo. by W. A. Flower, Guthrie, O. T.*

utterly unable to cope with the exodus. Building-lots, bought for big prices, were sold dirt cheap. A Wisconsin "boomer" sold two Guthrie lots, one tent, thirty shillings' worth of blankets, and a week's provisions for less than a sovereign, and kicked the dust of Oklahoma from his heels. Dusty sandwiches were being hawked about for a shilling apiece, and pork and beans retailed at three shillings a plateful. The red dust of the prairies got into everything, made the drinking water turbid, and created sickness in the child population. It took some time for the "boomers" to sink wells, but when these were sunk a temporary relief was gained. By this time, however, the outgoing trains had taken away thousands, and the borders of the territory, which but three days previously had witnessed a tremendous influx of expectant home-seekers, now witnessed an exodus of discouraged men and women. This exodus was hastened by a furious storm of red sand, which came with the suddenness of a plague upon the population.

There were many, however, who remained, and the rapidly growing cities of Oklahoma Territory stand as a witness of remarkable enterprise and courage. Oklahoma City, which, in an afternoon, had taken on the appearance of a thriving town, was in five short weeks a prominent centre of persevering civilization. To-day it has over 5,000 population. The capital, Guthrie, has a population of over 3,000, and in the whole territory, according to returns in 1890, there were 50 banks, 280 post-offices, 10 daily newspapers, and nearly 80,000 school children.

These figures have lately been much expanded. In September, 1893, a portion of the Indian territory, popularly called "the Cherokee Strip," and much coveted by disappointed "boomers," was opened to the public, and the stirring scenes that accompanied the opening of Oklahoma were repeated. The "strippers," as the settlers were now nicknamed, rested on the borders for weeks, and then made a rush across. Towns sprang up like mushrooms, thousands of people found homes and happiness, and a few found early graves.



SCENE AROUND A LAND OFFICE.
*From a Photo. by W. A. Flower, Guthrie, O. T.*

# *The Tragedy of the Korosko.*

By A. Conan Doyle.

## CHAPTER V.

SO the *Korosko* had been taken, and the chances of rescue upon which they had reckoned—all those elaborate calculations of hours and distances—were as unsubstantial as the mirage which shimmered upon the horizon. There would be no alarm at Halfa until it was found that the steamer did not return in the evening. Even now, when the Nile was only a thin green band upon the horizon, the pursuit had probably not begun. In a hundred miles at the furthest they would be in the Dervish country. How small, then, was the chance that the Egyptian forces could overtake them. They sank into a silent, sulky despair, with the exception of Belmont, who was held back by the guards as he strove to go to his wife's assistance.

The two bodies of camel-men had united, and the Arabs, in their grave, dignified fashion, were exchanging salutations and experiences, while the negroes grinned, chattered, and shouted, with the careless good humour which even the Koran has not been able to alter. The leader of the new-comers was a greybeard, a worn, ascetic, high-nosed old man, abrupt and fierce in his manner, and soldierly in his bearing. The dragoman groaned when he saw him.

"It is the Emir Abderrahman," said he. "I fear now that we shall never come to Khartoum alive."

The name meant nothing to the others, but Colonel Cochrane had heard of him as a monster of cruelty and fanaticism, a red-hot Moslem of the old fighting, preaching dispensation, who never hesitated to carry the fierce doctrines of the Koran to their final conclusions. He and the Emir Wad Ibrahim conferred gravely together, their camels side by side, and their red turbans inclined inwards so that the black beard mingled with the white one. Then they both turned and stared long and fixedly at the poor, head-hanging huddle of prisoners.

"Who's that nice-looking old gentleman in the white beard?" asked Miss Adams.

"That is their leader now," Cochrane answered.

"You don't say that he takes command over that other one?"

"Yes, lady," said the dragoman. "He is now the head of all."

"Well, that's good for us. Anyhow, I had rather be in his power than in the hands of that black-haired one with the flint eyes. Sadie, dear, you feel better now it's cooler, don't you?"

"Yes, auntie; don't you fret about me. How are you yourself?"

"Well, I'm stronger in faith than I was. I set you a poor example, Sadie, for I was clean crazed at the suddenness of it, and at thinking of what your mother, who trusted you to me, would think about it. My land, there'll be some head-lines in the *Boston Herald* over this! I guess somebody will have to suffer for it."

"Poor Mr. Stuart!" cried Sadie, as the monotonous voice of the delirious man came again to their ears. "Come, auntie, and see if we cannot do something to relieve him."

"I'm uneasy about Mrs. Shlesinger and the child," said Colonel Cochrane. "I can see your wife, Belmont, but I can see no one else."

"They are bringing her over," cried he. "Thank God! We shall hear all about it. They haven't hurt you, Norah, have they?" He ran forward to grasp and kiss the hand which his wife held down to him as he helped her from the camel.

The kind, grey eyes and calm, sweet face of the Irishwoman brought comfort and hope to the whole party. She was a devout Roman Catholic, and it is a creed which forms an excellent prop in hours of danger. To her, to the Nonconformist minister, to the Presbyterian American, even to the two Pagan black riflemen, religion in its various forms was fulfilling the same beneficent office—whispering always that the worst which the

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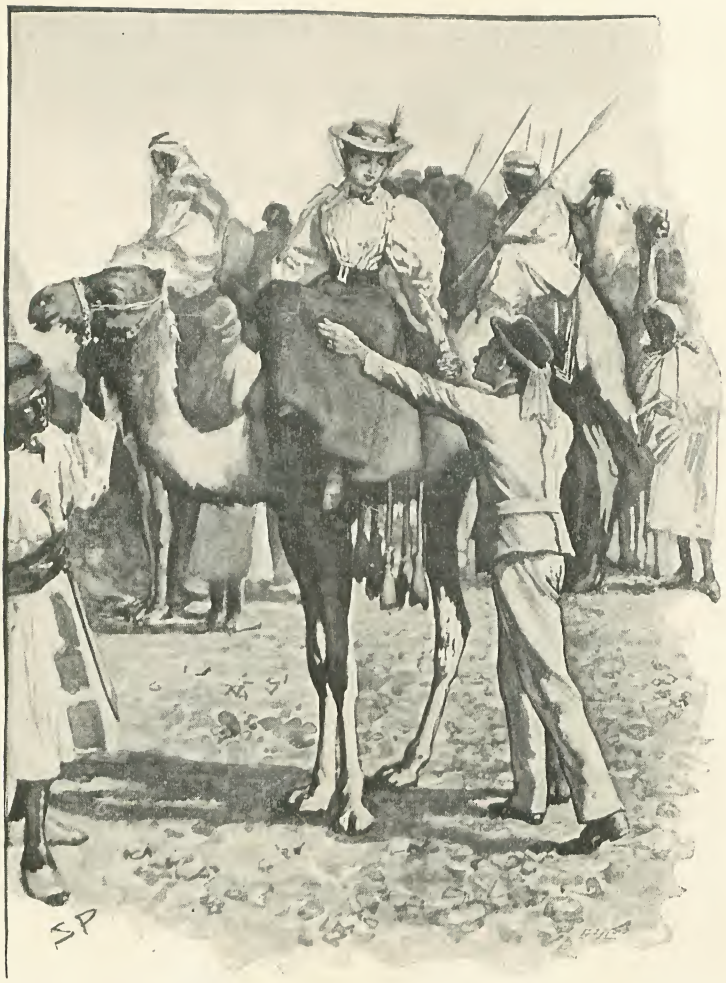


"THEY HAVEN'T HURT YOU, NORAH, HAVE THEY?"

world can do is a small thing, and that however harsh the ways of Providence may seem, it is, on the whole, the wisest and best thing for us that we should go cheerfully whither the Great Hand guides us. They had not a dogma in common, these fellows in misfortune, but they held the intimate, deeply-lying spirit, the calm, essential fatalism which is the world-old framework of religion, with fresh crops of dogmas growing like ephemeral lichens upon its granite surface.

"You poor things," she said. "I can see that you have had a much worse time than I have. No, really, John, dear, I am quite well—not even very thirsty, for our party filled their water-skins at the Nile. But I don't see Mr. Headingly and Mr. Brown. And poor Mr. Stuart—what a state he has been reduced to!"

"Headingly and Brown are out of their troubles," her husband answered. "You don't know how often I have thanked God to-day, Norah, that you were not with us. And here you are, after all."

"Where should I be but by my husband's side? I had much, *much* rather be here than safe at Halfa."

"Has any news gone to the town?" asked the Colonel.

"One boat escaped. Mrs. Shlesinger and her child and maid were in it. I was downstairs in my cabin when the Arabs rushed on to the vessel. Those on deck had time to escape, for the boat was alongside. The Arabs fired at them for some time."

"Did they?" cried Belmont, exultantly, his responsive Irish nature catching the sunshine in an instant. "Then, be Jove, we'll do them yet, for the garrison must have heard the firing. What d'ye think, Cochrane?

They must be full cry upon our scent this four hours. Any minute we might see the white pugaree of a British officer coming over that rise."

But disappointment had left the Colonel cold and sceptical.

"They need not come at all unless they come strong," said he. "These fellows are picked men with good leaders, and on their own ground they will take a lot of beating." Suddenly he paused and looked at the Arabs. "By George!" said he. "That's a sight worth seeing!"

The great red sun was down with half its disc slipped behind the violet bank upon the horizon. It was the hour of Arab prayer. An older and more learned civilization would have turned to that magnificent thing upon the skyline and adored *that*. But these wild children of the desert were nobler in essentials than the polished Persian. To them the ideal was higher than the material, and it was with their backs to the sun and their faces to the central shrine of their religion that they prayed. And how they prayed, these fanatical Moslems! Wrapt, absorbed, with yearning eyes and shining faces, rising, stooping, grovelling with their foreheads upon their praying carpets. Who could doubt as he watched their strenuous, heart-whole devotion that here was a great living power in the world, reactionary but tremendous, countless millions all thinking as one from Cape Juby to the confines of China? Let a common wave pass over them, let a great soldier or organizer arise among them to use the grand material at his hand, and who shall say that this may not be the besom with which Providence may sweep the rotten, decadent, impossible, half-hearted south of Europe, as it did a thousand years ago, until it makes room for a sounder stock?

"IT WAS THE HOUR OF ARAB PRAYER."

And now as they rose to their feet the bugle rang out, and the prisoners understood

that, having travelled all day, they were fated to travel all night also. Belmont groaned, for he had reckoned upon the pursuers catching them up before they left this camp. But the others had already got into the way of accepting the inevitable. A flat Arab loaf had been given to each of them—what effort of the *chef* of the post-boat had ever tasted like that dry brown bread!—and then, luxury of luxuries, they had a second ration of a glass of water, for the fresh-filled bags of the new-comers had provided an ample supply. If the body would but follow the lead of the soul as readily as the soul does that of the body, what a heaven the earth might be! Now, with their base material wants satisfied for the instant, their spirits began to sing within them, and they mounted their camels with some sense of the romance of their position. Mr. Stuart remained babbling upon the ground, and the Arabs made no effort to lift him into his saddle. His large, white, upturned face glimmered through the gathering darkness.

"Hi, dragoman, tell them that they are forgetting Mr. Stuart," cried the Colonel.

"No use, sir," said Mansoor. "They say that he is too fat, and that they will not take him any further. He will die, they say, and why should they trouble about him?"

"Not take him!" cried Cochrane. "Why, the man will die of hunger and thirst. Where's the Emir? Hi!" he shouted, as the black-bearded Arab passed, with a tone like that in which he used to summon a dilatory donkey-boy. The chief did not deign to answer him, but said something to one of the guards, who dashed the butt of his Remington into the Colonel's ribs. The old soldier fell forward gasping, and was carried on half senseless, clutching at the pommel of his saddle. The women began to cry, and the men with muttered curses and clenched hands writhed in that hell of impotent passion, where brutal injustice and ill-usage have to go without check or even remonstrance. Belmont gripped at his hip-pocket for his little revolver, and then remembered that he had already given it to Miss Adams. If his hot hand had clutched it, it would have meant the death of the Emir and the massacre of the party.

And now as they rode onwards they saw one of the most singular of the phenomena of the Egyptian desert in front of them. When the sun had sunk, the horizon had remained of a slaty-violet hue. But now this began to lighten and to brighten until a curious false dawn developed, and it seemed

"THE OLD SOLDIER FELL FORWARD GASPING,"

as if a vacillating sun was coming back along the path which it had just abandoned. A rosy pink hung over the west, with beautifully delicate sea-green tints along the upper edge of it. Slowly these faded into slate again, and the night had come. It was but twenty-four hours since they had sat in their canvas chairs discussing politics by starlight on the saloon deck of the *Korosko*. What a world of fresh impressions had come upon them since then! How rudely they had been jostled out of their take-it-for-granted complacency! The same shimmering silver stars, the same thin crescent of moon—but they, what a chasm lay between that old pampered life and this!

The long line of camels moved as noiselessly as ghosts across the desert. Before and behind were the silent, white figures of the Arabs. Not a sound anywhere, not the very faintest sound, until far away behind them they heard a human voice singing in a strong, droning, unmusical fashion. It had the strangest effect, this far-away voice, in that huge, inarticulate wilderness. And then there came a well-known rhythm into that distant chant, and they could almost hear the words :—

> We nightly pitch our moving tent,
> A day's march nearer home.

Was Mr. Stuart in his right mind again, or was it some coincidence of his delirium, that he should have chosen this for his song? With moist eyes his friends looked back through the darkness, for well they knew that home was very near to this wanderer. Gradually the voice died away into a hum, and was absorbed once more into the masterful silence of the desert.

"My dear old chap, I hope you're not hurt?" said Belmont, laying his hand upon Cochrane's knee.

The Colonel had straightened himself, though he still gasped a little in his breathing.

"Would you show me which was the man who struck me?"

"It was the fellow in front there—with his camel beside Fardet's."

"The young fellow with the moustache—I can't see him very well in this light, but I think I could pick him out again. Thank you, Belmont!"

"But I thought some of your ribs were gone."

"No, it only knocked the wind out of me."

"You must be made of iron. It was a frightful blow."

The Colonel cleared his throat and hummed and stammered.

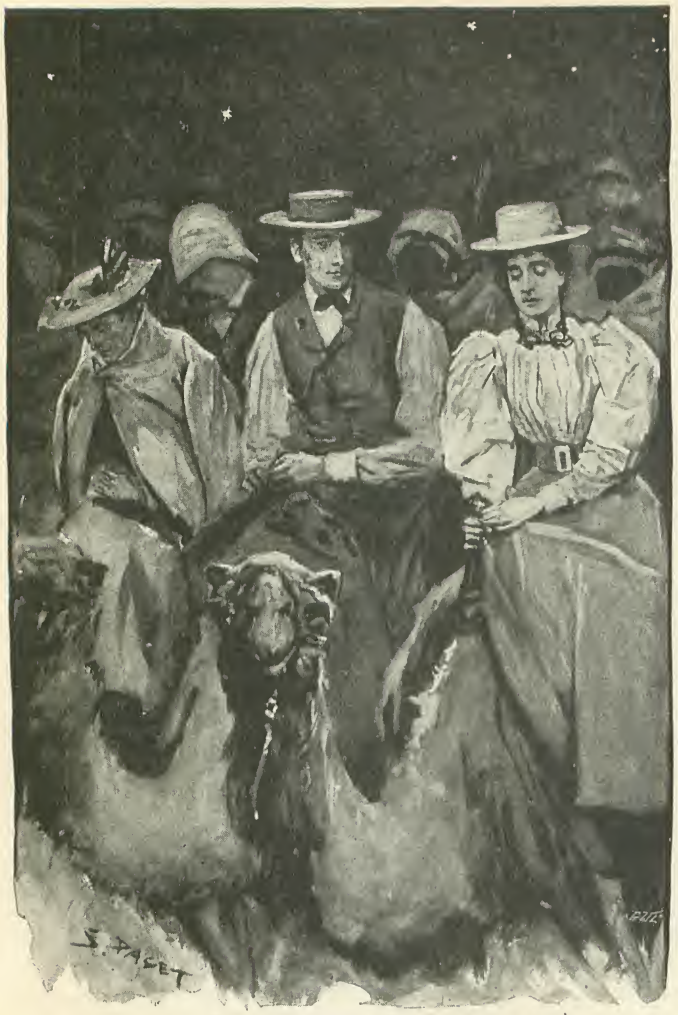
"The fact is, my dear Belmont—I'm sure you would not let it go further—above all not to the ladies; but I am rather older than I used to be, and rather than lose the military carriage which has always been dear to me, I——"

"Stays, be Jove!" cried the astonished Irishman.

"Well, some slight artificial support," said the Colonel, stiffly, and switched the conversation off to astronomy.

It still comes back in their dreams to those who are left, that long night's march in the desert. It was like a dream itself, the silence of it, as they were borne forward upon those soft, sponge feet, and the flitting, flickering figures which oscillated upon every side of them. The whole universe seemed to be hung as a monstrous time-dial in front of them. A star would glimmer like a lantern on the very level of their path. They looked again, and it was a hand's breadth up, and another was shining beneath it. Slowly they would swing across the heaven, first climbing, then hanging long with little apparent motion, and then sinking grandly downwards, until away in the east the first cold grey glimmer appeared, and their own haggard faces shocked each other's sight.

The day had tortured them with its heat, and now the night had brought the even more intolerable discomfort of cold. The Arabs swathed themselves in their gowns and wrapped up their heads. The prisoners beat their hands together and shivered miserably. Miss Adams felt it most, for she was very thin, with the impaired circulation of age. Stephens slipped off his Norfolk jacket and threw it over her shoulders. He rode beside Sadie, and whistled and chatted to make her believe that her aunt was really relieving him by carrying his jacket for him, but the attempt was too boisterous not to be obvious. And yet it was so far true that he probably felt the cold less than any of the party, for the old, old fire was burning in his heart, and a curious joy was inextricably mixed with all his misfortunes, so that he would have found it hard to say if this adventure had been the greatest evil or the greatest blessing of his lifetime. Aboard the boat, Sadie's youth, her beauty, her intelligence and humour, all made him realize that she could at the best only be expected to charitably endure him. But now he felt that he was really of some use to her, that every hour she was learning




"I AM QUITE CERTAIN THAT I WOULD NOT LEAVE YOU."

to turn to him as one turns to one's natural protector; and above all, he had begun to find himself—to understand that there really was a strong, reliable man behind all the tricks of custom which had built up an artificial nature which had imposed even upon himself. A little glow of self-respect began to warm his blood. He had missed his youth when he was young, and now in his middle age it was coming up like some beautiful belated flower.

"I do believe that you are all the time enjoying it, Mr. Stephens," said Sadie, with some bitterness.

"I would not go so far as to say that," he answered. "But I am quite certain that I would not leave you here."

It was the nearest approach to tenderness which he had ever put into a speech, and the girl looked at him in surprise.

"I think I've been a very wicked girl all my life," she said, after a pause. "Because I have had a good time myself, I never thought of those who were unhappy. This has struck me serious. If ever I get back I shall be a better woman — a more earnest woman — in the future."

"And I a better man. I suppose it is just for that that trouble comes to us. Look how it has brought out the virtues of all our friends. Take poor Mr. Stuart, for example. Should we ever have known what a noble, constant man he was? And see Belmont and his wife, in front of us, there, going fearlessly forward, hand in hand, thinking only of each other. And Cochrane, who always seemed on board the boat to be a rather stand-offish, narrow sort of man! Look at his courage, and his unselfish indignation when anyone is ill-used. Fardet, too, is as brave as a lion. I think misfortune has done us all good."

Sadie sighed.

"Yes, if it would end right here one might say so. But if it goes on and on, and then ends in death, I don't know where we reap the benefit of those improvements of character which it brings. Suppose you escape, what will you do?"

The lawyer hesitated, but his professional instincts were still strong.

"I will consider whether an action lies, and against whom. It should be with the organizers of the expedition for taking us to the Abousir Rock—or else with the Egyptian Government for not protecting their frontiers. It will be a nice legal question. And what will you do, Sadie?"

It was the first time that he had ever dropped the formal Miss, but the girl was too much in earnest to notice it.

"I will be more tender to others," she said. "I will try to make someone else

happy in memory of the miseries which I have endured."

And now the long, cold, weary night was over, and the deep blue-black sky had lightened to a wonderful mauve-violet, with the larger stars still glinting brightly out of it. Behind them the grey line had crept higher and higher, deepening into a delicate rose-pink, with the fan-like rays of the invisible sun shooting and quivering across it. Then, suddenly they felt its warm touch upon their backs, and there were hard black shadows upon the sand in front of them. The Dervishes loosened their cloaks and began to talk cheerily among themselves. The prisoners also began to thaw, and eagerly ate the doora which was served out for their breakfasts. A short halt had been called, and a cup of water served out to each.

"Can I speak to you, Colonel Cochrane?" asked the dragoman.

"No, you can't," snapped the Colonel.

"But it is very important—all our safety may come from it."

The Colonel frowned and pulled at his moustache.

"Well, what is it?" he asked, at last.

"You must trust to me, for it is as much to me as to you to get back to Egypt. My wife and home, and children, are on one part, and a slave for life upon the other. You have no cause to doubt it?"

"Well, go on!"

"You know the black man who spoke with you—the one who had been with Hicks?"

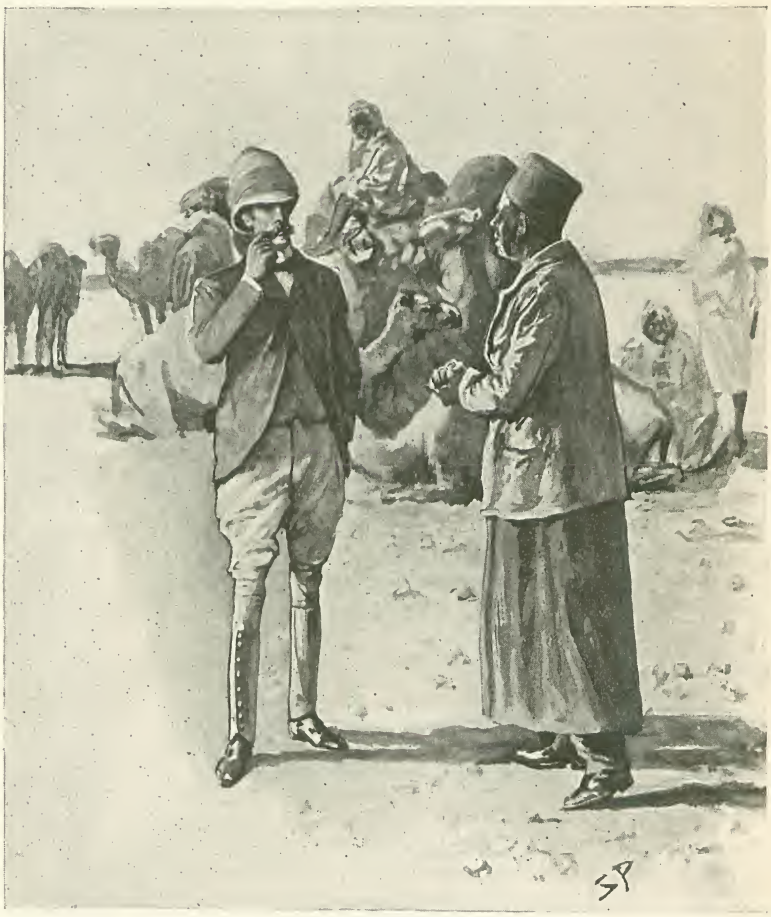
"Yes, what of him?"

"He has been speaking with me during the night. I have had a long talk with him. He said that he could not very well understand you, nor you him, and so he came to me."

"What did he say?"

"He said that there were eight Egyptian soldiers among the Arabs—six black and two fellaheen. He said that he wished to have your promise that they should all have very good reward if they helped you to escape."

"Of course they will."



"YOU MUST TRUST TO ME."

"They asked for one hundred Egyptian pounds each."

"They shall have it."

"I told him that I would ask you, but that I was sure that you would agree to it."

"What do they propose to do?"

"They could promise nothing, but what they thought best was that they should ride their camels not very far from you, so that if any chance should come they would be ready to take advantage."

"Well, you can go to him and promise

two hundred pounds each if they will help us. You do not think we could buy over some Arabs?"

Mansoor shook his head. "Too much danger to try," said he, and strolled off to where Tippy Tilly was grooming his camel and waiting for his reply.

The Emirs had intended to halt for a half-hour at the most, but the baggage-camels which bore the prisoners were so worn out with the long, rapid march, that it was clearly impossible that they should move for some time. The two chiefs shook their heads when they inspected them, and the terrible old man looked with his hard-lined, rock features at the captives. Then he said something to Mansoor, whose face turned a shade more sallow as he listened.

"The Emir Abderrahman says that if you do not become Moslem, it is not worth while delaying the whole caravan in order to carry you upon the baggage-camels. If it were not for you, he says that we could travel twice as fast. He wishes to know, therefore, once for ever if you will accept the Koran." Then in the same tone, as if he were still translating, he continued: "You had far better consent, for if you do not he will most certainly put us all to death."

The unhappy prisoners looked at each other in despair. The two Emirs stood gravely watching them.

"For my part," said Cochrane, "I had as soon die now as be a slave in Khartoum."

"What do you say, Norah?" asked Belmont.

"If we die together, John, I don't think I shall be afraid."

"It is absurd that I should die for that in which I have never had belief," said Fardet. "And yet it is not possible for the honour of a Frenchman that he should be converted in this fashion." He drew himself up, with his wounded wrist stuck into the front of his jacket. "*Je suis Chrétien. J'y reste*," he cried.

"What do you say, Mr. Stephens?" asked Mansoor, in a beseeching voice. "If one of you would change, it might place them in a good humour."

"No, I can't do it," said the lawyer, quietly.

"Well, then, you, Miss Sadie? You, Miss Adams? It is only just to say it once, and you will be saved."

"Oh, auntie, do you think we might?" whimpered the frightened girl.

The old lady threw her arms round her.

"No, no, my own dear little Sadie," she whispered. "You'll be strong! You would just hate yourself for ever after. Keep your grip of me, dear, and pray if you find your strength is leaving you. Don't forget that your old aunt Eliza has you all the time by the hand."

For an instant they were heroic, this line of dishevelled, bedraggled pleasure-seekers. They were all looking Death in the face, and the closer they looked the less they feared him. They were conscious rather of a feeling of curiosity, together with the nervous tingling with which one approaches a dentist's chair. The dragoman made a motion of his hands and shoulders, as one who has tried and failed. The Emir Abderrahman said something to a negro, who hurried away.

"What does he want a scissors for?" asked the Colonel.

"He is going to hurt the women," said Mansoor, with the same gesture of impotence.

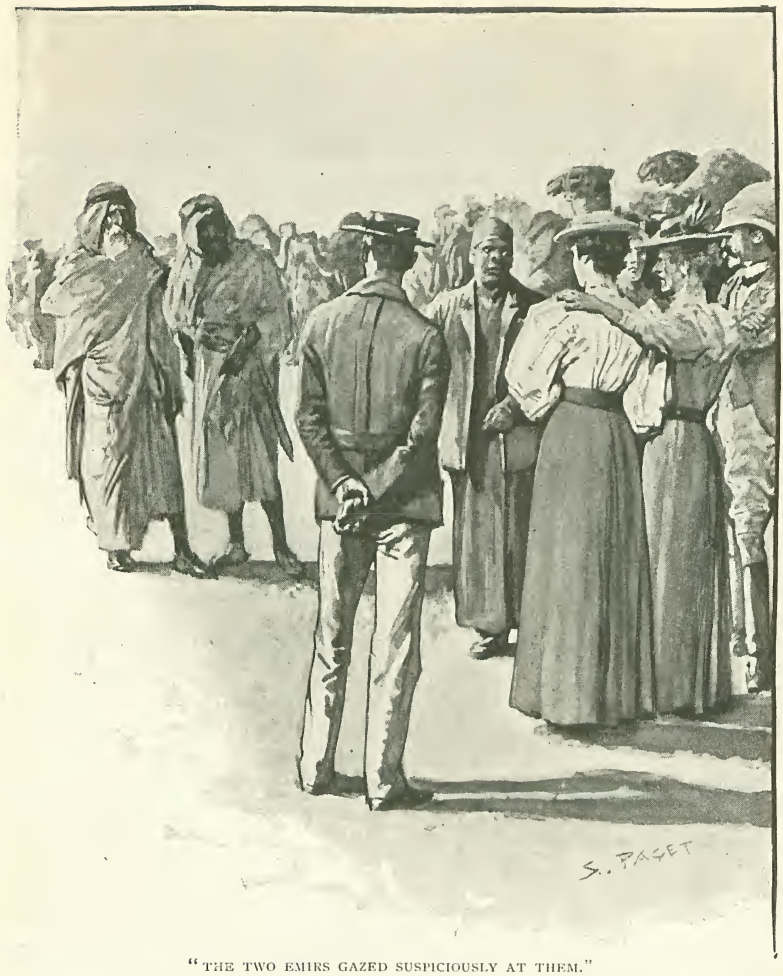
A cold chill fell upon them all. They stared about them in helpless horror. Death in the abstract was one thing, but these insufferable details were another. Each had been braced to endure any evil in his own person, but their hearts were still soft for each other. The women said nothing, but the men were all buzzing together.

"There's the pistol, Miss Adams," said Belmont. "Give it here! We won't be tortured! We won't stand it!"

"Offer them money, Mansoor! Offer them anything!" cried Stephens. "Look here, I'll turn Mohammedan if they'll promise to leave the women alone. After all, it isn't binding—it's under compulsion. But I can't see the women hurt."

"No, wait a bit, Stephens!" said the Colonel. "We mustn't lose our heads. I think I see a way out. See here, dragoman! You tell that grey-bearded old devil that we know nothing about his cursed tinpot religion. Put it smooth when you translate it. Tell him that he cannot expect us to adopt it until we know what particular brand of rot it is that he wants us to believe. Tell him that if he will instruct us, we are perfectly willing to listen to his teaching, and you can add that any creed which turns out such beauties as he, and that other bounder with the black beard, must claim the attention of everyone."

With bows and suppliant sweepings of his hands the dragoman explained that the Christians were already full of doubt, and that it needed but a little more light of knowledge to guide them on to the path of Allah. The two Emirs stroked their beards and gazed suspiciously at them. Then Abderrahman




"THE TWO EMIRS GAZED SUSPICIOUSLY AT THEM."

spoke in his crisp, stern fashion to the dragoman, and the two strode away together. An instant later the bugle rang out as a signal to mount.

"What he says is this," Mansoor explained, as he rode in the middle of the prisoners. "We shall reach the wells by mid-day, and there will be a rest. His own Moolah, a very good and learned man, will come to give you an hour of teaching. At the end of that time you will choose one way or the other. That is his last word."

"They won't take ransom?"

"Wad Ibrahim would, but the Emir Abderrahman is a terrible man. I advise you to give in to him."

"What have you done yourself? You are a Christian, too."

Mansoor blushed a little.

"I was yesterday morning. Perhaps I will be to-morrow morning. I serve the Lord as long as what He ask seem reasonable; but this is very otherwise."

He rode onwards amongst the guards with a freedom which showed that his change of faith had put him upon a very different footing to the other prisoners.

So they were to have a reprieve of a few hours, though they rode in that dark shadow of death which was closing in upon them. What is there in life that we should cling to it so? It is not the pleasures, for those whose hours are one long pain shrink away screaming when they see merciful Death holding his soothing arms out for them. It is not the associations, for we will change all of them before we walk of our own wills down that broad road which every son and daughter of man must tread. Is it the fear of losing the I, that dear, intimate I, which we think we know so well, although it is eternally doing things which surprise us? Is it that which makes the deliberate suicide cling madly to the bridge-pier as the river sweeps him by? Or is it that Nature is so afraid that all her weary workmen may suddenly throw down their tools and strike, that she has invented this fashion of keeping them constant to their present work? But there it is, and all these tired, harassed, humiliated folk rejoiced in the few more hours of suffering which were left to them.

*(To be continued.)*

# *Side-Shows.*

## VI.

By William G. FitzGerald.

THE magnates of the entertainment world are always on the look-out for something new in the way of dog shows. Nothing, they will tell you, pleases the public so well as a novel dog show; and certainly nothing brings in money so fast as a troupe of dogs who perform sensational or funny feats. There are men at this moment scouring the world for likely dogs—literally seeking their fortune among the "friends of man." I have a case in my mind.

Far away in a remote village of the Austrian Tyrol there lived a lonely old man whose sole companion was a noble collie. That dog could do almost anything you could think of. He did all the marketing necessary, knowing the value of money, and being well able to count. He could walk on any number of legs, from one to four, and he would take the few visitors who penetrated to that sweet, old-world spot on "personally conducted" tours to the caves in the vicinity. Well, as usual, the roving agent came and saw, and eventually conquered the old man's reluctance to part with his all but human companion; and that beautiful collie may now be seen among a well-known troupe of dogs, whose feats have delighted not merely London, but every capital in Europe.

As to the charges of cruelty that have been levelled against dog-trainers, I can say nothing. Possibly harsh treatment is resorted to in order to perfect the animals in their feats. At any rate, of this I am certain, that when once a dog *has* been trained to go through a performance, he is thereafter treated in the way a loving mother treats her child. Not, perhaps, for the dog's own sake, but because he is a valuable possession. Mr. Egon, the owner of the dog shown on this page, has taken an almost incredible amount of pains with the training of "Boy," the champion dog jumper of the world.

Our reproduction is from a remarkably successful photograph, showing Boy taking a flying leap over a tremendous hurdle, nearly 12ft. high. This great jump, however, can only be accomplished in the open air, where there is no lack of space, and plenty of soft turf to fall upon. Seven or eight feet is the average high jump of a first-rate performing dog upon the stage of a theatre. Showmen fortunate enough to possess dogs like the champion, Boy, can speedily amass a fortune. In addition to the enormous salaries paid by the premier variety theatres for such "turns," there are almost unlimited private engagements for fêtes, garden-parties, and similar functions.

There are many entertainers throughout the world who depend largely for success upon the comical extravagance of their appearance. Nowadays, however, much is expected in this direction if a show is even to pass muster, much less make a hit. The Phoite Pinaud troupe of eccentric comedians comes well up to the standard of

"BOY," THE CHAMPION DOG JUMPER OF THE WORLD.
*From a Photo. by R. T. Watson, Hull.*

THE SENTIMENTAL DUDE.
(Phoite Pinaud Troupe.)
*From a Photo. by J. U. Stead, New York.*

comicality. Two of them have been specially photographed in New York, and here they are. The dude, whose appearance is decidedly impressive, sings a pathetic love-song, accompanying it with many excruciatingly funny cranings of his altitudinous neck and spasmodic jerkings of his limp arms. This great swell, one ought to mention, is partly human and partly mechanical.

The same applies to his consort, the hilarious person next depicted. The antics of the pair must be seen to be appreciated. After several songs and dances they take part in a miniature drama, the hero (save the mark !) being our friend the dude.

On witnessing the performance of various animals, from elephants down to mice, people are apt to ask, "Is there any central depôt from which these animals may be procured 'ready made,' so to speak?" There is. The depôt, however, is not in England. It is Carl Hagenbeck's wonderful establishment in Hamburg. Hagenbeck's catalogue, which lies before me as I write, is a very interesting document. "Group 2," I notice, consists of five lions, three tigers, one leopard, two bears, and four German boarhounds—"All properties" (*i.e.*, already trained to perform); "one central cage and two new caravans included; the lot, £2,750."

The photo. reproduced on the next page shows what curious and striking things in the way of performing animals are to be seen at Herr Hagenbeck's unique emporium. We see a particularly fine Polar bear mounted upon a specially made tricycle. The huge animal propels the machine by means of the pedal-cranks, on which his front paws rest. To avoid any hitch in the inauguration of the show, a powerful hound is always in attendance to give the necessary initial impetus to the whole concern. The lion seen on the left, behind the resolute and fearless lady-trainer, also takes his turn at cycling. He is, moreover, a far more tractable pupil than the Polar bear, whose treachery and ferocity are a continual menace to the trainer.

At all times, and from all climes, strange

THE DUDE'S CONSORT.
(Phoite Pinaud Troupe.)
*From a Photo. by J. U. Stead, New York.*

*From a Photo. by]* A POLAR BEAR AS CYCLIST. *[Theod. Reimers, Hamburg.*

and wonderful argosies are on their way to Herr Hagenbeck. In his last letter he writes: "Three of my people are just coming home from South Russia with a herd of twenty-six camels. . . My brother is leaving Ceylon with several elephants, buffaloes, zebras, dwarf donkeys, and over 600 reptiles. He is bringing with him six natives to help him *en route*. . . Four elephants are on their way from Burmah to Hamburg *viâ* London. . . . I have now three collectors in Siberia and two in the Caucasus. One man has just left for California to fetch a herd of sea-lions for my Arctic Panorama which opens in Vienna; and my agents in high latitudes have orders to procure twenty young Polar bears." This gives some idea of the interesting nature of the side-show business.

Our next photo. is decidedly impressive, and was taken in Hamburg specially for this article. It depicts a massive little chariot, drawn by a pair of fine tigers and driven by "Cæsar," a lion of unamiable appearance. It will be observed that Cæsar wears his imperial crown and mantle with a noble grace, and that the footmen in attendance upon this extraordinary equipage are a couple of splendid hounds. I may remark here that these hounds are detectives in disguise, so to speak. Their duties as footmen are purely ornamental, their real *raison d'être* becoming more obvious when the lions or tigers begin to look "ugly." In other words, the hounds are mainly kept in the show for the protection of the trainer.

The performing eagles seen in our next two reproductions are the only ones in the world. They were brought to England three or four years ago by their trainer, Professor Langeneck, who received £40 a week for the show. The Professor had altogether ten

*From a Photo. by]* "CÆSAR'S IMPERIAL CHARIOT." *[Theod. Reimers, Hamburg.*

eagles, but two or more out of this number would always be sulky, so that rarely more than eight of the birds performed at one time. They were Russian eagles, and they gave their show in a huge cage-net, erected primarily for the protection of the audience.

PERFORMING EAGLES—FIRING OFF A PISTOL.
*From a Photo. by Louis Elbelt, Eisleben.*

The training of these birds, the Professor assures us, was a heart-breaking business. They much preferred eating meat, and when they weren't eating they were either sulking or fighting desperately among themselves. Many a scar has Professor Langeneck to show how he dashed in amidst the furious wings and murderous talons and beaks of the whirling combatants.

In the first photo. we see the eagle named "Billy" firing off a revolver. He doesn't like doing it. To do anything but eat is a bore, and then, besides, the pistol makes such a frightful row. When it comes to Billy's turn you can see he is reluctant. He was just picking a quarrel with "Jimmie," we will say, when he received his cue — a more or less gentle prod. He hops awkwardly up the steps, bends down to the weapon—probably to sight it—and the next moment a deafening report tells that Billy has done what was required of him.

The second photo. here reproduced shows two more of the performing eagles, one on the revolving globe, and the other on a sort of miniature "Big Wheel." Both of these things have to be impelled along the track by the birds' own talons. They stop now and then and look at each other, much as we see them in the picture; they might be saying, "Was there ever such a senseless business as this?" These two also ride a bicycle between them. One hops on to the saddle and gravely puts one powerful talon on the handle-bar, whilst the other alights on the wheel itself and forces it slowly round.

The cage in which these eagles perform is not a particularly safe place. When their respective duties are over, the huge birds fly hither and thither erratically, and if one of them chanced to strike you, you would remember the blow for some time. And, moreover, they have been known, gratuitously, to attack their hard-working trainer, probably because he hadn't brought some pounds of raw meat into the cage with him. Fortunately the Professor is always able to beat the eagles off before they have dragged pieces out of him.

PERFORMING EAGLES—ON THE WHEEL AND REVOLVING GLOBE.
*From a Photo. by Louis Elbelt, Eisleben.*

What may be described as the most difficult balancing act ever accomplished is shown in the next illustration. The photo. was kindly lent by Mr. Hartley Milburn, of Sunderland. Mr. Milburn writes: "I should like to call attention to the photograph showing the man doing the elbow balance. This is supposed to be the most wonderful feat of equilibrium ever performed by any hand-balancer; and it has created a great sensation, not merely among the audiences who have witnessed

THE MOST DIFFICULT BALANCING FEAT IN THE WORLD.
*From a Photo. by Even Neuhaus, Copenhagen.*

it, but also among the artiste's own professional colleagues. You will perfectly understand how extremely difficult it must be to retain a balance in this way, when there is nothing to support the performer but his own elbow-bone. After this feat, ordinary hand-balancing becomes commonplace, because at least the performer is allowed one hand to rest upon, so that, of course, he has the use of his fingers, and these by constant practice become enormously strong and supple." The name of this equilibrist is Mr. Albert Letta, and he has already appeared in most of the great cities of Europe. The photo. which we reproduce was taken in Copenhagen.

The limbs of these hand-balancers and jugglers become practically interchangeable, if I may use such a word in this connection. We have already seen how arms have been made to do duty for legs. There was one man who ran races on his hands and arms, with his legs dangling loosely in the air; another eccentric performer danced a jig in the same way. But in the accompanying photo. we see the double reversal of functions—a man standing on his arms and pouring out a glass of champagne with his feet and legs. This is a marvellously clever show. First of all, the artiste (by name Adolf Salerno) stands upright on the stage, with the bottle of wine and the glass at his feet. Suddenly gripping the bottle with both feet, he drops on to his hands, holding the bottle high in the air. Then he brings it down much as we see it, only not tilted at so great an angle. The glass is now on the stage, just beneath the man's face. His arms bend outwards, as he lowers himself to pick up the glass with his mouth. Then, holding it firmly between his teeth, and calculating by instinct, Salerno moves his slippered feet down the bottle, and it begins slowly to tilt over until, at length, the wine gushes forth, foaming and hissing, into the glass. Then comes a wonderful thing. The performer's body swings backward, as though on a pivot, and, of course, with this movement the bottle is righted and the full glass tilted up. The wine is drunk in this way, and then back comes the bottle with the perpendicular posture, and out comes another stream of champagne into the glass.

Yet another eccentric cycling act is next depicted. This is a youthful member of the Villions troupe of trick cyclists. The construction of the machine (which resembles a gigantic egg) is as follows: The wheel is perfectly oval in shape, and is inclosed in an egg-shaped frame of wicker-work. Cranks

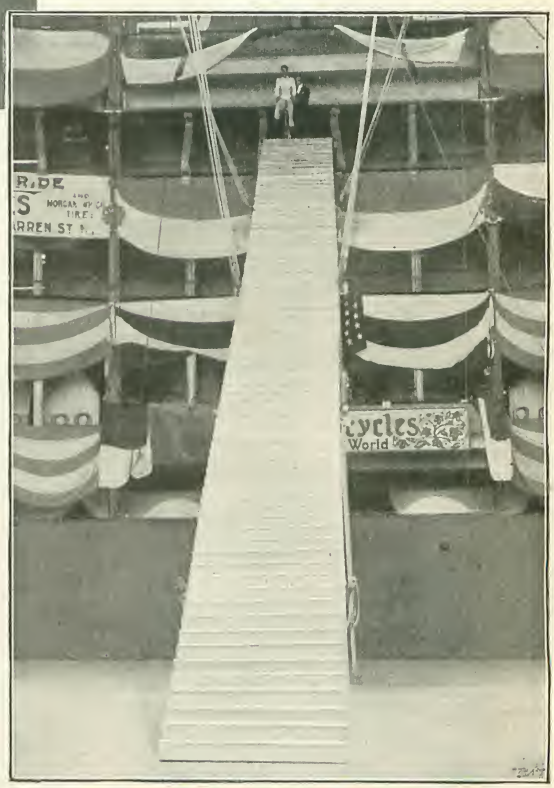
A NOVEL WAY OF TAKING WINE.
*From a Photo. by Langfier, Glasgow.*

THE "BIG-EGG" CYCLE.
*From a Photo. by Brooks, Leeds.*

and pedals remain outside; and the effect produced as this extraordinary unicycle rolls hither and thither is both comical and curious.

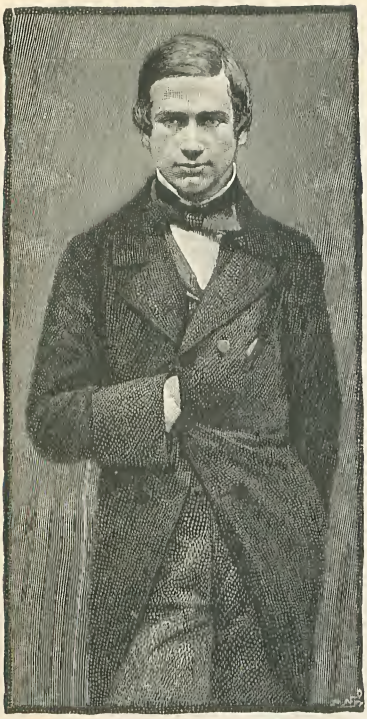
Our last photo. shows the amazing ride of Kilpatrick, the crack American trick cyclist. What makes his performances the more astonishing is that he has only one leg! Notwithstanding this, however, Kilpatrick rides down a terribly steep flight of wooden stairs, 60ft. high, and fixed at an appalling angle. It seems sheer lunacy to attempt to ride down this, but the cyclist has done it hundreds of times, with no more serious accident than a nasty shaking. As you may imagine, the speed and momentum acquired are terrific, once the machine is let go. True, there is a flat run of a few yards at the bottom and then a slight ascent, but this is not enough, and Mr. Kilpatrick has to depend for safety mainly upon the steady pressure exercised by his powerful solitary leg upon the very long crank of the machine.

The cyclist relates one never-to-be-forgotten incident that took place in Cincinnati. It is short. He was being photographed, much as we see him in our reproduction. The photographer, of course, stood below, midway on the short stretch of flat track. Somehow, the person who was holding the machine stumbled as Mr. Kilpatrick was mounting, and the next moment cyclist and cycle were descending the stairs at frightful speed. The unfortunate photographer was busy changing his plates. The result you can imagine. Kilpatrick himself actually escaped without a scratch, but the machine was smashed into wire-work. As to the photographer—well, when he recovered after weeks in hospital, he declared that in future he'd rather put his head into the muzzle of a loaded cannon than stand, professionally, in front of a racing cyclist.




KILPATRICK'S WONDERFUL RIDE DOWN THE STAIRS.
*From a Photograph.*

[Grateful acknowledgments are due to the following well-known entertainment providers and agents for valuable assistance courteously rendered: Messrs. Oliver and Holmes, H. Burrows-Smith, Frank Albert, Carl Hagenbeck, G. H. Macdermott, Hartley Milburn (of Sunderland), Richard Elliott, Percival Hyatt, and Leon Victor, of Colley's Agency.]



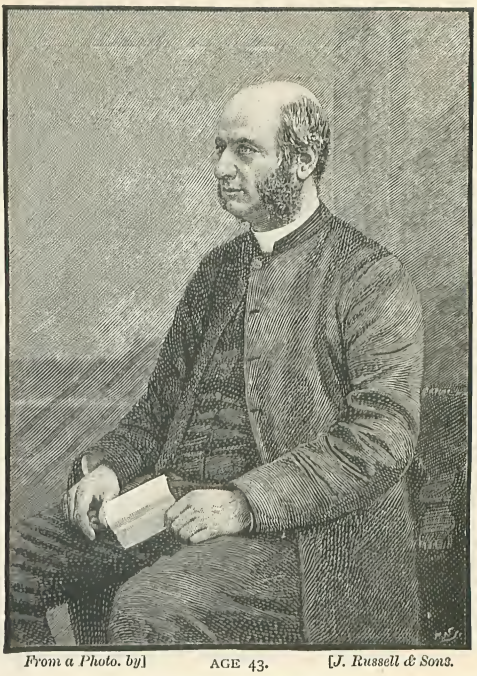
*From a]* AGE 16. *[Photograph.*

## THE BISHOP OF ST. ALBANS.

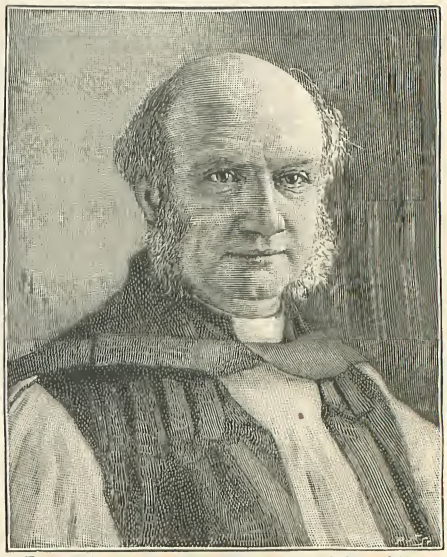
BORN 1837.

THE RIGHT REV. JOHN WOGAN FESTING, D.D., was educated at Bruton School, Somerset, King's College School, Wells Theological College, and Trinity College, Cambridge. He was ordained deacon in 1860, and priest in 1861. He was curate of Christ Church, Westminster, from 1860 to 1873. From there he went to St. Luke's, Berwick Street, as vicar, and was appointed vicar of Christ Church, Albany Street, in 1878. He was made Rural Dean of St. Pancras in 1877, Prebendary of St. Paul's in the following year, and in 1890 he was appointed to fill the vacant bishopric of St. Albans.

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 28. *[Wothlytype.*



*From a Photo. by]* AGE 43. *[J. Russell & Sons.*



*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

## MRS. EMMA EAMES-STORY.

EMMA EAMES was born in Shanghai, of American parents. Her early musical studies were directed by her mother, herself a musician of great talent,

6 MONTHS.
*From a Photograph.*

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 5. *[Dupré, Paris.*

until, in 1883, Mrs. Eames removed with her daughter to Boston, that she might have the advantage of the able tuition of Miss Munger, with whom Emma Eames made such rapid progress that her teacher declared after two years that she could teach her pupil nothing more. In 1886 she went to Paris with her mother, and began further studies under Mme. Marchesi. In 1889 Gounod's opera "Roméo et Juliette" was, for the first time, given at the Grand Opera, Paris, when Mme. Patti was engaged for a limited number of performances; after which, Gounod himself urged the engagement of Miss Eames for the part. Her success was nothing short of extraordinary, the more so for a singer taking a part that Patti had created and made famous. The opera was presented for forty times, and the prima donna

*From a]* AGE 18. *[Photograph.*

started on a career that has made her the delight of two continents. Every lover of music is familiar with her subsequent achievements, and many have repeatedly enjoyed the privilege of hearing the gifted singer during this year's season at Covent Garden.

AGE 21.
*From a Photo. by Benque & Co., Paris.*

PRESENT DAY.
*From a Photo. by Reutlinger, Paris.*

*From a Sketch by]* AGE 18. *[J. B. McDonald, R.S.A.*

## MR. WILLIAM McTAGGART, R.S.A.

BORN 1835.

MR. WILLIAM McTAGGART was born at Aros, near Campbeltown, Argyllshire, in the midst of wild and romantic scenery, where he early evinced that talent for painting which has since made him so famous in Scotland. He went to Edinburgh in 1852, and as a result of much hard work

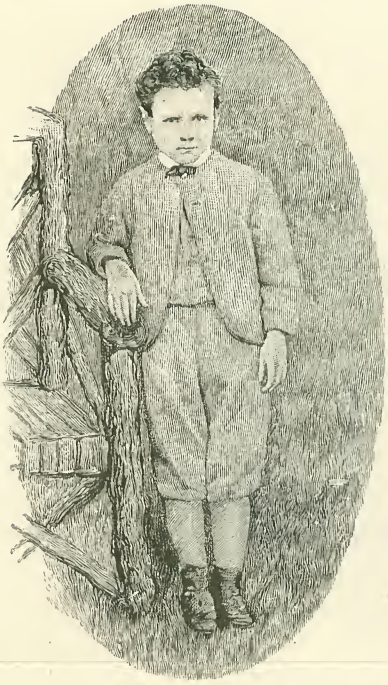
*From a Photo. by]* AGE 28. *[J. G. Tunny, Edinburgh.*

done in the determination to succeed in his profession, Mr. McTaggart was, at the early age of twenty-four, elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy. Full membership was awarded him eleven years later. His works comprise a variety of interesting subjects, and are noted for their power. "Enoch Arden," "The Young Courassieurs," "Through Wind and Rain," and "Away to the West" may be quoted as fair specimens of his skill. Personally, he is modesty itself when speaking of his achievements, whilst he is noted for his hospitality and kindness.

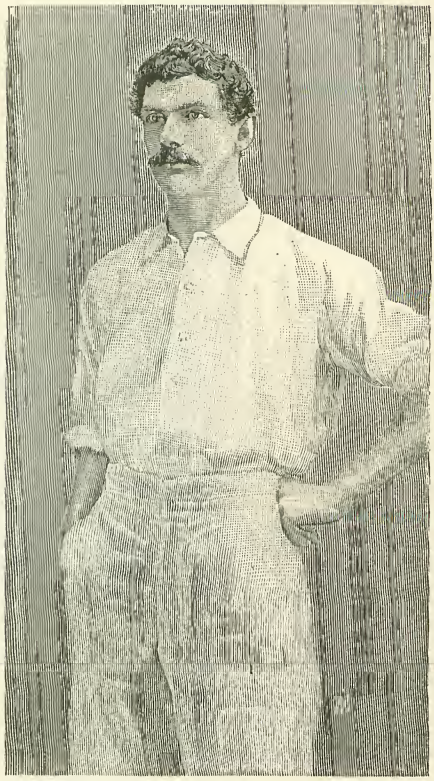
*From a Photo. by]* AGE 45. *[Moffat, Edinburgh.*

As an artist, he is generally regarded as a very excellent example of the Scottish school.

*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[W. Crooke, Edinburgh.*



*From a]* AGE 7. *[Photograph.*



*From a Photo. by]* AGE 19. *[Ward, Brixton.*

## MR. T. RICHARDSON.

BORN 1870.

RICHARDSON was born at Morden, but his name is naturally associated with Mitcham, where he attracted the attention of those ever on the alert to develop Surrey's rising talent. Richardson was introduced to the Surrey Eleven *v.* Essex at the Oval, in 1892, and took six wickets in each innings for 45 and 55 runs respectively. It was in 1893 that some comment was caused as to his delivery, so astonishing was the speed of his "yorker." His record against Notts at Whitsuntide, at Trent Bridge, was indeed sensational—seven for 60 and seven for 85. His brilliant hitting helped materially to win the match against Gloucestershire, at Kennington, by scoring 69 in as many minutes, when he and his partner added 105 for the last wicket, after the first nine had gone down for 75. In 1894 he only fell four short of his 200 wickets, and against Essex, at the Oval, took all ten wickets for 45 runs, hitting the stumps eight times. Naturally enough, he was one of the first asked to visit Australia with Mr. Stoddart's powerful team in the winter of 1894–5, and came out in his true form at the head of affairs by securing sixty-eight victims for 23¾ runs apiece. In 1895 he finished up in marvellous form, taking more wickets (250) than any other English bowler in first-class cricket.

*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[R. Thomas.*

*Author of "Steve Brown's Bunyip" and "In the Great Deep."*

## CHAPTER I.

### TWO NEWSPAPER PARAGRAPHS.

"NO, Frank, I've quite made up my mind! No more of these pettifogging little affairs! We've over £5,000 to our credit now. Let us turn it into £100,000. And the ridiculous simplicity of the thing! Why, as they say over yonder, it's as easy as falling off a log. The only wonder is that it's never been tackled before!"

And the speaker, a tall, dark, handsome man, looked inquiringly at his companion and brother. Frank Maitland, also tall, but not so dark as Charles, who was almost swarthy, for a minute or two puffed slowly at his cigar without answering.

"Yes," said he, at last, "it seems feasible enough. But it'll want a lot of thinking out. And, by the way, it has been done before, only not in the manner that I think you have in mind. Also, the sum was small. And the fellows were nabbed. However, old man, count me in, although I know little of the scheme, except that you've had it simmering in that restless brain of yours for the last few years."

The room in which the two Maitlands sat was one forming part of a flat in a large building in Kensington, known as Holland Chambers. It was well, even luxuriously, furnished, and around the walls hung an array of curios, ranging from a Zulu kaross to an Australian boomerang; whilst on the polished floor were strewn many skins of big game—mostly African felidæ. Gun and rifle cases of all descriptions were packed in one corner; over the fireplace was a handsomely framed picture in oils, painted by Frank, and representing an incident in one of the Boer-Zulu wars, during which he and his brother had been "commandeered" by the former. Other sketches brightened the walls, all of more than average merit. A violin and a piano formed portion of the furniture. It was an ideal bachelor's "den." Adjoining it, but connected by a glass-roofed conservatory, were the four or five other rooms that made the Maitland *ménage*, and which at times were untenanted for a year or two.

Frank and Charles were the sons of a once rather well-known figure in London Clubland—old General Maitland ("Inkerman Maitland," "Maitland Pasha"), whose adventurous and stormy career as a military free lance, after the gambling scandal that caused his resignation from the Imperial Army, often provided a sensational paragraph for the journalists of his day.

At last, decrepit and worn out by excesses, seamed with wounds and utterly penniless, the old soldier of fortune died in Monte Video, where he had been fighting for the Dictator Rivas, leaving his two boys at Haileybury quite destitute and altogether friendless. At that time Frank was sixteen, and Charles a couple of years older. Almost directly after the news of their father's death the pair disappeared, and were unseen and unheard-of for years. Then all at once someone discovered that they were living in Holland Chambers and were making a living as hunters of big game, a statement that received verification from there being, now and again, on view in Roland Ward's windows a giant pair of antlers or a stuffed specimen of some great leopard or similar beast of prey, bearing a legend to the effect that it had been killed in some of the world's wilder parts by one or other of the brothers.

For the rest, although society nodded to them, they had few friends. Reserved, grave, and self-contained men, they seemed to prefer a quiet life of almost complete isolation when in town.

Besides the usual service of the flat servants, the Maitlands had a private man of their own, a stony-faced, elderly henchman who answered to the name of Snell, and who accompanied the pair in their travels.

"Well, Charles," his brother continued, after a long and thoughtful pause, during which the former closely scanned a chart of the main steamship routes, "this will be the biggest thing we ever tackled. What put it into your head at this special moment?"

"This and this," replied Charles, handing his brother two newspaper cuttings. The first ran :—

By the incoming Australian P. & O. steamer, *Empress*, there arrived a consignment of specie of the value of £80,000. The Colonies would appear to be now getting rid of the heavy amounts shipped to them during and immediately after the late lamentable banking crisis. Thus, presently, we may expect the return of much heavier sums, whose effect will be to cheapen money, already too cheap.

This was from the "money column" of the *Times*. The other, from the same newspaper, read :—

For sale, or hire, the steam clipper yacht *Basilisk*, 300 tons, 500 horse-power, which has just returned from a two years' cruise round the world. She is in first-class order, and has been re-surveyed and overhauled. She is all teak built and copper fastened ; her engines are on the triple expansion principle, and she is fitted throughout with electric light and all the latest scientific improvements. For further particulars, apply to Messrs. Hatchard and Jones, Fenchurch Avenue, City.

"I see the connection," said Frank, smiling as he finished. "But wouldn't something smaller and less elaborate suit? Why, she's big enough for a man-o'-war. I remember her well. Saw her in Singapore, and again at the Cape. Three-masted; schooner-rigged; painted all white."

His brother shook his head. "A man-o'-war's exactly what I want, Franky," said he. "Your mail steamers won't pull up for much less. And although I wouldn't hurt anybody, I want something able, if necessary, to say, 'Stop!' to the biggest liner afloat."

"Piracy rank and unmistakable!" laughed Frank.

"Call it what you please," replied Charles, imperturbably. "If it comes off, we need have no fears for the future so far as money is concerned. And just look at the chance," he continued. "Here we are with actually a crew ready to our hands! All our old men of the *Albacore* are waiting about, idle. Valverde wants us to take another trip with arms and ammunition to Cuba. But I'm sick of that. So, I know, are you. Certainly, we made money this last time, but it's too precarious a business; to say nothing of Spanish rifle bullets. My arm is stiff yet. Look here, Frank, I'll write to Hatchard and Jones and make an offer of £200 per month for the *Basilisk* as she stands, whilst you take a turn round the homes and tell any *Albacores* you may see not to ship till they hear from us. I told them, when we paid off, to let me know before they signed fresh articles. And you can give them a pound or so if you find they want it. Almost to a man, I'll bet they'll jump at this new game. Why, we can promise them £200 each."

"All right, old chap," replied Frank Maitland, cheerily. "It's your picnic this time. Count me in at any rating you like. But oughtn't we to have a friend at the other end?"

"I've thought of that," replied his brother. "As you said before, the thing's been simmering; and, long ago, I made out a cable code to meet the case. Do you remember Maggie Hamilton?"

"What, the pretty little woman at the Varieties, in Sydney, who helped to get Bell and Brown, the bank crooks, away in the *Wanderer* so pluckily? Yes, of course, I remember her," replied Frank. "And how she made up those two scamps, till the very police asked them for information about themselves! Well?"

"Well, she's our agent," replied Charles. "Sharp as a needle, thoroughly unscrupulous, but fond of me so far as she can be fond of

anybody but her wicked little self. Nowhere could a better be found. Already we have been in communication with each other ; and when the time comes she knows exactly what to do. I am going to write to her now, and send her a couple of hundred pounds for 'exes.'"

"It'll be a deuced expensive business, this filibustering," remarked Frank.

"It'll take nearly every penny of our savings, old chap," replied the other. "You don't mind?"

"Not a scrap," answered his brother. "In for a penny in for a pound."

"A hundred thousand of them!" replied the other, emphatically, as he settled to his writing, whilst his brother, going to his room, threw off his fashionably-cut tweeds, and presently appearing in blue pilot cloth—a superior sort of seafarer — signalled to Snell to call a cab. As the latter watched his master drive off, a smile wrinkled his grim visage, and he muttered, in satisfied tones, "A job's brewin'! An' a good thing too! 'Untin's not too bad for a change when there ain't nothin' else. Sealin's the payin'est game o' the lot. But, for choice, give me trips like that last 'un to Cuby."

"MAGGIE HAMILTON."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE SAILING OF THE "BASILISK."

HATCHARD AND JONES accepted Charles Maitland's offer, asked for three months' charter-money in advance, and eventually took two, thinking they might wait a long time and not do as well. Also, Frank found nearly all the old crowd of the *Albacore* ready and willing for another enterprise, even to run contraband of war to Cuban insurgents again, if necessary ; although, on that trip, bullets had been cheaper than cigars. Of course, Frank told them nothing ; only let drop hints of sealing in closed waters, at which sport, as at so many others of a more or less lawless flavour, the Maitlands were no novices.

"Well, we've got the *Basilisk*," said Charles, as the brothers met next morning at breakfast. "And that's the main thing ; although there's some ticklish business to fix up yet. Good girl!" he suddenly exclaimed, opening a long, yellow envelope. "She's evidently on the *qui vive*. Let's see what she says."

After working away with his key cipher for awhile, he read aloud : "I will advise you at once directly a boat starts with a full cargo of sugar. At present rates are low. No shipments above £20,000. Probably freights will rise soon. Why not come on to Colombo and wait for a high market? Shall I travel with her myself?"

"Of course!" commented Charles. "That's exactly what I mean to do. Colombo will be our *point de vue*. Resourceful little creature, isn't it? Yes, she may as well travel by the boat, 'with a full cargo of sugar,' *i.e.*, a treasure-room containing a good heap of specie-boxes. I'll bet that when we meet on the Long Stretch, Maggie will have all particulars ready for us, and so save a lot of hunting about and waste of time. But if my latest plan answers, Frank, they'll actually beg us to relieve them of their responsibility."

Rapidly, then, Charles unfolded his scheme ; and as he listened, Frank's smile grew broader, until he threw back his head and laughed long and silently, his whole body shaking with suppressed merriment, as he exclaimed : "No, Charley, you're a clever beggar. But it won't wash! It really won't. Still, I don't know. It all depends on the fellow who's skipper. But it's a grand and gracious inspiration, nevertheless." And here

the pair fell to laughing in concert with no more sound between them than would have scared a mouse.

"There's no use in waiting, Frank," said the other, presently. "And there's such a heap to be done! However, thank Heaven, we've got the cash—a fact that makes matters comparatively easy! I think you may as well get the men on board as quietly as possible. No articles to be signed. We don't want their names in any shipping office. We can manage without that. And they feel safer when they know what they're in for. Let the yacht tow down to that little wharf of Brown's, just this side of Greenwich, where the *Albacore* used to lie. There's a gridiron there, too. You may as well put her on it and have a look at her bottom. In one tide and out the next. I daresay Hatchard's are genuine. All the same, it's as well to 'mak' siccar,' as Scotty says. Then get your bunkers filled—best Welsh. By that time I'll have the stores down. Also, I'll get the men's clothes and our own uniforms under way. Snell can see to that part of the performance. As an old Johnny War, he'll know to a T what's wanted. Meanwhile I'll cable to Hamilton. We'll be at Colombo, let's see—ten—ten—eighteen. She's a twelve-knot boat, they affirm. Take off two for imagination. Say, roughly, four thousand miles. Oh, we'll put it at three weeks, which will give us a good margin in case of contingencies."

The elder Maitland spoke in a tone of sharp decision that showed how thoroughly his heart was in this latest scheme of his, and how completely his mind was made up to see it through. And Frank, who knew his brother's moods so intimately, was quite content, in this case, to unquestioningly follow the other's lead, certain that if success was to be won by vigilance, forethought, pluck, and cunning, then was it already assured. Sometimes it was his turn. This, however, was "Charlie's picnic." When it was Frank's, the other loyally backed him up with all the resources at his command.

"It's a big thing, old man," was his only comment, as he rang for Snell.

"The biggest thing of its kind on record," replied Charles, solemnly, whilst a gleam of exultation lit up his dark face, "if it comes off."

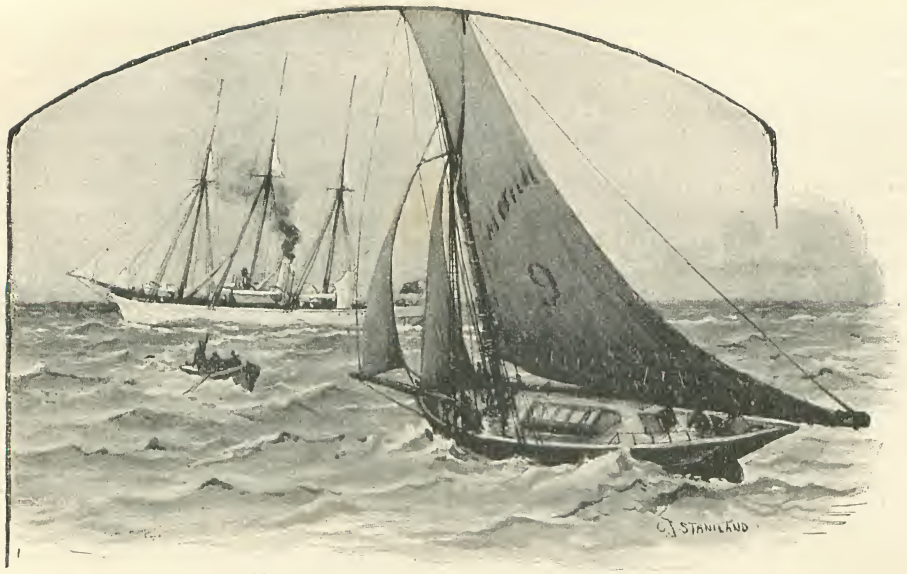
"*Et après?*" asked Frank, as he heard Snell whistling for cabs.

"Let afterwards look out for itself," replied his brother, sharply. "No man ever did anything really big who had it *all* cut and dried."

During the next week the pair spent money like water, with the consequence that, at its end, the *Basilisk* was ready for sea. And this meant much more than met the eye on board of her. A score of the *Albacore's* A.B.'s had volunteered, together with all her deck officers and engineers, men upon whom the Maitlands knew they could depend in almost any emergency. Indeed, they were pretty sure of the whole crowd. And as Charles had said, it was a huge pull for success, this having their old crew to choose from—men with whom they had worked for weeks with a Spanish halter round their necks pottering about from Matanzas to Manzanilla, gun-running for Cuban insurgents. As to this trip, no one except the brothers had the remotest inkling of its object. And his subordinates knew Captain Maitland better than to ask questions. Snell, even, was in as complete ignorance as the others. Generally he knew a little. But he evinced no curiosity. His duty was to exercise a general supervision over affairs below in both saloon and forecastle. And if he wondered at some of the commissions he had been intrusted with of late, he said nothing. There was, he felt instinctively, important and illegal business toward. Therefore, his hard old face and cold grey eyes showed just a slight anticipatory softening, and that was all.

"You've got a fine boat, sir," remarked the Channel pilot to Charles Maitland, as he left them at Plymouth, "and, what's more, you know how to handle her. You're the first gent I ever see as did, though, bar Lord Brassey. And the *Sunbeam* hasn't the heels o' this one. A regular little man-o'-war, that's what yours is." And the old fellow cast his eye aloft in unqualified approval at the tall, tapering spars, with the topsails stowed in show-white covers on the cross-trees, and brought it down to the wide sweep of spotless deck, arched by the handsome bridge, gleaming with brass work, and dotted with groups of sturdy, uniformed seamen.

"Private yacht!" he muttered to himself, as he presently descended the side into his boat and was pulled to his cutter. "Private granny! Opium; or seals; or war stores; or somethin' contraband. Why, there ain't an amatoor sailor-man aboard her! They're the real, genuine article fore an' aft that hooker! Well, it's none o' my business. But ain't she a picture?" And he walked along the cutter's deck and gazed long at the *Basilisk* as, the wind freshening, she all at once set her three big fore-and-aft wings, mastheaded her topsails, and with smoke



"'PRIVATE YACHT!' HE MUTTERED TO HIMSELF."

pouring from her buff-painted funnel, tore across Channel towards the French coast.

"She's just the least bit oversparred, sir," remarked the first mate, Mr. Jopling, to Charles Maitland, as the pair stood watching her from the bridge. "Three feet, now, off those topmasts, and she'd be far easier in a sea-way. And, anyhow, I don't like the rig. She ought to be square for'ard for steam."

"I'm quite of your opinion, Mr. Jopling," replied the other. "What's the canvas giving us extra now?"

"Just two knots," answered the other, looking at the log dial. "We're making a little over twelve. Square-rigged for'ard would mean another knot. There's too much fore-and-aft stuff on her altogether."

"Well, we're in no particular hurry, sir," replied Maitland. "I only wanted to know how she'd stand up to such a show of canvas. You can take it off her in the first dog-watch, by which time Ushant Light should be in sight."

Frank, who was in charge of the engines, was greatly pleased with the way they did their work; and altogether the start seemed as auspicious a one as the adventurers could have wished for—a fine, fast ship, good weather, and a first-rate crowd of men forward.

"Jopling's on pins and needles, Frank," said his brother, that night. "But I won't say a word till I'm certain. How are the engineers?"

"Curious, naturally," replied his brother. "Sheldon says seals, up the Japan Sea, or thereabouts. Indeed, that's the general notion on board, I think. Of course they don't ask me, and if they did it would be all the same."

"Leave it at that," answered the other. "Encourage the idea, if anything. The pear's not ripe yet. When it is, will be plenty of time for explanations. At the beginning of the Long Stretch, for choice—just as we're off from Colombo to meet our treasure-ship. I wonder how they'll take it, Frank?"

"Like a cat does cream, I think," said Frank. "It's a tempting morsel. The after-guard will be expensive, though, won't it?"

"It may run to a thousand all round for engine-room and deck. Say, roughly, ten thousand for the crowd. But, of course, we can't calculate till we know the size of the pile. Yes, Frank, that's our weak point—and the only one. They may cut up rough and insist on shares *pro rata*. And there's only the three of us, counting Snell. But we must chance it. I fancy myself they'll take what I'm willing to give them. Nor need anybody but ourselves and the Hamilton know the exact amount. However, as I said in London, 'afterwards' generally adjusts itself. Time to talk when the spoil is in my state-room, with Snell on guard."

As the *Basilisk* entered the Bay of Naples, her first port of call, the brothers gazed hungrily at a great homeward-bound mail steamer just coming out.

There was a cable waiting from Sydney.

"Nothing worth troubling about yet. *Ormuz* only took £25,000. Better luck, perhaps, by the time you reach Colombo."

Throughout the trip the hands had been kept at work by Jopling painting, tarring, and polishing, until the schooner, from gilt-trucks to mast-hounds, from flying-jibboom-end to taffrail, simply gleamed again. Moreover, now, to a practised eye, all the minutiæ of rig and lead, to the very passing of a gasket or the reeving of a topping-lift, spoke of "navy fash."

The crew, too, looked, in their new suits, exactly like men-of-war's men, the only thing lacking being the "H.M.S." on their caps.

Captain Charles, after getting clear of the Canal, drove the *Basilisk* down the Red Sea as hard as he dared. He was becoming a little impatient, not so much to actually grasp his prey, but to set matters on a firm and understood footing between himself and the ship's company. Halfway across the Arabian Sea they caught south-west monsoon weather dead in their teeth, making the *Basilisk* feel the leverage of those long spars of hers so much that it was thought advisable to house the topmasts. But on the whole the schooner made good work of it, keeping her decks as dry as those of the big liner which they presently met swooping along at sixteen knots an hour, running to time like an express train, and bulking out of the water like a church.

"There goes her number," said Jopling, referring to the Signal Book. "*Ormuz!* I was pretty well certain of her! Hoist the answering pennant, quarter-master, and D.B.J.K. underneath it. By Jove, she is going!"

"HE HANDED HIM SOMETHING WRITTEN IN PENCIL."

"And £25,000 along with her," muttered Frank to his brother.

"Pooh!" remarked the latter, "a mere fleabite! I wouldn't bother stopping her for it. Ours must be a pile, Frank. Enough to last us the rest of our lives. It's not a game to be played twice. A hundred thousand at the very least. Not a red cent under. I'd sooner hang about the coast for six months, if I must, rather than take anything less. That's the beauty of yachting—one can poke around in all sorts of holes and corners without exciting notice or comment."

But, as it turned out, they had not long to wait. The very next day after the one on which the *Basilisk* brought up in Colombo Harbour, Charles, who had been staying at the Galle Face Hotel, came on board, and, telling Joplin to heave up at once, took Frank into his state-room and handed him something written in pencil on the back of an envelope.

"It came at breakfast time *viâ* Madras," said he, as the other read.

"Good little woman! It will suit us down to the ground. And we've got no time to lose. An old boat, too, and slow. We'll just meet her halfway across the Long Stretch!"

Maitland's eyes were shining, and his dark face was flushed as he watched his brother read the translated cablegram.

"R.M.S. *Chirimoya* sails 17th with thirty boxes of sovereigns, value £120,000, shipped by the Bank of Carpentaria. Also three boxes of sovereigns, value £15,000, shipped by the French Bank for India. Few passengers. Lascar crew. Should be a very soft thing. Am coming home by her for a holiday, and will be pleased to meet you."

"Splendid!" exclaimed Frank. "And she's coming herself! Who would have thought that she'd be so eager and prompt on the thing?"

"Her share will be considerable," replied Charles, with a smile. "And she's a mercenary little creature. Don't you remember how she fleeced Bell and Brown for the part she took in getting them away? It was in the *Wanderer's* cabin, by-the-bye, that I first broached this scheme to her, and asked her if, when the day arrived, she would help us through with it. She simply jumped at the notion; and if she'd happened to have had the cash, would, I verily believe, have advanced it at once. But there's the anchor up, Frank. Send those triple expansions of yours now for all they're worth. I want to meet our fortune in about 15° S. 92° E.—as lonely a bit of water as there is on the world's surface."

## CHAPTER III.

### THE "CHIRIMOYA," R.M.S.

To his great relief, Captain Maitland found, when a day or two afterwards he told his officers of the scheme, that not a man objected. For a few minutes, certainly, Sheldon, the second engineer, hung in the wind. But it all seemed so sure and so devoid of all risk, that his hesitation did not last long. As for Jopling and the other two deck officers, sailors of fortune, young men who had never possessed in their lives a quarter of the sum promised them now by their commander, they presently grew actually enthusiastic over the matter. There was a mixture of dash and bravado about the project that, as put by Charles Maitland's enticing tongue, apart from all mere money reward, took their fancy. Nor did any man ask for details. They knew the Maitlands, and were amply content to do nothing but obey orders.

And with the men for'ard it proved the same.

"Well, lads," said Captain Charles, when they were all assembled aft, "I expect you've been wondering what our little game is this trip?"

"Seals!" said a voice.

"Not seals," continued Maitland. "Something much better than seals. Better, too, than running powder and shot through Spanish rifle fire. We're after sovereigns! Hard, yellow, coined shiners — thousands of 'em. Fact is, there's a treasure-ship coming across the sea from Australia loaded with 'em. And I'm going to bail her up. There's absolutely no risk. Remember, you're on no articles. But there's £300 in hard cash for each man. My plans are all laid. You have nothing to do with these. My officers here are quite satisfied with what I have told them. But I want to force no man into a game like this against his will. And if there's any one of you would rather cry off, why, then, so he can, and I'll think none the worse of him. Don't imagine I'm going to start pirating, because I'm not. Just the one ship'll be enough. Then every man for himself with his share of the booty, landed on the Australian coast, most likely, and the *Basilisk* sunk in twenty fathoms. The Bush is wide. Most of you have been in it, and will have ample time to scatter before the thing gets known. Now, any man that jibs at the contract walk over to starboard!"

Not a man moved.

"Well," said Charles, "there's no hurry. Go for'ard and talk it over. In half an hour I'll ask you again. Three hundred pounds *per* man, remember, in hard coin! That'll do."

"They're all right," remarked Frank Maitland, "and I dare say that extra hundred helped."

"Aye," said Jopling, "they won't take the half-hour. I could see it in their faces. And when you think of what such a sum means to a sailor, where's the wonder? They're almost all steady fellows, too. You couldn't have got a better crowd for your purpose if you'd picked East London over."

Meanwhile, in the dandy forecastle of the *Basilisk*—where the men slept in roomy, curtained berths, and had their meals spread on a table for them; the electric light installed, and were treated like Christians generally, instead of pigs—there was some argument going on.

"It'll mean life if any of us is nabbed," said one.

"Seven years at the outside," corrected another. "But, anyhow, they won't bother about us small fry. It's the afterguard with the main lump o' the stuff they'll be chasin'. Them's the coves as'll get it socked on to 'em—if they catch 'em."

"Well," said a third, "it's the most howdacious game I ever heerd on! An' that simple, too, when you comes to think it over—if the mail-boat (for, o' course, that's what it is) 'll only stop for us! If she won't, I don't exactly see how we're to make her."

"Hor! hor! hor!" laughed another. "Ain't you bin wi' the skipper long enough

to know that when he sez he'll do a thing he'll do it in spite o' the very deuce? I reckon that three 'underd quid's good's in my kick this minit."

"Well, lads, eggs or young 'uns?" exclaimed one, impatiently. "The Old Man'll think we're goin' back on him if we don't liven up. An' here's one as is satisfied! Three 'underd quid ain't to be sneezed at. It's more money than I ever seen in once. I can't rightly imagine the look o' such a lump. Besides, boys, the fun o' the whole thing counts. Hands up all them as is o' my way o' thinkin'."

A grove of brawny paws arose. There was not a seceder among the crew of the *Basilisk*.

"Very well, bo'sun," said Charles Maitland, as the former came aft with the men's decision of unanimous support. "Get those cases out of the hold, then, and let's give the *Basilisk* a few teeth, if only to make a show, for I don't expect to have to use them."

The contents of the great cases proved to be, in addition to a couple of 4in. quick-firing guns, half-a-dozen Nordenfeldts and the same number of 12-pounders.

"THE CONTENTS OF THE GREAT CASES."

The big guns were mounted on turn-tables ahead and astern; the smaller ones here and there on each broadside, in which ports with swinging shutters already existed, having been put in by some former owner apparently to supplement the scupper-holes.

Presently, too, a store of stowed hammocks were triced along her rails; and by the time all was finished the *Basilisk* looked the exact picture of one of those obsolete, handsome, armed boats kept in Colonial waters by the British Government, and used mainly for surveying purposes.

As the men worked, some inkling of their captain's intentions seem to dawn upon them.

"We're a-goin' to take charge for the Gov'ment," chuckled one. "All fair, square, and above-board."

"Aye," remarked another, "cunnin' ain't no name for our Old Man! D'ye see, mates, the mail steamer'll heave-to for Johnny War—'Er Majesty's Ship *Basilisk*—when she mightn't for anythin' else. Cunnin'! Oh, lor!" And when Snell served out new caps with the "H.M.S." upon them, much chaff was exchanged and many jokes were cracked about the latest and unauthorized addition to the British Navy.

The *Albacore* had carried almost precisely the same armament as now ornamented the *Basilisk*, for Valverde and Co.'s instructions were to fight if cornered, for which arrangement the firm paid accordingly. Thus there was no necessity for gun drill, the men knowing how to use the 4.7's and others. And both Charles and his brother, as the *Basilisk* foamed across the Indian Ocean on the "Long Stretch" from Colombo to Cape Leuwin, felt satisfied they had done all in their power to insure the success of their audacious plan.

Meanwhile, the Royal Mail steamer *Chirimoya* approached from the opposite direction. She was one of the company's

oldest boats, and it took all the chief engineer could get out of his engines to make her run up to contract time. Nevertheless, she was a fine, roomy craft, preferred by many to the more modern and faster cramped conglomeration of little cells, tier upon tier of which the up-to-date liner seems mainly composed of.

But the season was over, and there were not more than a score of passengers in each saloon. Amongst these Miss Maggie Hamilton, late of the Varieties Music Hall, Sydney, shone like the "star" the bills called her when appearing nightly in her special character songs, "The Little Larrikiness," "'Er Golden 'Air was 'Anging Down 'Er Back," "Oh, See His Dirty Pocket-handkercher," and similar ditties of which her rendering had long established her as a prime favourite with the "pushes," who whistled and shrieked themselves hoarse from the gallery of the popular "Hall."

And if a few of the other saloon passengers gave themselves airs, and kept the variety actress at a distance, the *Chirimoya's* officers simply worshipped her as the life and central attraction of the ship. For them she danced her inimitable fire-skirt dance, said to be unequalled even by La Loie Fuller. For them she sang all her best and most fetching songs. And she danced and flirted so impartially with both engine-room, deck, and the Presence that lives on a liner's lower bridge, that even the latter —in this case, gruff old Captain Black — was captivated and rendered almost amiable by her witcheries. In appearance she was a small, lithe, well-shaped, quick-silvery personage whose age no man might tell to within a dozen of years. Undeniably pretty, with a good complexion and a fine wealth of bronze-coloured hair, both her very own; deep brown eyes and perfect teeth; brisk and "jolly." It was hard, indeed, to find anything denoting the conspirator in such an *ensemble*, unless the close observer might consider those sparkling eyes rather furtive at times in their regard, or the firmly rounded chin too massive to be in accord with the airy, insouciant manners of its owner.

As is generally the case on the older vessels of a line, most of the *Chirimoya's* senior officers had a pet grievance.

The captain himself ought to have had the *Catamaran* in place of Phelps, "a confounded sailing-ship man come from no one knows where, and promoted right over people's heads who had seen more years in the company's service than he (Phelps) had hairs on his upper lip."

The chief engineer complained bitterly of the way his requisition for stores was systematically ignored, whilst the new "swell" ship's engine-rooms were just palaces teeming with every expensive luxury that could be thought of. This trip, for instance, he was short of oil, and yet they'd expect the average 13·7! Well, if he wasn't up to time because of heated bearings he'd let them know fair an' square whose fault it was! Three times now, too, he'd spoken about a new starboard eccentric strap. All to no purpose. And so on, and so on.

Then the chief mate, although long a passed master, had been snubbed by the "Board," and his application for promotion passed over in favour of a younger man. And with all these, and others, Maggie Hamilton sympathized and condoled in such fashion as completely won their hearts, and

"IT MADE HER 'FEEL THRILLS,' SHE SAID."

made her free of every corner in the ship, from the captain's state cabin to the specie-room, to which latter spot, under the guidance of Mr. Simmonds, the chief officer, she had paid more than one visit.

It made her "feel thrills," she said, to only look on the pile of treasure-boxes and think of the potentialities of pleasure that lay stowed away in that little space. And she would enter the room and sit down and gaze thoughtfully at the precious cases, whilst the mate would explain again and again the impossibility of anyone abstracting anything whilst only the captain and himself held the keys respectively of the little door she had come through and of the strong-room. Certainly (in reply to a question) he was most careful of his key. It hung alongside the portrait of his late wife that Miss Hamilton might have noticed at the head of his bed. And as to the captain's key, when he (the mate) wanted it, he took it off its nail over the old man's washstand. Yes, this was about the heaviest lot they had ever had in the *Chirimoya*. Somewhere close to £140,000, he thought. What did those red letters mean — "L.B.C."—on the boxes? They stood for London Bank of Carpentaria. Yes, it was all very curious and interesting. Yes, he had drawn up his new application to the "Board." She would like to see it? That was kind indeed! And so Mr. Simmonds—an elderly, weak-eyed, grey-headed, amorous man, whose usefulness as a seaman was nearly expired—would shut and lock the ponderous strong-room door, and escort Miss Maggie into upper airs, there to read to her his last "application," in the framing of which by the dozen he spent a large portion of his watch below.

As the days passed Miss Hamilton seemed to lose all interest in the treasure-room, which had, apparently, lost its power to thrill, and spent much of her time on the bridge complaining about the lack of shipping. As a matter of fact, they had not sighted anything since leaving Albany. One morning, however, they overtook a big cruiser steaming leisurely at a ten-knot rate.

"The *Alcides!*" said the captain. "She brought relief crews for the Australian Squadron. Left a week before we did."

"She's very slow," remarked Miss Hamilton; "see how quickly we're passing her. They ought to be ashamed of themselves."

"Oh," replied the old skipper, "they're always dawdling along like that. They're not bound to time, you know. If he liked, that fellow could leave us as if we were at anchor. She's a first-class cruiser—a 21-knot boat."

As they slipped past the great mass of the fighter like a greyhound past an elephant, Miss Hamilton watched her curiously through the glasses, and with an expression on her face compounded of interest and apprehension, which gave way to one of palpable relief when the big hull of the warship fell rapidly astern.

The day after this, coming on the bridge towards evening, she found Mr. Simmonds ogling through his glass a vessel that appeared nearly stationary, about three miles distant, and right in the mail-boat's track.

"I can't make her out," said the chief mate, querulously. "Looks as if she were waiting for us to come up. She seems to have signals flying, too."

Using her own glasses, Miss Hamilton's heart gave a jump, as into their field swam a graceful, three-masted schooner that something told her was the vessel she had been expecting to see. And her hand trembled a little as the captain, ascending from his state-room, took the glass from Mr. Simmonds.

It was a lovely evening, with hardly a ripple on the water. Save for a few cloud-islands lying low on the sea, and so wonderfully like the real thing as to bid even the practised eye pause, there was not a visible speck in the sky. The sun was about an hour or so high, and almost directly behind the vessel at which the *Chirimoya's* passengers were gazing.

The stranger lay broadside on, showing a gleam of white hammocks over her bulwarks; her sails were furled, leaving the three tall and tapering masts, unbroken in their outlines, to rest like black bars against the burning, coppery orb behind them. From her funnel rose a thin whiff of grey smoke; from her mizzen-topmast-head in the soft breeze fluttered a couple of flags, one—the uppermost—the white ensign and blood-red cross of the British Navy, the other the code pennant of the British Merchant Service.

"Another man-o'-war," said the old skipper. "But only a little one this time, Miss Hamilton. Wants a talk, too. Looks as if he'd been waiting for us. Some swell, perhaps, seeking a passage home. Hoist the answering pennant, Mr. Simmonds; and let her go to half speed."

A quarter-master moved the telegraph handle along the dial, a chime of bells jangled below, and the mail-boat's pace sensibly decreased. She was now within less than a mile of the stranger, who, as soon as

she saw the answering pennant, hoisted another signal and began to edge slowly down to the *Chirimoya*.

"Three-letter signal," muttered old Black, "that's 'Urgent.' Now, Mr. Gale" (to the second mate), "look sharp with that book, if you please."

"'J.N.P.,'" spelled the officer. "'Heave-to,' it says, sir."

"All right," replied the skipper. "Down with the pennant. Now, what does he say?" as another string of flags went up to the stranger's masthead.

"Important news. Will send a boat," were the next readings. And, indeed, ere the words were well out of the second's mouth, a large galley filled with men could be seen in the water pulling for the *Chirimoya*.

Miss Hamilton's heart beat more rapidly than usual as she turned to leave the bridge.

"Aye, aye!" called the old skipper after her, "better go and put on your war-paint to receive these Navy swells. Won't look at us poor liners after this, I s'pose?"

But it was not to adorn herself that "the Hamilton" went to her berth, where she only stayed long enough to unlock a desk, snatch an envelope from it, and hurry on deck again.

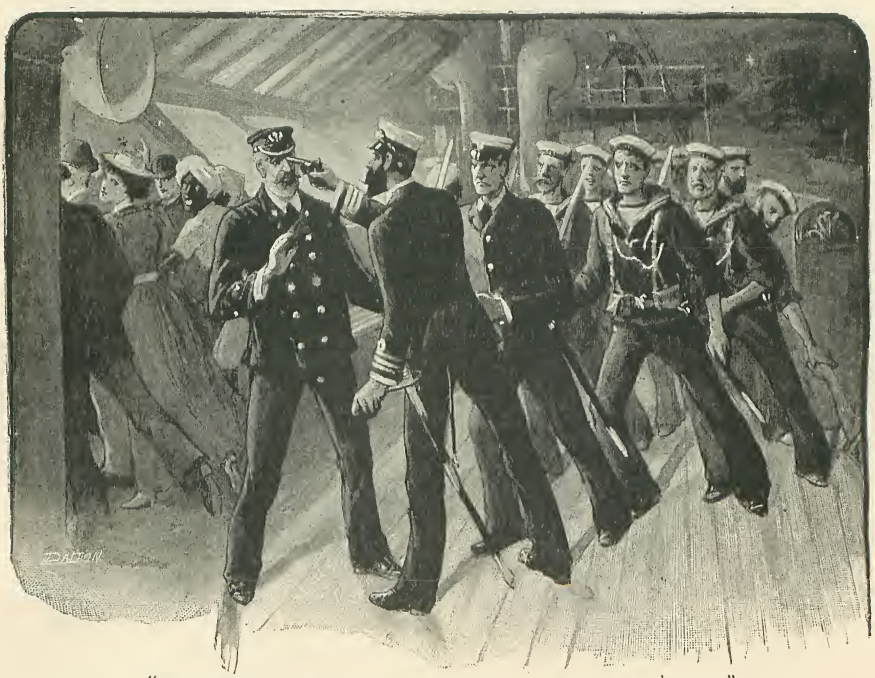
By this time it was dusk, the lamps were lit, and, as she ascended to the bridge, she heard the Lascars' chant from the forecastle-head, "*Hum dekty hai!*" ("I'm on the watch!"), and she smiled queerly to herself as it fell on her ear. Someone was in her way. He made room for her, and begged her pardon. With a start she looked up at the sound of the voice into the grim, passionless features of Snell—Snell in the uniform of a Navy warrant-officer. Another man in uniform was, she saw, talking to the captain. The electric light from the chart-room made things fairly distinct out there.

With a swift motion she passed the envelope from her hand to Snell's, and moved forward towards the central group, where also, by this time, were other passengers.

The captain of the mail-boat was speaking in loud, angry tones to a tall, dark, handsome man in the uniform of a commander in the Royal Navy.

"I don't care, sir," old Black was saying; "if, as you state, war has broken out between England and France, and the Canal is blocked, still, why should I give up my gold to your keeping? *Basilisk* or any other cursed isk? No, I won't! And that's flat! It's just as safe with me as in yonder cockleshell of yours. And, in any case, if needs must, I prefer to wait till the *Alcides* comes up, and travel under her protection."

"Well, sir," replied the other, in calm, level tones, "I am only obeying my orders, which, as I have told you, were to relieve you



"WHIPPING OUT A REVOLVER AND PUTTING IT TO THE CAPTAIN'S HEAD."

of your specie, giving you a receipt in the Admiral's name for it. French cruisers are known to be on the look-out for your boats, and more especially for the slow tubs like the *Chirimoya*. But, of course, if you refuse——"

"Which I do," shouted the old captain, very angry now, "most decidedly."

"Then," went on the other, "I regret to say that it becomes my unpleasant duty to enforce my instructions." And taking a whistle from his pocket he blew shrilly on it, at the same time whipping out a revolver and putting it to the captain's head.

"*Hum dekty hai!*" droned the Lascar look-out again from far away forward.

Meanwhile, Miss Hamilton had seen Snell coolly step into the chart-room, draw a card from the envelope she had given him, read it, and silently disappear. Then there seemed to take place a rush of men in naval dress armed with shining cutlasses and revolvers, before which passengers and crew alike bolted below.

## CHAPTER IV.

### 'TWIXT CUP AND LIP.

As she fled with the rest, a brilliant, blinding sheet of white flame lit up the steamer, making things as bright as day. The strange vessel had turned her searchlight on, and by its aid Miss Hamilton could see the engineers being escorted from the engine-room and locked in their berths, whilst another guard was forcing the white quarter-masters into the house containing the steam steering gear. On the bridge were several figures; but all was quiet there. Presently a cheer of exultation from below attracted her; and, passing the two sentries at the saloon doors, she flitted along the alley-way to where Snell and half-a-dozen men were hard at work lifting the boxes of sovereigns up the hatch.

Slipping into an empty berth, she presently saw the Maitlands coming through the saloon. Close to her they paused, watching the men handing the cases along. The brothers were laughing heartily in their peculiar, noiseless fashion.

"Engines all right, Frank?" asked the elder.

"Safe as houses," replied the other. "She won't stir for a month, unless her engineers are cleverer men than I give them credit for being. But where's 'the Hamilton'?"

"Oh, keeping close, I expect," replied Charles. "There are eyes about, and it wouldn't pay her to be seen in communication with us. Clever little beggar! Look at the card she gave Snell. Saved us heaps of trouble and time."

"Key of strong-room in captain's cabin over the washstand. Key of hatch in mate's berth (No. 3, port side) close to large framed photo.," read Frank to himself. "Hatch, or door, of compartment in which strong-room is situated is on starboard side of ship. Go down main saloon entrance, turn to left; descend open hatchway; turn to right till you come to a bulkhead. Door in bulkhead opens with mate's key. Inside is the strong-room. Please place £5,000 to my account in B. of N.S.W. *Avec mes compliments.*"

"She shall have it, every penny!" muttered Charles. "I'd like to see her and congratulate her on the acquisition of a new virtue, to wit, moderation. But it's too risky. She only looks on this as a mere interlude, you know. Strict business. Pity we couldn't pull Black's leg, wasn't it? Cantankerous old brute. However, it's as well as it is. How many, Snell?"

"Thirty-three altogether, sir," replied Snell. "There's fourteen in the boat already."

"Right," said Charles.

"There's a lot of other stuff in the strong-room, sir," continued Snell, tentatively. "Jewellery and cash, apparently belonging to the passengers."

"Not a solitary farthing's worth," replied Charles, peremptorily, "or there'll be wigs on the green! Do you hear me, Snell?"

Snell saluted; but one could see that submission went hard against the old filibuster's grain.

As the brothers re-entered the long and spacious saloon, some of the passengers, taking heart of grace, and re-assured by the sight of the uniform, approached, anxious and eager to hear particulars of the war outbreak. But the Maitlands, saying that their own information was of the scantiest, and that their time was limited, speedily withdrew to the deck. Then, seeing that both men and treasure were in the boat and waiting, they descended the gangway, and were pulled off to the *Basilisk*. So far the *coup* could not have been more complete. And whilst the liner's crew were still busy setting their officers at liberty, the thump of the *Basilisk's* engines could be heard, and the churning of her screw as she headed away into the darkness with all her lights out, leaving the despoiled mail-boat rocking idly, helpless, and crippled on the soft, lazy swell.

Suddenly those on board the *Basilisk* were startled by the loud, prolonged blare of a

syren as the *Chirimoya* trumpeted like an enraged elephant, whilst, in another minute, rockets soared high in the air, and blue lights cast a weird radiance across the sea.

"They've just discovered the loss of their valve-gear, flanges, and bolts," remarked Frank. "I brought them with me in place of throwing them overboard, as I intended to. It would take ten fitters, fitting for a week, to replace them. I suppose they think that the *Alcides* isn't very far off."

"Curse her and her fireworks!" replied the other, savagely. "If the cruiser comes up it will be a tight fit for us! D'ye know, Frank, that, in obedience to the first law of Nature, we ought to go back and sink the noisy brute?"

But before his brother could answer, away from the eastward came to their ears the faint report of a big gun, then another, and another.

"Damnation!" exclaimed the elder Maitland. "Get below, Frank, and send her for all she's carrying! Mr. Jopling, down with those top-masts, they only stop her way. Pity, almost, that those lower ones weren't out of her, too!"

"ROCKETS SOARED HIGH IN THE AIR."

And, presently, the *Basilisk* shook and quivered in every plank as her engines worked at their highest pressure, raising a three-foot wave that fell away in showers of liquid splendour on each bow. But it soon became apparent that the cruiser was coming like a racehorse towards the *Chirimoya*, for already her big, white, mast-head light, looking as if set on a hill, so lofty was it, was plainly discernible from the *Basilisk's* deck.

The latter, however, was fast increasing her distance, and her captain reckoned that in another half an hour he would be out of sight, steering due south as he was doing.

And, sure enough, in a little over the time, even from the *Basilisk's* lower masthead, no lights were visible. Still, her captain was not at ease. He had not been seal-stealing and blockade-running for nothing. And when Jopling exclaimed, as he came down the mizzen rigging, "Nothing in sight all round, sir. I think we've slipped her, after all," he made no reply, only gazed anxiously astern.

Frank, leaving the engines to Sheldon, had come on deck again, and he, too, was straining his eyes and ears in the same direction.

"Do you know who's got the *Alcides?*" asked his brother, presently.

"No," replied the other.

"Well, it's Menzies. You remember him? He was at Haileybury with us."

"Marion Menzies!" exclaimed Frank. "'Molly' Menzies, as we used to call him. I recollect him quite well. He was in our House. Left the term before we did to join the *Britannia* as a cadet."

"Turned out a deuced smart fellow," replied his brother. "Was at Alexandria, and handled his ship like a workman. He chased me once before right down the China Sea, when I was doing a bit of opium dodging. But I had the heels of him then. Curiously enough, on that occasion, he was in a gunboat called the *Basilisk*. He's the youngest Post in the Navy now. And I'm afraid that this time he's got the heels of me."

"Unless he's dowsed all his lights," replied Frank, "he's out of sight by now. And—ah—h—h!"

His exclamation was echoed by many throats as a great, broad spear of whiteness was seen to reach across the blackness of the night to the further horizon. At first it rested for a minute in a directly opposite quarter to that in which the *Basilisk* snored along under every ounce of steam the boilers could stand. But presently the light began to move steadily round and round in contracting circles, until, all at once, it struck the *Basilisk*, enveloping her in a blinding radiance, and following her with a merciless

persistence, as in her endeavours to evade it she turned and doubled like a chased hare.

"It's all up!" exclaimed Charles, bitterly. "One can't get away from that, you know. He's been coming along with his lights out at a twenty-knot speed, and had the luck to run pretty straight too."

"I wish he'd turn his cursed search off!" replied Frank. "It gives me a headache, and I can't see any distance."

"Here he comes!" exclaimed Jopling, moodily, pointing, as the light was turned aside for a moment, and they saw the outline of the cruiser, and heard her twin screws beating as she overhauled them, going two to their one.

"We could give him another couple of hours' run for his money," said Charles. "He wouldn't fire on us. But what's the use? It's a wise man that knows when he's cornered. Half-speed, Mr. Jopling, please, and then slow her gently to 'stop.' All the same, it's cursed hard luck!"

"And hard labour, I expect," replied Jopling, with a laugh that had no mirth in it, as he moved the telegraph.

"Not a bit of it," said Charles. "It only means seals after all, if you're willing. Still, it's a great come-down from stealing a fortune to stealing fur! Snell, take some men and get all the gold on the bridge here. Bring a couple of the main hatches along with you, too!"

And when, presently, the big battleship steadied abreast of the *Basilisk*, her people saw a man amidships on her bridge, smoking a cigar, whilst at each end stood two others apparently keeping guard over two little piles of boxes stacked on a piece of broad planking pushed out so as to overhang the water.

At the *Alcide's* gangway looking down at the scene stood a group of officers plainly visible by the light of their own search, which was now turned inboard so as to embrace nearly the whole of each vessel in its rays.

"What ship's that?" hailed someone, with a rough note of suspicion in his voice.

"My yacht — the *Basilisk!*" returned Charles Maitland, removing his cigar from his mouth and touching his cap (he had doffed his naval uniform).

"What's that you've got there?" suddenly asked a short, red-faced, youngish-looking man, pointing to the boxes.

"That's our ransom, Captain Menzies," replied the other—"one hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds, or thereabouts. Take it, and pass us your word as an officer and a gentleman not to follow us or to proceed further against anyone concerned, and it's yours. Refuse, and the minute I pull this siren wire, that you will notice I hold, away it goes to the bottom of the sea. Actually, I don't care much myself how the thing turns out. You and your cursed cruiser have spoilt the finest haul ever made since Drake captured the plate galleon. But I want immunity for those with me. And that's the price."

It was rather a curious mid-ocean tableau. Not more than a few yards away towered the black walls of the battleship, broken here and there by ports and casemates, out of which peered gun muzzles. Splashes of light from arc lamps shone through many bull's-eyes in her sides, looking yellow by contrast with the steady white flare of the great search amidships. Her double funnels and pole masts sprang aloft and disappeared into the darkness as if suddenly cut off halfway up. Over her rail for'ard gaped hundreds of white, eager faces. Others, in their excitement, had climbed into the rigging, and hanging by one hand leant outward the better to hear.

The depth of her masts below her, the *Basilisk* rolled uneasily in the cruiser's wash. Her decks, except for those five illuminated figures on her bridge, seemed deserted, although now and again heads would peer from the house amidships. Charles Maitland had resumed his cigar, and, with the siren wire in one hand ready to release the blast at a second's notice, leaned against the rail of the bridge, whilst Snell and Frank at one end, and Sheldon and Jopling at the other, stood on their respective hatches, alert and wary for the signal to tilt the treasure into the sea. There was a long pause, broken only by the lapping of the little waves between the ships.

If ever a man was on the horns of a dilemma, Captain Menzies was that one. Also he had recognised Maitland, and knew enough of him to know that he would do as he said. Perhaps, too, certain old-time memories of long-gone days, when a strong boy—cock of his House at the big school—had more than once interfered to save him a thrashing, worked within him, helping him to a decision. However this may have been, he said, at last:—

"Very well, sir, I promise, provided you give me *your* word of honour to abandon all further attempts at—er—intercepting other mail-boats. Of course, you understand that

"A CURIOUS MID-OCEAN TABLEAU."

I must report this occurrence to my senior officer at Cape Town?"

As he finished, something resembling a great sigh of relief went up from the cruiser's men. Had they dared, perhaps it would have been a cheer.

"Thank you, sir," was all that Charles Maitland said. "I can promise you that. And whatever else he may have done, a Maitland never yet broke his word. I will come closer alongside, and if you'll send us your derrick chain down, we'll sling the boxes for you. There are thirty-three of them. And, into the bargain, we'll give you with her gold the *Chirimoya's* missing engine-gear."

In another twenty minutes the regained loot was transferred and the ships parted, the big one swooping off with the silent disdain of an eagle that has robbed a kite of its prey.

Very little outside certain circles was ever known of the daring attempt at looting the mail steamer, the company, wisely, perhaps, judging that the less said about their terribly narrow escape the better.

Nor, as regards the *Basilisk* and her crew, was anything definite ever heard again. In Vladivostock, many months afterwards, there certainly were rumours of a desperate fight between a heavily-armed seal-poaching steamer and some Russian gunboats off the Island of Saghalien, in which the former was sunk, with nearly all her crew. Also was it whispered that the survivors had been sent to the mines at Tomsk. But curious matters happen at times in those foggy waters that wash Siberian shores, and the world at large none the wiser.

As for the enterprising, but deeply disappointed, Miss Maggie Hamilton, after her trip "home" and return to Australia, she became a greater favourite than ever with her audiences, her new song, "Paradise Alley," "fetching them by the hair," as she herself puts it. And, at times, during a nice little supper at the "Australia" or "Paris House," she will tell the story of how the R.M.S. *Chirimoya* was once bailed up by pirates in mid-ocean, and drop mysterious hints that over the transaction she was the loser to the extent of thousands of pounds. But when pressed to explain she only shakes her head sadly, and calls the waiter's attention to her empty glass.

# *From Behind the Speaker's Chair.*

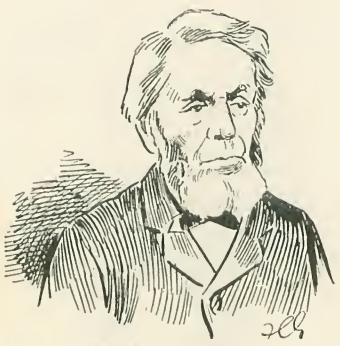
## XXXIX.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

MR. GLADSTONE'S MAIDEN SPEECH.

IN his preface to White's "Inner Life of the House of Commons," published in the summer by Fisher Unwin, Mr. Justin McCarthy writes: "Mr. Gladstone's maiden speech fell so utterly unnoted that, until some recent publications had settled the question, he was almost invariably set down as having made his first speech at a later date and on a more important subject."

More than sixty years have elapsed since the speech was made. Few are now living who heard it. Record is slight, and, as Mr. McCarthy points out, is a little mixed as to the precise occasion. But Mr. Gladstone vividly remembers it. "Mr. McCarthy," Mr. Gladstone observed on reading the passage quoted, "has fallen into a slight error about my maiden speech. It was noticed in debate in a marked manner by Mr. Stanley, who was in charge of the Bill."



MR. WILLIAM WHITE.

The memorable speech was delivered on the 17th of May, 1833. The occasion was the introduction by Mr. Stanley, then Colonial Secretary, of a series of resolutions on which it was designed to found an Act abolishing slavery in the British Colonies. (Thirty-five years later Mr. Gladstone adopted the same form of Parliamentary procedure as a preliminary to his Bill for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church.) Parliament, the first after the Reform Act, met on the 29th of January, and the 17th of May was a little early for a new member to claim a hearing. Mr. Disraeli, however, was even more prompt. He was returned for Maidstone in the first Parliament of the Queen. On the 20th of November, 1837, it was opened by Her Majesty in person, and on the seventh day of the following month Mr. Disraeli delivered what remains as the most famous of his Parliamentary speeches, the one brought to abrupt conclusion with the passionate prophecy, "The time will come when you *shall* hear me."

Mr. Gladstone has the excuse that he was directly dragged into the controversy. Lord Howick, afterwards Lord Grey, in the course of his speech pointedly referred to the estate of Mr. Gladstone's father in Demerara, drawing from its domestic history alleged proof that slave labour in the West Indies meant early death for the slaves. The Mr. Stanley whose commendation the new member was justly proud of became in due time Earl of Derby, Prime Minister, patron and colleague of Mr. Disraeli.

DOOR-KEEPERS IN THE COMMONS.

Mr. Gladstone's memory of persons and incidents connected with his first Parliament is so precise as to extend to the doorkeepers. He remembers their names, "Scott and Williams, one tall, the other short, but both with snow-white or powdered hair and florid faces."

In this connection, Mr. Gladstone mentions a fact which will be new to the present generation of Parliament men. In his time, and for many years after, the doorkeepers were not paid by salary charged on the Civil Service Estimates, but were dependent upon fees voluntarily paid them by members. An old official, whose memory goes back over thirty years, tells me he heard that the sum given was "two guineas each." This must mean a contribution per member of two guineas, one for each doorkeeper. As there were then 658 members this sum, duly paid up, would bring nearly £700 per man for six months' attendance. There was a current belief amongst the less highly paid servitors of the House that these coveted posts were obtained by purchase. It was said that £1,000 was paid to someone. As the someone must needs have been the Serjeant-at-Arms of the day, the story is not credible. It is quite possible for the student of advertise-

ments in the Church newspapers to believe that places for the cure of souls under the ægis of the Church are bartered and sold. But the mind shrinks from contemplation of a Serjeant-at-Arms, even in the unreformed Parliament, selling the place of doorkeeper, and guiltily secreting the £1,000 in the pocket of his tight breeches.

I believe Mr. White, the doorkeeper whose interesting book has recalled Mr. Gladstone's reminiscences of his early Parliamentary life, was the first doorkeeper whose salary was carried on the Votes. He was appointed by Lord Charles Russell, who was certainly far above the £1,000 suspicion, even had grounds for it not been removed by the altered circumstances of payment. Lord Charles made Mr. White's acquaintance at a time when the future historian of the Inner Life of the House of Commons was taking an active part in local affairs of the ducal town. He liked him so much that, a vacancy in the chair at the door happening, he, fortunately for posterity, inducted the Bedford citizen.

"WHERE'S MY UMBRELLA?"

A COMFORTABLE BERTH.

The salary of the principal doorkeeper to-day is £300 a year, his colleague in the chair opposite drawing £250. It is one of the anomalies of the relations of the two Houses that, whilst this modest salary suffices for the really hard-worked officials in the Commons, the doorkeepers in the Lords, whose task is by comparison a sinecure, are paid at precisely the same rate. Moreover, there are two principal doorkeepers in the Lords, who between them draw £600 a year. This arrangement did not escape the attention of a Committee recently reviewing the expenditure of the House of Lords' staff. Vested interests have been preserved, to the extent that one or two assistant doorkeepers on the way to promotion will, when they attain it, receive the same salary. Thereafter the wage of the principal doorkeeper in the House of Lords will be £200 a year.

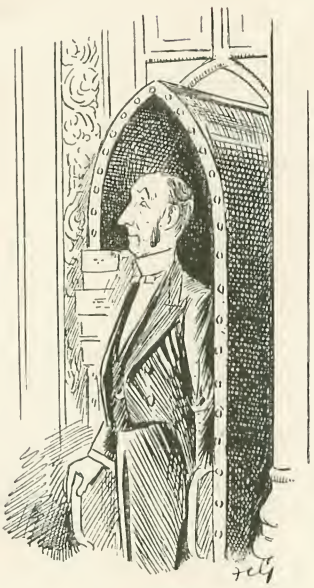
There are probably many poor baronets, not to mention earls' younger sons, who would thankfully take the berth at the reduced scale of payment. Its duties are not exhausting, either to mind or body. Day after day in the early period of the Session, the Lord Chancellor, with full pomp and ceremony, takes the Chair at a quarter-past four. Prayers are read, and a pause for private conversation fills up the time till half-past four, the hour at which public business is appointed to commence. There usually being none, noble lords straightway go home, cheered by the consciousness of having deserved well of their country. This privilege the doorkeepers, of course, share, as they also enjoy much longer recess at Easter and Whitsuntide than falls to the lot of their brethren at the door of the Commons. Then there is the long recess of something like five months, during which they sit, the centre of admiring family circles, recalling how the Earl greeted them with "Good-morning!" when it was really twenty-five minutes to five in the afternoon; and what the Royal Duke said (this indicated only by initials) when one day he found another peer had in mistake taken his umbrella, there being a review at Aldershot on the following day.

THE CHIEF DOORKEEPER.

As far as my memory goes back, and it just touches the time when Mr. White was principal doorkeeper, I have found the occupant of the chair a gentleman specially fitted for discharge of its onerous and important duties. The position is one requiring tact, patience, presence of mind, and unvarying good manner. These are cheap at £300 a year, and the selection of the Serjeant-at-Arms, at least for the quarter of a century that I have had opportunity of closely observing it, has been singularly fortunate.

By chance rather than by ordered progress, the latest chief doorkeepers have reached the blue ribbon of the service *viâ*

the Ladies' Gallery. Mr. Wilson, the present incumbent of the chair, is still spoken of kindly by ladies frequenting the gallery in recent Parliaments. The exceptional popularity he secured in the delicate position of custodian of ladies in a chamber where silence is peremptorily imposed has been established with equal universality in the more stirring air of the Lobby.



MR. WILSON, THE DOORKEEPER.

ANSWERS THAT TURN AWAY WRATH.

The House of Commons is quick to resent anything approaching rude smartness, or attempt on the part of a Minister replying to a question to score off an unoffending member. Inability to recognise this honourable prejudice had a good deal to do with the unpopularity and final downfall of Mr. Ayrton. On the other hand, there are few things delight the House more than a sly hit dexterously dealt by a popular Minister at a too obtrusive member. But the conditions here set forth must be rigorously observed. Moreover, there must be no malice in the quip.

A well-known example of successful adventure in this direction was, I think, quoted in this page in an obituary notice of the late Sir George Campbell. In the Session of 1889, when Mr. David Plunket, now Lord Rathmore, was First Commissioner of Works, new staircases were erected in Westminster Hall. They were decorated with carving in stone of impossible birds and beasts, which excited much acrid criticism. One evening, questions relative thereto having been answered by Mr. Plunket, Sir George Campbell interposed, and in his most aggressive manner, uplifting to querulous pitch his memorable voice, insisted upon knowing "whether the First Commissioner of Works was responsible for these fearful creatures?" Mr Plunket coming back to the table replied :—

"No, sir, I am not responsible for the fearful creatures in Westminster Hall or in this House either."

The smiling face, the dexterous stammer, the pleasing nod of recognition of Sir George Campbell with which this remark was uttered, added much to the delight of the House.

A "PLATITUDINIZER."

That is hard to beat; but this Session there have been two quiet flashes of this peculiar humour, that have had almost equal success. In the first, the interlocutors were Mr. Caldwell and the Lord Advocate. Students of the Parliamentary reports have no opportunity of realizing the individuality of Mr. Caldwell. He has a rich gift of what an eminent American, at present on a visit to this country, calls "platitudinizing." The word will not be found in the New Oxford Dictionary. But it is most effective as indicating a constant, ever-fed supply of pointless words, wrapped up in cotton-woolly sentences. Amongst other attractions, he has a loud, level voice, a rapid intonation, and an almost inhuman staying power. He can go on talking for two hours just as conveniently as he can gabble through one, and probably will, in the double time, say less to the point than he might by accident have compressed in a spin of sixty minutes.

One day a suffering colleague on the Select Committee on the Scotch Public Health Bill cut a notch on a stick every time Mr. Caldwell rose to make a speech. When the Committee adjourned the stick was found to contain forty-one notches.

MR. CALDWELL, M.P.

Of course, the member for Mid-Lanarkshire is never reported, for the managers of newspapers have to consider their interests with the public. That reflection does not lessen the anguish of those who, whether in Select Committee or the House, have to suffer Mr. Caldwell at length.

It was late at night, in debate on a Superannuation Bill, that the Lord Advocate quietly scored off this contribution from Scotland to the business resources of the House. The proposal of the Bill was that superannuation should take place at the age of sixty. Mr. Caldwell, anxious for economy, moved an amendment extending the period for five years. No man, he argued, could be claimed to be laid on the shelf before he had reached the age of sixty-five.

"Oh, yes," said the Lord Advocate, sternly regarding Mr. Caldwell; "some persons become incapable long before they are sixty-five."

Members roaring with laughter turned up "Dod," and found that Mr. Caldwell is only fifty-eight.

PUBLIC NUISANCES.

The second instance this Session is the more welcome as coming from an unexpected quarter. A member put a question to the Home Secretary as to the powers of County Councils or other local authorities to deal with the nomad population of gipsies and tinkers living in vans. Sir Matthew White-Ridley replied that provision is made in the Housing of the Working Classes Act to enable local authorities to deal with nuisances caused by dwellers in tents and vans. Mr. Swift MacNeill's ready wit here saw an opportunity of dealing a backhander at the Primrose League, whose agents are accustomed to go about country places in vans.

"Do these powers," he slyly asked, "apply to persons in Primrose League vans?"

"They apply," said the Home Secretary, staring straight at his interlocutor, "only to persons who become nuisances."

The laughter which bubbled round Mr. MacNeill's sally became a universal shout at the Home Secretary's subtle, though effective, retort.

SIR MATTHEW WHITE-RIDLEY IS FUNNY.

AN OLD BOY.

One of the notable points about the Session just closed is the advance made by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach in the esteem of the House. The Chancellor of the Exchequer ranks amongst the oldest members, having taken his seat for East Gloucestershire in

SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH.

1864, four years before Sir William Harcourt, who justly counts himself one of the oldest inhabitants. Long ago, Sir Michael made his reputation as a sound debater, a safe administrator. In his fourth Session, Mr. Disraeli, who had a keen eye for capacity, picked him out for a minor Ministerial post. Gradually advancing, he seemed to reach his highest point when, in 1885, he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer. But not at that time or before has he filled so large a place in the estimation of the House as he has won during the past two years. This may in part be due to better health. It may in some measure be traced to the greater ease which comes of fuller self-confidence following on success. Sir Michael is, undoubtedly, somewhat lighter of touch than was his earlier habitude. Still, in the main, life is to him a serious thing, to be regarded through grave eyes with face unlit by laughter.

Perhaps, after all, he is himself unaltered, and owes his fuller success to his personal environment. His solid

knowledge, his unfaltering consistency, supply sharp contrasts that make members involuntarily turn to him with fuller appreciation.

VOICES IN THE NIGHT.

A country member confides to me a gruesome experience that has befallen him in connection with the discharge of his legislative duties. He did not take a house in town this season, and after some experience of private lodgings, engaged rooms in one of the most lately built of the palatial hotels that lift their lofty heads above the streets of London. He was much pleased with everything on the first day of his stay. The dinner was excellent, the wine good, if a little dear, the attendance unexceptional, bedroom and sitting-room thoroughly comfortable. He went to bed glowing with pleasure at his good fortune, and soon fell asleep.

How long he slumbered he cannot say, but was awakened by an unfamiliar voice close at his ear. "Are you there?" it shouted.

He certainly was, but was not expecting anybody else. He turned on the electric light convenient to his hand, and found he had the room all to himself. Again the voice resounded, this time a little sharply:—

"Are you there?"

Then he grasped the situation. There was a telephone in the room, the latest resource of civilization, at the disposal of tenants on the first and second floors. It must be urgent business that would call a man up at this time of night—illness at home, perhaps, and urgent recall.

Jumping out of bed, he approached the telephone, through which came again the sharp challenge. "Yes," he replied, breathlessly; "who is it?"

"It's me," said the voice. "Come away directly; your uncle's asking for you, and the doctor says he can scarcely last through the night."

The M.P. rapidly reviewed his family relations, and knew that he had not an uncle anywhere nearer than Baltimore, in distant Maryland.

"Who are you?" he asked, through the telephone. "What's your name?"

"I'm Thompson, the butler, you know," hoarsely whispered the voice. "Mistress says, come away directly, your uncle's asking for you, and the doctor says he can scarcely last through the night."

"There's some mistake," the member signalled back, a little pettishly. It was early in the Session, and the nights were cold. "My name is B——. You're on the wrong connection."

"Oh!" said the voice, in pained surprise, and then there was silence.

The member returned to his couch and was soon asleep again. He seemed only to have dozed when the silence was broken by a well-known voice with the old cry, "Are you there?" Angrily jumping out of bed, he roared through the telephone, "What's the matter now?"

THE MIDNIGHT TELEPHONE.

"Your uncle's sinking fast," cried the too familiar voice, now tremulous with emotion. "Mistress says——"

"Go away!" bawled the member; "you're on the wrong line."

The story is too painful to pursue, but as a matter of sober fact, twice before morning broke were the member's slumbers disturbed by the ringing of the telephone bell and the peremptory inquiry, "Are you there?" Whether this was preliminary to further news of his sick uncle he does not know, remaining under the sheets resolutely irresponsive. He made angry remonstrance with the manager on the following morning. The manager was exceedingly sorry, but the connections had got mixed and the member had been awakened to receive someone else's message.

FAMILY LIKENESSES.

The other day a Royal Academician, a famous portrait painter, made a remark on which I have since hopelessly pondered. He asked if I had noticed the strong facial resemblance between the Marquis of Salisbury and his nephew, the Leader of the House of Commons. At first sight there are, I suppose, no two personages more

distinct in appearance. Lord Salisbury, with his leonine head, his bowed shoulders, his great girth, his almost elephantine trot; Mr. Balfour, with his rather small head, his unchubby cheeks, his maypole-like figure, his long, swinging stride.

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.

In the now little read if not quite forgotten "New Timon," which Bulwer Lytton gave to the world a little more than fifty years ago, there is a passage descriptive of O'Connell which applies with graphic accuracy to the Premier of to-day:—

But who, scarce less by every gazer eyed,
Walks yonder, swinging with a stalwart stride?
With that vast bulk of chest and limb assign'd
So oft to men who subjugate their kind;
So sturdy Cromwell push'd, broad-shoulder'd, on;
So burly Luther breasted Babylon;
So brawny Cleon bawl'd his Agora down;
And large-limb'd Mahmoud clutch'd a Prophet's crown!

If that is, truly, like Lord Salisbury, the uncle cannot be said to recall the personality of the nephew. It was simply in respect of the face that the R.A. made his allegation of strong personal resemblance, supporting it with a wealth of detail whose erudition I will not attempt to chronicle.

COUSINS AND BROTHERS.

Whatever may be the case as between uncle and nephew, there is no doubt that the personal resemblance among off-shoots of the Cecil family is remarkable. It does not occur in the case of Lord Cranborne, who, whether in personal appearance, manner, or public speech, has no resemblance to his father or his cousins on the front bench of the House of Commons. But Lord Hugh Cecil is in some isolated respects exceedingly like his cousin Arthur. He has many of the inflections of his voice. His phrasing and his general style of speech-making, even to the extent of occasional hesitation for the proper word, and the certainty of finding it, recall Mr. Arthur Balfour's earliest House of Commons efforts whilst he was yet attached to the flank of the Fourth Party. To see Lord Hugh crossing the lobby of the House of Commons, or walking along the street, is to have instantly recalled his most famous cousin. A back view of his figure startlingly resembles the First Lord of the Treasury, the illusion being completed by his long, swinging stride.

LORD HUGH CECIL.

It is probable that, if Lord Hugh retains his health and strength, and spends his days and nights in the House of Commons, he will at no distant day complete the parallel by drawing near to the Parliamentary position of his illustrious kinsman. A man of wide culture, he has also strong convictions, which, whether right or wrong, are rare things much appreciated in the House of Commons. He has in him, moreover, the making of a polished and pungent debater.

In the case of Mr. Arthur Balfour and the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, family resemblance is in one particular development carried to an embarrassing perfection. Mr. Gerald Balfour's voice and inflection of speech are so identical with those of his brother that, entering the House when one or other is on his legs, one has to look towards the Treasury Bench to see who is "up" before deciding the question that presents itself when the voice first strikes on the ear.

# *Some Unpublished Sketches by George Cruikshank.*

TO say much in introduction of George Cruikshank is unnecessary. There are many books, famous at this moment, that would have been forgotten fifty years ago were it not that they were illustrated with George Cruikshank's drawings. And how much the poorer would our knowledge of the manners and habits of our grandfathers be had he taken to the stage or the sea, as he was at first variously disposed! To say nothing, of course, of our loss of sheer fun and delight. Considered academically, there are shortcomings in Cruikshank's work — for, indeed, he had no academic training. But his native invention, humour, spirit, and executive power were things beyond the reach of all the schoolmen. Of his known and published work a vast quantity must be familiar to almost everybody. His drawings for "Peter Schlemihl," "Grimm's Stories," "Three Courses and a Dessert," the "Comic Almanack," and for Dickens's novels and those of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, with many others, will remain classic by the side of the best work of Rowlandson and even of Hogarth. But Cruikshank was a man of marvellous industry. His known designs are numbered in many thousands; and there exist drawings and sketches of his which have never been made public. It is with a few of these that our present business lies.

Cruikshank's pencil was never idle. He sketched and scribbled on odd pieces of paper, envelopes, letters — anywhere. He developed accidental blots and smudges into fantastic designs, and he sent his friends notes pictorially expressed in a few dashes of the pen or pencil. We are able to reproduce a small collection of these in this paper.

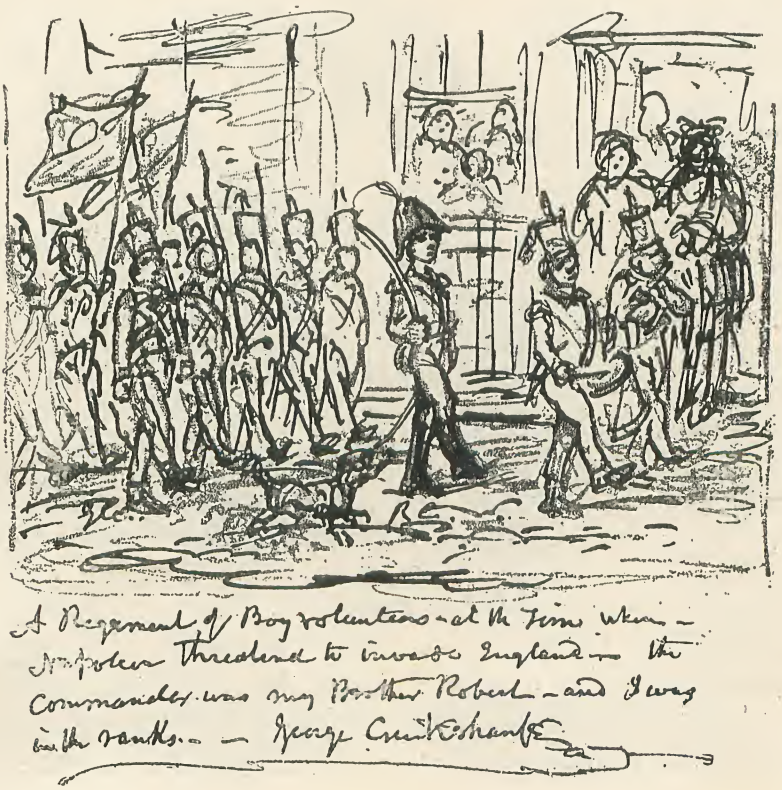
First we have a pencil sketch — a fancy representation of the Queen, drawn about the time of her wedding. It is, perhaps, the only portrait of Her Majesty by a distinguished artist which has till now escaped notice and reproduction during this present year of Jubilee stir. It cannot by any stretch of fancy be called a flattering portrait. Not only was it no practice of Cruikshank's to make flattering portraits of anybody, but plainly in this case the sketch is a mere hasty suggestion, pretending to no accuracy of feature. It presents, nevertheless, an example of the artist's free and ready pencil work, though the verbal joke that foots the

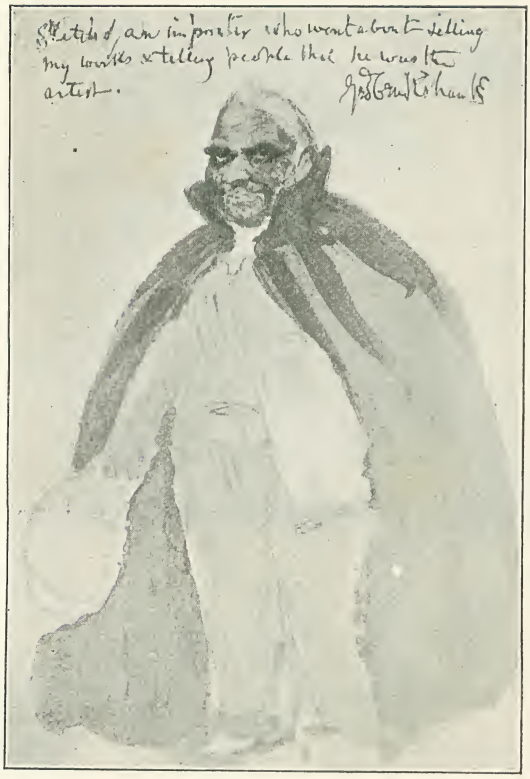
sketch, "The White Sergeant, Halbertdiers," is a very saddening one.

A strong and spirited pen-and-ink sketch depicts Mr. John Sheringham, a naval lieutenant, and a great friend of Cruikshank's. The excellent lieutenant is caught in sportive mood. He was one of the several friends who took ideas to Cruikshank for working out; sometimes only as ideas, sometimes sketched out crudely on paper. Captain Marryat, the novelist, was one of these friends; and Knight, the publisher, was another.

In the very first English Volunteer movement George Cruikshank and his brother took part as boys. When an invasion of this country by Napoleon was anticipated, in the beginning of the century, willing defenders sprang up in thousands, beacon fires were laid, and even regiments of boy volunteers were enrolled. To one of these boy regiments George Cruikshank (at that time about fourteen years old) and his brother Robert belonged — Robert held a command, while George served in the ranks. We print a photograph from a sketch in pen and ink, made by George in after-life, representing Robert at the head of his company and George marching at this end of the front rank.

The next sketch is one of peculiar interest, and, as a likeness, was, one would think, notably good. The artist's own inscrip-


A Regiment of Boy volunteers — at the time when — Napoleon threatened to invade England — the Commander was my Brother Robert — and I was in the ranks. — George Cruikshank



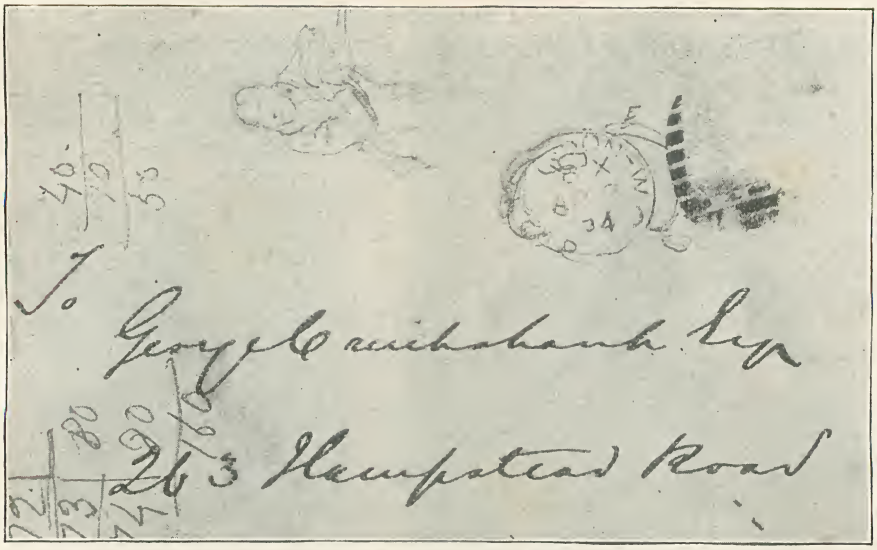

tion at the top tells the tale: "Sketch of an impostor who went about selling my works and telling people that he was the artist." Whether the man looks like an artist or not may be a matter of opinion; but that he was born an impostor his face proclaims at large. What possible face fuller of plausible craft? One can scarcely believe that any liar, with his character so plainly advertised in his features, could take in anybody; still, he seems to have done it, and there he stands, his wicked old head a picture of sham dignity and benevolence. It is a water-colour drawing, and, as a study of character, by no means Cruikshank's least achievement.

Of Cruikshank's habit of amusing himself by working up accidental marks on paper we give three examples. First, on a sheet of rough sketches, a blot of colour has accidentally fallen. Instantly perceiving the use to which the shape of the blot best lends itself, the artist has added a brim, and, lo! a steeple-crowned hat of the Commonwealth; beneath this a head, a little hair, and a suggestion of shoulder, and there is a little drawing—the head, say, of a cavalier's serving-man.

A HAT MADE FROM A BLOT.

The next example is the result of an accident of an opposite kind. Instead of a falling blot of colour, the paper here has itself accidentally dropped on some wet colour, with a smear as the result. A touch or two of the brush already in the artist's hand, and there lies a spirited and well-poised suggestion of a man on horseback. It is little more than a suggestion, of course, but there it is, and whether the artist had in his mind a fragment from the Parthenon frieze, or David's picture of Napoleon on the Alps, does not matter; possibly he was thinking of neither, but perceived that the smudge carried in it some of the essentials of the figure of a man on horseback, and did just

NAPOLEON MADE FROM A SMEAR.



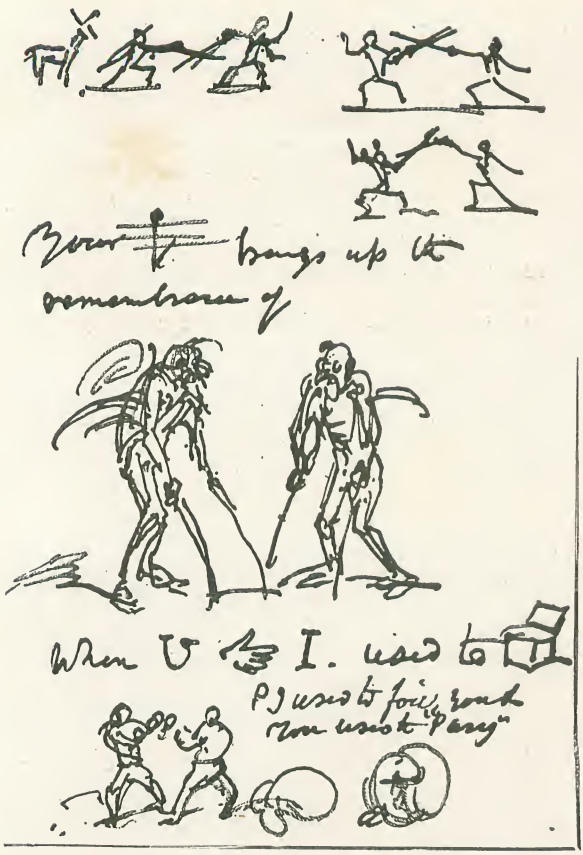

A PORTRAIT IN A POST-MARK.

enough to it to make the suggestion plain to a less percipient observer.

The third of these little oddities consists of an old envelope, addressed to Cruikshank at his well-known house in Hampstead Road. One or two pencil calculations of extreme simplicity adorn the top of the paper, and below them is a slight half-length sketch of a man, with his arm resting on a shelf. Then the post-mark seems to have caught the draughtsman's eye; it had been one-sidedly impressed, and an irregular completion of the circle, with a mark or two to help out some of the date-figures, was enough to bring out a head—perhaps done with a notion of caricaturing Thackeray.

Three more of the examples are specimens of Cruikshank's playful pictorial correspondence. A friend asks him to dinner on September 20th; but, being already engaged to dine somewhere else that evening, he is obliged to decline, and he does it characteristically. He takes a scrap of paper which has already seen service for trial sketches of figures, ship-blocks, a boot, and so forth, and on the space still available he sketches

CRUIKSHANK'S REASON FOR DECLINING AN INVITATION.




HIEROGLYPHIC LETTER TO MR. PARRY.

with pen and ink a pitiful representation of himself, hopelessly tied to the leg of a dinner-table already set, the ligament (which may be a very large table-napkin) being inscribed, "Engaged Sept. 20th," to make all clear.

The next is a hieroglyphic letter, addressed to a Mr. Parry. "Dear Parry," one is constrained to read the superscription, though the "dear" (deer) is elementary and the "parry" is thrice repeated. "Your note," the letter goes on, "brings up the remembrance of Old Times, when you and I used to box. I used to foil you and you used to 'Parry.'" And a sketch of a "set-to" and a pair of boxing-gloves fills the foot of the communication.

Then we have a letter to his friend Auldjo, the antiquary—a sort of bulletin, reporting absence of progress in the artist's illness of April, 1840. It is dated on the fourth of that month, and all the news, as was usual in Cruikshank's letters to intimate friends, was conveyed by a sketch of the artist in a very gouty and dejected condition, surrounded by gruel and physic in bottles, with the simple legend, "very, very poorly," followed by the signature. An index hand points at the sufferer, as though thrust through the ceiling, to give the expressive drawing the emphasis which in reality it does not lack by itself.

The next drawing of our little collection is one of the most interesting. In 1847 theatrical performances took place in Liverpool and Manchester for the benefit of Leigh Hunt, and Charles Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, G. H. Lewes, Cruikshank, Egg, and other distinguished writers and artists played, Dickens also acting as manager. Some £400 was realized after expenses were paid,

LETTER TO MR. AULDJO.

and in order to increase this sum Dickens designed to write a comic pamphlet "by Sarah Gamp," describing the journey to Manchester by rail supposed to be undertaken by the immortal Sairey in the same train as the company. It was to have been illustrated by the artists who took part in the affair, but some of them were so dilatory with their drawings that the project eventually fell through.

The few pages which Dickens wrote were never published till after his death, when John Forster included them in his biography of the great novelist. Whatever beginnings were made at illustration have never been published at all till this moment, when we are able to reproduce here Cruikshank's sketch, illustrating an incident in which he himself is supposed to address Mrs. Gamp in person at the railway station.

The little book was to be dedicated to Mrs. Harris, and it was largely in the form of a letter, though a discursive one, addressed to that mysterious lady. Mrs. Gamp describes her meeting with Cruikshank thus :—

"I do assure you, Mrs. Harris, when I stood in the railway office that morning with my bundle on my arm, and one patten in my hand, you might have knocked me down with a feather, far less porkmongers which was a lumping against me continual and sewere all round.

CRUIKSHANK MEETS WITH MRS. GAMP.

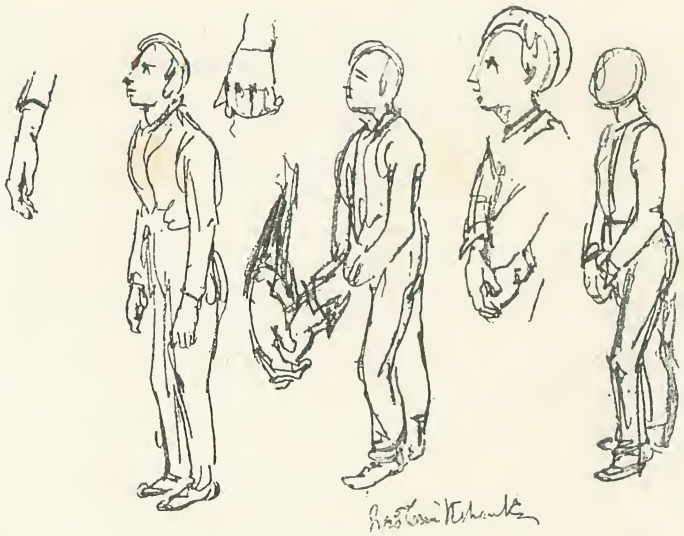
"I was drove about like a brute animal and almost worrited into fits, when a gentleman with a large shirt collar and a hook nose, and a eye like one of Mr. Sweedlepipe's hawks, and long locks of hair, and wiskers that I wouldn't have no lady as I was engaged to meet suddenly a turning round a corner, for any sum of money you could offer me, says, laughing: 'Halloa, Mrs. Gamp, what are *you* up to?' I didn't know him from a man (except by his clothes); but I says, faintly, 'If you're a Christian man, show me where to get a second-cladge ticket for Manjester, and have me put in a carriage, or I shall drop!' Which he kindly did, in a cheerful kind of a way, skipping about in the strangest manner as ever I see, making all kinds of actions, and looking and winking at me from under the brim of his hat (which was a good deal turned up), to that extent, that I should have thought he meant something, but for being so flurried as not to have no thoughts at all until I was put in a carriage along with a individgle—the politest as ever I see—in a shepherd's plaid suit, with a long gold watch-guard hanging round his neck, and his hand a-trembling through nervousness worse than an aspian leaf." This is the theatrical wig-maker's representative, and after some conversation between the two, the wig-maker says: "'P'r'aps if you're not of the party you don't know who it was that assisted you into this carriage?'

"'No, sir,' I says, 'I don't, indeed.'

"'Why, ma'am,' he says, a-wisperin', 'that was George, ma'am.'

"'What George, sir? I don't know no George,' says I.

"'The great George, ma'am,' says he. 'The Crookshanks.'



STUDIES FOR "OLIVER TWIST ASKING FOR MORE."

attempted than a design of attitude. The disposition of the hands was obviously the point most in the artist's mind, for he has made two separate sketches of the hands clasped, and two more each of a single hand. A comparison of these sketches with the finished drawing will illustrate the wide space which may separate an artist's first rough ideas from his finished performance.

The second of the "Oliver Twist" sketches is one that was never used with any degree of development. It represents Bill Sikes in the condemned cell, and it was evidently made early in the progress of the book, when the author,

"'If you'll believe me, Mrs. Harris, I turns my head and see the wery man a making picturs of me on his thumb-nail, at the winder!'"

So much for Mrs. Gamp's account of the meeting here sketched by the other party to the transaction. Mrs. Gamp's remarks upon other distinguished persons in the party are amusing, and the whole of the fragment is to be read, as we have said, in Forster's "Life of Dickens."

There are two other sketches in connection with the illustration of Dickens's work in our little collection, both relating to "Oliver Twist." One is a little paper of rough attempts at the figure of Oliver as he was to appear in the illustration representing him "asking for more." As is plain to see, these are little more than dummy figures, lacking all the "go" and vigour of the finished drawing. Indeed, no more is

THE PUBLISHED DRAWING OF "OLIVER TWIST ASKING FOR MORE."

although he had decided that Sikes was to murder Nancy, had not resolved to kill the murderer by accident before any arrest could be effected. In the end it was Fagin whom Cruikshank had to draw in this situation. A particular interest of another kind also attaches to this drawing. In a way it affords still one more scrap of evidence (if more were needed) against the preposterous story, first published in America, that "Oliver Twist" was chiefly invented by Cruikshank, and that Dickens largely "wrote up" to a set of drawings already executed by the artist.

Forster, in his "Life of Dickens," effectually disposed of the story, by testimony never gainsaid; but if the biographer had seen this sketch he would no doubt have adduced it also. For the person responsible for the rumour in America spoke in particular of the completed drawing of Fagin in the condemned cell as being in existence, and seen by Dickens, before the book was written. The present sketch is in pencil, strengthened here and there with touches of pen and ink.

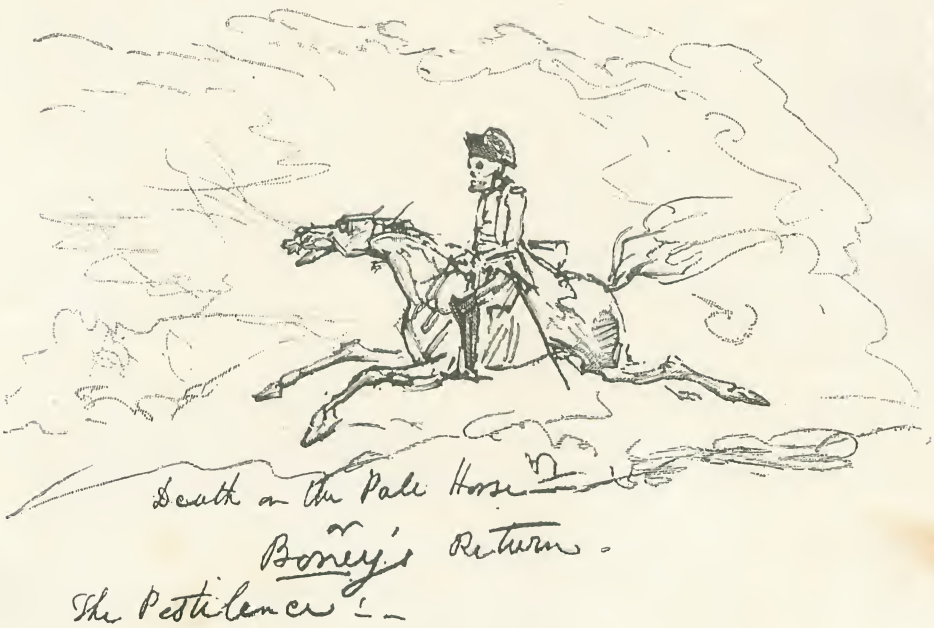
Three more sketches, and we reach the end of our little collection. They are of the casual detached sort, but of considerable merit. One represents Death, in the character of President of the Alpine Club, waiting for his victims, the members. He holds a barbed spear by way of alpenstock, and he smokes a pipe as he sits attentively on a peak of rock. The drawing is in pen and ink, with a few touches of the brush suggesting the lower part of the cloak. The skull is especially well suggested by a few scratches of the pen, the skeleton features carrying their fitting expression. Cruikshank's title, as he wrote it below, was: "The President of the Alpine Club waiting for the members. Come along, my lads. I'll show you the way"; and it is plain that at first he began by writing "Chairman," and altered it to "President."

Then we have a pencil sketch, very cleverly touched in, being a fanciful representation of the reception of church tithes. The tower of the church is so drawn as to suggest a vast, ogreish head, a bishop's, with mitre and cauliflower wig. Its windows make goggle eyes; its door is a vast and receptive mouth. The rest of the building is represented as an open pavilion, with a hint of ecclesiastics sitting at table within. A

A BISHOP RECEIVING TITHES.

tithe-payer with a contribution of corn on his back walks into the open mouth.

The last of our set is a very firmly touched and spirited sketch with the title, "Death on the Pale Horse, or *Boney's* Return," with a note below, "The Pestilence." It has been suggested that this was drawn on the occasion of Napoleon's return from Elba, but this is scarcely likely. It would rather seem to have been prompted by a threatened epidemic of infectious disease; else, why the note, "The Pestilence"? There would have been little reason, or none, in drawing Napoleon as a skeleton riding through the air; but much in representing the coming pestilence as the conquering and destructive Napoleon of diseases; also the not very inspiriting pun on Napoleon's English nickname of "Boney," emphasized by under-scoring, makes it plain that the dressing of the conventional figure of Death as Napoleon was mainly suggested by the nickname.



# HIS WORD of HONOUR

From the French
of
Jean du Rebrac.

Translated
by
G. H. Woodhouse.

HE was only a boy, not yet sixteen, but they were going to shoot him, nevertheless.

The band of insurgents to which he belonged had been routed by the Army of Versailles, and, taken red-handed with some ten of his comrades, he had been conducted to the *Mairie* of the 11th *Arrondissement.*

Struck by his youthful appearance, and also astonished at the boy's coolness in this hour of extreme peril, the commandant had ordered that the fatal verdict should, so far as he was concerned, be suspended for the moment, and that he should be kept a prisoner until his companions had met their fate at the neighbouring barricade.

Apparently quite calm and resigned, his great eyes and his face—the pale face of a Parisian child—showed neither emotion nor anxiety. He seemed to watch all that was passing around him as though they held no concern for him. He heard the sinister report of the fusillade which hurled his companions into eternity without moving a muscle; his calm, fixed gaze seemed to be looking into the great "Afterwards," which was soon to become the "Present" to him also Perhaps he was thinking of his happy, careless childhood—he had hardly outgrown it; perhaps, of his relations and their sorrow when they heard; of the chain of fatality which had made him fatherless and had tossed him into the seething turmoil of civil war, and now demanded his life at the hands of fellow-countrymen; and, perhaps, he wondered why such things were.

At the time war was declared he was living happily with his father and mother, honest working folk who had apprenticed him to a printer; politics never troubled that little household.

It was not long, however, before the Prussians had slain the head of the family. The privations of the siege, the long and weary waiting at the butchers' and bakers' shops when the scanty dole of food was distributed in the rigour of that terrible winter, had stretched his mother on the bed of suffering, where she lay slowly dying.

One day when he had gone with others to dig for potatoes in the frost-bound plain of St. Denis a Prussian bullet broke his shoulder, and afterwards, driven partly by hunger, partly

by fear of his companions' threats, he had enrolled himself in the Army of the Commune. Like many another, fear and fear only had led him into and kept him in the ranks; he had no heart for a war of brothers, and now that his life was about to pay the penalty, he was glad that he could lay no man's death to his charge. He was innocent of that, at any rate.

The things he had seen and suffered during the few last months had given him a dread of life. He hated to think of leaving his mother in this terrible world—his mother whom he loved so dearly, who had always been so inexpressibly good to him; but he comforted himself with the thought that before long she would come, too—she could not have much more suffering to undergo, she was so weak when he last saw her, four days ago.

"Kiss me again, dear—again," she had said, "for I feel that I may never see you more."

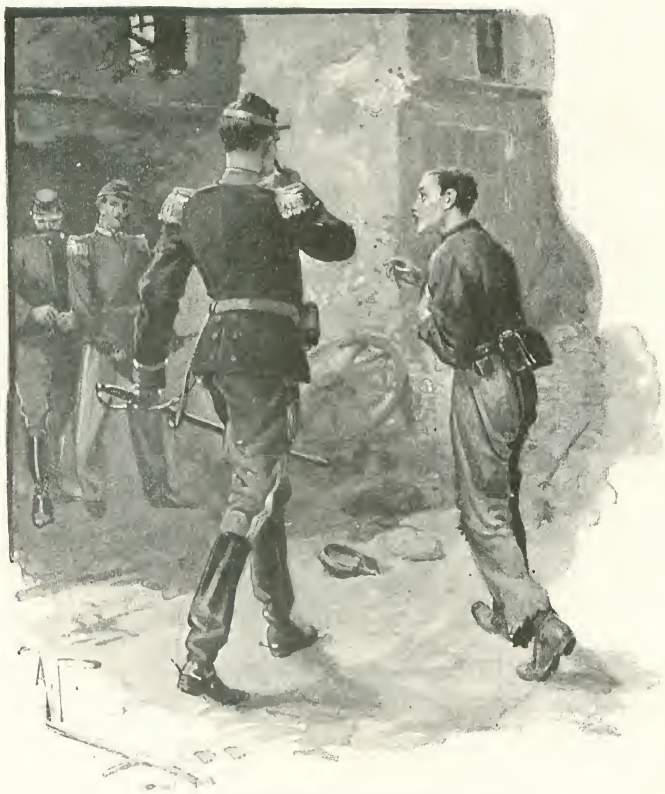
"Ah," he thought, sadly, "if they would only trust him—would give him only one hour of liberty—how he would run to her and then come back and give himself up to the hands that hungered for his life. He would give his word, and he would keep it. Why not? Save his mother—and she, too, was dying—he had no one to regret. To see her again, to kiss her dear lips once more, console, encourage her, and leave her hopeful—then he could face death bravely."

He was in the midst of these sad reflections when the commandant, followed by several officers, approached him.

"Now, my fine fellow, you and I have a score to settle; you know what awaits you?"

"Yes, *mon commandant*, I am ready."

"Really? So ready as all that? You are not afraid of death?"



"DEATH SEEMS BETTER THAN SUCH A LIFE."

"Less than of life. I have seen so much the last six months—such awful things—death seems better than such a life."

"I wager you would not hesitate if I gave you your choice. If I said: 'Put your best foot foremost and show me how soon you can be out of sight,' you would soon be off, I'll warrant."

"Try me, *mon commandant*, try me! Put me to the proof; it's worth a trial. One more or less for your men to shoot, what does it matter? One hour of freedom only, not more; you shall see whether I will keep my word, and whether I am afraid to die."

"Oh! *da!* you're no fool, but you must take me for one. Once free and far away, and then to come back to be shot just as you would keep an ordinary appointment? You will hardly get me to swallow that, my boy!"

"Listen, sir, I beg of you. Perhaps you have a good mother; you love her, your mother, more than aught else in the whole world. If, like me, you were just going to die, your last thoughts would be of her. And you would bless the man who gave you the opportunity of seeing her once more, for the last time. *Mon commandant*, do for me what you would pray others to do for you. Give me one hour of liberty, and I will give you my word of honour to return and give myself up. Is life itself worth a promise broken?"

While he was speaking the commandant was pacing to and fro, tugging viciously at his moustache, and evidently struggling hard to appear unmoved.

"'My word,'" he murmured. "This urchin talks of 'my word' as though he were a Knight of the Round Table!"

He stopped abruptly in front of his prisoner and asked, in a severe tone, "Your name?"

"Victor Oury."

"Age?"

"Sixteen on the 15th of July next."

"Where does your mother live?"

"At Belleville."

"What made you leave her to follow the Commune?"

"The thirty *sous* chiefly; one must eat! Then the neighbours and my comrades threatened to shoot me if I did not march with them. They said I was tall enough to carry a musket. My mother was afraid of them, and wept and prayed me to obey them."

"You have no father, then?"

"He was killed."

"And where?"

"At Bourget, fighting for his country."

The commandant turned towards his staff as though he would consult them at a glance. All seemed moved to interest and pity.

"Well, then! it is understood," the officer said, gravely, after a moment's reflection. "You can go and see your mother. You have given me your word of honour to be back again in an hour. *C'est bien.* I shall know then whether you are a man of character or simply a cowardly boy. I give you until evening. If you are not here by eight o'clock I shall say that you are a braggart, and care more for life than honour. *Allons!* Quick march!"

"I thank you, *mon commandant.* At eight I will be here."

"You are sure?"

"Certain."

"We shall see when the time comes."

The boy would have thrown his arms about the officer in his wild joy and gratitude, but the latter repelled him gently.

"No, not now," he said. "This evening, if you return, I will embrace you—in front of the firing party," he added, grimly. "Off with you!"

Victor ran like a hare. The officers smiled as they watched him disappear. Twenty minutes later he knocked at his mother's door, and the neighbour who was tending her opened to him. She started and exclaimed when she saw him, for, like everyone else, she believed him dead. He would have rushed to his mother's room, but the woman stopped him.

"Go very quietly," she said, in a low voice; "she is asleep. She has been very ill since you went away, but she is a little better now. The doctor said yesterday that if she could sleep she would soon get stronger; she must not be awakened. Poor thing! she will be glad to see you, for she has asked for you so often. When she was not calling you she was praying the *Bon Dieu* to preserve you and to restore peace in the land. *Hélas!* one would say He had abandoned us, the *Bon Dieu*, and let men do just as they liked. It is awful!"

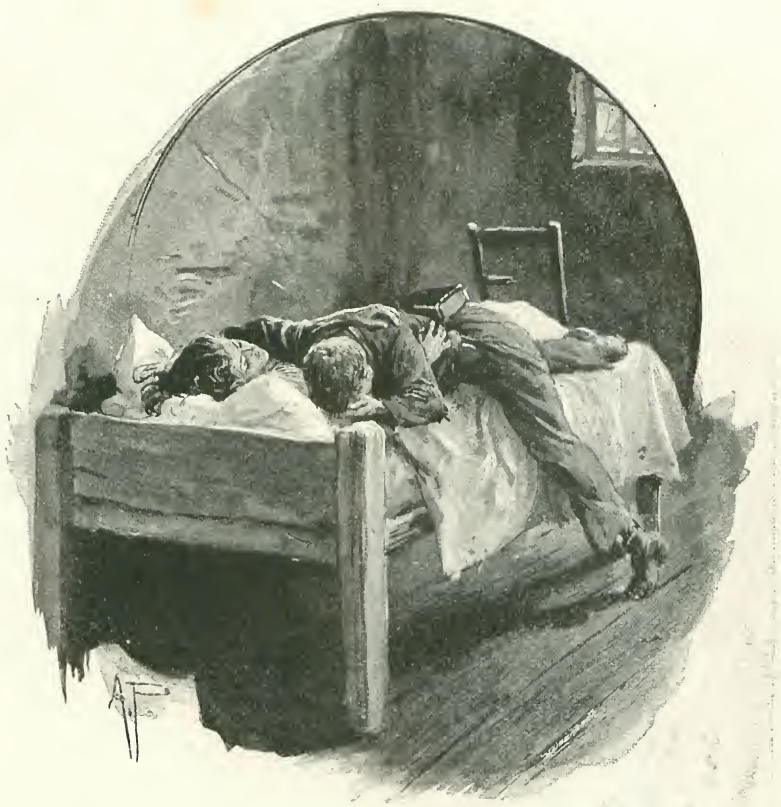
But Victor, impatient, thought he heard his name called in a faint voice. He moved on tip-toe towards his mother's bed. He had not been deceived—the sick woman's eyes were opened wide.

"Victor! my boy!" she cried, in her thin, weak voice. Without a word he lay down beside her and her arms closed round him hungrily.

And now the boy who had faced death so impassively could do naught but sob. Now, in his mother's arms, he became a child once more, timid, despairing.

The sick woman, who seemed to gain strength from his presence, sought in vain to console him.

"Why do you distress yourself so, my



"HE BECAME A CHILD ONCE MORE."

child, my best-beloved?" she asked. "You shall never leave me again. We will throw that hateful uniform away; I never want to see it more. I will make haste and get well; I feel so much stronger since you came. Soon you will go to work again, and you will grow up and marry some good girl. The past will only look like a bad dream then, and we will forget it completely; completely, dear."

Poor soul, how should she know that her picture of a bright future only deepened her boy's anguish? She was silent, telling herself that the best way to dry tears is to let them flow freely. She kissed him and let his weary head fall back on the pillow, and then she gave herself up to dreams of happier days in store for both of them.

Victor's sobs grew less frequent and less violent, and soon nothing could be heard in the little room but the regular breathing of the mother and her child. Ashamed of his weakness, the boy forced himself into self-control, and when he raised his head from the pillow, once more believing himself stronger than love of life, his mother, yielding to the reaction which her sudden joy had caused, was sleeping peacefully.

The sight restored his energies. A kind Providence, he thought, had wished to spare him a scene which his strength and courage could not have borne, and he resolved to go at once. Lightly he kissed his mother's forehead, and gazed at her earnestly for a few moments. She seemed to smile, he thought; then he went out hurriedly and returned to his post as quickly as he had come, not seeing a soul he met nor daring to look behind him.

"What! so soon?" the commandant cried, astonished. He had hoped, like the good-hearted man he was, that the boy would not return.

"But I had promised!"

"Doubtless, but why be in such a hurry? You might have stayed with your mother some time longer, and still have kept your word."

"Poor mother! After a scene of tears which seemed to take all my courage—tears of joy for her, of despair for me—she fell

asleep so calmly, so happily, that I dare not wait for her to wake. She fell asleep with her arms about me, thinking I should never leave her again; how could I have told her the truth? Who knows whether I should have had the courage to leave her after doing so? And what would you have thought of me if I had not come back?

"So I kissed her, and slipped away like a thief while she was sleeping, and here I am. Pray God may be good to her as she has been to me. *Mon commandant*, I have one more thing to ask—to finish quickly."

The officer looked at the boy with mingled pity and admiration. His own eyes were full of tears.

"You are quite resigned, then; death does not frighten you?" he asked.

Victor answered him with a gesture.

"And if I pardoned you?"

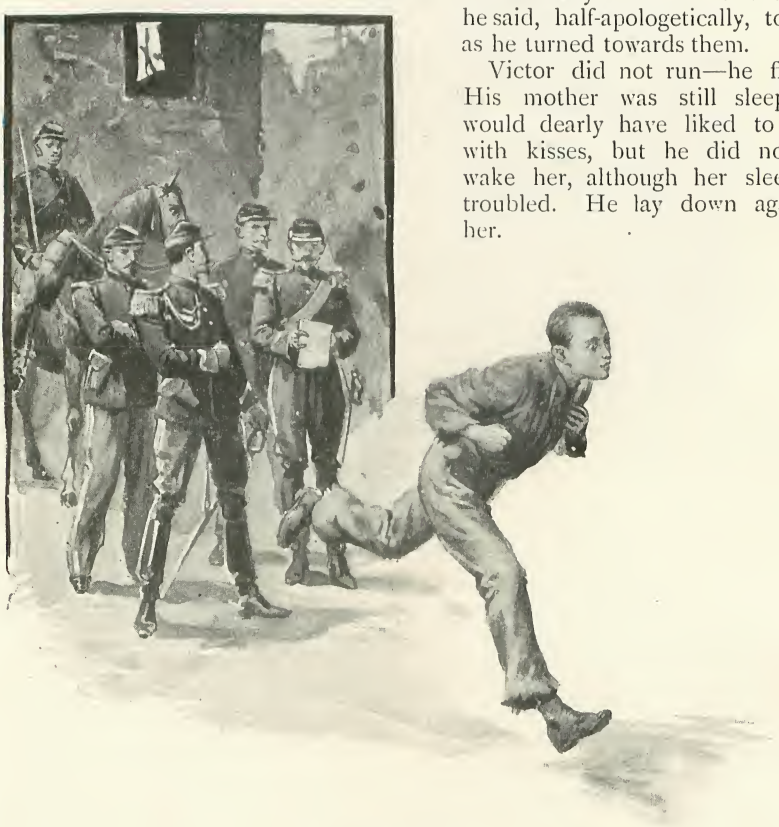
"You would save my mother's life too, and I would revere you as a second father."

"*Allons!* you are a plucky lad, and you have not deserved to suffer as you have done. You shall go. Embrace me first—*bien!* Now go, and go quickly. Join your mother, and love her always."

As he spoke the last few words, the officer took the boy by the shoulders and pushed him away gently.

"It really would have been a pity," he said, half-apologetically, to his staff, as he turned towards them.

Victor did not run—he flew home. His mother was still sleeping. He would dearly have liked to cover her with kisses, but he did not dare to wake her, although her sleep seemed troubled. He lay down again beside her.



"HE FLEW HOME."

Suddenly she sat up, crying: "Mercy! Victor! My child! Oh! Mercy!—Ah! you are here, it is really you?" she added, waking.

Her thin, weak hands wandered all over him; she pressed him close to her and rained kisses on his face. Then she was shaken by convulsive sobs, which Victor could not calm.

"Oh! my boy! my boy!" she moaned, "I dreamt they were going to shoot you!"

# *The Floating Church.*

By L. S. Lewis.

IT is unique, being the only one of its kind in the world. The yachts used by the various missions to fishermen cannot exactly be called floating *churches*, in the strictest sense of the term; whereas the extraordinary structure dealt with herein is a regular consecrated church, which visits its congregation, instead of waiting for the congregation to come to it. A portrait of the pastor very properly appears on the first page of this article. He is the Rev. George Broke, vicar of Holme, Peterborough.

We hear a good deal about the troubles of the clergy in crowded cities, where there is but one pastor to a population of several thousands; but no one ever seems to have thought about the hardships endured by ministers in out-of-the-way parts of the country. Many of these heroic men have to work single-handed a parish which, though containing only a few hundred people, is scattered over many square miles of lonely country.

THE REV. GEORGE BROKE.
*From a Photo. by R. W. Howes, E. Dereham.*

Mr. Broke's parish is situated in the Fens of Huntingdon, which, like the rest of those vast tracts of fertile land, were, until comparatively recent times, marsh, bog, and shallow lakes. The chief difficulty connected with most of these Fen parishes is that the ordinary parish church, parsonage, and village, proper, are not really in the Fen at all, but in the clay country bordering it. This latter is locally called the "mainland" or the "highlands." As the Fen gradually becomes drained, houses are built farther and farther from the "village," until at last a single parish may be scattered for miles.

The parish of Holme, in Hunts, is a typical instance of this. That part of it which contains the parish church and village, and which is situated on the clay, to the west of the Great Northern main line, is only about 400 acres in extent; whereas east of the railway the parish spreads thinly over 4,500 acres. Half a century ago much of this Fen land was the bed of the Whittlesea Mere.

Holme, however, is blessed with nine miles of navigable canal, and this circumstance suggested to Mr. Broke the idea of the floating church. Mr. Broke had been a curate at Great Marlow, and possibly the recollection of many house-boats had something to do with the notion.

Here is a view of the floating church. The "building" proper is but 7ft. high, and is erected on a flat-bottomed lighter, 40ft. long. The interior measures 30ft. in length. No greater height than 7ft. could be allowed on account of the bridges beneath which the church has to pass. Even now (strange as it may sound) the sacred edifice has to be in very low water indeed before it can reach one particular station.

The floating church—St. Withburga's, by name—is also the cheapest church on record. She (or it) cost only £70. The church is towed by a horse to a different station on each Sunday of the month. And, by the

way, if much Gilbertian language strikes the eye in this little article, it must be attributed entirely to the topsy-turviness of a subject which deals at the same time with a church and with a boat.

The church carries two flags. The St. George's Cross on top was presented by the Archdeacon of Huntingdon, and beneath this the St. Andrew's Cross is flown, as a signal to laggards that service is about to commence. Thus, these flags serve instead of bells, and they can be seen for a great distance across the level Fen country.

*From a Photo. by]* 1.—THE FLOATING CHURCH. *[the Rev. Geo. Broke.*

the vicar before the floating church was finally settled in all its details. He thought of a big caravan, but the appalling state of the Fen roads (or "droves," as they are called) in winter put this out of the question. Besides, there was the expense to consider. The Church Army vans cost £100 each, plus the cost of the horses. The next idea was a dismantled railway carriage, costing, say, £7, fixed on a second-hand barge, which might be picked up cheap for about £30. Dismantled railway carriages, by the way, play an important part in the lives of the Fen people. It costs

*From a Photo. by]* 2.—COMING TO SERVICE. *[the Rev. Geo. Broke.*

In the foregoing photo. the congregation are seen coming to service. The horse on the near side is the motive power. He is a sober, respectable animal, fully conscious of his high mission.

Several other ideas suggested themselves to a good deal to bring bricks and mortar into these lonely places, but the railway company will always let the people have an old carriage for little more than a £5 note. As a fact, many Fen folk live in these railway carriages (as at Ramsey St. Mary, near Holme),

and spend the greater part of their lives in them.

It is a curious parish altogether. A big van has been run for years in connection with the school. This van starts out at eight o'clock in the morning, and makes a round of six miles to collect children from the outlying dwellings. The children when school is over are again taken in the van and deposited at their own doors.

The vicar, Mr. Broke, tells us that the floating church supplied an urgent want. There were several grown-up children found who had never been baptized at all; indeed, the very first baptismal ceremony that was celebrated in the floating church was marked by a curious incident—the child cried out indignantly, "Give me back to grannie!"

The very interesting photo. next reproduced shows the interior of the floating church. "The room itself," writes Mr. Broke, "is built of deal with oak joists, and it is matchboarded inside. The windows open upwards, and hook on to the roof. Entrance is obtained by a door in the bows, opening on to a short flight of steps. To avoid stooping in descending, part of the roof slides back some 3ft., just like the hatch of a ship's companion. On the left on entering is the vestry—merely a small recess curtained off. So precious is space, that when I emerge from the vestry to conduct the service, this curtain is thrown back, thus allowing room for three extra members of the congregation."

There are, altogether, thirty-six chairs, with ample room for kneeling between the rows; there are, besides, two small benches for the choir. The internal fittings are well shown in the reproduction. The east end is furnished in harmonizing shades of red. The diminutive American organ is one of the very smallest made, and is admirably suited to the "building." The desk, fixed to the wall on the right, serves the double purpose of pulpit and lectern, and it can be folded back when not in use. For a baptism the font, with its stand, is brought down and placed on the lower step in front of the altar; and for a celebration of the Holy Communion the stone basin is removed, leaving the oak stand to serve as credence-table.

It is an amusing fact that, when the vicar's wife and a lady friend were completing the internal decorations, the latter was seized with unmistakable symptoms of *sea-sickness!* Members of the congregation have also been smitten with the same distressing malady during service; and some of the choir girls have had to resign on the same account. You see, during Divine service, the church swings out to the full length of her moorings, and is then brought up sharply. She then commences to rock gently, and forthwith returns slowly inshore again, to repeat the same performance.

*From a Photo. by]* 3.—THE INTERIOR OF THE FLOATING CHURCH. *[the Rev. Geo. Broke.*

"The bill for the church," remarked the vicar, "was an interesting document. 'To one Floating Church, £70.' Just that and nothing more. It was built by a boat-builder at Stanground, near Peterborough. He took two months to complete the church, and on receipt of her we only had three days in which to fit her up before the Archdeacon came to conduct the ceremony of dedication. We had about 120 people at the dedication service. Not all inside, of course. And I should tell you that many of my own congregation remain *outside* on fine Sundays. They sit on the bank near the open windows, with prayer-books in their hands, and follow the service very closely."

The vicar's wife has a girls' class in the floating church one night in the week. The girls work in the fields, and would not care about a four-mile walk to the parish church after the day's work is over.

Mr. Broke is a great enthusiast and an earnest worker. He welcomes strangers to his unique church, and he assures them that its stability precludes the possibility of the church going to the bottom. "St. Withburga's is not insured," remarks Mr. Broke, jocularly, "but there is a sinking fund. The church," the vicar goes on to say, "is built of deal, with oak knees. The bows are higher and heavier than the stern. She is steered by a tiller, and moved by towing." One man, it seems, can lug St. Withburga's a short distance, this sweltering duty devolving occasionally upon the senior churchwarden.

Our last photo. shows the church lying idly at her moorings on a week-day. The outside is painted green. The hull is tarred and the roof covered with tarred felt. The flagstaff lets down like the mast of a Norfolk wherry. In short, in inception and execution, the church is a monument of ingenuity, and is thoroughly appreciated. Untoward incidents are few. One Sunday morning, however, a stout labourer was in a hurry out of church, and he slipped off the plank bridge leading from the bows to the bank. Of course, he fell with a terrific splash into the water. When fished out, half-dead, a comrade and fellow-worshipper, wishing to offer a little consolation, whispered earnestly in his ear, "Never mind, mate, thank God, you've got the parson here to attend ye in yer dying moments!"

4.—AT HER MOORINGS.
*From a Photo. by the Rev. Geo. Broke.*

# *Captains of Atlantic Liners.*

By Alfred T. Story.

II.

ANOTHER of the American Line commanders is Captain H. D. Doxrud, of the steamship *Belgenland*, one of the old Red Star Line, sailing under the Belgian flag from Liverpool to Philadelphia. He has been for fourteen years in the employ of the two lines, his full career at sea amounting to thirty years. Fate seems to have purposely thrown in his path vessels needing the aid of brave and willing hands, knowing that he would do his best to give help and succour. His achievements in this respect have been so remarkable that *Tit-Bits* last year said that he held the "world's record for saving life."

His first act of rescue from a watery grave took place when he was but a boy, and on his second voyage. His ship was lying at Cork, where they were taking in ballast. It was a fine mild night, and it being his duty to keep the deck till midnight, he was walking to and fro, "thinking of home." Suddenly he heard a heart-piercing cry, which seemed to come from a vessel lying close by. Jumping on to the quay, he ran to it, and there, between the quay and the ship, he saw a man in the water. He sprang on board the vessel, seized a rope and threw it over the side, and then went down it himself. The man in the water got hold of his legs, and hung on to him. Thus he found himself in the painful position of being unable to regain the deck himself, let alone pulling the man out. Fortunately, however, he had strength enough to hold on to the rope until their united cries brought assistance from his ship. It turned out that the man in the water was the watchman of the neighbouring vessel, who, having gone ashore for some "cratur" comfort, was thereby rendered too unsteady to walk the narrow plank from the quay to the ship, and so came very near losing his life.

CAPTAIN H. D. DOXRUD, OF THE SS. "BELGENLAND."
*From a Photo. by W. G. Matthews, Philadelphia.*

Captain Doxrud's next achievement in this line occurred when he was captain of a barque belonging to Bergen, Norway. About 400 miles from the Brazilian coast he fell in with an Italian vessel called the *Vassallo*, laden with salted hides, bound from Buenos Ayres for London, which had sprung a leak and was fast filling with water. He took off the crew, consisting of eighteen men, and landed them at Rio, 600 miles from the scene of the wreck. The ship went down about two hours after the rescue. This happened in March, 1879. In the month of December of the same year Captain Doxrud rescued the fever-stricken crew of the schooner *Ibis*, of Liverpool, in mid-Atlantic (long. 20 west, lat. 49 north). She was from Lagos bound for London with a cargo of palm oil, and had been drifting for some time. All her crew, consisting of eight men, were down with yellow fever, quite helpless, and slowly pining away. There was a lot of water in her, and her cargo had shifted. After they were taken off the wreck the crew gradually recovered. "I landed them in London," said Captain Doxrud, "and the British Government gave me a pair of binocular glasses in recognition of my services. I myself was from Rio, and had lost three men with yellow fever, and so was short-handed, or I should have tried to save the vessel, which was afterwards picked up and brought in."

The ship of which Captain Doxrud had

command at this time was the *Alert*, which, in September, 1880, he lost in mid-Atlantic, on a voyage from St. Pierre, Martinique, to St. Nazaire, in the Bay of Biscay, with guano. The ship sprang a leak during a hurricane, and the water getting into the guano choked the pumps, so that it was impossible to keep her afloat. "We left her in the boats," said Captain Doxrud, "and after thirteen hours were picked up by an Austrian sailing vessel bound to Yarmouth, where we were landed." In March, 1881, while in command of a small steamer called the *Plover*, trading on the Norwegian coast, Doxrud took six men from a capsized fishing-boat and landed them at Mehaven, in the Lofoden Isles. In 1886, when second officer of the *Belgenland*, of which he now has the command, Captain Doxrud rescued the crew—eight in number—of an American coasting schooner named the *Charles E. Paigle*, about 300 miles south of Sable Island, and brought them to Antwerp. She was loaded with lumber, but in a severe gale the night before had sprung a leak as well as lost her masts, and was only kept afloat by her cargo. When the crew were taken off the wind was moderate, though there was a heavy sea.

In answer to a question, Captain Doxrud said that in such cases as these boats were always manned by volunteers. "There is never any difficulty in getting a boat's crew for such services," he remarked. "For this rescue," Doxrud added, "the captain of the *Belgenland* was presented with a silver tea-service by the American Government."

A still more dangerous rescue in mid-ocean was effected in December, 1889, when the crew of a vessel belonging to Salcombe, in Devon, were saved. She was going from Newfoundland to Glasgow, with a cargo of cod-liver oil in barrels, which, during the rescue, was poured overboard by bucketfuls to allay the fury of the waves. In spite of that, however, the sea was so heavy that their boat could not get near the ship, which had been dismasted in a gale of wind, and so each man was obliged to jump for his life with a line attached to him and be drawn on board. All the crew, nine in number, were thus got into the boat. But the danger was not yet passed; for, in returning, the boat, which was damaged as they left the ship, was so badly smashed alongside that they had to be pulled up with ropes and the boat abandoned. For this act Doxrud received a gold medal for "gallantry and humanity" from the Board of Trade, and each of the four men who accompanied him got a silver medal and a present in money besides. He was at this time chief officer of the *Pennland*, running between Antwerp and New York.

Three years later, while chief officer of the *Noordland*, he had a similar experience close to the Banks of Newfoundland. Towards ten o'clock at night, in the midst of a gale from the north-west, they saw a signal of distress. They put out a boat and went in search of the vessel asking for succour. It proved to be the *King Oscar II.*, a Norwegian barque, which had been partly dismasted some hours before and was completely at the mercy of the waves. There were fourteen men on board, who had to be got off by means of a life-buoy and lines, as in the case of the Salcombe vessel—a very difficult matter in a high sea and on a pitch-dark night. For this gallant rescue both he and his crew were rewarded. He received a gold medal from the Norwegian Government; they silver medals. The Benevolent Association of New York also presented Doxrud with a gold medal, and each of the crew with a silver medal. He was likewise appointed a member of the Life-Saving Association, "Union et Constance," of Antwerp, and received the Society's Cross, which is only awarded for saving life.

Captain Doxrud's latest experience in saving life at sea will probably be recollected by most. It took place in October last year, when, being then captain of the *Pennland*, he fell in with the *Obdam*, a steamship belonging to the Netherlands American Line, which was flying a signal of distress. She had broken her shaft, and was quite helpless and in a very dangerous position, being about forty miles to the south-east of Sable Island on the coast of Nova Scotia, towards which she was drifting. He took her in tow, and in spite of bad weather and the parting of his cable twice, succeeded in taking her into Halifax, to the lasting gratitude of her hundred and eighteen passengers and the crew.

Much has been said in these experiences about the merits and demerits of British seamen. But an incident, which I shall now relate, speaks for itself:—

From Glasgow runs a line of steamships between that port, New York, and Jamaica. It is known as the Atlas Line, and for many years Captain Morris has been in its service. In the early part of last year, however, his ship, the *Ailsa*, came to grief, and under peculiar circumstances. She sailed from New York on the 1st of March, but

anchored in the harbour off Fort Hamilton because of the fog. While in that position the French Transatlantic steamer *La Burgogne* came into collision with her, striking her near the bow and tearing a great hole in her. The passengers in the *Ailsa*, fourteen in number, had just finished their luncheon, and the fearful crash of the impact was the first warning they had of the approach of the French liner. The blow was a glancing one, otherwise the Glasgow boat might have been cut in two. Captain Morris immediately sprang to the bridge and touched the electric button, setting the winch and machinery in motion for hoisting the anchor. He then signalled to the engine-room for the engines to go ahead at full speed, and pointed the ship towards the Staten Island shore. Among the sailors and firemen were many Spaniards and Italians. They rushed to the boats when the collision occurred, knocked down two women passengers, severely injuring them, and threatened to stab some of the male passengers who interfered. They seized the only available life-boat, climbed into it, and, cutting the ropes, pulled away from the ship, in defiance of the commands of the captain and the prayers of the passengers. The boat was still in sight when the steamer sank.

CAPTAIN MORRIS, OF THE ATLAS SS. "AILSA."
*From a Photo. by George H. Rockwood, New York.*

Meanwhile Captain Morris was on the bridge doing all he could to encourage the others on board. The steamer was plunging ahead towards the shore, but was sinking deeper and deeper with every foot she travelled. When the decks were awash the captain ordered everyone into the rigging, and men and women swarmed up the ratlines as far as they could get to be out of the sea, which had now covered the decks. The captain remained on the bridge till he was immersed up to the waist, and then clambered on to a boom. The *Ailsa* then gave a lurch and plunged bow first to the bottom, sinking in 30ft. of water. The top of the smoke-jack and the topmasts remained above the surface. Two women refused to climb any higher up the rope ladders and stood waist-deep in the water. One of them fell from the ladder in a state of exhaustion, and was rescued by her husband, who plunged after her. A tug-boat fortunately soon came to the rescue of the shipwrecked people, taking them all off except Captain Morris, who, seeing how crowded she was, and how low in the water, refused to increase the danger of those on board her by joining them, electing to remain on the boom until the passengers had been taken to the city and the tug could return for him.

The Postmaster-General of the West Indies, who was a passenger on board the *Ailsa*, wrote to a New York paper respecting the conduct of the foreign sailors. He said: "All of the Anglo-Saxon race on board acted like men. The dastardly cowardice was only found in the foreign element, and I can only regret that passenger steamers should be compelled to leave port with such crews on board."

Captain Morris received his training in the Royal Navy, in which he holds the rank of lieutenant; "and though," says one who knows him well, "he has not, perhaps, reached the top of his profession, he has, nevertheless, always made himself conspicuous when opportunity has allowed, and never has he failed to fulfil his duty to the pride and admiration of all concerned." For saving a derelict in the Atlantic he was elected an honorary member of the Halifax Military Club. Apropos of the tragic end of the *Ailsa*, it may interest some to know that when, on her last voyage, she had just left dock, she was called back by a passenger who had arrived late. Captain Morris ordered the engines to go full speed astern, at the same time remarking to an officer on the bridge that it was a bad omen to go back.

Captain Randle, of the Anglo-American Line, is what one may call a typical Anglo-American. There are some Americans you cannot mistake, just as there are Englishmen who carry their nationality as it were on

their eyelids, and who can't wink without you knowing whence they came. It is not so with Captain Randle. You might be in converse with him for days, and not discover where he was "raised," and yet he is Philadelphian to the backbone—"bred and born on Philadelphian waters," one might almost say. His father being a shipmaster, and always taking his family about with him, Captain Randle does not remember the time when he was not a sailor. He went through all the grades of seamanship under his father, learning almost everything he knew from him, never being much at school on land. Finally, in 1861, he took charge of his father's ship, and remained in command of her during the whole of the American War, on several occasions coming near being captured by Confederate cruisers.

CAPTAIN RANDLE, OF THE ANGLO-AMERICAN SS. "ST. LOUIS."
*From a Photo. by the Cheapside Photo. Company, Southampton.*

Once he was chased by the Southern privateer, *Retribution*, for a whole day and night amongst the West India Islands. He was on a voyage from Rio Janeiro *viâ* St. Thomas to New York, and only got rid of his pursuer by the superior sailing qualities of his vessel, joined, no doubt, to his own superior seamanship, although, of course, he would not say so himself. The *Retribution* had been a tug-boat, but was converted into a schooner, and did a good deal of mischief to Northern shipping during the war. Captain Randle, however, was fortunate to escape her clutches, although several shots came very near mauling his craft.

On another occasion the notorious *Alabama* gave chase to him, and would probably have nabbed him but for his clever seamanship. He was on the northern coast of Brazil, a port with which he was well acquainted, and so, under cover of night, was enabled to elude his pursuer by running inside the reefs with which the coast is lined. There he was safe from pursuit, and inside the reefs he kept until out of the reach of the Confederate freebooter.

During the early part of his career, Captain Randle's experience was very largely gained in South American waters, although for three years he ran the packet-ship *Tuscarora* between Liverpool and Philadelphia. After that he returned once more to his father's service, and he tells one experience in particular while in it, the recital of which is almost enough to turn a landsman's hair grey. They were struggling to get round Cape Horn, and Cape Horn came very near getting its watery winding-sheet round them. Randle was then second officer, and for three days and three nights he was down in the hold with his watch "baling and digging at the guano to keep the ship from sinking." "Yes, I tell you, we had a time," he finishes; "and it was more by good luck than good management we got through; or at least, it was Providence more than ourselves that brought us through."

In 1868 Captain Randle quitted the sea for mercantile life on shore, and remained in business until 1873. "In that year," he says, "the American Line was started with four ships. I sent in an application for a master's berth; but as there were so many applicants, I had to content myself with a chief officer's position in the *Ohio*. I went ten voyages in the *Ohio*, running between Philadelphia and Liverpool. Then the American Company came under the control of the International Navigation Company, of which Mr. C. A. Griscorn was general manager. He immediately transferred me from the *Ohio* to the command of the *Vaderland*, which ran between Antwerp and Philadelphia. After four years on the *Vaderland* I was transferred to the *Nederland*, and after being two years

in command of that ship, I was ordered to Barrow-in-Furness to superintend the construction of the *Rheinland*, which, when completed, I commanded until 1883."

Subsequently Captain Randle superintended the construction of a number of the company's other ships, including the *Friesland*, the *Nordland*, and the *Westernland*. When the *Paris* was transferred to the American flag he took charge of her. Subsequently he superintended the construction of the *St. Louis* and the *St. Paul* at Philadelphia, becoming master of the former when completed—a position he still holds.

During his career Captain Randle has made 600 trips across the Atlantic, "in all weathers and under all sorts and conditions," he says. Two of his experiences connected with Atlantic liners may be given as samples. Both happened while he was in charge of the *Rheinland*. One took place in October, 1880, the vessel being at the time full of passengers. When 500 miles west of the Scilly Isles they lost the entire propeller by striking some sunken wreckage.

"Of course," says Captain Randle, describing the mishap, "I put the ship under canvas, and we worked her back against strong north-westerly gales, and succeeded in reaching Falmouth in seven days. There she was docked, and a new propeller put on her, the passengers in the meantime having been transferred to another of our steamships and sent forward to their destination."

On the same ship Captain Randle had one of his most terrible experiences. It is told best in his own words:—

"We were running before a very heavy gale from the west. It had swept all the way across the Atlantic, and a number of our boats had been carried away. One morning, after having been on deck the whole night, I was conning the ship so that she would be steered in safety, when I noticed that No. 1 boat was adrift, and in a dangerous position. I gave orders to the second officer and his watch to secure it. While they were doing so, I saw an enormous sea rolling up astern. It was so tremendous that I knew it would come clean over the ship. I sang out to the second officer and his watch, 'Run forward to escape that sea!' and then called down the speaking-tube to the quarter-master, who was at the wheel, to watch it carefully. I then sprang from the bridge into the main-topsail sheets, the mainmast being close to the bridge. I had no sooner got up there than the sea struck the stern of the ship, and rolled right over her, so completely covering her, that from where I was I could see nothing but the foremast and the smoke-stack. The whole of the ship's hull was for a few moments entirely submerged. I shall never forget the feeling I had as, looking down upon the seething mass of foam and spray beneath me, I said to myself, 'My God, they are all gone!' It did not occur to me that if they were gone I should be done for too."

"You did not think she would come up again?"

"No, I did not. But being all tight and strong, substantial in every part, the ship presently showed herself above the water again, coming up, as you might say, like a huge bird. I came down to the bridge, and, on looking round, saw that all the boats were gone; the railing round the promenade deck was gone, and there was not a soul in sight. A great cloud of steam was coming up from the engine-room; the skylight had been driven down upon the cylinders; and the engineer, whom I saw standing in the second-class companion-way door, cried out that the ship was full of water below. I told him to go down and use his best endeavours to keep up steam. Then I began to look round for my sailors and officers. I found the second officer and the carpenter wedged in between the second-class companion-way and the skylight of the engine-room, both of them severely injured and insensible. I got them down below into the doctor's care, and then went forward to try and find out what had become of the other men. I found that the sea had carried them right forward under the turtle-back. Five of them were terribly injured, with thighs, arms, and ribs broken, while another had clean disappeared—gone away with the sea.

"Shortly afterwards the sea seemed to moderate, and with the assistance of the watch below things were presently got square about the decks, and in due course we arrived safely in Antwerp. The curious thing is that all the passengers experienced of the affair was that it went quite dark for a moment or two down below; but they were ignorant of the cause, and they never knew the risk they had run."

Captain Cameron is another good type of the ocean-ferry commanders. He set out on his salt-water career as a midshipman-apprentice on the Black Ball Line, his early experience being in sailing vessels, the best "primary school for thorough seamanship,"

in Captain Randle's view. In that, most masters of ships agree with him. From the Black Ball Line, Captain Cameron went into the White Star service. That was twenty-nine years ago. He has been in that service ever since, though not always in the Atlantic boats. He began in the company's sailing ships as first officer, and for four years was on the West Coast of South America.

CAPTAIN CAMERON, OF THE WHITE STAR SS. "TEUTONIC."
*From a Photo. by Falk, New York.*

"Indeed, I have been in all the companies' services," he said, "and in all parts of the globe. I used to go round the world every four months. That was in the Australian trade — out by the Cape of Good Hope and round by the Horn back again — calling at Teneriffe, Cape Town, Hobart, and New Zealand, and at Teneriffe and Plymouth on the return voyage to London. For the last eleven years I have been in the Atlantic service"; and it may be added that, as master of the *Teutonic*, Captain Cameron is one of the most popular commanders "on the beat."

He confesses that the life suits him, and in truth it does not seem to have hurt him one half as much as the anxious life on shore hurts the stay-at-home landsman; and that, notwithstanding the fact that before now he has had to be on deck forty-eight hours at a stretch. That was during a fog—"a most anxious time, especially about the Newfoundland Banks, where there are so many fishermen, or when you have to feel your way along the coast with the lead."

"The career is full of life and incident," says Captain Cameron. "There is always something going forward on board to keep people on the *qui vive*, even if it is only noting the progress of the ship, and the excitement becomes intense if there is a chance of making a record passage."

Captain Cameron's best record in the *Teutonic* is 5 days 16 hours and 38 minutes. On one occasion the excitement was varied by watching the rescue of a passenger, who had jumped overboard, and the gallant third officer taking a header after him. Another time nine men were rescued from a wreck. This, however, was in a terrific blizzard, when nearly all the passengers were below—"the worst blizzard I ever experienced," says Captain Cameron.

"We put out a boat to fetch them off, but it was four degrees below zero, and our men got so frost-bitten that they could not go on. So we took them in, and I backed up to the wreck. They then put one of their boats out, and we hauled them on board."

Captain Cameron explains that "they" are the crew of the American schooner *Josie Reeves*, and that for the rescue, which took place off the American coast, he received a watch from the President of the United States.

There are few Atlantic skippers who have not had their experience of rescuing. Captain B. T. Eastaway, commanding the *Sardinian*, belonging to the Allan Line, whose steamers run between Liverpool and Quebec, *viâ* Londonderry, last year took off the passengers of the *Mariposa*, which came to grief in the Straits of Belleisle.

"They got off the ship on to the rocks," said Captain Eastaway, "and then made their way overland to a small bay, into which we went. A singular thing connected with the rescue was this. On my last voyage I took out Mrs. Brown, wife of the Hon. Adam Brown, of Hamilton, Ontario, member of the Dominion Parliament, under the last Government, and she died on the passage within 300 miles of the place

where she had been rescued twelve months before."

Another singular experience in which Captain Eastaway took part was that of one sailing vessel towing another for a period of a week. This was the *Palmyra*, of Appledore, which his ship fell in with 700 miles south of the Lizard. She was bound from Liverpool to Calcutta, and had lost her masts. They towed her into Falmouth, and his owners were awarded £1,600 salvage.

Captain Eastaway joined the Allan Line in 1881 as fourth officer, and was appointed captain in 1893. He is proud of being commander of the vessel which is known in the Allan service as "the Royal ship," the *Sardinian* having brought from Canada the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Marquis of Lorne, Lord Stanley, the present Lord Derby, besides numberless other persons of note. He went through all the grades in his way to command, having begun his sea-career as an apprentice under Messrs. Wilson and Blair, of South Shields. Their ships traded chiefly to India and China. In one of his trips he had the unusual experience of being 180 days going from South Shields to Point de Galle, Ceylon. For three weeks they were becalmed off the Maldive Islands, during which time they drifted back eight miles.

CAPTAIN EASTAWAY, OF THE ALLAN SS. "SARDINIAN."
*From a Photo. by L. E. Desmarais & Co., Montreal.*

"I was never wrecked," said Captain Eastaway, "and I never lost a ship; but I once came very near losing my life. I hardly know what saved me, unless it was Providence. I was standing on the bridge when a heavy sea swept it and the boats clean away. I found myself among the *débris* on deck, none the worse for my experience, and exceedingly thankful that I was not overboard."

Every sailor has had his hair-breadth escapes; but it would, perhaps, be hard to single out a narrower escape from drowning than befell Captain Eastaway's brother, who was an apprentice with him on board one of the Wilson and Blair boats. One day, while he was at the wheel, a heavy sea struck the ship and washed his brother, who was alongside of him, from the deck. "I threw him the end of a rope," said Captain Eastaway; "he caught hold of it, and with the back wash he was landed on board again."

Captain Eastaway preserves with religious care a memento of the sailors' food of the "good old days," and is a relic of his apprenticeship. It is a Noah's ark carved out of the salt beef that used to be supplied for ships' use.

"Happily," says the captain, "in these days the food is examined by Board of Trade inspectors, and is of better quality."

It would be difficult to light upon a more varied career than that of Captain Angus Macnicol, of the Allan Line *Numidian*, a native of Glasgow, whose first voyages were from Glasgow, as apprentice to Charles Smith, of the then well-known City Line, to Calcutta, and who has no hesitancy about confessing that he is a thorough "Britisher," and would never have any but British sailors under him if he could help it. He is certain they are the best in the world, and certainly not the worst to manage. "But," says he, "they have to work with foreigners, and they despise a captain or mate who is a foreigner." Captain Macnicol affirms that he finds no more difficulty in managing a British than a foreign sailor. "Of course," he says, "you have to pick your men, to treat them with consideration, though firmly, and they will do their work equal to any and better than most."

Macnicol's early experience, after his apprenticeship, was gained in Australia and the South Seas. He went to Sydney with a fellow-apprentice when out of his time, determined to make — both of them — £25,000 in ten years. The ten years passed, however, without the fortune making its appearance. In Australia there was a good deal of coasting and a good deal of going to the diggings when there was a "rush," and quite as much coming back "broke." New Zealand was tried with like success. Then

followed some years of South Sea Islands trading, with Upolu as head-quarters. For a time he turned cotton-planter, for a time engaged in the "labour" trade; but in neither of these lines was the £25,000 gold-mine to be met with. Finally, thinking a change of scene might change his luck, he shipped as mate for San Francisco, and shortly after found himself on a vessel engaged in the Alaska fur-sealing trade. In October they were cast away on Behring Island, not far from Kamtschatka. "We wintered there," said Captain Macnicol, "building a house, and adopting Esquimaux habits. The monotony of our life was varied by my setting to work to brew some beer for the company, and burning the house down in the attempt. We got away from there in June, and arrived in San Francisco a month later.

"After this," said Macnicol, "it struck me that I was losing time, and making tracks for home, I started where I had left off. I joined the *Strathearn*, one of the Allan Line sailing ships, as second officer. This ship was one of the fastest afloat, and was noted for her quick passages to and from New York. I finally commanded the *Strathearn* — my first command—in 1877. After being master of her for three years I was transferred to one of the Allan steamers sailing out of Glasgow, and have been master in steamships ever since. My present ship, the *Numidian*, I got new five years ago. That is the sort of career a man goes through to fit him for command of a big steamship. As a master, my experience has been uneventful. I like the post and I like the life. We get a good deal of nasty weather; but in a good ship there is nothing to be afraid of. It is a healthy life, you know, with sufficient excitement to make it interesting; and you meet with a lot of nice people to chat with."

"Then you think the sea is not a bad sort of career on the whole?"

"I do, as professions go. When I look round, I really see no career that would have suited me so well. You have to work for your promotion: so you have in every profession. I have had very little to complain of. When I was an apprentice I had an excellent captain, who treated me with the utmost kindness, and did all he could to teach me my business. The only thing I did not like about seafaring in those days was the food; but it is better now."

CAPTAIN ANGUS MACNICOL, OF THE ALLAN SS. "NUMIDIAN."
*From a Photo. by W. Clement Lavis, Birkenhead.*

# "*Haste to the Wedding.*"

By Gertrude Kingston.

"ELFRIDA, my dear, there is no mincing matters. You have made a mistake somewhere and somehow. But where and how? Ah! that's the question." So spoke Miss Chester to herself, as she sat at her dressing-table with folded arms and contemplated her own image in the glass—a lovely reflection, with which even her critical gaze could find no fault. Six seasons of overcrowded ball-rooms and late hours had not destroyed the unimpeachable peachiness of her skin; nor could she find the smallest crow's-foot round her eyes examine them as she would. She pulled a stray curl with her fingers and thoughtfully felt its texture. It was still silky and lissom, and flew back to its place on being released like a golden feather. No, the fault did not lie with her looks. It must, then, be a question of policy. She had seen so many of her girl friends marry during those past seasons: plain girls, dull girls, muscular girls, skinny girls, tall girls, short girls, they had all found husbands independently of their appearance—indeed, the ugliest had invariably carried off the best prizes. She had been first bridesmaid to them all, for it is in the unwritten code of bridal etiquette to provide your smart best man with a handsome best girl; and yet she who had assisted in tying the knot so often had never, before Dolly Everdon's offer, received any invitation to assist at a wedding otherwise than in the capacity of bridesmaid.

"ELFRIDA, MY DEAR, YOU HAVE MADE A MISTAKE."

Maria Lady Chester, her aunt, had gone out to dinner to-night, and Elfrida was left alone at home. Womanlike, she shuddered at the social formality of dinner alone in the mahogany dining-room under the searching eye of the family butler, and took refuge in that feminine mystery of "high tea," brought up on a tray to her bedroom by the housemaid. The remnants of the meal stood on a small table by the fireside.

Now, Elfrida had a healthy appetite, but tea must exert a less cheering influence than the poet would have us believe, for

she fell involuntarily into a melancholy mental review of the past six seasons, that nothing but a reassuring glance at her mirror could dispel.

She had come out in town under the best auspices. True, her parents elected to remain all the year round in the country, but they had farmed her out with her two aunts, between whom she spent her seasons, and they were both social powers in their way. She did not know why, nor did anyone else, for the matter of that, for they were both dowagers with paltry jointures and small town dower-houses, but still they had social genius and used it to advantage. No one could see better people or go to better houses than her Aunt Maria—Lady Chester. Nor could anyone give her better and more temperate worldly advice, or collect more eligible young men round her tea-table.

Elfrida was too wise a girl to underrate the advantages of such a chaperonage. She took the whole blame of failure to herself. "I think," she said at last, with a sigh, after mature contemplation of her charms, "I think I am too well-dressed! I fancy men like the modest violet best, because they fancy they will have to pay too much for Paris frocks for the full-blown rose. I may have a way of putting on my clothes as though they came from Doucet's, although Heaven and Lizzie alone know that they are manufactured at home by the sweat of her brow. I shall sin no more," she continued to herself, and rose to ring for her maid.

When the maid entered, she pointed to the gown that lay ready for her on the bed. "Lizzie, put that shot silk frock away and get me something dowdy."

Lizzie looked puzzled.

"You *have* nothing dowdy, miss."

"Then get me out something old," rejoined her mistress, frowning.

In a few moments her maid returned with a draggled arrangement of pale-blue silk and nun's veiling, that had done duty at many a crush during many a season, and asked, with disdain :—

"Is this old enough, miss?"

Miss Chester picked at it with thumb and forefinger, and a slight contraction of her delicate nose. Then she answered, heroically: "It wants a fresh balayeuse inside, which you will have plenty of time to put in, as her ladyship will not call for me before 11.15."

"Very well, miss," replied the maid, and retired.

Miss Chester looked at the clock on the mantelshelf and saw it wanted twenty-five minutes to nine. Hurriedly she flung a dark fur cloak round her and slipped downstairs, pinning on her hat as she went.

In the hall she met the butler.

"I am going across to Lady Ferveyed for an hour. Tell Lizzie I shall be back to dress a little after ten."

Once out of doors she jumped into a hansom cab, calling the address to the driver.

A few minutes later she knocked at the door of a house in Victoria Square, and was instantly admitted. She walked straight through the small hall into a room on the left, followed by the man who had opened the door to her. Here she disappeared, wrapt in his embrace. After returning his kisses with some degree of warmth, she disengaged herself gently and said, "Well!"

"Take off your cloak and warm yourself by the fire, Elfie."

"No, dear, I can't stay. Aunt Maria will be in any minute, and may miss me. Tell me your arrangements quickly, and let me go."

"Well, I've got the license, and I've settled with the parson. The brougham is going to pick you up at the Eaton Square corner of Clieveden Place, so you won't have five minutes to walk, and you will find me on your way opposite the Duke of York's School in King's Road, Chelsea."

"Have you anyone to be our witnesses?"

"Oh, yes; the parson seemed quite accustomed to this sort of business, and said he would provide them—pew-opener and the sexton, I presume."

"And then?"

"And then you'll have a little luncheon with me, and we'll go off by train to the hotel at Sandgate for a few days. Won't it be lovely?"

"Are you going to the Willshires to-night, Dolly?"

"No, darling; are you?"

"Aunt wants me to," replied the girl, looking into the fire.

"I wouldn't if I were you, just the day before we're going to get married, go out without me! I'm going to stop at home quietly and think things over, and try and make virtuous resolutions for the future," said the soldier, reflectively.

"Perhaps I can get out of going too," answered Elfrida, in a constrained tone of voice. Somehow, before the simplicity of this man's affection, she felt as if she were in church, and Elfrida never felt at home with religion.

He put his arm round her and pressed her to him, whispering: "I shall pray to God to help me be a good husband to you."

After a pause, Miss Chester rose. "I must go now, or aunt will be in before me."

"I'll ring for Speede to get a cab."

She stopped him as he put his hand on the bell. "I don't want him to see me here."

"Why not, Elfie? — there's no harm. We're going to be married to-morrow."

"All the more reason," she rejoined, taking up a photograph to avoid meeting the frank eyes seeking hers. Dolly, sentimental, almost made her uncomfortable.

"As you will, sweetheart," he said, putting his hat on his head. "I'll walk round to Victoria, and put you into one myself. It is dark, and no one will see us."

Back again alone in her room, Elfrida Chester shuddered. She remembered that she had promised to get secretly married the following day, and what had seemed to her romantic, enthralling, absorbing since many days, now appeared a mad and unintelligible freak when looming close upon her. Why had she consented? Because the fascination of knowing that a man was ready to sacrifice prospects and property for love of her was as bread and water to this starved girlish heart that had never been loved before.

Or, if she had been loved, no man had had the enthusiasm to give up the good things of this world to possess her as his wife. For Elfrida had very little money, and perhaps even less heart, albeit her passionately erotic nature stood her in lieu of one.

When Dolly Everdon pressed his lips to hers she had been ready to go to the other end of the world with him. She had consented to leave her aunt's home the following day to get married by special license at some suburban church, to risk the unforgivingness of parents and guardians, all for the curiosity of learning the mystery into which so many of her girl friends, younger than herself, had already been initiated. And now, here, left alone in her own room, she was considering the advisability of suiting her appearance to popular taste with the unspoken desire of attracting other men.

Deep down in her soul, unconfessed, unrecognised, sprang the "hope eternal" that something unforeseen might help her in the eleventh hour from the final step which should make her wife to a penniless hussar; yet with it all she experienced a sense of burning shame in the eyes of the world she loved that *she*, the much-photographed, much-beparagraphed Elfrida, should have remained single until the age of twenty-five. Morbidly she felt it a slur on her character.

By 11.15, when Aunt Maria's footman told her that the carriage was at the door, Elfrida stood before her pier-glass in her draggled blue frock, and as she looked into it her lips broadened into a smile. After the fashion of three years ago, the sleeves were small and tight, and dragged themselves perforce off a satiny but girlish, white shoulder. The little gathered bodice, for which she had grown a trifle too stout, revealed, in an unconscious way, a little more than that modestly-cut garment had intended;

"AFTER THE FASHION OF THREE YEARS AGO."

and the skirt, unlike the present fashion of falling in wide, bell-shape folds, clung lovingly to a small thigh that followed the line to the knee, and tapered downwards to a narrow blue foot.

The girls at the ball would stare aghast at her new whim of "dowdiness." As for the men, she would see for herself whether her reasoning of six seasons had any truth in it, and whether they were so easily gulled if once understood. Fortunately, as she fetched Aunt Maria from the house where she had been dining, the latter saw nothing but her niece's outline in the darkness of the brougham, and it was not before she was well launched in the ball-room that the Dowager observed her toilette. A cry of anger escaped Lady Chester when her eyes fell upon the worn blue crêpe. She called Elfrida to her side. The latter affected not to hear, and waltzed persistently with her partner.

"COULD IMPROVISE NO WORDS OF COMFORT."

"Shall I call her for you?" asked an elderly Field-Marshal of the Dowager Marchioness.

"Who is she dancing with, Sir Godfrey?" said Lady Chester, for all answer.

"With Robert Best, the brewer, I believe," he replied, with a smile. "I will tell her you want her."

"No, no, Sir Godfrey," exclaimed Maria Marchioness, with an indulgent smile; "leave her alone if she is amusing herself. It is not fair to disturb young people. They say the brewery is to be turned into a company. Have you heard so?" And the two wandered off to the supper-room, gossiping about the probable price of the shares.

Meanwhile Elfrida determined not to think of to-morrow, but to amuse herself to-day. She danced incessantly, furiously, with the hope of out-dancing her own thoughts. How many of us know that effort with the fear of a fatal step to be taken, keeping time to our feet in the dance!

Seated in the conservatory side by side with Mr. Best, the brewer, she realized suddenly that these were her last hours of freedom, and burst into tears.

Mr. Best did not know how to deal with tears that could not be wiped away by £ s. d. He had been through so many of these scenes, eventually set right by a cheque from him. This plainly, almost shabbily dressed yet beautiful girl he instinctively recognised was not of those who could be paid for. He found himself pitying her, and, not knowing the reason of her tears, could improvise no words of comfort. He was at last betrayed into speaking love. She listened, dried her eyes, said neither "Yes" nor "No," but answered that she was tired, and would ask Aunt Maria to take her home. Pressed for a reply, she told the brewer he would think differently to-morrow of his question to her. Miss Chester was, of course, thinking of her own situation and the news of her approaching marriage not twelve hours later. Mr. Best, on his side, interpreted her words to meet *his* case, and was delighted to find a disinterested girl who, far from clutching at his thousands, left him time for maturer reflection. And he fell madly in love.

After a restless night of indecision, Elfrida rang for her maid, and ascertained that her ladyship was not to be called until eleven o'clock. She must act now or never. Crossing to her desk, she reflected that a letter and messenger until one could be found would cause too much delay. A telegram, then. Yet how to word it? "I do not want to get married," the gist of it, was a cruel thing to wire to a man whose only fault was his love for her.

Finally she decided to dress and go herself to explain in person. She slipped out unperceived, found the brougham at the place indicated, and entered it. A few steps farther, Dolly waved to her from the door of a jeweller's shop. The coachman drew up, and her lover hastily joined her. As they drove off he threw his arm round her, saying:—

"By George, Elfie, I had forgotten the ring! I only thought of it just now, when I was waiting for you. I looked in the jeweller's window to pass the time, and saw some wedding-rings marked for sale. Then I remembered we had not got one."

"Is it a nice, fashionable, narrow one, like Lady Flora's?" asked Miss Chester, absently, wondering how she could broach the subject on her mind.

"No, dear; that had to be made, and we wanted this at once. Let me try it on your finger, Elfie, to see if it fits!"

"Don't! Don't! It's unlucky!" cried Elfrida. After a pause, during which the hussar replaced the ring in his pocket, she made another effort. Clearly she must speak now, or else hold her tongue for ever. "I was awake all night, Dolly."

"What kept you awake? The idea of me for a husband, Elfie? Well, it's too late now," said Dolly, with a loud laugh and a kiss.

It had failed this time, and she had not the heart, or was too weak of heart, to stop his laughing.

"To what church are we going, Dolly?" she asked, again mentally reckoning how long a drive it would be, and how many minutes were left her to strike the blow for freedom.

He answered, still laughing: "To a nice little parish church over Hammersmith way. I have lived there nominally and legally speaking since three weeks—that is, I have a room in the parish where I keep a portmanteau. The portmanteau contains an old uniform!" His hand sought hers. "Your fingers are frozen, Elfie. I believe you had no breakfast. Let me stop at a wine merchant's in the road and get you a glass of port wine?"

"No, thanks, I won't have anything. No, I couldn't take breakfast. I was too excited."

"My darling," exclaimed the soldier, leaning forward and looking into her face, "you're not well; was that it?"

"Well, dear, you know I don't get married every day. Only once in a lifetime, I fancy."

"Only once! I hope so devoutly, for my sake, Elfie," he rejoined.

She attempted a feeble laugh. If relief was to come it must come from herself, and she was waxing weak under Dolly's enthusiasm. Besides, time was being lost. "It might be once too often," murmured the exasperated bride-elect.

The colour faded from Dolly Everdon's face as he turned to contemplate the woman by his side. She looked away, ashamed.

"Are you serious? Then say so at once. If you do not think you love me enough, there is still time," he said, sternly, as he laid his hand on the check-string.

"Don't, Dolly; the clergyman is waiting and the witnesses, and there's the license, and the ring," implored Elfrida, hating herself for her indecision, yet unable to decide for herself.

"Is that all that keeps you to your word—the trifling expense I have incurred? In a few minutes all the money in the world can't undo it."

"I know, I know," moaned Elfie, wringing her hands. "What frightens me is the expense afterwards—of living altogether—I have only £100 a year, and you have but £250 that your father allows you, besides your pay——"

"You knew all this before!" interrupted Dolly, sullenly.

"So I did, but you never allowed me to discuss it seriously before. You put me off with a kiss——"

"So I will now," cried the soldier, suiting the action to the word.

She disengaged herself from his embrace.

"No, Dolly, let me speak. Last night it occurred to me, what should we do if your father stopped your allowance?"

"Oh, he's not such a sneak; besides, as long as we love each other, it will all come right."

"But supposing he did! I thought it all out last evening——"

"I thought you told me you were going to a ball, Elfie?"

"So I was—at the Willshires."

"It must have been dull to give you time for domestic economy."

"I thought of all this, Dolly, when I came home this morning." Mr. Everdon looked at her curiously.

"Don't you think, little woman, in view of the step you were contemplating to-day, it would have been wiser to have stayed at home and thought it over quietly yesterday?"

Her lover's tone had an irritating effect on Elfrida, and as a result of this she was regaining possession of herself. She answered, angrily:—

"You know very well I *had* to go. Aunt Maria expected me to, and I couldn't tell her by way of an excuse that I was going to be married to-day, when she is the one person who is not to know."

He perceived the change of manner, and looked out of the window at the shops they were flying past. He had a faint notion they were now in the neighbourhood of Waiham Green.

"Was there anyone nice at the ball?" he asked, still contemplating the passers-by.

"Oh, yes, nice enough; but I missed *you*."

"Darling! Who did you flirt with instead of me?"

"Flirt!" echoed Elfrida, now seriously angry with her lover because she had not used the loophole he had generously offered her. "Flirt!"

There was some suspicion in the glance he threw over her.

"Well, then, who did you speak to?—if you like that better."

"Don't be disagreeable, Dolly. I am not your wife yet."

Dolly's voice rose as he exclaimed: "Don't beg the question. Who did you spend your evening with?"

"I danced with a great many people," replied the girl, sulkily, with the secret hope of egging him on to some violence that might form an excuse to break away from him. Dolly was waxing excited.

"With whom did you dance more than with any other?"

Miss Chester shrugged her shoulders. "I can't remember!"

"Answer me. You're lying to me," retorted Everdon, roughly.

"I should say with Mr. Best as much as with any other," said Elfrida, with an assumption of indifference.

"Best, the brewer?"

Elfrida nodded assent.

"I knew it!" cried Everdon, hitting the palm of his right hand with the fist of the other. "I knew some rich chap had been making love to you. You never thought of poverty before."

"What nonsense," whispered Elfrida, under her breath, wondering whether her release was near at hand.

"But," continued Dolly, brutally, "*he* only *makes love* to a girl, does Mr. Best—underbred millionaire that he is. *He's not* a marrying man. He knows a trick worth two of that!"

Her lover's taunt stung her into exclaiming: "Not a marrying man, indeed! Well, he asked *me* to marry him, then, last night!"

There was a silence broken only by the roll of wheels over the hard road. Everdon felt the beating of his heart almost shake his body. His breath came in short, quick gasps, as he leant over the woman he loved. "And *you?* What did you *say?*" he murmured, hoarsely, watching her intently.

Again she shrugged her shoulders, indifferently. She was a little frightened at the effect of her words, and kept her eyes on Dolly's clenched fist as she responded: "I said neither 'Yes' nor 'No'!"

The man's eyes rested on her lips—the lips that had just spoken such words of treachery. Staggered, stunned, he lifted his hat, and unconsciously wiped the beads of cold perspiration that rose on his forehead. At that moment they were approaching the Metropolitan railway station. He shook himself as if awaking from a nightmare, and his words came with effort from a parched throat.

"I am going to put you down here at the station. I shall go on by myself to tell the parson he won't be wanted, and to give the sexton and his wife a tip. The poor woman is sure to have got herself some new gloves to witness our—your marriage."

His quiet voice moved Elfrida to tears.

"You're not going to give me up, Dolly?" she sobbed.

"*You* gave *me* up, Elfie, when you said neither 'Yes' nor 'No' to Robert Best. Coachman, please pull up at the railway station," he shouted, leaning out of the window.

They drew up by the pavement. Miss Chester burst into a fresh paroxysm of grief. "Where am I to go? What am I to do?" she wailed.

"Take a first-class ticket to Sloane Square, and get home—you're just in time for

luncheon. And if you take my advice, before you sit down to a meal, you'll wire to Mr. Best accepting his offer, before he repents of it."

"I have no money for my ticket," stammered Elfrida, between her sobs. He threw a shilling into her lap, roughly, without a word.

"Oh, Dolly," burst out Elfrida, shocked at the alteration she perceived in her lover's face, "tell me you're not angry with me."

"No, I am not angry with you, little woman. It's not your fault, it's the way you've been bred. Good-bye, and don't forget my advice to you."

"You *will* come to see me sometimes?"

"FOR I DO LOVE YOU!"

pleaded Miss Chester, through her tears, "for I do love you!" and she put up her lips to be kissed. Everdon raised his arm with clenched fist. For an instant Elfie thought he would strike her across the face. Now, her face was her fortune, she knew, and she cowered in a corner of the brougham, afraid to move. At the sight of her involuntary movement he dropped his arm.

"Get away, for God's sake, before I forget you are a woman and that I loved you," cried the soldier, hoarsely, covering his eyes with his hands.

The woman scrambled out of the brougham. At the entrance to the railway station she turned to look at the lover she had just left. She saw only the panel of the carriage shining in the sun as it disappeared down the road.

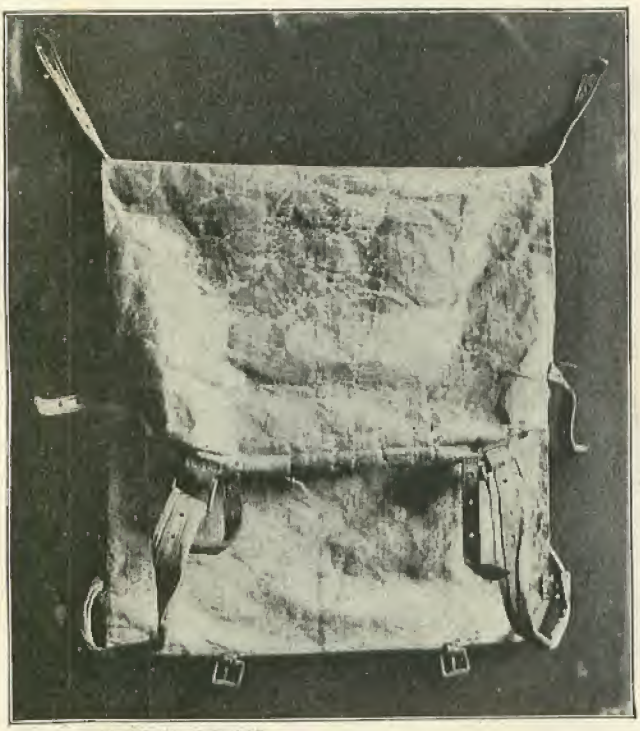
Out of sight, the man who loved her rolled on to the cushions, biting them in his pain.

"My God! She's not worth crying for," he exclaimed, in his agony; "but I wanted her, all the same."

# *The G.F.O. Museum.*

By Framley Steelcroft.

THE high officials at the G.P.O., from Mr. Lamb downwards, took an interest in the preparation of this article, and hence it is that the contents of the museum are now made public for the first time. Now, the Post Office records go back a long way; they even mention David's letter to Joab, the result of which was murder. It will serve our purpose, however, to commence with the bad old days of the last century, when mail robberies were common occurrences, and no one took life seriously.



NO. 1.—THE STOLEN MAIL-BAG.

The oil-canvas mail-bag here shown (No. 1) is an interesting relic. Here is its history, as given us by Mr. J. G. Hendy, the indefatigable curator of the museum. One evening in February, 1798, the postboy who carried the mails between York and Selby was stopped by an armed footpad, who "collected" the whole of the mails. He also removed the bridle of the postboy's horse, and a few minutes later the animal galloped away with his helpless rider.

It seemed a pretty hopeless business. The postboy himself could give no detailed description of the robber. "He was dressed in a drab jacket, and had the appearance of being a hicklar"—not much of a clue, this.

A reward of £200 was offered for the apprehension of the highwayman, but he was never found—nor was the missing mail-bag, until nearly eighty years later. In 1876 an old wayside inn was being demolished at Churchill, near Selby, and in the rafters the workmen found a worn and rotten coat, a sou'-wester hat, and the long-lost mail-bag—the one seized by the highwayman in 1798 and reproduced in our illustration. In digging fresh foundations on the site of the old hostelry, a number of skeletons also came to light, telling of foul play at the old inn.

There was always some subtle affinity between inns and highwaymen. The accompanying notice (No. 2), delivered with every letter in that particular bag, tells its own tale. The Post Office thought it necessary to issue this notice by way of explaining the otherwise unaccountable delay in delivery.

**This Letter was enclosed in the Newport Letter Bag, for London, of 6th *Nov.* 1822, which had been stolen, and was found on the 17th Inst. concealed over a Hay-Loft at the New Passage Inn, with the Contents mutilated.**

General Post-Office,
21st July, 1824.

Printed by J. Harrild, Wine Office Court, Fleet Street,
for His Majesty's Stationery Office.

NO. 2.—NOTICE ISSUED WITH RECOVERED LETTERS.

# £1000 Reward.

# STOLEN

**FROM THE IPSWICH MAIL,**
**On its way from London, *on the Night of the 11th Sept. Inst.* the following**
**COUNTRY BANK NOTES:**

**Ipswich Bank, 5, & 10*l.* Notes.**
***ALEXANDERS & Co.* on *HOARE & Co.***

**Woodbridge Bank, 1, 5, & 10*l.* Notes**
***ALEXANDERS & Co.* on *FRYS & CO.***

**Manningtree Bank, 1, 5, & 10*l.* Notes.**
***ALEXANDERS & Co.* on *FRYS & Co.***

**Hadleigh Bank 1, 5, & 10*l.* Notes.**
***ALEXANDERS & Co.* on *FRYS & Co.***

**Particulars of which will be furnished at the different Bankers.**

**Whoever will give Information, either at ALEXANDERS and Co. or at FRYS and Co. *St. Mildred's Court, Poultry,* so that the Parties may be apprehended, shall on his or their Conviction, and the Recovery of the Property, receive the above REWARD**

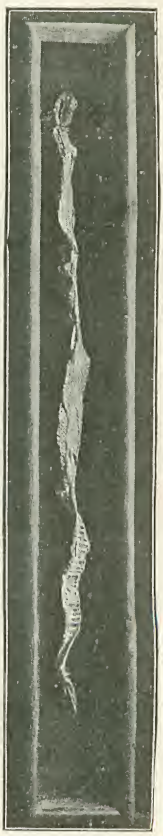
Printed by S. Couchman, 10, Throgmorton Street, London.

NO. 3.—REWARD BILL FOR APPREHENSION OF THE ROBBERS OF THE IPSWICH MAIL.

The startling poster next reproduced (No. 3) is one of the first things that attract the eye on entering the G.P.O. Museum. The Ipswich mail was "held up" in the most approved style on the night of September 11th, 1822. And it was well worth while, for the booty amounted to £31,199 in bank-notes. The reward was afterwards increased to £5,000, or £2,000 for the conviction of the highwaymen without recovering the notes. These latter were printed in black ink, but the banks interested began immediately to print their notes in red ink, and warned all whom it might concern not to accept the black-printed notes, save from people well known to them.

The curiosity next seen (No. 4) is the skin shed by a snake whilst detained at the Returned Letter Office. The undeliverable letters, packets, etc., at the R.L.O. contain a miscellaneous lot of things. Here is a list compiled from memory by one of the officials: Bank-notes, cash, jewellery, books, music, gloves, cheques, postal-orders, legal documents, false teeth, dress-improvers, puddings, hats, bags, snakes, umbrellas, fishing tackle, boots, foods, etc.

The R.L.O. used to be called the Dead Letter Office. Frequently, however, the "dead" letters are found to be very much alive. Leeches, lizards, salamanders, frogs, tame rats and mice, tarantula spiders, weazels, young alligators, cats and dogs, tortoises, bees, pigeons—all these and many other live specimens have found their way to the Dead Letter Office. Once a dormouse turned up in a box. It was put aside until claimed. When the owner applied for it it was found to have escaped. Three months later the little animal was discovered by a clerk in the middle of a ball of string, enjoying its winter sleep!



NO. 4.—SKIN OF SNAKE SENT IN LETTER.

This leads one on to the narration of curious post-office incidents. A Portuguese once handed in this telegram: "Is ar 8." He had to be cross-examined in French and Spanish before it became clear that the message was meant for: "It is all right."

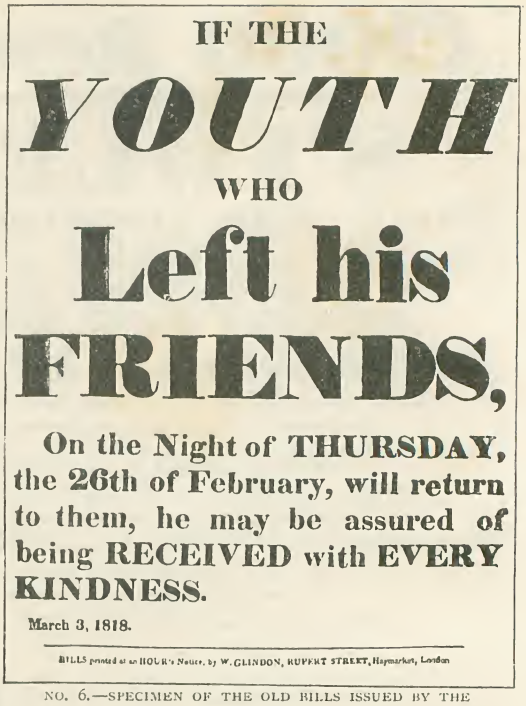
In connection with the many excellent stories set down herein, I may explain that the G.P.O. daily receives a vast number of official reports. From this stupendous mass of miscellaneous matter, curiosities and *facetiæ* are sometimes gleaned. Being absolutely true, the incidents and anecdotes are the more remarkable. Here, for instance, is a capital story: A few months ago there was

no end of excitement among the foreign population of East London. They were popping in and out of the post-offices all day long, making anxious inquiries. What was the matter with them? Why, they had heard grave rumours about the *validity of Anglican orders*, and they were therefore anxious not to run undue risks in buying the paper money of the British Post Office!

A funny telegraphic misunderstanding: Mr. F. Litchfield, the well-known art dealer, exhibited some panels of old tapestry at the Manchester Jubilee Exhibition. Wanting one of these returned, he wired: "Please send panel 8 × 10—Venus and Adonis—Litchfield." The departmental head of the exhibition was away, and his clerk returned the message to the Post Office as "not understandable." The Post Office people, struck with a bright idea, then transmitted the telegram to the city of Lichfield, and received the following reply: "No such firm as Venus and Adonis known here. Try Manchester!"

The next illustration (No. 5) from the

NO. 5.—MAIL-BAG FROM WHICH BANK DRAFT FOR £420 WAS LOST.



IF THE

YOUTH

WHO

Left his

FRIENDS,

On the Night of THURSDAY, the 26th of February, will return to them, he may be assured of being RECEIVED with EVERY KINDNESS.

March 3, 1818.

BILLS printed at the HOUR's Notice, by W. GLINDON, RUPERT STREET, Haymarket, London

NO. 6.—SPECIMEN OF THE OLD BILLS ISSUED BY THE POST OFFICE.

G.P.O. Museum shows an old leather mail-bag, which was in circulation for many years between Limerick and Monasterevin. This was before 1836. This bag used to be slung outside the coach. It was an old bag, and the local officials had constantly applied, but in vain, for a new one. At last the crash came. A letter containing a bank draft for £420 was lost out of the hole in the bottom and never recovered. Then the bag was changed without delay.

Oh, the curiosities of those reports in the museum! A telegram was once sent to Thomas Brown, of Chapel Street, ——. It couldn't be delivered, for the curious reason that everybody in that village was known by a nickname, and in the absence of Mr. Brown's nickname nobody knew anything about him. The record "poser" put to the Post Office would be hard to find, but this will do: "On what date and at what time should a telegram be handed in at Land's End in order to be delivered in Honolulu exactly at nine o'clock on Christmas morning? What would be the charge, and what the best route to send the message?"

It is an interesting fact that before the police organ, *Hue and Cry*, was established, the Post Office undertook the distribution of all kinds of inquiries, rewards, and police notices. The above reproduction (No. 6)

is merely one handbill out of thousands preserved in the museum. These handbills were distributed by the mail-coach guards among the country towns and villages. They referred to "horrid murders," absconding bankrupts, and missing property or friends.

Those were free and easy times. One letter in the Muniment-room, dated from Lombard Street, 3rd July, 1819, jogs the memory of the secretary (Mr. Freeling) on the subject of "two kegs of the finest Dutch herrings," which were to be sent direct to Carlton House for the Prince Regent. These breakfast delicacies were to be put under Post Office care and cover, presumably to save the expense of carriage! Talking of the mail-coach drivers and guards reminds us that those worthies offered strange excuses for unpunctuality. They used to declare that when they left London the Metropolis was on fire in several places, and that an armed and riotous mob had stopped the mails! This sort of thing so alarmed the country people in those days (when railways and telegraphs were non-existent) that the Postmaster-General was forced to issue reassuring proclamations. Subsequently the Department thought it advisable to become a sort of news agency. Here is one of its "specials":—

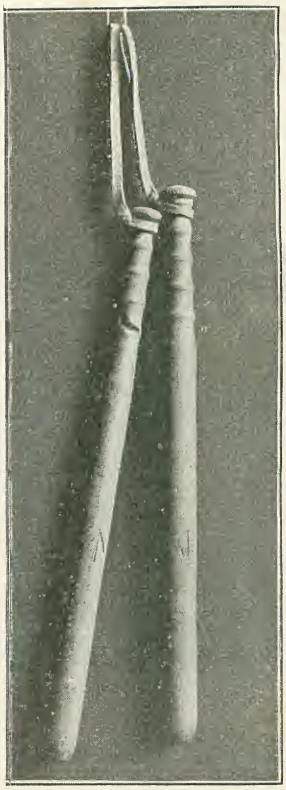
"Whitehall, 28th January, 1817.—His Royal Highness the Prince Regent was assaulted in his carriage as he returned in state to-day from the House of Lords, and his person endangered. The most effectual means are taken to preserve the public peace, and all is quiet in the Metropolis." But nothing illustrates the dearth of news better than the old handbill here reproduced (No. 7). The Duke of Manchester, it should be explained, was Postmaster-General, and he had gone to Jamaica for the benefit of his health. No one can fail to be struck by the curious manner in which the secretary of the Post Office seeks to gain news of his absent chief.

***General Post Office,***

***February* 10, 1821.**

**Mr. FREELING requests the Postmaster to make Enquiries of the Master of any Ship arriving from JAMAICA, into the STATE of the DUKE of MANCHESTER's HEALTH, and inform him of the result by the *first* Post.**

NO. 7.—CURIOUS HANDBILL ISSUED BY THE POST OFFICE.



NO. 8.—TWO OF THE STAFFS ISSUED TO POSTMEN DURING THE CHARTIST RIOTS.

Two of the identical staffs issued to the Post Office *employés* during the Chartist Riots of 1839 are next reproduced (No. 8). It was our own artist who photographed these, as well as all the other relics and curios in the G.P.O. Museum. The Chartists, as everyone knows, took their name from the People's Charter, which contained six sweeping changes in the Constitution of the country. One of the first of the riots broke out at Newport, under John Frost. In those troubled days all ranks in the postal service, from the humblest clerk to his unapproachable "chief," were provided with these staffs in order that they might act as special constables when occasion arose.

A very interesting relic is the ancient tome which Mr. Hendy, the curator, rescued from destruction in a damp cellar at the G.P.O. It is a manuscript book, dated 1678, and it contains the accounts of the Post Office when that Department was the private perquisite of the Duke of York, brother to Charles II. Old brass-bound watches, which were formerly used by mail guards, and were regulated and locked at head-quarters to prevent tampering; thrilling records of the stirring fights of the Post Office packets; ponderous pistols that recalled the highwayman era; a "short" account of the revenues

of the Post Office in 1784 (a narrow parchment over 15ft. long); these and hundreds of other quaint objects are to be seen in this museum.

The letter here reproduced (No. 9) has a very interesting history. At 5.45 on the 19th of November, 1862, the P. and O. liner *Colombo* struck on a sharp reef at Minicay Island.

NO. 9.—LETTER RECOVERED FROM THE WRECK OF THE "COLOMBO."

The vessel was on her way to Aden from Point de Galle. She went to pieces very quickly. All lives were saved, but only part of the mails. Some months later, however, another attempt was made to recover the remaining mail-bags, and these were at length fished up from the bottom of the sea. Then came an extraordinary scene at the G.P.O. The mails from Australia and the East arrived in London in a deplorable condition —mostly pulp, in fact. For days, hundreds of the more recognisable letters were toasted on huge gridirons erected in front of enormous fires in the clerks' kitchens. The stench was intolerable and penetrated everywhere. Money and trinkets dropped from the letters as they were handled, but there was a general patching-up and sealing when the ill-fated missives were sufficiently baked. Eventually many went to their destinations specially stamped, "Saved from the wreck of the *Colombo*."

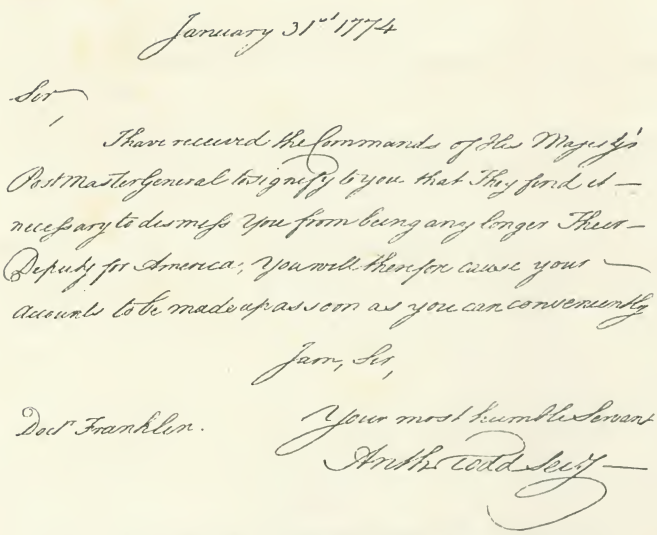
The letter reproduced above was one of these. It had been written upon a vessel on the Yang-tse-Kiang River, by a sailor, named Peterson, to his father in London. Peterson senior worked at Maudslay's, the great engineers, of Lambeth. Although the letter had been three months at the bottom of the sea, the writing was perfectly legible.

One learns that there are some very interesting Post Office curios scattered up and down the country. Whenever possible these are acquired by the museum; but the Mail Coach Pillar, on the Brecon Road, is not exactly portable. This pillar is erected 2½ miles from Llandovery, "as a caution to Mail-Coach Drivers to keep from intoxication." The inscription goes on to say that the pillar was erected in memory of the Gloucester and Carmarthen Mail Coach, driven by Edward Jenkins, December 19th, 1833. Edward, unhappily, was drunk at the time. He drove the mail on the wrong side of the road, met a cart coming the other way, and then lost control over his leaders, who swerved violently. Next moment the whole concern went down over the precipice, 121ft. "At the bottom, near the river, it came against an ash tree, when the coach was dashed into several pieces." The inscription gives the names of the outside passengers who were killed. Finally, we read on the pillar that it was "erected by John Bull, inspector of mail coaches, with the aid of £13 16s. 6d. received by him from forty-one subscribers, in the year 1841."

Obviously the Post Office is brought into contact with all sorts and conditions of people. Therefore are many of its stories delicious. Here is an incident related by an official: "A town post-office had been closed, as the receiver had been suspended. I was one day walking up from the station to speak to the postmaster, when on passing the closed office I saw two ladies reading, with evident amusement, a notice on the shutters. Here is that notice: 'This office is closed temparory, by order.'

"I tore the paper down and took it to the district head office. The postmaster there said it was 'a villainous exhibition, calculated to bring the Department into discredit.' He thought a little, and then sat down and wrote: 'This office is closed temporary.'

"To this also I objected, much to his amazement, and after a long argument he sent his daughter upstairs for a ponderous dictionary. Having consulted this he sat down and pro-



January 31st 1774

Sir,

I have received the Commands of His Majesty's Post Master General to signify to you that They find it necessary to dismiss you from being any longer Their Deputy for America; You will therefore cause your accounts to be made up as soon as you can conveniently

Jam, Sir,

Your most humble Servant

Anth Todd Secy

Doct Franklin.

NO. 10.—LETTER DISMISSING BENJAMIN FRANKLIN FROM THE OFFICE OF DEPUTY POSTMASTER-GENERAL FOR AMERICA.

duced the following: 'This office is closed temporally.'"

Yet another capital story, saved from a local report. An old woman wanted to send a pair of trousers to her son, and she claimed to be able to send the parcel by book-post, as its contents came under the heading of "articles and packets *open at both ends!*" Strange and fearful suggestions are constantly being made to the Department. Here is one: "On payment of a small extra fee, telegrams relating to death, etc., might be inclosed in envelopes of distinctive hue, so as to avoid unnecessary shock to the recipients!"

Perhaps the most interesting of all the old letters in the museum records is the one here reproduced (No. 10). It notifies to Benjamin Franklin his dismissal from his office as Deputy Postmaster-General for America. Really, very few people seem to be aware that among the many distinguished servants of the Department Franklin must be numbered. The great statesman and scientist was appointed "Deputy Postmaster-General for the Colonies of North America" on August 12th, 1761. This warrant is signed by the Earl of Bessborough and Robert Hampden. Franklin (who is popularly remembered as the man who brought down the lightning from heaven by means of a kite) continued to hold his incongruous post until the outbreak of the War of Independence. After the date of the letter reproduced, he continued for some time to correspond with the Department about his accounts. Some of that correspondence was peculiar.

On March 24th, 1776, he wrote to the British Postmaster-General in London. Then came the war. In 1783 the British Post Office replied to Franklin's seven-year-old letter, the reply stating apologetically that the writer "had been out of town *for a few days!*" Surely a unique specimen of official correspondence.

Mention of interesting Post Office officials reminds us (let it not be accounted unto us for a ludicrous *non sequitur*) of old postwomen. The delightful old lady whose portrait is here reproduced (No. 11) is Jane Smith, auxiliary rural postwoman at Holsworthy. Jane is the oldest postwoman in the service, being seventy-four years of age. And yet she trudges ten miles every day delivering her letters and parcels. She has served twenty years as postwoman. We are also able to present the portrait of a postwoman of the London district (No. 12).

NO. 11.—JANE SMITH, THE OLDEST POSTWOMAN IN THE SERVICE.
*From a*] [*Photograph.*

This photograph was taken in 1862. The original came to the Controller's office one day, from Hounslow, to make inquiries about her pension. When matters were settled, she offered her portrait (taken in full official uniform) to the clerk, but he refused to accept it, thinking probably that he would have to send it along to the Treasury with the pension papers. Another official, however, ran after the old lady and begged her to give him the rejected portrait.

NO. 12.—POSTWOMAN OF THE LONDON DISTRICT, 1862.
*From a Photograph.*

Talking of postwomen, at Sahiwal, in India, a native woman has delivered letters for twenty years, with credit to herself and to the entire satisfaction of the inhabitants. She is absolutely illiterate, but her wonderful knowledge of the residents enables her to deliver letters infallibly, once the address has been read to her.

Many of the officers of the Department have acquired distinction in more or less curious ways. Some are poets. Mr. W. J. Antill, postmaster of Hordle, near Lymington, has a distinction of his own. He claims to be the only man ever born under the roof of Old Temple Bar, in its single chamber over the central arch. His mother was caretaker at Child's Bank.

Very primitive is the postal service in the wilder parts of even Great Britain. Not long ago a crofter, named McDonald, while working on the shore in North Uist, saw a buoy floating in the water quite close to him. Bringing it ashore, he read on it, "To be opened." The contents were found to consist of five letters and five pence in coppers, also a note with a request to the finder to post the letters at the nearest post-office. This was done. The letters were addressed to friends in Skye and in Glasgow. The little mail-box had been sent adrift from St. Kilda, and had reached the point of landing (sixty miles) in little over a week.

The G.P.O. Museum is the fountain-head of postal curiosities, concrete and otherwise. For, apart from tangible relics, there are preserved thousands of delightful anecdotes and funny stories. These, however, are buried away in records and reports. Here is a curious story: A seafaring man went into a telegraph office at a great London terminus. He told the clerk he wanted to send a telegram. "Very well," said the official, "go over there and write it," pointing to the little compartment where the forms and pencils were kept. The man had his head buried in one of those for three-quarters of an hour. Then he came back. "I done it," he said. "Done what?" "Writ the telegram." "Well, where's the form?" The man stared. "He was told," he grumbled, "to go over there and write it." Well, he had. He had written his telegram *on the wall.*

Often, however, the story is against the postal officials. A French lady complained of the loss of many newspapers. The sub-postmaster of the village was instructed to ask her the titles of the newspapers. He did, and reported their names as follows: "*Il me manque. Plusiers. Journaux.*"

One of the Post Office surveyors overheard the following in a country town: Little Boy: "Mamma, how do the messages get past the poles without being torn?" Mother (sapiently): "They are sent in a fluid state, my dear." Startlingly comic incidents like the following are happily rare in the service. A dignified old lady one day entered —— post-office (we are asked to suppress the name of the village) and asked: "How long will this letter take to reach my friend in Italy?" Quick as thought came the reply *apparently* from the counter-clerk: "On Friday, ma'am, *unless he's out with his organ.*" It was a ventriloquial joke, rude but funny, on the part of a young man who stood writing a telegram near the door.

The photo. next reproduced (No. 13) was

taken by the driver of the ill-fated mail-cart shown. Here are the details of the incident: The driver of the Newport to Brecon mail-coach left Newport as usual at 2.20 a.m. one Monday, and he should have arrived at Abergavenny by 4.40. Near Llanellen, however, he found that the river had overflowed the roadway. The water was about level with the axles, when the horses jibbed and backed the cart into the ditch. The frantic struggles of the horses, aided by the rapidly rising water, speedily carried the cart over the hedge into an adjacent field, and as the harness held the horses to the cart, they were both drowned. The water rose higher still, and the distracted driver had to climb on to the top of the vehicle, among the out-

*From a]* NO. 13.—THE ACCIDENT TO THE NEWPORT MAIL-CART. *[Photograph.*

side parcels. Here he remained, shouting for help, till daylight. Even then his rescue was very difficult. The mail-bags and parcel-baskets were eventually reached and taken on to Abergavenny. Here the bags were opened by the postmistress, Miss Bigglestone, and the letters taken out and spread on trays in front of big fires. The practice of tying the letters tightly together in bundles saved them to a great extent, and in no case was the address wholly obliterated.

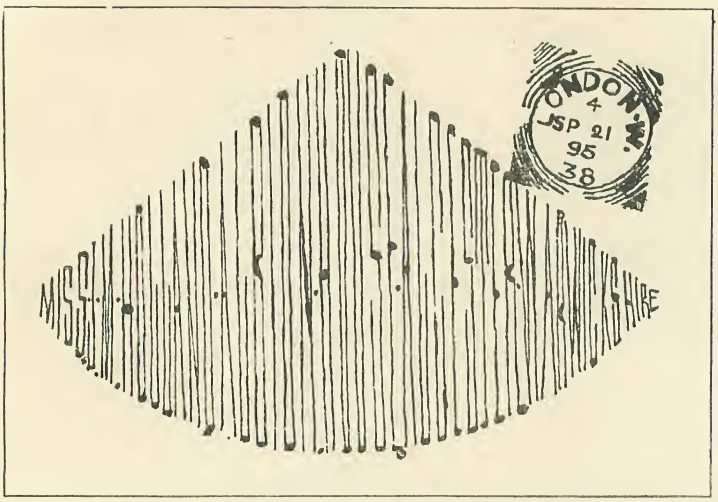
This reminds us of the difficulties with which this great Department of the public service frequently has to contend. The report of the Indian Post Office speaks of the stoppage of the mails by man-eating tigers and herds of wild elephants. The native postmaster's cash is occasionally deficient, and when the inspector comes round he finds that the culprit has probably taken an overdose of opium or drowned himself in a well!

At Blantyre, British Central Africa, we find the postmen clad in long frock-coats, knickers, and fez, but no boots or stockings. They carry Snider rifles, which they treasure above all things—even the mails. One of these native mail-carriers was once taking a supply of stamps to the postmaster of M'pimbi. Crossing a swollen stream he came nigh unto death. He lost his mail-bag, but saved his beloved Snider.

In the same district (between M'pimbi and Zomba) the mail-carriers are frequently stopped by lions, and have to take refuge in trees. Yes, the Imperial British Post Office has many hindrances. A sparrow who nested in a church (above all places!) was found to have its nest lined with unused and stolen penny stamps; and rats have been known to steal postal-orders and square yards of half-penny stamps—all of which had to be made good by the postmistress.

The museum records also speak of an American humorist who put certain "rules and regulations" on the outside of his letters. He intended to have these rules published subsequently in a *Post Office Guyed*. This was the kind of thing: "A pair of onions will go for two scents." "Alligators over 10ft. in length are not allowed to be transmitted by mail," etc.

No one has any scruple about economizing at the expense of the Post Office. Listen to this capital story about the late Archbishop of Canterbury. He travelled a good deal, and therefore often found his bill for telegrams too heavy. He hit upon a capital scheme for reducing expenses. One day his chaplain was astonished to receive the following cryptogrammatic telegram: "John's Epistle III., 13, 14." Completely mystified, he turned to the text indicated, and read as follows: "I had many things to write, but I will not with ink and pen write unto thee;




NO. 14.—A DIFFICULT ADDRESS.

but I trust I shall shortly see thee, and we shall speak face to face. Peace be to thee. Our friends salute thee. Greet the friends by name." The Primate, instead of investing in a costly code-book, had adopted the simple plan of using the Bible for the purpose of condensing into five words a communication which contained forty-five!

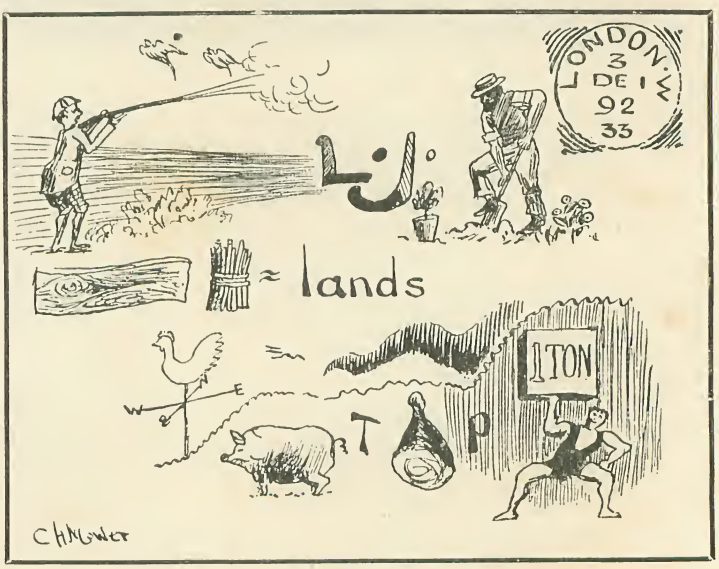
Then there are the people who laboriously prepare pictorial puzzle envelopes and addresses. We have selected a few of these for reproduction.

The accompanying envelope (No. 14) looks hopeless at first glance. It is a fair sample of the kind of thing which is specially invented to try the patience of the splendid staff of officials at the G.P.O. Hold it horizontally, on a level with the eyes, and you will read the address: "Miss J. M. Holland, Albion House, Alcester, Warwickshire."

The next reproduction (No. 15), specially photographed from the Curious Address Books at the G.P.O. Museum, is even more typical of mis-directed ingenuity. This is a picture-puzzle, the address being: "Miss L. J. Gardner, Woodlands, West End, Southampton."

Of course letters inadvertently misdirected are far from rare, and the pains taken with these at head-quarters is beyond all praise. There is a funny story in this connection. A lady staying at one of the newest hotels in Aix-les-Bains wanted to write to her servant in England, and used the hotel note-paper, which, however, was so full of the amenities of the establishment that the address was obscured. There was no reply. Later on the same lady, fearing that something was wrong, wrote to a friend, asking her to call upon the servant. The latter was alarmed, too. She *had* replied to her mistress, but the letter was returned, "Not Known." She produced the envelope, which was addressed: "Miss——, Hôtel Britannique, Ouvert toute l'année, Ascenseur Hydraulique!"

It is impossible for the ordinary person to realize the difficulties which beset the British Post Office in various parts of the Empire. In certain districts of Persia, within our "sphere of influence," Turcomans utilize the telegraph poles as practice targets, and (worse still) as camp fires! On the section between Ispahan and Meshed-i-Moogab robbers molest the inspector and his workmen.




NO. 15.—A PICTORIAL ADDRESS.

NO. 16.—ENVELOPE OF LORD DENMAN'S LETTER.

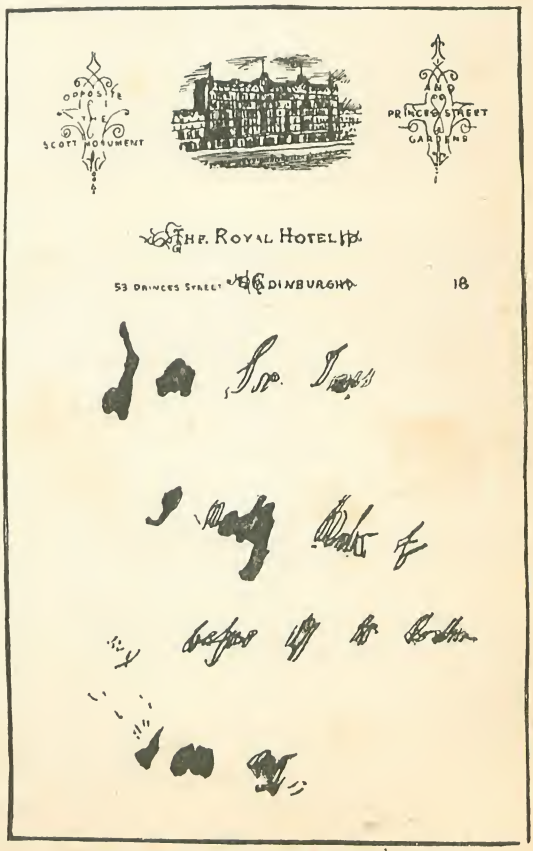
Then, in the autumn, when the camels cast their coats, they rub up against and knock down the telegraph poles. So does the South African trek ox. Passing travellers help themselves to the wires in parts of Persia, and every year in the same region over 2,000 insulators are stolen for the sake of the wrought iron in the bolts.

Occasionally the staff themselves are a trial. An Irish official, who had absented himself on the first three days of the week, was asked for an explanation on the Thursday morning. He declared, feelingly, that he must have *overslept himself!* Another specimen of the queer questions put to the Post Office—this time, to the Cape Post Office: A man wrote from Arizona to know whether Cape Colony was "a suitable country for a poor man of my occupation, which is cow-punching."

The trials of the Post Office would indeed make an entertaining volume. Just look at this letter, whereof the envelope (No. 16) and first page (No. 17) are here reproduced. It stands out pre-eminent, even in the annals of the G.P.O. And yet it is from one distinguished man (the late Lord Denman) to another (Sir James Fergusson). The G.P.O. was enabled to retain the whole of this unique letter, simply because the addressee was Postmaster-General. The envelope is addressed: "The Right Hon. Sir James Fergusson, P.C., 25, Tedworth Square, S.W." The letter was written by his lordship from the Royal Hotel, Edinburgh. It commences:—

"DEAR SIR JAMES,—I hardly think of coming before 11th to London. I am afraid I might," etc.

One great source of trouble is the extraordinary interpretations put upon rules issued for the guidance of the public. "People should always take or retain the




NO. 17.—FIRST PAGE OF LORD DENMAN'S LETTER.

numbers of postal-orders," seems a simple piece of advice. Yet persons have been known to take this too literally, and to cut out the number from the order itself—greatly to the disgust of the payee, who is refused payment on the ground of "mutilation."

Fire, by the way, is responsible for the loss of many postal-orders. People take letters from their envelopes and then carelessly throw these latter on the fire, only to realize a moment later that a money-order has been destroyed. Boxes of charred fragments are often received at the Money Order Office with pathetic requests for payment. Even the poorer classes, it seems, are wofully careless about postal-orders. They leave them about so that their children or dogs get hold of them; and they will tell you at the museum of blanched orders that have been received after passing through the wash-tub.

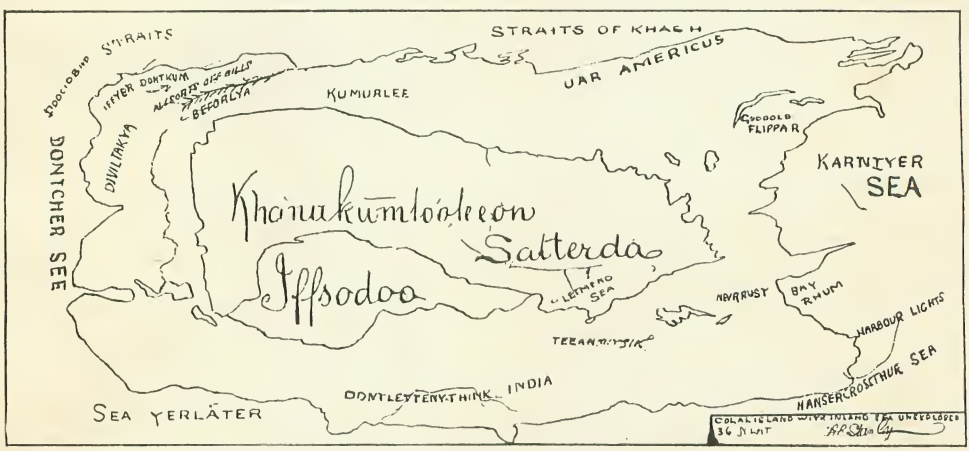
The curator of the museum has his eye on the postal systems of every land; though, of course, he gives more attention to the postal services of our own Empire. He will tell you of bicycle posts, and elephant, camel, and reindeer posts. The Mashonaland mail, it seems, gave a lot of trouble owing to the horses dying through the bite of the tsetse fly. Well, it was found that zebras were "immune," and the result was that some were caught and broken in. They were terribly difficult to inspan, kicking and biting vigorously. However, the mail-coach may now be seen crossing the Limpopo River, near Fort Tuli, drawn in splendid style by eight brilliant zebras.

Here is an eccentric post-card (No. 18). It purports to be a map of a little-known district in Central Asia. It is really an invitation, "Can you come to tea on Saturday? If so, do." We leave the reader to discover the other funniosities for himself. One surmises that the cartographer must have been in the vicinity of "Doosidbad Straits" when he drew up this extraordinary map.

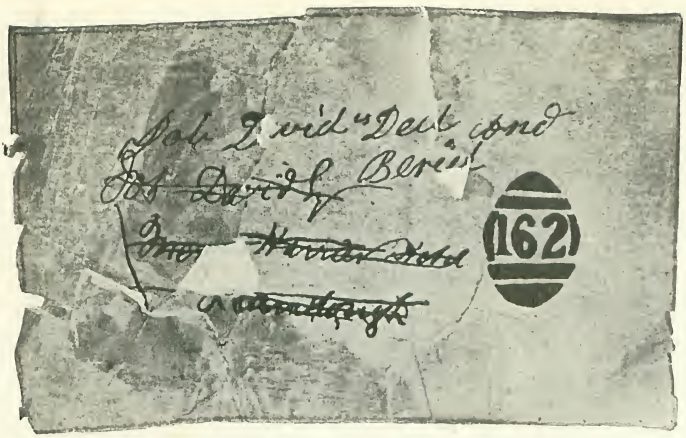
All sorts of intensely interesting facts are recorded in the G.P.O. Museum. How many people, we wonder, have heard of the fighting Post Office Packets? It seems that for over 150 years the Department maintained a fleet of armed ships, and there were stations for them at Dover, Harwich, Holyhead, Milford, and Yarmouth. Falmouth, however, was the head-quarters. From 1812 to 1815 no fewer than thirty-two fierce actions with American privateers were fought by the Falmouth packets, and of these engagements seventeen were entirely successful.

Just a few more stories. An old lady called at Banbury post-office, and asked the postmaster, Mr. J. Davenport, for information about the marriage laws. Her daughter's husband was going to turn his wife out of doors. Could he do so legally? Mr. Davenport advised the old lady to consult the clergyman who married the couple. She had done so. Well, had she been to the superintendent registrar? Yes, she had been there, too. Then the applicant herself was struck with a bright idea. She would telegraph to Mr. Gladstone, the then Premier. She did, and got a reply saying that the right hon. gentleman was on the Continent. This was the last straw. The old lady complained bitterly about Mr. Gladstone's absence, and she flounced out of the post-office, saying that if he wanted to go gallivanting about Europe like this, he might at least leave someone to manage his business for him.

Is it possible for a postman to be a




NO. 18.—AN ECCENTRIC POST-CARD.




NO. 19.—A LETTER WHICH COULD NOT BE DELIVERED.

matrimonial agent? Yes, it is. A high official recently said in evidence, given before a committee, that one of the postmen in the North of England produced a book a short time ago showing 200 marriages that he had brought about and taken part in celebrating!

Here is reproduced (No. 19) a comically-pathetic envelope, which is pasted in one of the Curious Address Books. The letter was addressed to plain Job David, at Llandough, near Cardiff. After some time it was returned, with an indorsement in red ink, evidently written by one of the villagers, "Job David is ded and berid."

The museum contains many pictures of interesting posts and postmen of the world. Of these we have selected a French postman for reproduction (No. 20). It will be seen that the man is mounted upon stilts. On these he goes his daily rounds through the low, swampy districts about Bordeaux. The low-lying country hereabouts gets parched in the summer, and then, when the rains come, floods are the order of the day. It is a queer spectacle, though, to see the postman wading through huge lakes with giant strides, examining the contents of his wallet as he goes.

One regrets that *all* the funniosities of the G.P.O. Museum cannot be given here. "Please send me an ominous form," writes someone to the Savings Bank Department. He meant a nomination form. Funnier still is the following: An application was received by the then Postmaster-General, Lord Wolverton, from three trustees of a Friendly Society. From certain erasions in the letter, it was evident that much discussion had arisen as to the proper manner in which his lordship should be addressed in a letter signed by three persons. "My Lord" had obviously been considered incorrect, and the application was ultimately commenced "*Our Lord!*"

The Department, as we all know, takes extraordinary pains to deliver letters, no matter how addressed. If the thing *can* be done, it is done. Here is one of the most curious addresses on record: "Mrs.—— Wearing a large Bear Boa, Violet flowers in Bonnet, Promenade (mornings), Aberystwith." The letter was from the lady's son, who had mislaid his mother's seaside address. The letter was successfully delivered.

[In addition to Mr. J. C. Lamb, C.B., C.M.G., we desire gratefully to acknowledge courteous assistance rendered by Mr. Herbert Joyce, C.B.; Mr. J. Ardron; Mr. J. C. Badcock; and Mr. Sherwin Engall, of the *Post Office Magazine*.]

NO. 20.—A BORDEAUX POSTMAN.

# *Blizzards.*

By S. Blair McBeath.

BLIZZARDS have been aptly described as "mad, rushing combinations of wind and snow, which neither man nor beast could face." In less brilliant language, they are gales or hurricanes accompanied by intense cold, and dry, driving snow. Their favourite play-ground is the north-western part of the United States, particularly the States of North and South Dakota, which, during recent years, have had bitter reasons for remembering the icy touch of the Storm King.

trating passenger traffic and stalling great trains for many foodless days, burdened and paralyzed the land.

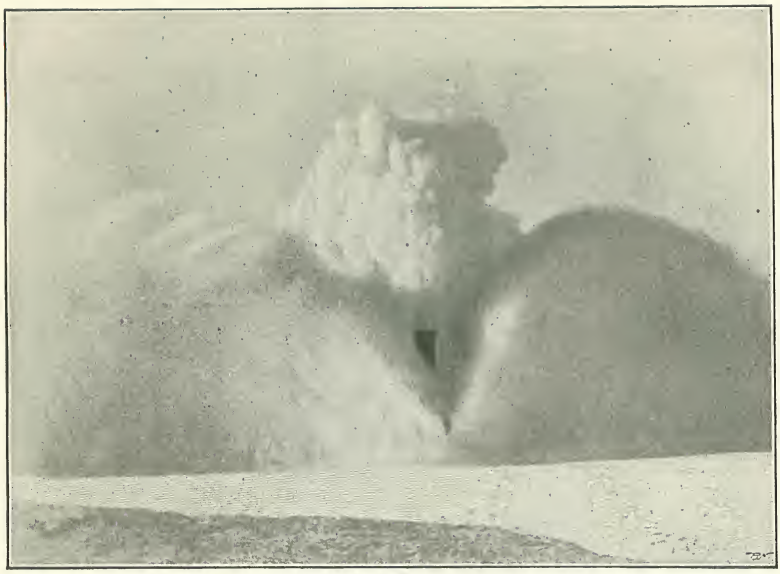
But the Westerners have learned by bitter experience how to handle the blizzards. Huge ploughs have been constructed to cut through the drifts for the relief of buried towns and snow-bound travellers.

The effects of a blizzard can be realized from our opening illustration of an almost buried train near Groton, South Dakota. The picture does not portray the fearful fury of a blizzard, or the blinding, bewilder-

*From a Photo. by]* TRAIN STOPPED BY A BLIZZARD. *[H. Steinhauer, Groton, South Dakota.*

The blizzards come almost without warning and leave suffering in their wake. In January, 1888, a fearful blizzard swept the west from Dakota to Texas, the thermometer in some places falling from 74deg. above zero to 24deg. below it, and in Dakota dropping 40deg. below. The weather was fine and clear, when suddenly the sky darkened, and was filled with snow and ice as thin and fine as dust or flour, driven in front of so furious a wind that the human voice could not be heard six feet away. Farmers were caught in the fields and frozen to death; children on their way from schools, unable to breathe in the fierce wind, were suffocated; and titanic snow-drifts, prosing density of the snow, but it gives an idea of the *quantity* of snow that falls during a blizzard. And now, having gotten into this plight, the next question is how to get out of it. It becomes a serious question, this being stalled on the prairie, perhaps twenty miles from anywhere, and a train-load of passengers and nothing to eat and nowhere to procure provisions.

Mostly all locomotives are provided during the winter season with a snow plough, as shown in the illustration at the bottom of the next page. This kind of plough is worked successfully by returning down the cleared track for about a mile, then opening the throttle, and under a full head of steam, back comes



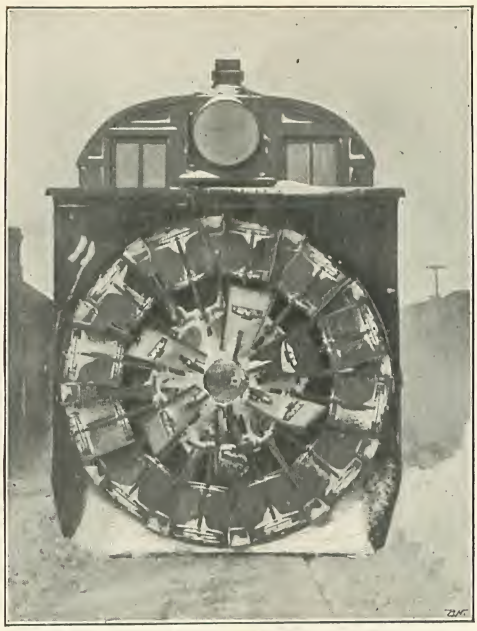
AFTER A BLIZZARD—LOCOMOTIVE CUTTING THROUGH A SNOW-DRIFT.
*From a Photo. by H. Steinhauer, Groton, South Dakota.*

the locomotive at top speed and takes a header into the drift. The remarkable photo. shown at the top of this page shows the locomotive just at the precise moment the drift is struck. Pictorially the effect is quite artistic. The glimpse of the smoke-stack of the locomotive belching forth steam suggests the quivering shock of the impact of the iron monster we cannot see, and, with the dainty semblance of the outstretched pinions of a startled bird, the snow gracefully yields to the violent onset.

Occasionally, however, the snow is successful in resisting the header of the locomotive, as we see in the accompanying photograph. When this occurs, and the locomotive cannot cleave a passage, then recourse must be had to man and the shovel, a slow process at best, provided there is not a very lengthy drift to pierce. Should the drift prove a lengthy one,

*From a Photo. by]* THE SHOVEL AT WORK. *[H. Steinhauer, Groton, South Dakota.*

then the snow plough is dispatched to the scene of action, or rather inaction. The snow plough is placed in front of the locomotive, and with a run of about a mile takes a header into the drift. One noted snow plough, aptly named the "Storm King," has a dead weight of sixty-five tons, a weighty enough argument, one would think, to overcome the scruples of the most obstructive snow that ever fell from the heavens. But history teaches us that Kings have occasionally met with opposition from their own subjects, and the "Storm King" cannot be expected to reign without finding his royal path obstructed by obstreperous subjects, and how can they be punished when there are so many of them?



THE BUSINESS END OF A ROTARY SNOW-PLOUGH.
*From a Photo. by J. H. Jones, Redfield, South Dakota.*

How? Well, easily enough. A boxed-in structure on wheels containing an engine for rotating a wheel-like contrivance in front does the work, and does it well. Locomotives — there are generally two—are put in the rear, and bunt the rotary gently into the snow. Now glance at the accompanying illustration, and see the business end of a rotary plough. You will notice it is a series of iron plates differing only from the order of slates on a house-top in a space intervening between each plate or knife. This rotary, as the name implies, revolves very rapidly, and in action is as certain as an operating auger on wood. The rotary, as shown in the next photo., simply bores a way through the snow, and the white cloud that has the appearance of escaping steam in front of the black smoke is the snow as it is thrown from the rotary.

From the same illustration an idea can be

*From a Photo. by]* ROTARY SNOW-PLOUGH AT WORK. *[J. H. Jones, Redfield, South Dakota.*

formed of the distance the snow is thrown by the rotary. The *modus operandi* is beautifully simple, and as persuasively effective as a book agent. No matter how deep the snow on the railroad tracks, when the rotary gets to work its authority is as unquestionable as that of a London policeman when he says, "Move on." And what an artist the rotary is in working!

The rotary snow-plough is an object of perennial interest even to the Westerners themselves, and especially to the passing traveller who meets a blizzard for the first time. There have been men who have travelled especially through Dakota in the winter for the sake of getting caught in a snowstorm, in order that their experiences on board the snow-bound train might be incidentally and picturesquely written up for the Metropolitan Press. The blizzard leaves the passengers fairly cold, but in a state of friendly hilarity, which conduces to general intercourse and time-killing games. In the excellent illustration on this page are shown a number of passengers waiting for the rotary to do its work. Here the snow averages a depth of some 14ft. The men enjoy themselves by climbing over the smoke-stack into the snow-bank and sitting down. They play cards and make bets on the probable length of time they will spend in the snow. Gradually, however, the food and drink begin to give out, and with starvation staring them in the face the merriment of the passengers dies and a look of blank despair appears. It is then that the arrival of the plough becomes eagerly awaited. The passengers clamber to the roof of the train or to the top of the snow-bank, and longingly peer through the sky for a slight speck of black in the distance. Then, as the plough gradually nears the stalled train, comes a thrilling cheer of welcome, which resounds for miles across the white prairie.

Our last photograph shows a drift through which the rotary has bored, and at the same time gives an idea of the depth of snow with which a Dakota blizzard can powder Nature's face.

*From a Photo. by]* WAITING FOR THE "ROTARY." *[J. H. Jones, Redfield, South Dakota.*

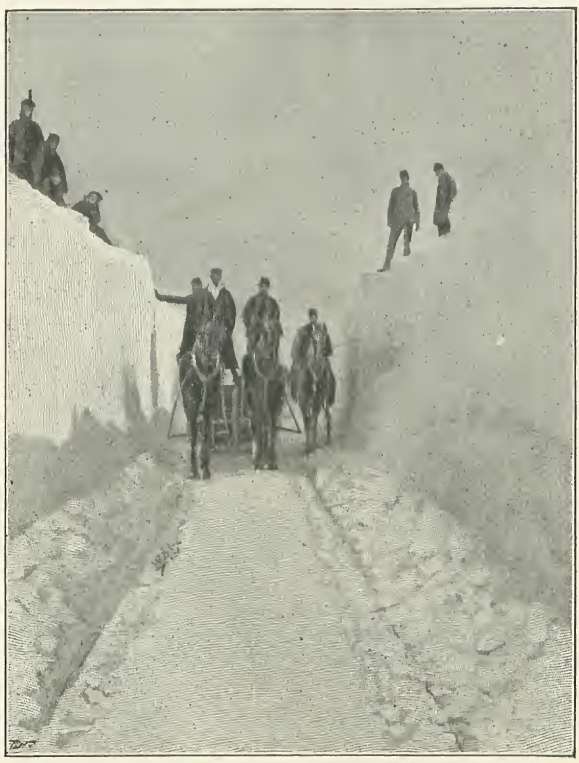
A word is due on the heroism of the railroad *employés*. Many a man has sallied forth to obtain relief for a belated train, and whoever ventures takes his life in his hands. The great danger lies in getting lost and aimlessly wandering around on the open prairie. With a wind blowing at a velocity of thirty to forty miles an hour, with the thermometer anywhere from thirty to forty degrees below zero, with the snow swirling so densely that it is impossible to distinguish objects ten yards distant, with the scurrying flakes clinging to the eyelashes and freezing instantaneously, a man is brave who will face this. Then there is the physical strain of struggling on foot through the snow into which one may sink middle deep at every step. More than one hero lost his life in this manner during the past winter,

and was not found till months afterwards, a sacrifice to his own bravery and a victim to exhaustion and cold.

Fortunately blizzards do not happen with alarming frequency, and though each visitation paralyzes the railroads, and suspends out-door locomotion of all kinds, reducing the little towns to a state of siege, for they are utterly dependent on the railroad for fuel supplies, withal there is a spirit of making the best of it in any circumstances. I call to mind one wag of a storekeeper, whose sidewalk was piled with snow 6ft. deep, who effected a clearance and decorated the snow bank in front of his store with a top-boot, upside down, having a placard underneath which pertinently asked, "Say, mister, is my hat on straight?" And I remember a kind-hearted citizen, one of a little crowd watching the rotary at work, reminding another that his nose was freezing, to have the compliment returned to him, tersely and most certainly to the point, by the rejoinder, "So's yours!"

And now let us leave the towns for a moment, and revert once again to photo. No. 1. The buried train is in the foreground, and behind the train observe the miles of level country "expanding to the skies." The occasional farm-horses appear as mere dots in the picture, and by studying this view a moment you should derive an impression of the featureless character of the prairie. Trees are practically unknown, the eye sweeps across in a comprehensive glance and sees nothing to relieve the sameness, and yet that snow-covered level has a beauty of its own. It is a prospect in which the white snow, the brilliant sun, and the cloudless sky form a panorama of a height and breadth, of an expansive, wholesome breeziness, which charms in its suggestion of illimitableness.

To drive behind a pair of bronchos, to feel the exhilaration brought with every inhalation of the ozone-laden air, even though the thermometer be 30deg. below zero, to do this mile after mile and hour after hour, with not a sound to break the silence, save that of the sleigh bells' rhythmic tinkle, engenders a communion with self which brings the conviction of man's littleness home to him, and develops a spirit of reverential admiration for the work of the Creator of the Universe, suggested by that "something" beyond the visual range limited to the distant sky-line of the snow-covered prairie, horizon-bound though it be.



SNOW-DRIFT 18FT. DEEP CUT THROUGH BY THE ROTARY PLOUGH.
*From a Photo. by J. H. Jones, Redfield, South Dakota.*

# THE WANDERING SOLDIER.

A Story for Children.

From the German.

THERE was once a soldier who had served his King faithfully for many years, and gained many a badge of honour, which adorned his breast. When peace was declared, he obtained leave of absence and set forth on his travels, his shako on his head, a piece of bread in his knapsack, and a draught of water in his flask. His purse was empty, but his heart was full of faith and hope.

Passing one day through a wood, he heard a sound that bespoke a spring near, and hastened forward intending to rest there and refresh himself in its cool waters. On his way an old man met him, who begged: "Have pity on me, kind soldier, and give me a small piece of bread. I am so exhausted with hunger and fatigue, I can no longer hold myself upright."

The soldier at once opened his knapsack and gave the old man his last piece of bread, although he himself was very hungry. Arrived at the spring, he murmured: "A draught of clear water must this time satisfy both thirst and hunger!" and, after refreshing himself and refilling his flask, he continued his journey. Soon the sun shone down fiercely, and about mid-day, as he was crossing an open heath, he became very weary; still he toiled bravely on, for at a short distance ahead were a few trees, beneath whose shade he determined to rest and refresh himself with a draught of water from his flask. But ere he reached the longed-for shade an old man met him, who said: "Have pity on me and give me something to drink: I perish with thirst!"

The soldier handed his flask to the old man, who emptied it to the last drop, then, thanking his benefactor, proceeded on his journey.

Hunger and thirst now sorely tormented the poor soldier, and far and near, nor village, nor inn could be seen, nor any living being in the fields through which he passed.

Towards evening, being almost exhausted with hunger and thirst, he plucked a few ears of wheat, rubbed them between his hands, ate the grain, and then lay down to rest before a cross that stood by the wayside.

Suddenly there stood before him the two old men he had met earlier in the day.

"You have fed the hungry," said the first,

"ask therefore a favour from the inexhaustible bounty of Heaven."

"Well," replied the soldier, "if it be allowable, the thing I should like best from the favour of Heaven would be a pipe that always remained full of tobacco, if I smoked it ever so often and even lent it to others to smoke."

The old man handed him a short pipe and disappeared.

"You gave your last drop of water to the thirsty," said the second; "tell me therefore what you desire."

The soldier considered.

"Well," said he, at length, "if Heaven wishes to give me something more, a sack in which I could catch and keep anything I pleased would suit me well enough."

"Here is what you require," said the old man, handing him a sack. "When you wish to use it, say these words:—

'Wonder-sack, open thee!
Then in shall hie
All whom I name to thee,
Safe there to lie!'"

As he finished speaking, he likewise disappeared.

The soldier crossed himself devoutly, and repeated the Paternoster. Then he lit his pipe, hung the sack over his left arm, and went on his way, singing gaily. Hunger, thirst, and fatigue were all forgotten.

Ere nightfall he reached the capital and entered by the gate leading straight to the Jewish quarter, in whose streets shop touched shop. As soon as the sellers saw the stranger, they hastened from their stalls, and crowding round him, began with shrill cries to extol their wares. They pulled at his clothes, urged him to enter their shops, and wrangled among themselves, until the soldier, almost distracted by their clamour, angrily untied the strings of his sack, crying:—

"Wonder-sack, open thee!
Then in shall hie
All whom I name to thee,
Safe there to lie.
Jews, enter!"

Thereupon the sack opened itself out wide, and immediately all those who pressed round the soldier, dealers, women, and children, fell head over heels into the sack; then the cords fastened again of themselves. The soldier shook the sack, threw it over his back, and wandered on, singing. The Jews began to scream and weep, lamented their sad fate, and begged for liberty.

"As soon as I let you out, you will begin anew to torment everyone who passes through," said the soldier.

"No, no; we will never do so any more," screamed they.

The soldier then untied his sack, shook them all out, and went on—intending to see everything in the great capital.

That evening the King heard what had occurred; he ordered the soldier to be summoned, and said:—

"You are a brave soldier, for you have by yourself overcome the whole crowd of Jews. Could you not measure your strength against the demons who have taken possession of my father's kingly castle, and obliged me to abandon it and move into a new palace? If you succeed in scaring them away, I will give you gold in abundance and make you a Duke."

"I know not if I shall succeed, O King, but I will willingly try," replied the soldier; and, taking a lantern, he went straight to the castle, that was quite empty, resolved to pass the night there. Seating himself on an iron settle in the large hall, he placed his light on the table and awaited what should take place.

As midnight struck a frightful noise resounded through the old castle, the doors flew open of themselves, and on the threshold appeared a two-horned demon, who beat time on the floor with his long tail.

"How could you be so bold as to venture hither?" he asked, grimly. "Answer, or I will wring your neck!"

"I am a soldier on my travels," replied our hero, smoking on calmly. "If you wish to wring my neck, at least wait until my pipe is smoked out."

"I will promise you that," said the demon, and seating himself, he waited. Soon he cried, wrathfully:—

"This is too much! Here, give me the pipe, I will smoke it myself. By the name of my master, I will!"

The soldier obediently took the pipe from his mouth and handed it to the demon, who at once began to smoke, drawing in the smoke with all his strength and then letting it stream out through his great, hawked nose. Enormous columns of smoke poured forth from his nostrils and spread in dark clouds through the hall, but the pipe remained full of tobacco.

Then through all the passages of the castle wild noises resounded, the doors flew open, and in streamed thousands of demons, who surrounded the soldier, screaming:—

"Whence came you hither? What want you here?"

When they learned that their colleague had promised to let the soldier live until his pipe

was smoked out, and saw that this did not come to pass, each in turn took the pipe and puffed and smoked, until almost out of breath. Soon the smoke streamed forth from every door and window. The last demon thrust the pipe-stem into his mouth up to the centre, when they saw the pipe would never be smoked out, and said to the soldier:—

"Give back the word our chief pledged you; we will let you depart alive."

"I shall remain alive without your gracious permission," replied the soldier; "but if

"ENORMOUS COLUMNS OF SMOKE POURED FORTH FROM HIS NOSTRILS."

but all of no use, the tobacco burned slowly on, but never decreased.

Meanwhile tumult arose in the capital as the clouds of smoke were seen issuing from the castle; the fire-bells were rung, and the fire-hose brought out to extinguish the supposed fire, so that it might not destroy the town. The demons grew very uneasy

you wish to have back the word, you must promise to quit this castle now and for ever!"

"That we cannot do!" cried the demons. "Concealed in the subterranean vaults is a quantity of unrighteously-acquired treasure, stored up by the late King, who is therefore condemned to leave his grave every night

and visit these cellars, where we torment him. This we must continue to do until someone discovers the treasure and distributes it amongst the poor!"

When the demons had finished speaking, the soldier opened his sack, and said:—

"Wonder-sack, open thee!
Then in shall hie
All whom I name to thee,
Safe there to lie.
Demons, enter!"

The next moment the soldier was alone in the hall, and the demons imprisoned in the sack were lamenting their cruel fate and entreating to be set at liberty. The soldier struck the sack against the wall, then he said:—

"I shall not let you out until you promise to bring all that accursed treasure into this hall, and then leave the castle for ever."

"Let us out, we promise!"

With a pin the soldier made a hole in the sack, and through this tiny opening forth shot a little demon like a stone from a sling. Quickly the soldier closed the aperture, and said to the demon, who bowed respectfully before him:—

"Now go and do what I require; directly that is done I will release the others!"

The little demon descended through a crack in the floor to the subterranean vaults, and ere the lapse of an hour half the hall was filled with gold and silver. The soldier then opened the sack, and a whole crowd of bats flew out moaning, and quickly disappeared through the open windows.

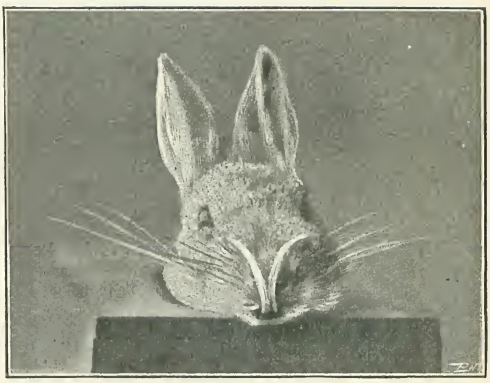
Our hero now lay down to sleep until morning, when he went to the King and told him all that had passed. The gold promised him as reward he begged might be given to the poor; he also declined the title of Duke, and set forth again to wander through the world.

# *Curiosities.*

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

RABBIT KILLED BY ITS OWN TEETH.

The accompanying photo. shows the head of a rabbit which was found dead near Stonehaven, in Scotland. Owing to the enormous overgrowth of the two lower incisor teeth, the unfortunate animal had evidently perished from sheer inability to nourish itself. This very interesting photograph was sent in by Dr. Wood, of Fraserburgh, Scotland, and it is extremely doubtful whether an exactly similar case has ever before been recorded.



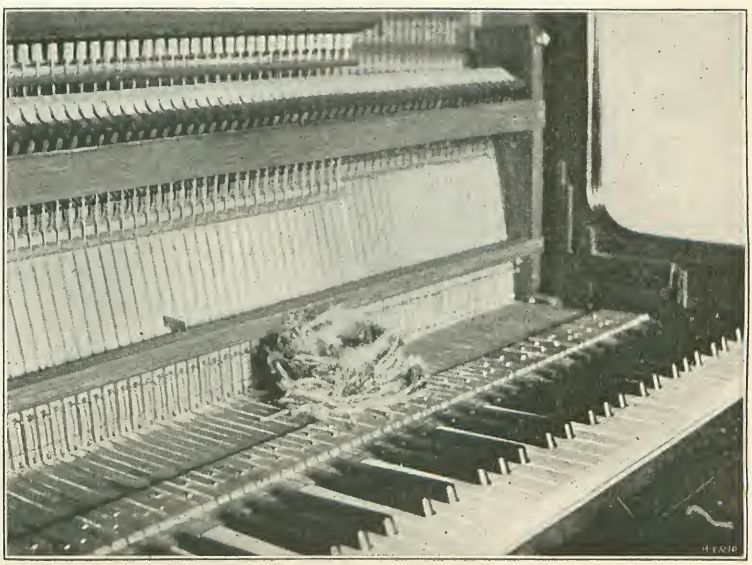
*From a Photo. by Watson, Stonehaven.*

WIDOW'S CAP FROM AUSTRALIA.

This curious object forms the "widow's weeds" of an Australian aborigine. It is the custom in one part of Australia, near the north-east bend of the Murray River, for widows to attend upon the tombs of their dead husbands. Then, after shaving their heads, they cover them with pipe-clay, kneaded into a paste. The head is first covered with a net, to prevent the clay from sticking too tightly to the skin — a misfortune which is partly averted by the amount of grease with which every Australian native is anointed. A layer of this clay, several inches in thickness, is plastered over the head, and, when dry, forms a sort of skull-cap exactly fitting the head on which it was moulded. As it weighs several pounds, the widow's cap cannot be comfortable. These badges of mourning may be found lying about near the tumuli; and, until their real use was discovered, they were very mysterious objects to travellers.

MOUSE'S NEST IN A PIANO.

Mr. F. R. Clapham, F.R.A.S., of Austwick Hall, Clapham, Lancaster, writes: "This photo. shows a beautifully finished mouse's nest, which was found in a piano that had not been used for some time. The frame-work of the nest was made from the fringe of a large hearth-rug, and upon this frame-work was laid some more fringe, teased out into wool. The whole was tastefully adorned with fronds of ferns that grew in the room. The inner lining was composed of part of a silver-print photo., nibbled into small particles. I had previously heard of portions of a mouse's nest being found, but never heard of one so elegantly finished and situated in such a queer place."



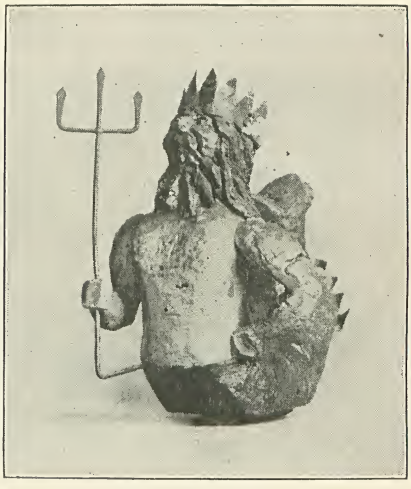
*From a Photo. by Dr. E. Mertens & Co., Berlin.*

TOMBSTONE RENT ASUNDER BY A GROWING TREE.

The extraordinary story of this tombstone can be verified by any tourist who passes that way. Some seventy years ago a gentleman was buried in the Marienstrasse Cemetery, Hanover. He had ordered a particularly massive tombstone, and accordingly, on a foundation of stone, 12in. thick, an immense block of stone was placed in position and then firmly fixed to the substructure with iron bolts. To insure that this stronghold would never be disturbed, the following inscription (translated literally from the German) was chiselled in the stone: "This grave is bought for eternal time (*i.e.*, 'for ever'), and must never be opened." Man proposes, etc. The wind blew the seed of a birch tree into an unjointed crevice in the masonry, and soon a small tree began to grow. Later on the irrepressible force of Nature wrenched asunder the iron bolts and lifted and displaced the stones. In short, the growing tree gradually wrecked the grave, which now presents a curious spectacle. Photo. sent in by Mr. B. H. Baumgarten, of "Southleigh," Park Road, Norbiton.

FIGURE OF NEPTUNE MADE FROM TINFOIL AND CHAMPAGNE CORKS.

This quaint little figure was made by no less a personage than the famous Albert Smith, doctor, novelist, dramatist, and popular entertainer—the lion of the "forties." When Albert Smith was giving his humorous entertainments at the Egyptian Hall, this little Neptune "ruled the waves" of an ornamental fountain in the vestibule. The versatile man had made it in a few minutes one night after a big banquet, using only the corks, tinfoil, and wire from champagne bottles. Years after it was recognised in the shop of a miscellaneous dealer by Mr. Edward Draper, of 3, Vincent Square, Westminster, and this gentleman bought it for a few pence. He found, however, that the figure would not float, and then he remembered that Neptune formerly had beneath his left arm a tinfoil speaking-trumpet, which balanced the trident when the little god was in his proper element.



TRIALS OF A BIRDS-NEST PHOTOGRAPHER.

This interesting photo. illustrates the dangers and difficulties attending the work of those enthusiastic naturalists who photograph birds' nests *in situ*. Here we see Mr. R. B. Lodge, of Enfield, in the very act of photographing a nightingale feeding her young. On these excursions Mr. Lodge wears wading trousers and boots, and is provided with a large green bag or hood with a hole for the face. This hood envelops the artist's head and the camera; and by keeping perfectly motionless in mid-stream amazing results are obtained.

TRANSVAAL PENNY BANK-NOTE.

In the seventies the Transvaal Republic was virtually bankrupt, and in order to meet the demands on the Treasury, paper money was issued. Specimens of this are now very rare. So desperate was the state of the Exchequer in those days, that on one occasion change could not be given to an innocent Boer

who tendered a sovereign to pay 8s. worth of taxes! If you bought two-pennyworth of stamps and tendered a threepenny-piece, you received in exchange, not an honest copper, but the bit of cardboard reproduced here, which informed you it was "goed voor ein penny," a doubtful statement, seeing that if you tried to change it you received a stamp for the amount. We are indebted for the loan of this interesting money order to Mr. M. Selim, of Sunnyside, St. Mary's Grove, Gunnersbury.

FIGURE OF A BIRD IN A KNOT OF SYCAMORE.

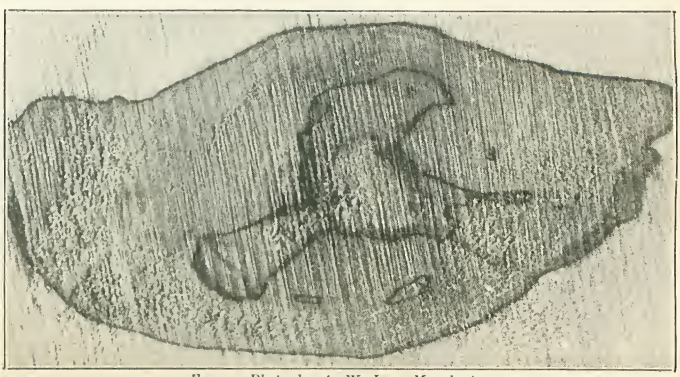
Here is a very interesting curiosity reproduced from a photo. sent us by Mr. Alfred Hulme, timber merchant, of 17, Quay Street, Manchester. "The tree," says Mr. Hulme, "was about 25ft. long. I had to cross-cut it into 19ft. lengths, the other lengths being 6ft. About half-way down one of these latter, there was a dark knot 1½in. in diameter after slabbing. A 2-inch plank was then taken off by the old process of hand pit-sawing, and the photo. shows the knot on the other side." The outlines of the bird are very clearly marked.

PRE-HISTORIC DRAWING ON A SHELL.

This is a photograph of a crag shell, from the East Anglian Crag, and it has engraved upon it a rough representation of a human face. There is also above the face a perforation, which seems to indicate that the shell was formerly strung on a string. It was found some years ago by an intelligent old man, who kept it a long time and then parted with it to a scientific gentleman. The latter exhibited the shell before the British Association and several other scientific bodies. There is, of course, no doubt as to the genuineness of the shell itself, but there are doubts as to whether the engraving is contemporary with it. Careful examination under the microscope, however, did not reveal any traces of recent work. Therefore, assuming, as one may, that the engraving is altogether genuine, it is one of the earliest, if not *the* earliest artistic work of pre-historic man. We are indebted for the photo. to Mr. A. P. Wire, 168, Birkbeck Road, Leytonstone.

A REMARKABLE WALL-FLOWER.

It was grown and photographed by Mr. W. P. Marsh, photographer, of Bognor. The stem, close up to the large mass of bloom that formed at the top, was no less than 2½in. in width, and quite flat, tapering gradually down to the bottom. There was nothing abnormal about any of the other flowers or stems on the same plant.



*From a Photo. by A. W. Lees, Manchester.*

TWO LITTLE MALABAR NAVVIES.

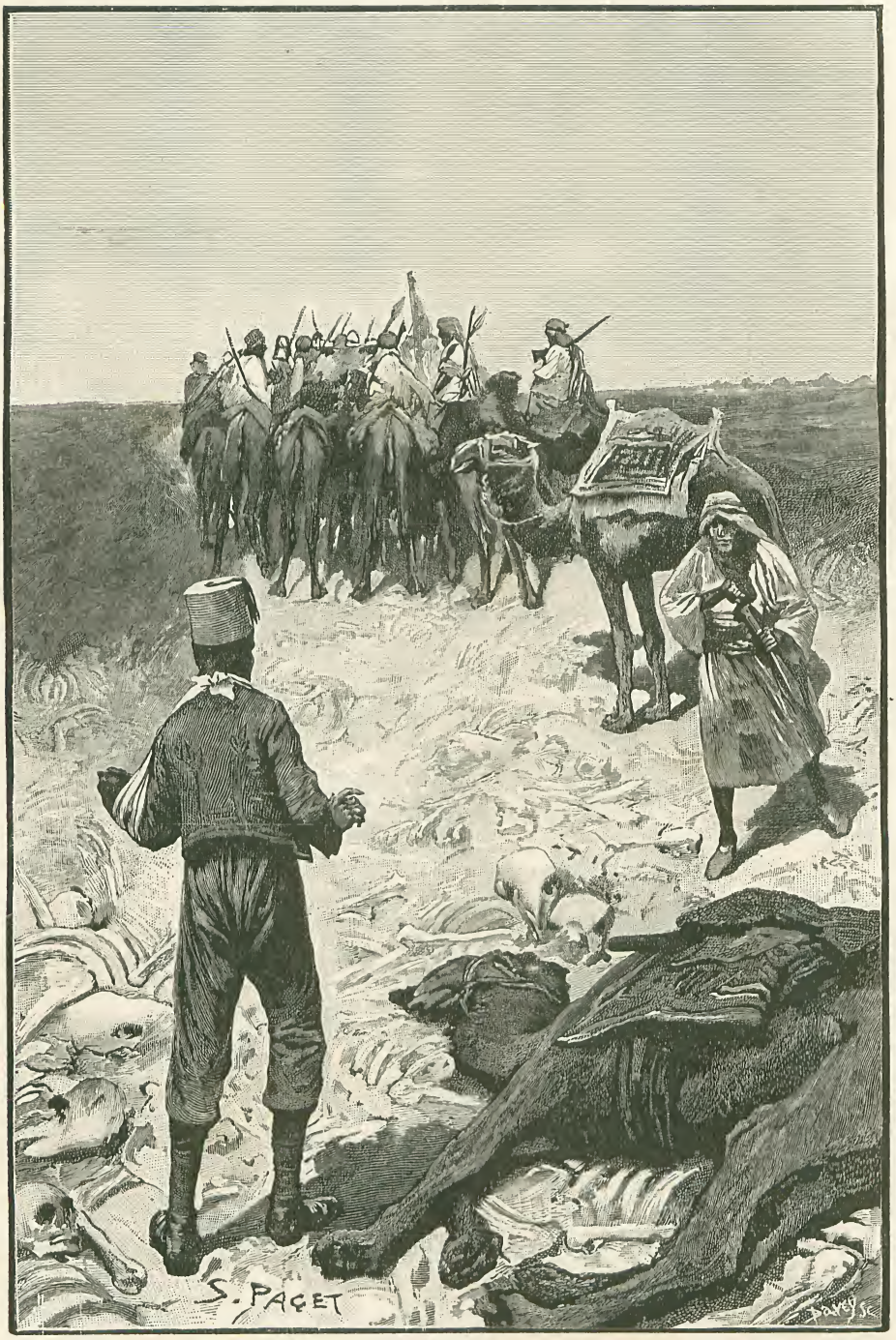
By far the greater part of the unskilled labour in Malabar is done by girls, such as are represented in the accompanying photograph. They are also the farm labourers of the country, the rice cultivation, with the exception of the ploughing, being almost entirely carried on by the women. When not more than nine or ten years old these pretty, and often dainty, little girls begin to earn their own living by working on the roads, carrying bricks and mortar up ladders, and working up to their knees in water in the rice-fields. They are perfectly cheerful, however, laughing and chattering as merrily as possible the whole day long. They earn from one and a half to three annas per day. Photo. taken and forwarded by Mr. Chas. H. Payne, of Sefton Hall, Chine Crescent, Bournemouth.

A PERILOUS FEAT.

This is an illustration of the dangers that are almost unconsciously faced every day by skilled workmen in various parts of the country. The photo. was sent to us by Mr. R. A. Ellis, of Beech Hill, Kersal, Manchester. Mr. Ellis tells us that the incident occurred on the Bury New Road, between Bury and Manchester, where some new telegraph-posts were being erected. The man at the top remained poised in this way for quite a long time, balancing himself with one foot on the top of the post and the other on the ladder. This ladder appears to be 40ft. or 50ft. high, and was quite unsupported.

A COW'S CURIOUS FEAST.

We are indebted for this interesting photo. to Mr. A. Candler, of the Bank Stock Office, Bank of England, E.C. It represents a cow in the act of devouring a canvas boat-cover, 25ft. in length! This incident took place on the banks of the Thames, whilst a boating-party were inside their tent. The cow was beaten off several times, but she returned again and again to her strange meal, until at last almost the whole of the boat-cover had disappeared. When at length it was found impossible to save the article, photos. were taken of the extraordinary incident.




"A BAGGARA SLIPPED DOWN FROM HIS CAMEL WITH A SWORD IN HIS HAND."

(*See page* 248.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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# *The Tragedy of the Korosko.*

By A. Conan Doyle.

## CHAPTER VI.

THERE was nothing to show them as they journeyed onwards that they were not on the very spot that they had passed at sunset upon the evening before. The fantastic black hills, the orange sand, had long been left behind, and everywhere now was the same brown, rolling, gravelly plain, the ground-swell with the shining rounded pebbles upon its surface, and the occasional little sprouts of sage-green camel-grass. Behind and before it extended, to where far away in front of them it sloped upwards towards a line of violet hills. The sun was not high enough yet to cause the tropical shimmer, and the wide landscape, brown with its violet edging, stood out with a hard clearness in that dry, pure air. The long caravan straggled along at the slow swing of the baggage-camels. Far out on the flanks rode the vedettes, halting at every rise, and peering backwards with their hands shading their eyes. In the distance their spears and rifles seemed to stick out of them, straight and thin, like needles in knitting.

"How far do you suppose we are from the Nile?" asked Cochrane. He rode with his chin on his shoulder and his eyes straining to the eastern sky-line.

"A good fifty miles," Belmont answered.

"Too far for a rescue," said the Colonel. "I don't know that we are much the better for this postponement. What have we to hope for? We may just as well take our gruel."

"Never say die!" cried the cheery Irishman. "There's plenty of time between this and mid-day. Hamilton and Hedley of the Camel Corps are good boys, and they'll be after us like a streak. Little did I think, when I dined with them at mess that last night, that I should depend upon them for our lives."

"Well, we'll play the game out, but I'm not very hopeful," said Cochrane. "Of course, we must keep the best face we can before the women. I see that Tippy Tilly is as good as his word, for those five niggers and the two brown Johnnies must be the men he speaks of. They all ride together and keep well up, but I can't see how they are going to help us."

"I've got my pistol back," whispered Belmont, and his square chin and strong mouth set like granite. "If they try any games on the women, I mean to shoot them all three with my own hand, and then we'll die with our minds easy."

"Good man!" said Cochrane, and they rode on in silence. None of them spoke much. A curious, dreamy, irresponsible feeling crept over them. It was as if they had all taken some narcotic drug—the merciful anodyne which Nature uses when a great crisis has fretted the nerves too far. They thought of their friends and of their past lives in the comprehensive way in which one views that which is completed. A subtle sweetness mingled with the sadness of their fate. They were filled with the serenity of despair.

"It's devilish pretty," said the Colonel, looking about him. "I always had an idea that I should like to die in a real, good, yellow London fog. You couldn't change for the worse."

"It's the loneliness of death that is terrible," said Mrs. Belmont. "If we and those whom we loved all passed over simultaneously, we should think no more of it than of changing our house."

"If the worst comes to the worst, we won't be lonely," said her husband. "We'll all go together, and we shall find Brown and Headingly and Stuart waiting on the other side."

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders. He had no belief in survival after death, but he envied the two Catholics the quiet way in which they took things for granted. He



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chuckled to think of what his friends in the Café Bignon would say if they learned that he had laid down his life for the Christian faith. Sometimes it amused and sometimes it maddened him, and he rode onwards with alternate gusts of laughter and of fury, nursing his wounded wrist all the time like a mother with a sick baby.

Across the brown of the hard, pebbly desert there had been visible for some time a single long, thin, yellow streak. It was a band of sand not more than a few hundred yards across, and rising at the highest to eight or ten feet. But the prisoners were astonished to observe that the Arabs pointed at this with an air of the utmost concern, and they halted when they came to the edge of it like men upon the brink of an unfordable river. It was very light, dusty sand, and every wandering breath of wind sent it dancing into the air like a whirl of midges. The Emir Abderrahman tried to force his camel into it, but the creature, after a step or two, stood still and shivered with terror. The two chiefs talked for a little, and then the whole caravan trailed off with their heads for the north, and the streak of sand upon their left.

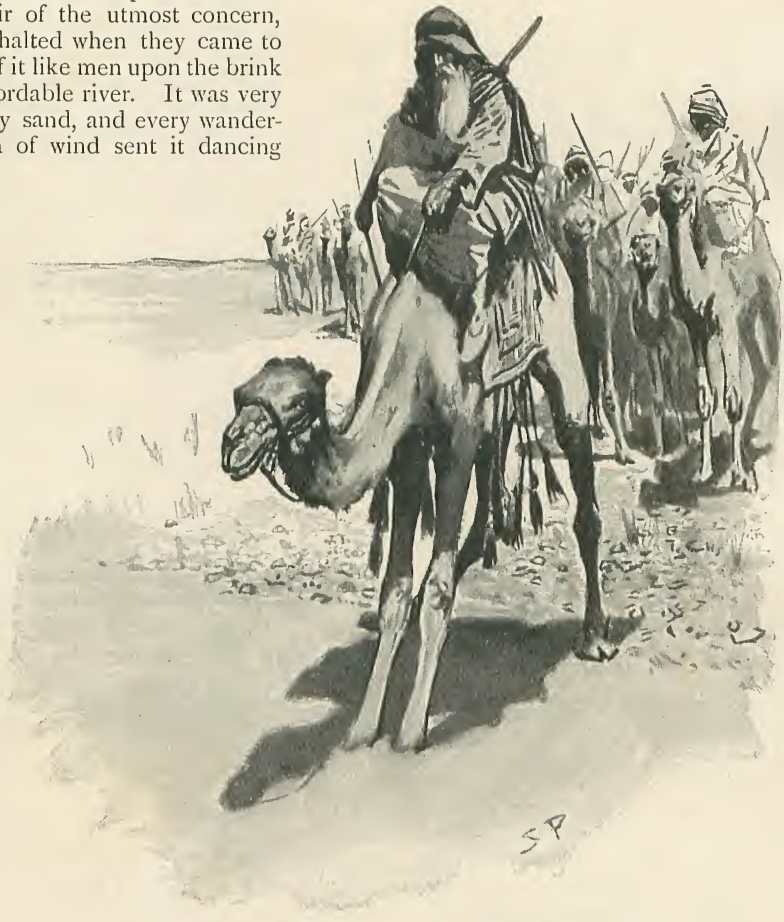
"What is it?" asked Belmont, who found the dragoman riding at his elbow.

"Drift sand," Mansoor answered. "Every sometimes the wind bring it all in one long place like that. To-morrow, if a wind comes, perhaps there will not be one grain left, but all will be carried up into the air again. An Arab will sometimes have to go fifty or a hundred miles to go round a drift. Suppose he tries to cross, his camel breaks its legs, and he himself is sucked in and swallowed."

"How long will this be?"

"No one can say."

"Well, Cochrane, it's all in our favour. The longer the chase the better chance for the fresh camels!" and for the hundredth time he looked back at the long, hard sky-line behind them. There was the great, empty, dun-coloured desert, but where the glint of steel or the twinkle of white helmet for which he yearned?



"THE CREATURE, AFTER A STEP OR TWO, STOOD STILL."

And soon they cleared the obstacle in their front. It spindled away into nothing, as a streak of dust would which has been blown across an empty room. It was curious to see that when it was so narrow that one could almost jump it, the Arabs would still go for many hundreds of yards rather than risk the crossing. Then, with good, hard country before them once more, the tired beasts were whipped up, and they ambled on with a double-jointed jog-trot, which set the prisoners nodding and bowing in ludicrous misery. It was fun at first, and they smiled at each other, but soon the fun had become tragedy as the terrible camel-ache seized them by spine and waist, with its deep, dull throb, which rises gradually to a splitting agony.

"I can't stand it, Sadie," cried Miss Adams, suddenly. "I've done my best. I'm going to fall."

"No, no, auntie, you'll break your limbs if you do. Hold up, just a little, and maybe they'll stop."

"Lean back, and hold your saddle behind," said the Colonel. "There, you'll find that will ease the strain." He took the pugaree from his hat, and tying the ends together, he slung it over her front pommel. "Put your foot in the loop," said he. "It will steady you like a stirrup."

The relief was instant, so Stephens did the same for Sadie. But presently one of the weary doora camels came down with a crash, its limbs starred out as if it had split asunder, and the caravan had to come down to its old sober gait.

"Is this another belt of drift sand?" asked the Colonel, presently.

"No, it's white," said Belmont. "Here, Mansoor, what is that in front of us?"

But the dragoman shook his head.

"I don't know what it is, sir. I never saw the same thing before."

Right across the desert, from north to south, there was drawn a white line, as straight and clear as if it had been slashed with chalk across a brown table. It was very thin, but it extended without a break from horizon to horizon. Tippy Tilly said something to the dragoman.

"It's the great caravan route," said Mansoor.

"What makes it white, then?"

"The bones."

It seemed incredible, and yet it was true, for as they drew nearer they saw that it was indeed a beaten track across the desert, hollowed out by long usage, and so covered with bones that they gave the impression of a continuous white ribbon. Long, snouty heads were scattered everywhere, and the lines of ribs

"THE GREAT CARAVAN ROUTE."

were so continuous that it looked in places like the framework of a monstrous serpent. The endless road gleamed in the sun as if it were paved with ivory. For thousands of years this had been the highway over the desert, and during all that time no animal of all those countless caravans had died there without being preserved by the dry, antiseptic air. No wonder, then, that it was hardly possible to walk down it now without treading upon their skeletons.

"This must be the route I spoke of," said Stephens. "I remember marking it upon the map I made for you, Miss Adams. Baedeker says that it has been disused on account of the Dervishes, but that it used to be the main road by which the skins and gums of Darfur found their way down to Lower Egypt."

They looked at it with a listless curiosity, for there was enough to engross them at present in their own fates. The caravan struck to the south along the old desert track, and this Golgotha of a road seemed to be a fitting avenue for that which awaited them at the end of it. Weary camels and weary riders dragged on together towards their miserable goal.

And now, as the critical moment approached which was to decide their fate, Colonel Cochrane, weighed down by his fears lest something terrible should befall the women, put his pride aside to the extent of asking the advice of the renegade dragoman. The fellow was a villain and a coward, but at least he was an Oriental, and he understood the Arab point of view. His change of religion had brought him into closer contact with the Dervishes, and he had overheard their intimate talk. Cochrane's stiff, aristocratic nature fought hard before he could bring himself to ask advice from such a man, and when he at last did so, it was in the gruffest and most unconciliatory voice.

"You know the rascals, and you have the same way of looking at things," said he.

"HOW CAN WE STAVE THEM OFF FOR ANOTHER DAY?"

"Our object is to keep things going for another twenty-four hours. After that it does not much matter what befalls us, for we shall be out of the reach of rescue. But how can we stave them off for another day?"

"You know my advice," the dragoman answered; "I have already answered it to you. If you will all become as I have, you will certainly be carried to Khartoum alive."

The Colonel's well-curved nose took a higher tilt, and an angry flush reddened his thin cheeks. He rode in silence for a little, for his Indian service had left him with a curried-prawn temper, which had had an extra touch of cayenne added to it by his recent experiences. It was some minutes before he could trust himself to reply.

"We'll set that aside," said he, at last. "Some things are possible and some are not. This is not."

"You need only pretend."

"That's enough," said the Colonel, abruptly.

Mansoor shrugged his shoulders.

"What is the use of asking me, if you become angry when I answer? If you do not wish to do what I say, then try your own attempt."

"I'm not angry," the Colonel answered, in a more conciliatory voice, "but this is climbing down rather farther than we care to go. Now, what I thought is this. You might, if you chose, give this priest, or Moolah, who is coming to us a hint that we really are softening a bit upon the point. I don't think, considering the hole that we are in, that there can be very much objection to that. Then, when he comes, we might play up and take an interest and ask for more instruction, and in that way hold the matter over for a day or two. Don't you think that would be the best game?"

"You will do as you like," said Mansoor. "If you wish that I speak to the Moolah, I will do so. It is the fat, little man with the grey beard upon the brown camel in front there. He has a name among them for converting the infidel, and he has a great pride in it, so that he would certainly prefer that you were not injured if he thought that he might bring you into Islam."

"Tell him that our minds are open, then," said the Colonel. "I don't suppose the *padre* would have gone so far, but now that he is dead I think we may stretch a point. You go to him, Mansoor, and if you work it well we will agree to forget what is past. By the way, has Tippy Tilly said anything?"

"No, sir. He has kept his men together, but he does not understand yet how he can help you."

"Neither do I. Well, you go to the Moolah, and I'll tell these other fellows what we have agreed."

The prisoners all acquiesced in the Colonel's plan with the exception of the old New England lady, who absolutely refused even to show any interest in the Mohammedan creed. "I guess I am too old to bow the knee to Baal," she said. The most that she would concede was that she would not openly interfere with anything which her companions might say or do.

"And who is to argue with the priest?" asked Fardet, as they all rode together, talking the matter over.

"I think Cochrane should, as the proposal is his," said Belmont.

"Pardon me!" said the Frenchman. "I will not say a word against our friend the Colonel, but it is not possible that a man should be fitted for everything. The priest will see through the Colonel."

"Will he?" said the Colonel, with dignity.

"Yes, my friend, he will, for, like most of your countrymen, you are very wanting in sympathy for the ideas of other people, and it is the great fault which I find with you as a nation."

"Oh, drop the politics!" cried Belmont, impatiently.

"I do not talk politics. What I say is very practical. How can Colonel Cochrane pretend to this priest that he is really interested in his religion when, in effect, there is no religion in the world to him outside some little church in which he has been born and bred? I will say this for the Colonel, that I do not believe he is at all a hypocrite, and I am sure that he could not act well enough to deceive such a man as this priest."

The Colonel sat with a very stiff back and the blank face of a man who is not quite sure whether he is being complimented or insulted.

"You can do the talking yourself if you like," said he, at last.

"I think that I am best fitted for it, since I am equally interested in all creeds. When I ask for information, it is because in verity I desire it, and not because I am playing a part."

"I certainly think that it would be much better if Monsieur Fardet would undertake it," said Mrs. Belmont, with decision, and so the matter was arranged.

The sun was now high, and it shone with dazzling brightness upon the bleached bones which lay upon the road. Again the torture of thirst fell upon the little group of survivors, and again, as they rode with withered tongues and crusted lips, a vision of the saloon of the *Korosko* danced like a mirage

before their eyes, and they saw the white napery, the wine-cards by the places, the long necks of the bottles, the siphons upon the sideboard. Sadie, who had borne up so well, became suddenly hysterical, and her shrieks of senseless laughter jarred horribly upon their nerves. Her aunt on one side of her and Mr. Stephens on the other did all they could to soothe her, and at last the weary, over-strung girl relapsed into something between a sleep and a faint, hanging limp over her pommel, and only kept from falling by the friends who clustered round her. The baggage-camels were as weary as their riders, and again and again they had to jerk at their nose-ropes to prevent them from lying down. From horizon to horizon stretched that one huge arch of speckless blue, and up its monstrous concavity crept the inexorable sun, like some splendid but barbarous deity, who claimed a tribute of human suffering as his immemorial right.

Their course still lay along the old trade route, but their progress was very slow, and more than once the two Emirs rode back together and shook their heads as they looked at the weary baggage-camels on which the prisoners were perched. The greatest laggard of all was one which was ridden by a wounded Soudanese soldier. It was limping badly with a strained tendon, and it was only by constant prodding that it could be kept with the others. The Emir Wad Ibrahim raised his Remington, as the creature hobbled past, and sent a bullet through its brain. The wounded man flew forwards and fell heavily upon the hard track. His companions in misfortune, looking back, saw him stagger to his feet with a dazed face. At the same instant a Baggara slipped down from his camel with a sword in his hand.

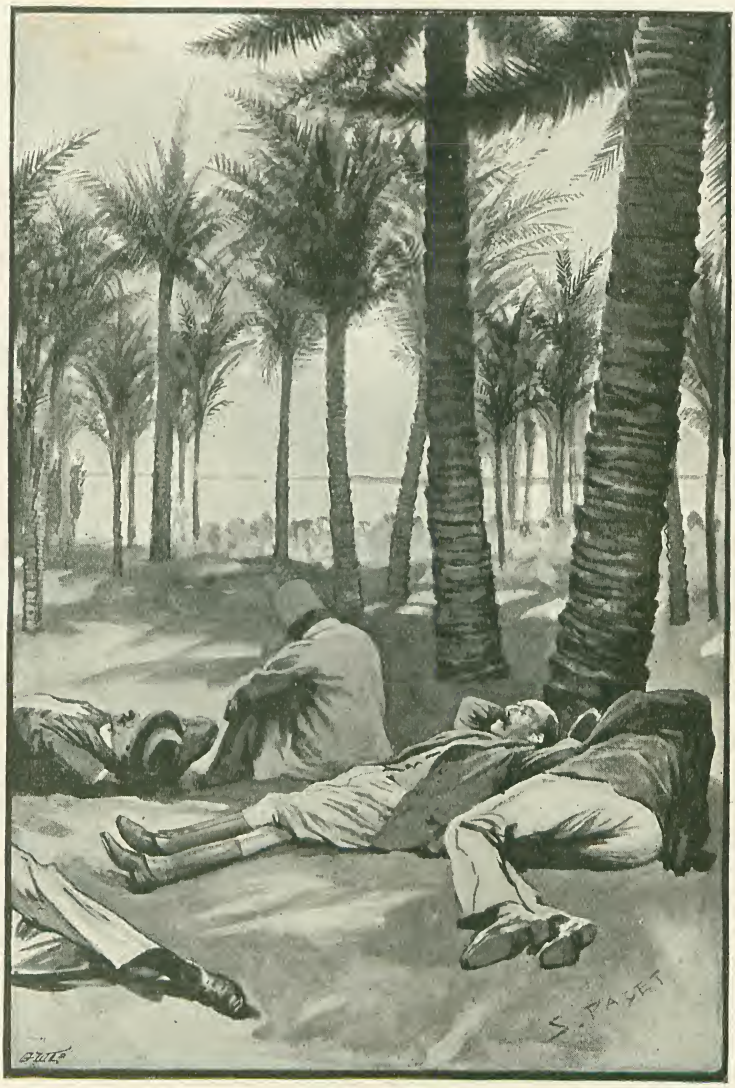
"Don't look! Don't look!" cried Belmont to the ladies, and they all rode on with their faces to the south. They heard no sound, but the Baggara passed them a few minutes afterwards. He was cleaning his sword upon the hairy neck of his camel, and he glanced at them with a quick, malicious gleam of his teeth as he trotted by. But those who are at the lowest pitch of human misery are at least secured against the future. That vicious, threatening smile which might once have thrilled them left them now unmoved —or stirred them at most to vague resentment.

There were many things to interest them in this old trade route, had they been in a condition to take notice of them. Here and there along its course were the crumbling remains of ancient buildings, so old that no date could be assigned to them, but designed in some far-off civilization to give the travellers shade from the sun or protection from the ever-lawless children of the desert. The mud bricks with which these refuges were constructed showed that the material had been carried over from the distant Nile. Once, upon the top of a little knoll, they saw the shattered plinth of a pillar of red Assouan granite, with the wide-winged symbol of the Egyptian god across it, and the cartouche of the second Rameses beneath. After 3,000 years one cannot get away from the ineffaceable footprints of the warrior-king. It is surely the most wonderful survival of history that one should still be able to gaze upon him, high nosed and masterful, as he lies with his powerful arms crossed upon his chest, majestic even in decay, in the Gizeh Museum. To the captives, the cartouche was a message of hope, as a sign that they were not outside the sphere of Egypt. "They've left their card here once, and they may again," said Belmont, and they all tried to smile.

And now they came upon one of the most satisfying sights on which the human eye can ever rest. Here and there, in the depressions at either side of the road, there had been a thin scurf of green, which meant that water was not very far from the surface. And then, quite suddenly, the track dipped down into a bowl-shaped hollow, with a most dainty group of palm trees, and a lovely green sward at the bottom of it. The sun gleaming upon that brilliant patch of clear, restful colour, with the dark glow of the bare desert around it, made it shine like the purest emerald in a setting of burnished copper. And then it was not its beauty only, but its promise for the future: water, shade, all that weary travellers could ask for. Even Sadie was revived by the cheery sight, and the spent camels snorted and stepped out more briskly, stretching their long necks and sniffing the air as they went. After the unhomely harshness of the desert, it seemed to all of them that they had never seen anything more beautiful than this. They looked below at the green sward with the dark, star-like shadows of the palm-crowns, and then they looked up at those deep green leaves against the rich blue of the sky, and they forgot their impending death in the beauty of that Nature to whose bosom they were about to return.

The wells in the centre of the grove consisted of seven large and two small, saucer-like cavities filled with peat-coloured

water, enough to form a plentiful supply for any caravan. Camels and men drank it greedily, though it was tainted by the all-pervading natron. The camels were picketed, the Arabs threw their sleeping-mats down in the shade, and the prisoners, after receiving a ration of dates and of doora, were told that they might do what they would during the heat of the day, and that the Moolah would come to them before sunset. The ladies were given the thicker shade of an acacia tree, and the men lay down under the palms. The great green leaves swished slowly above them; they heard the low hum of the Arab talk, and the dull champing of the camels, and then in an instant, by that most mysterious and least understood of miracles, one was in a green Irish valley, and another saw the long, straight line of Commonwealth Avenue, and a third was dining at a little round table opposite to the bust of Nelson in the Army and Navy Club, and for him the swishing of the palm branches had been transformed into the long-drawn hum of Pall Mall. So the spirits went their several ways, wandering back along strange, untraced tracks of the memory, while the weary, grimy bodies lay senseless under the palm trees in the Oasis of the Libyan Desert.




*(To be continued.)*

# *Longfellow With His Children.*

By Miss Alice Longfellow.

MY father came to Cambridge to live in 1837. He was then thirty years old, and had received his appointment as Professor at Harvard College only a short time before. He had completed his preparation for this position by a year and a half in Europe, where he had studied foreign languages and literature, and had freely drunk of all the beauty, romance, and poetry of the past.

The delicacy and purity of his thought was manifested in all his habits of life, his surroundings, his personal appearance. There seemed to be no contradictions in his nature, but a complete unity of development. There was a sense of constant activity and preparation in his manner and bearing, although he was really deliberate and careful in both judgment and action. His step was light and elastic, and his carriage perfectly erect, even when an old man. The fair complexion and deep blue eye lost none of their delicacy and colour as age advanced.

PORTRAIT OF LONGFELLOW.
*From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.*

An old lady told me she remembered meeting him at a tea-party at Brunswick during his professorship in Bowdoin College. After his departure, she said: "Why did Professor Longfellow wear white kid gloves all the evening?" The other guests were much amused, and explained it was only the natural whiteness of his skin.

My father's habits of life were very simple and regular. Indeed, order and regularity were essential to him in every way, and anything like hurry and confusion most distasteful. Everything he touched fell into order at once, and he lived in an atmosphere of serenity that was felt by all who approached him. This certainly was true of him in middle life, however much he may have felt the pressure of restlessness and impatience in his youth.

He was punctilious and careful about his dress, never appearing at home in anything that was at all untidy or unattractive, nor would he allow this in his family. He was fond of elegance, and very observant and appreciative of the dress and appearance of all women. In his youth, when men also indulged in bright colours, he was very fond of gay waistcoats, and a jaunty hat and cane.

He liked to rise early, and for many years took a long walk every day before breakfast. Later the walk came after breakfast, and for some reason my earliest recollections seem to centre about this daily morning walk to the post-office, stopping at a book store in Harvard Square, where all the newspapers spread out on large stands were read and discussed, and friends met for pleasant morning chat; and then continuing on to the college.

When my father's life at Harvard College began, Cambridge was a small village, with an "hourly" stage running to Boston. The professors in the college were like a circle of friends, and the students comparatively few in number. There was time for much pleasant social intercourse, as well as work, and my father instinctively gathered a congenial circle about him.

The old Colonial House on Brattle Street, known as "Washington's Head-quarters" or the "Craigie House," had immediately attracted and fascinated my father, with his love of the antique and picturesque. The historical interest was also very great.

The house was built in 1759 by Colonel Vassal, a rich Tory, who was forced to fly to the provinces at the beginning of the revolu-

tion. The property was confiscated by the Continental Government, and after being used for a short time for troops, was placed at the disposal of General Washington, when he was called to take command of the American Army in July, 1775. One of the first items in General Washington's carefully-kept accounts is the amount paid for cleaning the house after its occupation by a Marblehead regiment.

*From a]* CRAIGIE HOUSE—LONGFELLOW'S HOME. *[Photograph.*

When my father first saw the house it was occupied by the Widow Craigie, a handsome and eccentric old lady, whose husband, Andrew Craigie, had bought the house and estate, which then covered about 150 acres, at the close of the war. Lavish expenditure and speculation had brought him to bankruptcy. After his death, Mrs. Craigie still clung to her grand home, but was forced to share it with others.

These various human histories gave the house a great interest in my father's eyes, in addition to its being a fine specimen of Colonial architecture, and a connecting link with pre-revolutionary days. Mrs. Craigie decidedly objected at first to the youthful appearance of the applicant for her rooms; but, finding that he was a professor and not a student, she relented, and he was soon installed in two large rooms upstairs. Here he lived for six years, busy with his college work, the spare hours given to poetry and friendly gatherings.

His desk stood by a window facing the south, and overlooking the Charles River and wide green fields. Beyond the river was a stretch of marsh land, often converted into a lake by flooding tides, and in winter glittering with ice, reflecting the glowing sunset. These pictures, constantly before his eyes, often recur in his earlier poems, written during these years.

After his marriage in 1843, my father obtained possession of the whole house, gradually furnishing one room at a time. When the children were born, the sunny study upstairs was given up for a nursery, and the desk and books transferred to the room directly below, so that the familiar outlook might not be changed. The seclusion of the room upstairs was thus lost, and the children became double gainers, for the new study was mercilessly invaded by them at all hours, and everything about the room seemed to have a special charm, invested as it was with the atmosphere of repose, serenity, and kindliness.

In a corner stood an old clock, its steady ticking a soothing accompaniment to many an hour of delightful reading or dreaming; and over the fire-place an old-fashioned convex mirror reflected the room in miniature, an enchanting abode, with always the vague hope to a childish mind that some day one might find the way to enter in and take possession.

In a drawer of one of the bookcases was a collection of little pictures drawn by my father in pencil, which he used with great facility, "The Wonderful Adventures of Mr. Peter Piper." These were a constant source of delight, as new adventures would suddenly appear from time to time, and we never knew what the wonderful Peter Piper would do next. He went travelling, with adventures in foreign lands; he went hunting, and fell from his horse; he went to sea, and was chased by a shark, and rode on a whale, and went down in a diving-bell, and all the possibilities of life were before him.

In another bookcase were delightful books of German songs with captivating pictures,

and a tiny little book of negro melodies, and the marvellous Jim Crow. One drawer was especially dedicated to small cakes of chocolate for cases of extreme need, and rarely did the supply fail, although no other kind of sweetmeat was encouraged.

One corner of the study was usurped for marbles, as the pattern of the carpet seemed arranged on purpose for the game. How all this was endured is hard to understand, but I am sure it was not only my father's patience that permitted these interruptions, but a true insight into, and sympathy with, all phases of children's life.

His presence was a constant attraction, and our first move in the morning was to his dressing-room, where the neatly arranged drawers and shelves and orderly toilet articles were looked at with envy and delight, contrasted with the turmoil of the nursery, where he was always a welcome and restful visitor. Taking a fretful and tired child in his arms, he would walk up and down quickly, singing some little rhyme, and peace and happiness were soon restored.

His inventive genius was constantly in demand. In addition to drawings and

*From a]* LONGFELLOW'S STUDY. *[Photograph.*

valentines, there were wooden moulds of various shapes, in which figures were made with melted lead. There were scales made from orange-peel, with string and a bit of wood, much needed by amateur shop-keepers. There was also a plentiful supply of money, both silver and paper. The silver money, the West being still undeveloped, was made by rubbing bits of tinfoil over coins; and the paper money came from the covering of old-fashioned matches with a picture of Mr. E. Byam, and the following inscription, which constituted it legal tender :—

For quickness and sureness
The public will find
These matches will leave
All others behind.

Without further remark
We invite you to try 'em ;
And remember all good
That are signed by E. Byam.

A much-valued member of the very youthful household was a gay little fellow, called little "Merrythought." He was a wishing-bone, with head and feet made of sealing-wax, so that he could stand alone, dressed in a cape of red flannel, with a feather in his cap—quite a hero of romance.

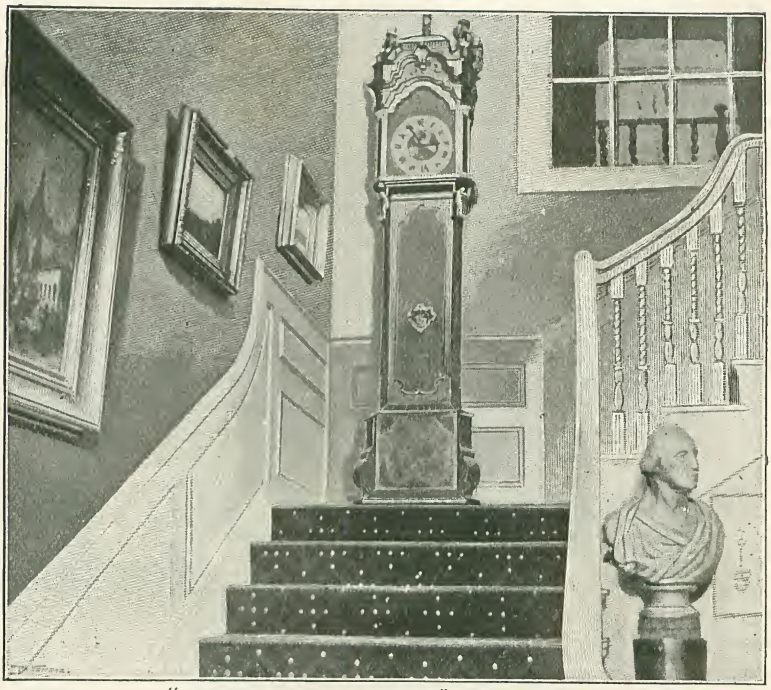
There was in ours, as in most families, a succession of pets : dogs, rabbits, hens, and turtles in a tub in the garden. A Scotch terrier, named "Trap," was a most important member of the family for twelve years, a constant companion of my father in every walk and expedition by land or sea, and celebrated for his fine manners. My father writes of him :—

"The last and greatest of all the dogs was 'Trap'; Trap, the Scotch terrier; Trap, the polite, the elegant, sometimes — on account of his deportment — called Turveydrop, sometimes Louis XIV."

This dog's devotion to my eldest brother was so great that, when he started to cross the ocean in a small yacht, Trap, although sick and frightened on the water, stowed himself secretly away in the cabin. After two days a returning fisherman brought him ignominiously home, with a card tied to his collar, and looking utterly dejected and woe-begone.

The summers were always passed at the seaside, where my father went mainly for the

children's sake, and he must have passed many dull hours exiled from his large, comfortable library and his books. He used to row patiently with the little girls, as the boys soon grew beyond his gentle manner of handling an oar. There was also an occasional picnic of an adventurous nature, nearly a mile from home, with all the flavour and excitement of foreign travel.



*From a]* "THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS" AT CRAIGIE HOUSE. *[Photograph.*

Very seldom could my father be persuaded to join in any of the sailing expeditions, and then only for a very short time. He was always well and active, but never cared for any great amount of exercise, and was quickly satisfied, and very moderate in whatever he was doing, often a disappointment to the insatiable desires of youth.

In truth, my father was very reserved with his children, in spite of his sympathy and understanding. He preferred to instil certain fundamental principles by habit and the example of his own life, and then leave them free to shape their own course. He believed entirely in self-reliance, and in any uncertainty always said, "You must decide that for yourself."

He very rarely made any requests; and his own preferences must often have been unobserved.

He felt more at home, I think, with little children than with growing youths and girls, where a certain extreme delicacy of reserve interfered; but with the youngest he made friends at once.

All through my father's daily journal, which he kept for many years, was an undertone of the children's life—a walk to Fresh Pond, a shopping expedition to Boston, an afternoon building a snow-house, and a note of keen distress at any misfortune. The children were constantly in his thoughts. He says any illness or accident entirely upset him, and seemed more than he could bear.

He never endured any sarcastic word to a child, especially from a teacher, and considered it most dangerous and blighting to any originality or imagination. Sympathy first, and then criticism when needed, but a criticism that cleared away difficulties and showed the right path; never a criticism that left merely discouragement and bewilderment behind.

To show how fully he understood the constant forbearance and encouragement needed by children, I will quote, in closing, from a little record he kept of the early life of his own family.

Speaking of some childish quarrel, he says: "What was the matter, the cause of this despair? A trifle, a nothing. At last the little fellow said, amid sobs—'I will be good. Help me to be good, papa!' Ah, yes, help him to be good! That is what children most need. Not so much chiding and lecturing, but a little more sympathy, a little help to be good. You can see through their transparent faces the struggle that is going on within. A soft, gentle word often decides the victory. The children were reconciled in a few minutes. How quick it was all over—that great despair! Ah, me."

# *Touch and Go.*

By Owen Hall.

"SEA. Nothing but sea!" This was my first thought, as I half raised myself, and cast my eyes over the horizon. The sun hadn't risen yet, but far and wide over the eastern sky the signs of his rising were abroad. Long shafts of gold, springing, as it seemed, from behind the ocean, struck upwards across the rosy-tinted sky like the glittering spikes of some gigantic crown, or the rays of some celestial halo. To the westward the heavens were dyed with graduated tints of rose-pink, green, and yellow, till, as it approached the sea-line, it sank to a faint greenish-grey where it met the water. On every side it was clear. The sea was calm. Hardly more than the faintest ripple caught and reflected back the colours of the brightening dawn. Our boat —it was a whale-boat—floated lazily, with a gentle swaying motion, on the long and scarcely perceptible heave of the ocean. There was not a cloud in the sky, not a wave on the sea to obscure my view; and far and wide, as I strained my eyes to gaze, it was sea—nothing but sea.

Many days before we had abandoned our ship—the *Jabez Skinner*, of New Bedford—stuck fast on a coral reef. There had been sixteen of us in the boat at first; now, all but one had died in the agonies of thirst. I was the last one left alive—and I felt that I was dying.

The blinding sun streamed into my dazzled eyes, and I had not the strength to shade them with my hand nor the energy to seek a new position. Fancies began to crowd upon me. The dead men in the boat seemed to rise and stare at me; the mate seemed to get up and give orders. I was dimly conscious that I was losing my senses. Now and then I came to myself enough to know that I had been wandering, and to wonder vaguely at the strange delusions I had experienced. Then I slipped back again into the land of shadows. The sun sank low in the western sky. I could feel that it was so, though I had no longer the curiosity to open my eyes to see. When I did look, my dim vision took in the mast and sail in front of me and the glowing patch of tropical sunset sky beyond, but my dimmer intelligence failed to connect them with myself.

It must have been nearly sunset when I became for a few minutes conscious of where I was, for the question came into my mind, "How long will it last?" Would I survive the night to suffer the agony of another day, or would the morning sun shine on me as one of the bodies I was conscious of with such horror? I tried to look around with a sort of dumb farewell to earth, when I felt the boat strike with a slight shock against something, and then with a heave pass over it. Was it a fish, or could it have been a rock? For the moment it seemed to bring me back to myself. I tried to gather my legs under me to raise myself, but the effort was beyond me. I tried to grasp the gunwale of the boat, but it was beyond my reach as I lay. I looked straight before me —stupidly, helplessly, despairingly. As I looked, something came between me and the sky; as I stared at it stupidly, it took the shape of leaves and the colour of green—it was a palm-tree. The next moment, with a rush and a heave, the boat took the beach. As she heeled over on one side I heard a guttural exclamation—as my eyes came in sight of the shore, they met the wondering gaze of a black man perfectly naked.

I can remember no more. Whether it was the sudden shock of my rescue from death by inches on the ocean, or the sight of that savage face which greeted my landing, that snatched away what was left of my tottering reason, I cannot say; but so much is certain, that the sight of that dark, fierce face staring me a ghastly welcome is the last picture I can recover from my memories of that voyage. The white beach, sloping upwards to a grove of palm-trees swaying gently to the evening breeze; the stranded boat, its sail flapping idly against the mast; the boat itself, with its ghastly cargo of dead sailors; the woolly head of the black savage

"MY EYES MET THE WONDERING GAZE OF A BLACK MAN."

with the half-stupid, half-ferocious grin of welcome in his bloodshot eyes and around his parted lips—all these I can see before me now, but they are the last pictures I can recall. Beyond this all is dark—I must have lost consciousness.

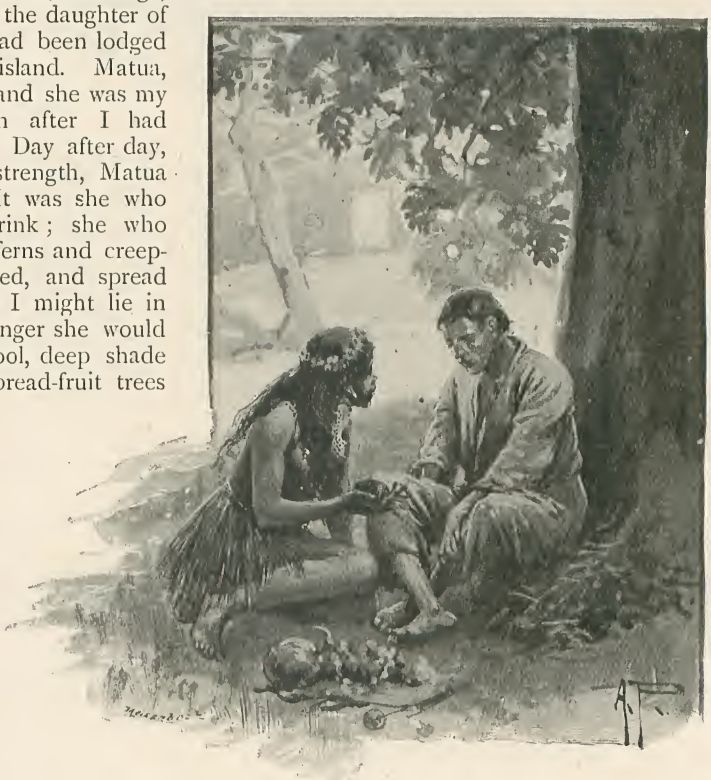
I came to myself. The process was slow and very painful, but at last I was able to look around me. I was in a hut of some kind. I could make out as much as this, although the light was dim, and seemed to come chiefly along the roof as if reflected from a fire. As I lay I could see this roof plainly. It was formed of some kind of grass or fibre plaited or woven into a strange and beautiful pattern. Between me and this roof the head of a large and very hideous fish intervened. I could see his great eyes look down at me, and I thought they sparkled with a wicked light. A little farther on there was a man's head, with eyes that to my fancy had just the same evil look of hungry exultation as those of the fish. Then there came a row of what looked like human heads hanging by the hair, with no bodies, but with dim, dead eyes, that gave back no answering sparkle to the firelight. I stared fixedly at them, expecting them to melt away like the dreams I had had in the boat; but these didn't change, only I gradually became conscious that the head of the fish, and also that of the man with the glaring eyes, were only carved images that hung from the roof of the hut. What the other heads could be I failed to make out. I lay still and wondered faintly where I was and what had happened, and gradually the past came back, and the whale-boat with its ghastly crew seemed to rise before me once more. With a shuddering groan I moved and tried to turn over. A hand was laid softly on my shoulder, and a shell full of water was put silently to my lips. I drank it greedily. The hand that held the shell was small and dark. It was the hand of a woman or girl, and its gentle touch spoke of friendliness. I made an effort to turn my head to see the face that belonged to the hands, but found that I had not the strength. Again the hand was laid on my shoulder, and the touch was soothing. I gave up the effort to move—I let myself lie still and passive in the hands of my unknown friend. In a few moments I lost consciousness once more.

I have no idea how long I slept, but when next I awoke it was dark. There was no sign of daylight now—only a fitful flashing light on the roof overhead, like that from a fire of wood—and I could hear the sound of voices. I felt stronger now, and again I tried to move. Once more a soft hand was laid on my shoulder; again the same small hand held the shell to my lips, and I drank once more. The shell was withdrawn, and a smaller one put in its place. It contained a substance like thickened milk with a flavour of cocoa-nut. I took a mouthful, and after a little effort I managed to swallow it, although my throat seemed strangely stiff and narrow. Again and again my nurse patiently presented the shell to my lips,

until I would eat no more. It had done me good, and already I felt better, but I lay still. The last thing I saw was the red flickering light from the invisible fire shining on the hungry eyes of the man and the fish over my head, and playing on the heads with the dull eyes that gave back no answering glance. The last thing I heard was the sound of low, distant voices in the hut, that came to my ears mysterious and menacing. The latest thing I felt was the touch of a small, dark hand, which fell upon my shoulder lightly like the touch of a hand in a dream.

After that I gradually grew stronger. Slowly indeed at first, but afterwards more rapidly, as youth and strength recovered from the shock they had received. I found as soon as I gathered strength to sit up and look about me that my patient nurse was a native girl of it might be fourteen years of age; a small and slender girl, with long, silky, black hair, well-formed features, and large, soft, dark eyes. She was the daughter of the chief in whose hut I had been lodged ever since I landed on the island. Matua, I learned, was her name, and she was my constant companion even after I had ceased to need a nurse. Day after day, as I slowly regained my strength, Matua was my only comrade. It was she who brought me food and drink; she who day by day brought fresh ferns and creeping plants to form my bed, and spread mats over them on which I might lie in comfort. As I grew stronger she would sit with me under the cool, deep shade cast by the broad-leaved bread-fruit trees that shaded the approach to the great hut, and tried to teach me the native names of things around us. Excepting for Matua's company, indeed, I was very much alone, although I could see that I was by no means unobserved. Whenever I came out of the hut, I could see the faces of one or two native boys watching me from among the trees; when I sat in the shade with Matua, the sound of a stealthy footstep would come softly to my ear from the thicket of green behind us. If I wandered a few yards towards the beach, I was sure to catch sight of a naked savage ready to warn me back with a threatening motion of his long spear. It was evident that I was a prisoner—well-treated, indeed, and even indulged, but a guarded prisoner still.

While I lay sick and weak, Matua had fed me like a child; and as I grew stronger she still plied me with every dainty which her island larder could supply. Roasted yams, boiled taro, bread-fruit fresh, bread-fruit smoke-dried to the consistency of ship biscuit, bananas, pine-apples, and, above all, cocoa-nuts, formed a variety that might have satisfied the soul of a hungry vegetarian. Gradually I noticed a change. The girl, I could see, watched me closely, and sometimes when I was eating I could see her great dark eyes fixed on me with a strange expression of increasing interest, and, curiously enough, it was only when I was eating that I was ever favoured with any company but her own. Then,



"SHE TRIED TO TEACH ME THE NATIVE NAMES."

indeed, one or two savage-looking natives would sometimes saunter up and look at me with a good deal of interest. Sometimes the chief, Matua's father—a repulsive-looking old savage, for whom I had conceived an

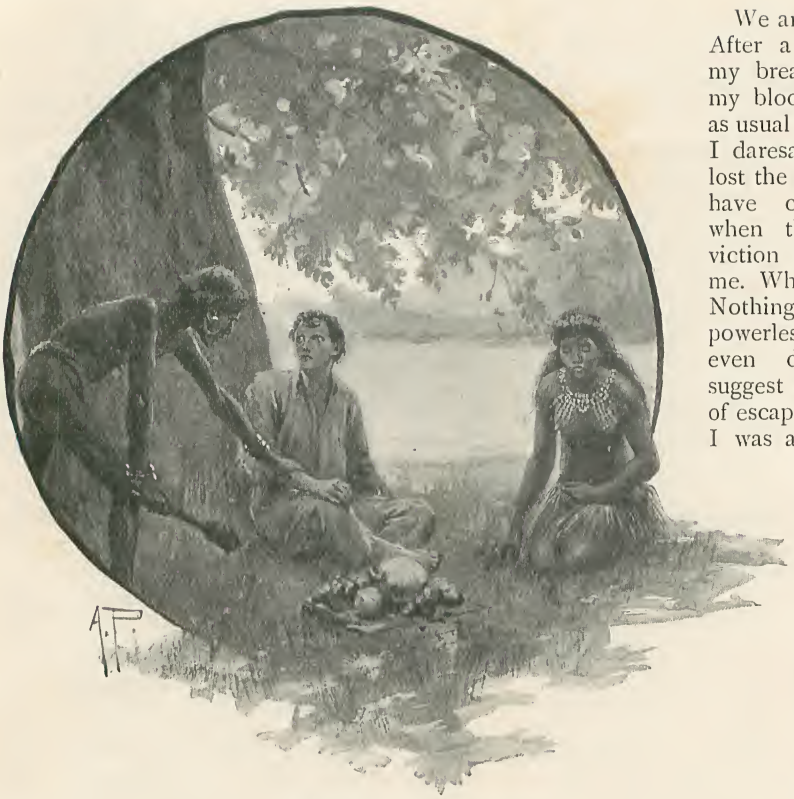
instinctive aversion—would come and squat opposite me, as if anxious to study the white man's way of eating, and then with a grave nod rise and stalk away when I had finished.

Day by day these attentions grew more and more irksome to me, but there was no way of escape from them. Instead of familiarity making me less interesting to these people, it seemed to me that I became an object of increasing attention day after day. I began also to notice another thing for which I was at a complete loss to account. Matua had long ceased coaxing me to eat, as she had done when she was nurse and I her patient; but now I fancied she was growing careless about my food. First the bananas grew scarce, and those supplied were poor and unripe. Then the fresh bread-fruit grew rare, and only the dried fruit was produced. To my surprise, the old chief noticed this one day, and angrily sent Matua for ripe bananas and bread-fruit. After that they were always there, but somehow the expression of Matua's face always looked like an entreaty that I wouldn't eat them.

What could it mean? Day by day it puzzled me more, and I grew less and less contented with my position and prospects. I knew that all these islands are visited at intervals by British men-of-war, and I had expected that sooner or later I should be picked up either by one of these or a whaler or trading vessel calling at the island. Now I began to have unpleasant doubts whether the natives meant to let me go. If they were willing to do so, why was I guarded so jealously? Why all this interest in me, which appeared to increase day by day? I found myself watching Matua closely, and it seemed to me that for some reason she was growing more uneasy as the days went by. I could see that she watched me anxiously as I ate my food, and I thought she disliked the presence of other people at these times. I wearied myself with conjectures as to what it could mean. Then I decided to leave off eating the food she seemed anxious I should avoid, and see what effect that would have. I could see her eyes grow bright when she saw me make a meal off the dried bread-fruit moistened only with the liquid of the cocoa-nut. Then she would look anxiously around as if in fear that anyone else had noticed. What could it mean? Had the food been poisoned, and was Matua trying in this secret way to save me? The idea was ridiculous. If they wanted to kill me, why should they hesitate for an hour? They had no vengeance to fear, unless the captain of the next English man-of-war heard of it. In that case, no doubt, sharp, and somewhat indiscriminate, vengeance might follow; but who was there to carry the news? No, there was no occasion for the use of poison, and no need of secrecy. If they wanted to kill me, they could do it safely as well as easily. Day after day I puzzled over the question, and watched eagerly for something that might throw some light on the problem. It came at last, and it came suddenly.

It happened one morning. It was hot in the hut, and Matua had brought the food for my morning meal out under the shade of the great bread-fruit tree which spread its large, fan-like leaves between us and the sun. I had been watching Matua closely for several days, and I thought she must be growing sick. Her dusky cheeks seemed to be growing paler under the olive skin, and I thought there was an anxious look in her great, dark eyes. I could see her watching me stealthily as I was eating, so I let the ripe bananas alone and took only some dried bread-fruit. While I was eating, the old chief came slowly stalking out of his hut and took a seat a little way off, observing me with the earnest curiosity which had somehow become a constant trial to my nerves, and filled me with a vague sense of horror and alarm. I saw him stare at the food I was eating; then he frowned angrily, and glanced at where Matua was sitting, looking at the ground. Then he rose, and came across to where I was sitting, and touched my arm with his hand. I started and looked him in the face, for he had never touched me before. He returned my look steadily, and as he did so I felt his hand steal softly down my arm. What was he going to do? He had a small club in his other hand—was he going to strike me? No. Slowly, softly, almost tenderly, his hand slid down my arm—slid down, and then was withdrawn. Then a strange gleam shone in his sunken, bloodshot eyes; there was something that almost approached a smile on his lowering face. He drew himself up, muttered something in a guttural tone, and turned away.

I looked wonderingly after him as he went, but the feeling of his touch remained. Then like a flash I seemed suddenly to understand. Something in that soft touch had betrayed the meaning of all. My blood seemed to stand still in my veins; my heart felt as if it had ceased to beat in the cold extremity of



"HIS HAND SLID DOWN MY ARM."

my horror. I sat motionless. My eyes alone seemed to have the power to move, and now they rested on the face of my companion. I could see that she knew. I saw she was sure that her secret was a secret no longer. Her face, which in spite of its dark skin looked pale, seemed to grow paler, her large eyes to grow larger, as she returned my gaze. I said nothing; I didn't try to speak—there was no need. I had read her thought, and she knew that I had read it. It was all plain now. It was for this I had been saved from the boat; for this the savage who found me had worn that diabolical grin, which came back to me now like a revelation. It was for this that I had been nursed back to life; for this I had been fed with the best food the island could afford. This explained the interest taken in me by the tribe. Was it for this, too, that I had attracted the regard of Matua's great, sorrowful eyes? No, surely not that last. Nature can speak without the language of sounds; and Nature's language spoke for Matua then. She had covered her face with her hands; she had bowed her head down on her knees as she sat.

We are slaves of habit. After a while I finished my breakfast. By-and-by my blood ran very much as usual through my veins; I daresay my cheeks even lost the paleness that must have come over them when this horrible conviction first broke upon me. What was to be done? Nothing. Knowledge was powerless to help me; even desperation could suggest no possible means of escape. I tried to think. I was a prisoner. I had known that for some time, though until now I had no idea what it meant. I had no weapon with which to strike one blow for liberty or life. There was no place to which I could even attempt to escape; the ocean was before me, and I knew it must be behind also at no great distance. I was penned in as effectually, as hopelessly, and as helplessly as any other animal doomed to die — only, unlike the other animals, I knew it. Oh, the curse of knowledge without power; the knowledge of evil without power to escape—of impending fate without the power to fly!

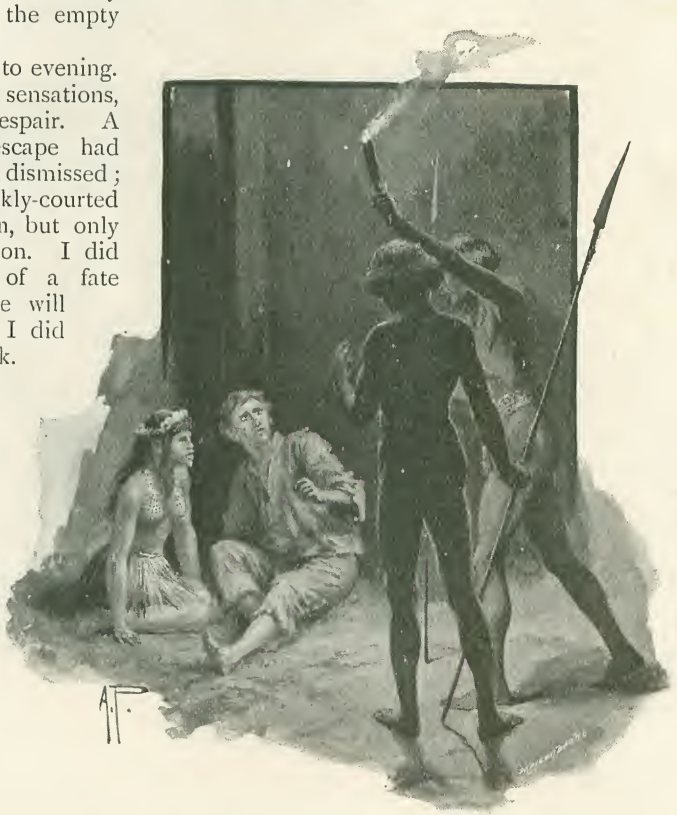
All that long day I wandered about within the little space in which I could move about unmolested. At one spot, and only one, I was able to catch a glimpse of the ocean, and each time I reached it in my walk I paused and gazed—fiercely, longingly, hopelessly—as the criminal on the steps of the gallows gazes in the last faint hope of a reprieve. The sun, the beautiful, pitiless sun, poured his wealth of golden radiance on the laughing water—as he had poured it on our floating charnel-house; as he pours it alike on the joys and the despairs of men. Matua followed me like a dog—as dumb, but as faithful also, and as sympathetic. She brought me food, but I turned from it with loathing. She offered me drink, and I swallowed it with a stony despair. The day dragged slowly on. Hour after hour the shadows travelled

onward over the grass that carpeted the place of my imprisonment. I could see that I was watched. Again and again when I went a few paces farther than usual I came upon a native sentinel lying in the shade or leaning carelessly against a tree. Did they know that I had discovered the truth? If they did, should I be killed at once? If I could have found words in which to ask Matua the question I would have done so. Her great, sad eyes haunted me with a depth of sympathetic pain, but the pain was helpless. Whatever she knew, I could see that it held out no hope of safety; whatever she suspected, I felt sure it brought her no gleam of hope. I could see her eyes, like my own, wander round the limits of my prison; like my own they too looked out hopelessly over the empty expanse of the flashing sea.

And so the day wore on to evening. A day of strangely stunned sensations, yet of slowly deepening despair. A thousand wild plans of escape had entered my mind, only to be dismissed; a hundred dreams of quickly-courted death had haunted my brain, but only in a feeble, purposeless fashion. I did nothing. In the presence of a fate which seems inevitable, the will grows paralyzed and weak. I did nothing. It was growing dark.

I could see that I was suspected now. No one came near me; no one attempted to speak to me; but look where I might among the shadows that gathered under the trees, I could see figures. I could fancy I heard low, muttered voices that whispered. It was useless to stay there. At last I rose and went into the hut—Matua rose and followed me in. I seated myself on the ground, my back leaning against one of the uprights that supported the roof-tree, my eyes staring through the gloom of the hut into the gloom of the night beyond. Matua crouched near; then gradually she crept closer, till at last I could feel that she almost touched me, but she said nothing. And so we sat for hours. Through the entrance of the hut I could catch a glimpse of the ocean. Far away through the dark vista of the trees and shrubs I could see the faint glimmer of the stars on the water. It was calm; as calm as the nights I had spent in the boat when my comrades, more fortunate than I, had perished one by one. I seemed to see them now; I seemed to hear them whisper in the darkness; I seemed to trace the outlines of their bony hands beckoning me to come. Matua crept closer to me still. Slowly, gradually, tremblingly, her little hand stole out and touched me. I thrilled at the touch; I grasped her hand in mine; I held it as men hold on to hope.

Little by little I felt my eyes grow heavy. In spite of despair; in spite of the haunting shadows of the terror, vague, but horrible, that oppressed me; in spite of the conviction that some unknown but awful fate was advancing on me step by step—in spite of all, I dropped to sleep at last. It was a touch that woke me. I started up into a sitting position and stared vacantly around for a second or two before I could collect my senses sufficiently to remember. Two tall, forbidding-looking savages stood beside me. Each of them



"TWO TALL, FORBIDDING-LOOKING SAVAGES STOOD BESIDE ME."

carried a spear in his right hand, and one held a flaring torch, the glare of which lighted up the hut with a red, smoky light. I looked round. My eyes fell on Matua, who sat on the ground beside me, her little hand still clasped in mine—her great, sorrowful eyes fixed upon me still. The man who held the torch motioned me to rise, while the other touched me on the shoulder with his hand. I rose to my feet mechanically, and he took his place at my side while his companion came to the other, motioning Matua away, and even laying a hand roughly on her shoulder. I let her hand go free as I turned to follow my guards. One of the savages pointed to the open doorway with his spear, and we left the hut. Once in the open air, the scene changed as if by magic. From near the hut in which I had lived, across the open space to the great council hut that faced the open ground on the opposite side, a continuous line of naked savages stood on each side of what now looked like an avenue. More than half of these held aloft flaring torches that blazed up into the still night air, and lighted up the long lines of savage faces and wild, glaring eyeballs with a ruddy glow that was almost diabolical.

We were on our way to the great council hut, and I knew without telling that I was on my way to trial and judgment, and almost certainly to death. And yet, in spite of this knowledge—in spite of the wild and savage show, intended, no doubt, to impress me—I was not conscious of any terror now. I walked firmly between my guards; I gazed steadily from side to side at the wild faces, the glaring eyes, the tossing arms, and flaring lights around me. There was motion—wild motion—on every side; there was a murmur and muttering such as might come from any moving crowd—but there was no noise. The wild procession was evidently intended to be a silent one. Matua had followed me closely, and from time to time I looked at her. There was something strange about her appearance. Her eyes were fixed on me, and yet, as far as I could see in that wild light, they had in them a distant, far-away look. After a glance or two I seemed to myself to understand that look; it was as if Matua were listening for some distant sound—listening eagerly, intently, as though she could hear something that reached no ear but her own.

"HE PUT OUT A WITHERED-LOOKING ARM."

We had crossed half the space to the great hut, and we halted. As we did so, an old savage — naked, hideous, smeared with lines and circles of ghastly red and white colour on both face and body, stepped suddenly out of the ranks and confronted me. He came close to me; he peered with dim and blood-shot eyes into my face; he put out a long, thin, withered-looking arm, and with a claw-like hand he touched my arm. A strange, wild gleam lighted up his sunken eyes with a

glow like that of madness as he did so; then he turned away and shouted something in a high, quavering tone that rang tremulous yet fierce over the silent ranks. There was a wild yell, a tossing of the torches, a fierce brandishing of the spears, as the old man turned and led the way. My eyes were fixed on Matua; the attitude of the old savage was scarcely more striking than her own at the moment. She was standing perfectly still. Amidst that crowd of excited forms and tossing figures she seemed as if she saw nothing of what was going on around her. Her eyes were fixed; her lips were half open—she was listening. The example was infectious—I listened also. Then, between the yells of the savages, through the crackle of the flaming torches, it reached my ears. I thought I heard a sound that was familiar. Far off, indeed, faint, and yet clear and distinct, it came out of the darkness; it stole over the silent sea; it came creeping along the shore and through the palm-trees—it was the throb of oars! I looked at Matua again. There was a wild, eager look in her eyes as she returned my gaze. A strange, fierce smile dawned on her face as she turned slowly away.

The procession had formed again, and, led now by the old painted savage, we moved on towards the council hut. I went like a man who walks in his sleep. The flaring lights and the moving figures, the lines of savage faces and glaring eyes, looked like unreal phantoms, the shadows of a nightmare dream. I was listening, listening as I went, for the sound that spoke of home, and recalled the lost vision of hope. Just as we reached the hut I heard it again. Through the distant silence of the sea it came to my ears with the low, solemn echo of a distant throb—far off still, but more distinct. It was a boat—a boat rowed by many oars—and she was making for the shore. My guards laid each a hand upon my shoulders, and forced me gently onward. Like a man in a dream I entered the hut; like a man in a dream I left the world behind.

The council hut was a large one, and now it seemed to be occupied by the great assembly of the tribe. All seemed to be there. Warriors crowded the foreground, and behind them, rank beyond rank, were old men, and women, and even children—all had assembled to see the white man die. I was the centre of interest as we passed slowly up the hall. On every side there were eager eyes watching my face in the red light of the wavering torches; everywhere fierce, curious faces were bent upon me as I passed. I was led up to where the old chief sat, more stern and repulsive-looking than ever, at the end of the hut, on a platform raised several feet from the ground, and there I was halted before him. He looked steadily at me for a moment, and then he slowly raised the hand in which he held the club. At the signal there was a yell from the assembled tribe, and at the same moment I felt myself seized by strong hands from behind and thrown to the ground. In a moment, cords were passed round me—round my arms, my legs, my body, they turned and twisted, till in less time than it takes to write the words I was lying helpless, a mere log from the neck to the feet. I could still turn my head; I could still move my ankles, but that was all I could do.

I had scarcely time to think of my new situation, and what it meant, when I found myself suddenly lifted to my feet and thence to the platform on which the old chief was seated, and then placed on a strange-looking seat of wood, which had now been set close to the edge of the platform. The chair had a broad, low seat, and a high, narrow back, and I had hardly been placed on the seat when another cord was passed around my neck, and then twisted spirally round my body till I was bound so closely to the chair that I was helpless to move my body at all, and could but just turn my head slightly from side to side by an effort. The task of my guards was done; they drew back for an instant, and looked at me critically as I sat; then, smiling grimly, they left me to my fate. What that fate was going to be I now began dimly—very dimly as yet—to comprehend. That I was to die, indeed, I had felt sure ever since the day before—the only question that was really in doubt was how I was to die. Even on this point I was not kept in suspense very long. Just at first, it is true, there seemed to be a lot of ceremonies performed by the painted old savage who had led the procession, and now appeared in the middle of the hut at the farther end, where an open space was made for him by the others, who crowded back as if they were afraid of him. The old savage certainly was a frightful object, and I was not surprised to see that the other savages gave him a wide berth. I found myself wondering dreamily what the old wretch was doing, as he moved back and forward, waving his arms slowly in the air and apparently muttering something to himself. I thought

it must be some kind of prayer from the look of awe—almost of terror—on the faces of the wondering forms around him. I stared stupidly at these faces. To me they seemed all very much alike, and after dwelling on them for a minute or two, my eyes wandered on to where the wide entrance let me look out upon the real world, beyond that nightmare vision of tossing arms, and diabolical faces, in the smoky red light of the flaring torches.

The day was beginning to dawn outside. Far away, over the glistening surface of the ocean, I could make out the silvery background of the brightening horizon. Little by little I watched the light increase. The low, droning voice of the savage old priest—for such I had decided in my own mind he must be—hardly attracted my attention now, though I was conscious of the sound, and could even in some degree follow the grotesque motions of his writhing body as he went through his mummery. Even the prospect of death was hardly present to my mind any longer. I was watching the sea, as I had watched it a thousand times before; I was conscious only of the brightening welcome of the coming day.

At last the old priest's ritual seemed to be ended, for he stepped slowly backward till he had almost reached the entrance, so that I could no longer look out at the sea and the distant horizon without seeing him. As he went he chanted in a low, blood-curdling tone, moving his arms and keeping time with his feet to the music. Strange as it may seem, it was music of a sort. I can remember it now, and note by note, as he chanted, he moved slowly backwards—note by note, as he sang, the assembled tribe followed him in a low, guttural echo, too horrible to describe—the sound of that echo haunts me still. He reached the further wall at last; he unfastened something that hung against the door-post of the hut, and brought it slowly forward. I gazed—I could do nothing but gaze with a fascinated stare—as the bird gazes at the serpent, as the antelope stares at the creeping figure of the lion. He was carrying something in his arms, and after the first few moments I was able to make out what it was. It seemed to be a club—a short, thick club, with one great solid knob at the end. And now I could see that the other end was fastened to a strong cord of fibre, which seemed to hang from the ridge-pole of the hut. The priest brought it forward, till now it swung perpendicular, and nearly touched the floor. The red glare of the torches fell upon it as it hung, and painted it the colour of blood. The lights glanced on its dark and solid substance, and shone dully on the knob, which looked stained and black.

The old savage paused and looked at me, his hand upon the swinging club, his eyes fixed on mine with the gaze of a basilisk. I returned his gaze, and then I knew what was intended to be my fate. For a moment I shuddered. For an instant the dancing torch-lights and the demon forms swam before my eyes, but after all it was only for a moment. Behind the eager, savage faces that glared on me; behind the tossing crimson lights that flared and flickered in the thick, smoky atmosphere, I could see the rippling water glimmering through the trees, and with the familiar sight came the thought of the race to which I belonged. With the recollection my nerves grew steady once more. It was not for me to tremble before a crowd of savages. I looked into the face of the painted priest; I stared fixedly at the hanging club and the vibrating cord—I looked, and I think I smiled.

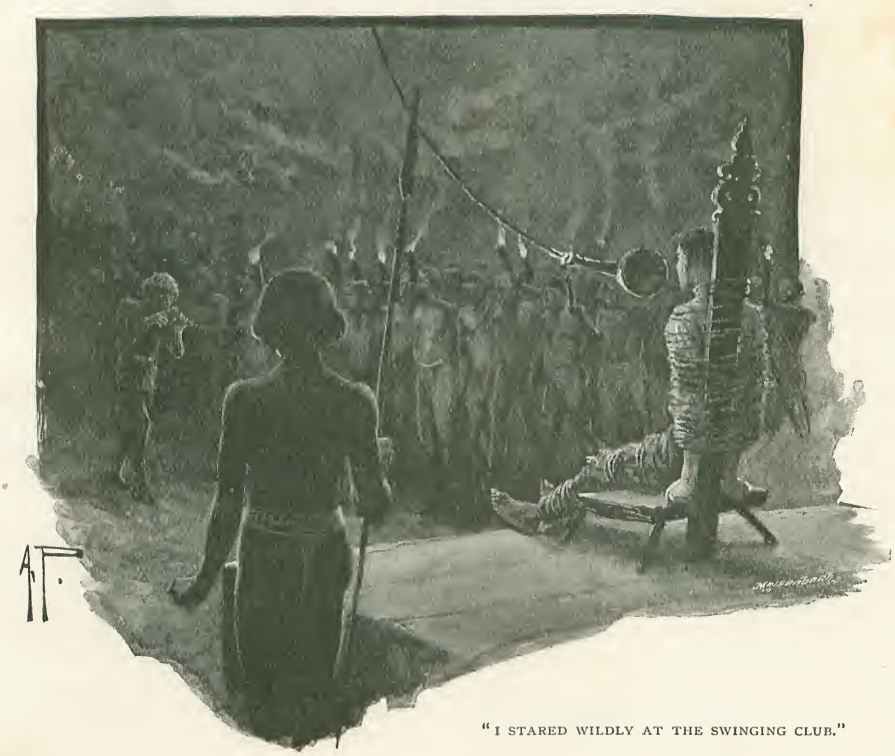
The old priest raised his hand and recommenced his chant. Slowly, very slowly, he began to swing the heavy club as he sang. Backwards it swung and forwards—slowly, regularly, with a ghastly rhythm in its movement, each swing keeping time to a note of the old man's low, monotonous chant, each rebound the signal for the deep, guttural echo which sprang from the throats of the assembled tribe. I understood it now. I was doomed to die, indeed, but not to die too quickly. The club would strike me at last, but not until I had suffered the expectation of death long enough to satisfy the cruel longings of the savages. It swung slowly and gently at first. The hand of the painted priest seemed scarcely to touch it at each rebound; but always the same hellish chant from the priest, and always the same awful, half-whispered refrain from the long rows of savage faces. I could see it come an inch or two nearer each time it swung; I could tell each time it fell back, as if reluctantly, that a few moments more of my time had slid into eternity. Little by little it came nearer. There was a strange monotony that grew upon me as I looked. I found my thoughts wandering to other times and places. My eyes looked beyond the swinging club to the ripples that danced in the light of the rapidly dawning day. Little things arrested my attention—the swaying of a palm-tree in the breeze, the

reflection of the new morning light from the coral on the beach, the distant barking of a dog.

The interest was growing more intense. The great club was swinging closer now. Moment by moment it was rising nearer to the level of my eyes as it swung. I couldn't move my head much, but by an effort I could turn my eyes downward and watch it as it came. Each time I was conscious that I drew a longer breath; each time I felt that I was nerving myself to meet the coming blow; and yet each time it swung back without touching. With every swing the chant of the priest grew more savage; at each recoil the answering chorus grew deeper and more fervent.

It was coming—surely it was coming now! No. The club had stirred my hair with the wind it had made, and yet it swung back again. Again it swung — nearer, nearer, nearer yet! The wind stirred my hair; the cold, heavy wood touched my brow—touched, and swung back again. I opened my eyes, shining, the trees were waving, the ripples were sparkling in the sun.

A sudden flash crossed my line of sight, followed instantly by a hiss and then a roar. Something fell through the roof of the hut to the floor with a crash and an explosion. In a moment the whole place seemed to heave and rock. The old priest leaped into the air and fell backwards; the faces to right and left seemed to dissolve like the faces shown by a magic lantern. Something, too, ailed the club. I saw it spin round and then swing wildly among the heaving crowd that now seemed filled with a vague terror. Again! Again! And yet again! In quick succession the shells followed one another, and scattered death on every side. With yell upon yell of wild terror, and almost more wild surprise, the savages broke from the place and fled. Close to my feet lay the body of the old chief, grim even in death, and in the centre of the hut I could see where the shattered remains of the painted priest lay stretched on the ground



"I STARED WILDLY AT THE SWINGING CLUB."

which I had closed involuntarily; I stared wildly at the swinging club, at the painted savage, at the crowd of staring eyes and parted lips; beyond these the sun was near where the club hung quivering still. I stared stupidly around on the scene. I tried feebly to free my arms or to move my head, but it was in vain. There was a con-

"A CRASH AND AN EXPLOSION."

fused sound in my ears of shouts and yells, and the firing of shots, and the noise of distant cheering; and then it all melted away, and I ceased to hear or to feel.

I came to myself slowly. I could hear voices, but they sounded muffled and indistinct. I could feel wind blowing on my face with a fresh, familiar feeling in its touch. Then I felt something in contact with my hand—a soft, tremulous touch, such as I had felt before—and then I opened my eyes. It was the bright morning sun that was shining into my face; it was the fresh sea-breeze that was blowing through my hair; it was the little hand of Matua that was softly touching my own. A group of sailors stood around looking at me curiously, though with hearty, friendly faces, and an officer in uniform knelt on one knee by my side. I looked from one to another, confused and wondering. "Mates," I stammered; "how's this, mates? How did I get here?"

"How?" said the officer, rising to his feet as he spoke. "Well, my man, you owe it mostly to the lucky chance that brought us here in time, and to this girl who let us know that there was a white man to be saved, and a lot of blood-thirsty savages to be punished."

I looked at him as he spoke, and I remembered it all. Then I looked at Matua. "Thank you, sir," I said. "Thank you. Yes, you're about right there. It was a lucky chance, and no mistake; and, after all, it was only touch and go."

# *Tornadoes.*

By James Walter Smith.

HE was a bold and clever man who took the photograph with which we open this article. Most people, when they get in the vicinity of a tornado, get out of it as quickly as their legs will carry them, or hustle into their "cyclone cellars" and hide. But this man bravely planted his camera in front of the storm, and caught the tornado cloud while it was doing its deadly work. A pretty thing it is, this photograph. It shows admirably the funnel shape of the tornado and the darkening sky—often called, from its odd, greenish tinge, the "tornado sky." It shows also the cloud of dust which invariably precedes the windy monster, and often hides its approach from view. How clearly it stands out, and how minute the funnel seems. Yet the tornado was about five miles distant when the photograph was taken in Oklahoma City, on May 14th, 1896, and the probable diameter of the funnel was roughly estimated to measure 1,000ft.

TORNADO AT OKLAHOMA CITY, O.T., MAY 14TH, 1896.
*From a Photo. by T. Croft, Oklahoma City, O.T.*

Now, those who have other engagements when a tornado is hurtling along are sensible men. The people of Wellington, Kansas, will bear witness

AFTER THE TORNADO AT WELLINGTON, KANSAS, MAY 27TH, 1893.
*From a Photograph. Lent by Royal Meteorological Society.*

to this, and our second illustration will support them. Kansas, by the way, is a favourite spot of the "twisters," as the Westerners playfully term their windy enemy, and in some of the schools there the children have tornado drills. When the dreaded funnel is seen, a bell rings and, in regular order under charge of the master, the children file downstairs into the cellar. When it's all over they march, like Humpty Dumpty, back again, or else go out to survey the ruins and hunt for their relatives and cows. At such times, a dreary and painful sight meets their eyes. Ruin on top of ruin, devastated homes, and countless dead beneath. At Wellington, the tornado of May 27th, 1893, cut a clean swath through the heart of the town, and search parties were at work for days amongst the ruins of the shattered buildings.

HORSE BLOWN 1,000FT., TIED TO A MANGER, AT GRINNELL, IOWA.
*From a Photo. by W. F. Stallings, Grinnell, Iowa. Lent by Royal Meteorological Society.*

No language can exaggerate the fury of these winds. They come with an indescribable roar, which has been likened to the rattling of a thousand trains or the bellowing of a million mad bulls. After that the wreckage. In the Grinnell, Iowa, tornado, which occurred on June 17th, 1882, and was one of the worst on record, railroad trains were thrown from the line as if they were straws, and landed in the neighbouring fields upside down. Sixty people were killed, 140 injured, and 140 houses destroyed. The loss amounted to over £120,000. A very curious incident of this tornado is shown in the illustration given above. A horse was blown 1,000ft. from a stable, and was found alive, with the remnant of his manger on his halter. Needless to say, that horse has a reputation that will last as long as his pedigree, and after.

TRAIN WRECKED AT GRINNELL, IOWA.
*From a Photo. by W. F. Stallings, Grinnell. Lent by Royal Meteorological Society.*

But the freaks of tornadoes would fill volumes. Men and women are caught up and landed safe and sound miles away. Iron objects, 1,500lb. in weight, have been moved 20ft., pieces of tin roofing carried seventeen miles, letters carried forty-five miles, and houses lifted bodily and deposited on new

foundations. In Rochester, Minnesota, on August 21st, 1883, a boiler was carried out of a machine shop, and landed near a wooden building, from which the tornado considerately extracted a portion of one story, leaving the rest of the building intact. This freak was matched in a storm at Lawrence, Massachusetts, some years ago, when a piano was overturned, as shown in our illustration, and was still found fit for use. In this same storm, the top and side of a wooden house were blown to the ground, leaving the family beds in full view.

HOUSE WRECKED AND PIANO OVERTURNED AT LAWRENCE, MASS.
*From a Photograph.*

BOILER BLOWN FROM FOUNDATION AND HOUSE CURIOUSLY DAMAGED AT ROCHESTER, MINN.
*From a Photo. by Charles A. Tenney, Winona, Minn. Lent by Royal Meteorological Society.*

As many people know, there is sometimes a very sudden change of pressure in a tornado. For the technically-minded, I may add that this change is due, as the meteorologists put it, to the great depression of the isobaric surfaces, which diminishes the pressure near the centre of the tornado. This is the learned explanation of many of the explosive effects observed during the passage of a tornado, and some of the freaks mentioned above are due to the same cause. Corks are said to fly from empty bottles, cellar doors are burst open against the force of a strong wind blowing against them

ROOF AND SIDE OF HOUSE CARRIED AWAY AT LAWRENCE, MASS.
*From a Photograph. Lent by Royal Meteorological Society.*

RAILWAY STATION AT LOW MOOR, NEW JERSEY, WASHED AWAY BY THE GREAT CYCLONE OF SEPTEMBER, 1889.
*From a Photo. by Pach Bros., New York City. Lent by Royal Meteorological Society.*

on the outside, the walls of houses are pushed outwards on all sides, roofs are suddenly raised up and blown away, and the expansion of air under copper or tin coverings tears them up and carries them away. Window-panes have been blown out and sashes left untouched; and in a tornado at St. Cloud, Minnesota, some years ago, panels were torn from the doors, the house being otherwise undamaged.

For some days, beginning September 11th, 1889, a cyclone played havoc along the Atlantic coast from New Jersey to Cape Hatteras, in North Carolina. The sea broke its fetters and dashed upon the land with destructive violence. A railway station in New Jersey was swept away, and a powerful train wrecked. One of the illustrations gives a view of the cyclone's work, and the illustration beneath shows more closely the damage to the train.

The Rochester tornado, already mentioned, lifted a railway train into the air, and injured eighty people. Twenty-six lives were lost, and 300 buildings destroyed. Hailstones were found measuring 10in. in circumference, and a horse, shown in our illustration, was spitted to the ground by a flying tree.

There has always been a strange confusion between tornadoes and cyclones, with the odds on "cyclones," where tornadoes were really meant. The newspapers have been mainly responsible for this confusion of terms, and in order to influence popular usage to conform more strictly to scientific usage, the United States Weather Bureau recently sent out a circular to the leading journals of that country, asking their co-operation. The circular ought to be pasted

TRAIN WRECKED BY THE ATLANTIC COAST CYCLONE OF SEPTEMBER, 1889.
*From a Photo. by Pach Bros., New York City. Lent by Royal Meteorological Society.*

HORSE SPITTED BY A TREE AT ROCHESTER.
*From a Photo. by Charles A. Tenney, Winona, Minn. Lent by Royal Meteorological Society.*

in every pressman's hat. It points out that a tornado is a sudden outburst of wind in an otherwise quiet, sultry atmosphere; ushered in by a loud roar; its path is very narrow—seldom more than 500ft. wide at greatest destruction; it moves generally from south-west to north-east, and rarely extends more than twenty miles; it very often rises in the air to descend again at a point a few miles ahead; it is often accompanied by thunder-storms, with often a bright glow in the clouds. The circular also mentions the "funnel shape," and adds that a tornado may be considered as the result of an extreme development of conditions which otherwise produce thunderstorms.

A cyclone, on the other hand, is a very broad storm, oftentimes a thousand miles in diameter, and sometimes can be followed half-way round the world; the winds circulate about it from right to left, or the way one turns clock-hands backwards, this motion being reversed in the southern hemisphere. The air-pressure falls as one approaches the centre, where, at sea, there is a portentous calm, with clear sky visible at times. The cyclone winds often rise to hurricane force, but are not to be compared with the extreme

THREE BUILDINGS LEFT IN CHANDLER, O.T.
*From a Photograph.*

BUILDING FROM WHICH CARPET WAS BLOWN, IN CHANDLER, O.T.
*From a Photograph.*

violence of the tornado, before which the most solid structures are razed.

The difference may also be clearly seen from the fact that on February 9th, 1884, over sixty tornadoes occurred in the United States, at differences of 500 to 2,000 miles. They were part of a tremendous cyclone which destroyed 10,000 buildings, killed 800 people, and wounded 2,500.

But let us again to the freaks. A recent tornado at Chandler, in Oklahoma Territory, swept away the town with the exception of the three buildings shown on the previous page. These three were totally unharmed, not even a rip in an awning being found. This was one of the almost inexplicable wonders of the storm. In this tornado another very curious incident occurred. A gust of wind entered a small wooden building and, lifting the carpet from the floor as neatly as if it had

THE CARPET LODGED IN A TREE 1,500FT. AWAY, AT CHANDLER, O.T.
*From a Photograph.*

PLANK DRIVEN THROUGH SIDE OF BARN INTO FLOOR, AT GRINNELL, IOWA.
*From a Photo. by W. F. Stallings, Grinnell, Iowa. Lent by Royal Meteorological Society.*

been done by human agency, carried it to a tree near by, where it lodged in the branches and resisted the buffeting of the elements, while trees, houses, and carriages were flying in all directions.

The velocity is frightful. In most cases, the tornado travels thirty miles an hour. The wind in the vicinity of the whirling funnel is estimated to be 300 or more miles an hour. Objects are gathered up, sucked in, whirled around, and finally shot out with gigantic force and deadly result. Horses are stripped of their harness, bedding and clothing are torn to tatters, and mud is blown into blankets with such velocity that it cannot be washed out.

At Mount Carmel, in Illinois, June 4th, 1877, a brick entered a house through the weather-boarding, lath, and plastering, crossed two rooms, a distance of 27ft., and lodged in a rear wall without breaking even the corners from the brick. So great, indeed, was its velocity, that the laths were cut quite smoothly without cracking the adjoining plastering. During this same storm, I may mention, the spire, vane, and gilded ball of the Methodists' Church was carried through the air for fifteen miles.

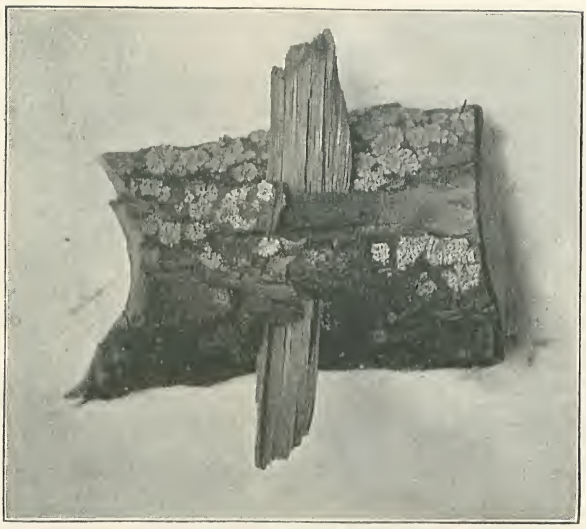
All accounts go to show that a tornado never forgets the chickens. It strips the feathers from their backs as cleanly as if they were plucked by hand. In order to estimate the force necessary to do this, an American professor once loaded a six-pounder with five ounces of powder, and used, instead of a ball, a chicken newly killed. He shot upward, as if in the funnel of a tornado, and the feathers rose some thirty feet. They were pulled out clean, no flesh adhering, but the chicken was torn to pieces. The velocity was 341 miles an hour. Upon this basis the professor argued that with a slightly less velocity the feathers might be torn from the chicken without injury. Whether or not this argument is correct (and some contend that the feathers are ejected owing to the expansion of air in the quills) it is certain that plucked chickens are a regular feature of tornado devastation.

Many observers have noted that nails are often driven into boards head-first, and rafters have been seized by the wind and shot through the sides of houses. In the disastrous Grinnell tornado of '82, a large plank, shown in our illustration, was driven slant-wise through a solid flooring. So neatly was the incision made, that it was with difficulty the plank could be dislodged. In a recent tornado at Norman, Oklahoma Territory, a shovel was embedded half its length in a large tree. The section of the tree containing the shovel, as shown herewith, has lately been on exhibition in Oklahoma, and has attracted wide attention.

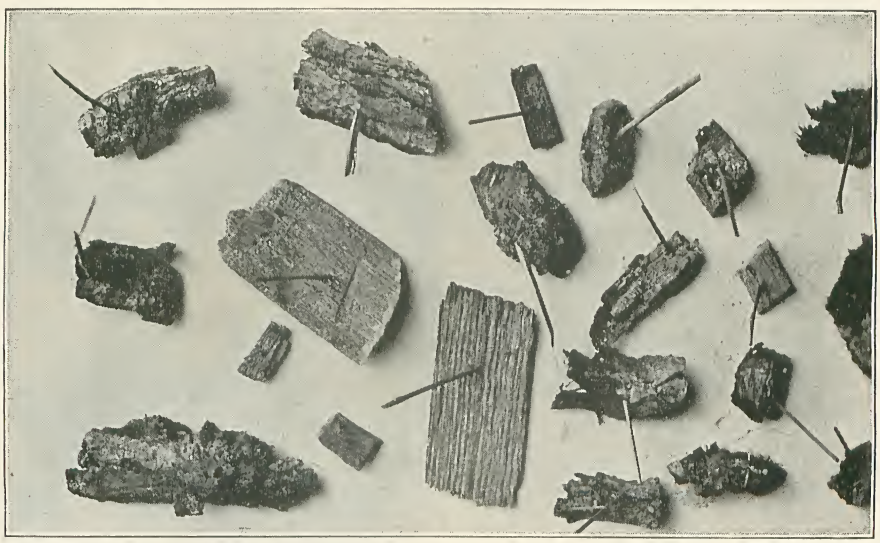
Boards have been driven into the ground with a velocity, it is stated, of 682 miles an hour. It is, morever, no unusual sight

SHOVEL DRIVEN INTO TREE AT NORMAN, O.T., APRIL 25TH, 1893.
*From a Photo. by T. Croft, Oklahoma City, O.T.*

to find flying splinters firmly lodged in the bark of trees. A very striking photograph of such a sight is reproduced at the top of this page. The splinter—if one can call a good-sized piece of wood a splinter—has cut its path neatly under the bark, and is tightly held in place as if in a vice. More remarkable, however, is the photograph reproduced at the end of this article. Here we see numerous straws sticking strongly in different sorts of bark. As in the case of the chickens, experiments have been made to find out what velocity is necessary to drive such straws into wood. A mechanical air-blast has been used, and with a velocity of 135 to 160 miles an hour, the straws have been shot into the bark a distance of one-tenth of an inch. When mere straws can thus be turned by a tornado into darts of deadly aim, is it any wonder that cities should be devastated, and that man's cheek should blanch at the sight of the on-rushing storm?



SPLINTER DRIVEN THROUGH BARK.
*From a Photo. by Charles A. Tenney, Winona, Minn. Lent by Royal Meteorological Society.*



STRAWS DRIVEN INTO BARK OF TREES AT ROCHESTER, MINN.
*From a Photo. by Charles A. Tenney, Winona, Minn. Lent by Royal Meteorological Society.*

By G. M. Robins.

'Tis an awkward thing to play with souls.—Robert Browning.

THERE was something almost miraculous, to our English eyes, in the clearness of the atmosphere. Used as we were to view everything through the tender, softening medium of our island mists, there was an element of the unnatural in the bald distinctness with which every indentation on the brown ironstone rocks, every rut on the dazzling white road, every weed in every crevice, every outline on the sharp horizon, impressed itself upon the retina.

Claire was in high spirits. She loved travel, she loved adventure; she was regretting that there was no absolute danger in our present journey.

"If it had been only thirty years ago, even!" sighed she. "The coach would have been in danger every moment of being stopped—*held up*, don't they call it?—by road agents. There would have been a handsome leader, whose look assured one instantly that he had once been a gentleman; and he would have fallen in love with both of us, Maidie! Only think, how nice!"

My turn of mind was always of the practical order.

"But we're not in the coach," I objected.

"No! I wish we were! We might as well have come that way, and got a little insight into Californian travel!" she said, quite pettishly. For our uncle had sent his own carriage and his own men, to take us the last hundred miles of our long, long journey by stages.

"Uncle Will might just as well have sent these two men to take care of us, and let us travel by coach as far as Copper Cañon: it would have been such fun," sighed Claire.

"This nice little carriage is much more comfortable," I answered; "and when we want to stop and look at anything, we can ask Wallis, or Dick. Besides, if we had come by coach to Copper Cañon, Uncle Will would have had to send to meet us there, and that would have meant another man, besides the coach fare for these two, all the way from Pebblebrook to the railway and back."

"You only think of sordid details," said Claire, scornfully, from the becoming shadow of her great, red parasol. "Fancy thinking of coach fares in the presence of these mountains! Look at them, Maidie—only look at them! How vast, how overwhelming! I feel as if we never—never should escape from them, somehow. Road agents, indeed! Why, armies might be concealed behind those cliffs, and each not know of the other's presence. It only wants some lonely watch-tower on the height to be the most terrifying spot I could conceive of in my most romantic dreams!"

"Wallis," I said, uneasily, leaning forward to address our driver, "there are no road agents now, are there?"

For our outlook was growing more and more wild and terrible, the hot brown rocks were narrowing in upon us; and the stillness had something strangely desolate in it.

Wallis, a 'cute, but honest-looking, Yankee, turned round, and smiled reassuringly. "Not for some years now," he said, in his slow drawl; I expect he would have died sooner than have said "Miss," yet he was as loyal a servant as ever breathed. "I did hear some talk of such a thing a month or two back; heard the Sheriff was wanting someone that had been run out er Copperville, and war supposed to have made tracks for Dungeon Gap—that's what they call this here lo-cality; but you may lay your bottom dollar that if the Colonel had thought there was the least bit of danger, he wouldn't have let you two pretty bits of sugar-candy come this way."

He laughed to himself at the idea, as he coaxed the backs of the two strong little horses with his whip-lash; but I am quick to notice things, and I saw the other man, who was a half-caste, turn a short, swift look in his direction as he spoke. It was not much to notice, perhaps, but it was a furtive look—a look that vaguely suggested danger to me. But our surroundings were calculated to foster wild ideas.

"'Nother thing," went on Wallis, in his queer monotone, "anybody as tried to play it low down on us would have to get these little trifles that Dick and me carries into his reckoning." He displayed the muzzle of his revolver; and this time, it was a much more intent look that Dick threw at him.

"Armed!" cried Claire; "that certainly does impart a spice of romance to the affair! Why, Wallis, I've twice the respect for you, now that I know you carry a revolver!"

"I can do better than carry it, young woman; I can use it," said Wallis, with that queer, significant inflection of voice which makes almost anything a Yankee says sound witty. We both laughed, with great approval of our trusty escort; and then, for a few moments, silence fell as the road grew very, very steep—a mere cutting, cleft down deep between two vast, beetling bastions of rock. The half-caste swung himself noiselessly off the driving-seat, and walked by the horses' heads. He whistled a tune, as he patted and encouraged them. Most bewilderingly the road twisted in and out; we could at no time see more than a few yards ahead; we had both been two months in America, doing Niagara and Quebec, and going up the Saguenay to Cape Eternity; but nothing that we had seen impressed us with the awful sense of sublimity that this mighty gorge called forth.

And then, in the utter stillness, we heard the sound of a horse snorting, and the jingle of steel, echoed back with astonishing clearness from the silent rocks. We turned a sharp corner, and there was a group of men, masked, drawn across the narrow road, with the evident intention of preventing our passage.

Claire's adventure had come to her!

"Stop!" called a deep voice, peremptorily. It came from a mounted man.

"Held up, by heavens!" I heard Wallis mutter, between his teeth, as he pulled up the startled, sweating horses.

"Hold up your hands, or I fire!" cried the same voice.

Wallis was fain to do so; he was covered by half-a-dozen revolvers, and the sacrifice of his life would have been no use to us then. But Claire was on her feet in an instant. With one spring, and as it seemed to me in a moment of time, she had sprung up behind Wallis, dived into his pocket, and fired off his weapon into the thick of our assailants. She knew they would not fire on her; but, even as the pistol clicked, Wallis gave a hoarse cry. It was not loaded: the charge had been withdrawn!

Recognising in a flash the treachery of the half-caste, Wallis hurled at him epithets which seemed to me, at that moment, to scorch like physical heat. But it was of no use; the horrible Dick was on the winning side, and he grinned.

Four men came forward, leaving us still covered by half-a-dozen revolvers; they bound poor Wallis hand and foot, removed him from the box, and then approached us. Claire was standing up in the carriage, looking more lovely than I had ever seen her. The colour blazed in her cheek; her mien was that of a captive queen.

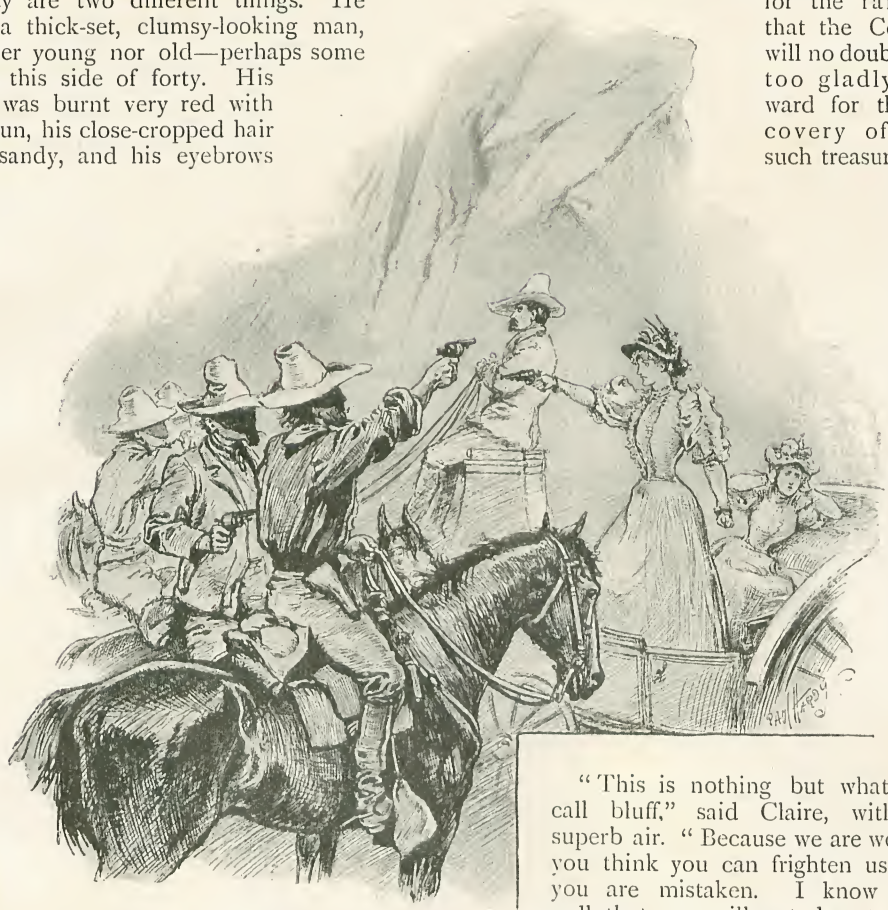
"Which is the leader of this set of ruffians?" said she, to the one nearest her.

Oh! alas, for romance! They *were* ruffians, and no mistake. Though their masks hid the upper part of their faces, there was simply not a loop-hole for imagination anywhere. But for their appearance of greater physical strength, they might have been a crew of London thieves of the lowest class. The man addressed by Claire leered horribly, and said, with an unmistakable Cockney twang:—

"'Ere, capting, the young lydy wants to speak to yer."

On this, the man rode forward, unmasked, and checked his horse at our side.

I saw Claire's face fall as she looked at him, with a woful sense that romance and reality are two different things. He was a thick-set, clumsy-looking man, neither young nor old—perhaps some years this side of forty. His face was burnt very red with the sun, his close-cropped hair was sandy, and his eyebrows almost white: he was more like a commercial traveller in needy circumstances than a bandit. It was a face dead to all considerations save those of £ s. d.



"HELD UP!"

However, Claire was never one to let herself be daunted by the unforeseen; she pulled herself together in an instant.

"Explain, if you please," said she, with the air of a lady addressing her butler caught stealing the plate. "What does this mean? Why have you stopped us? Why have you dared to make my servant prisoner?"

"For the simple reason that you haven't got money enough about you to content us, I'm afraid, my dears. If you have, we'll make our apologies, and let you go without delay: but, unless I am misinformed, you are expecting remittances to meet you, at Colonel Hurst's Ranch, over by Pebblebrook. So I think it will suit us better to keep you as hostages for the ransom that the Colonel will no doubt only too gladly forward for the recovery of two such treasures."

"This is nothing but what they call bluff," said Claire, with her superb air. "Because we are women, you think you can frighten us; but you are mistaken. I know quite well that you will not dare to hold us prisoners; the days are past when such things were possible. So the jest may end."

The captain was lighting his pipe, which had gone out; he flung away his match, with a short laugh.

"Glad you see it in that light," he said. "But it wasn't intended as a practical joke, I assure you; we can't afford such luxuries. Here you are, and here we mean to keep you, till we can sell you at our own price. If your relations don't see it—well, there's several of us wants wives, and we'll have to draw lots for you."

This sally amused the men; to me, the horror of it was simply deadly; and to my everlasting degradation, I fainted away,

slipping down to the floor of the carriage in a state of complete insensibility.

When I came to myself, Claire's arm was round me; I knew it to be hers, because of the faint odour of violets which always hung about her things. The carriage was in motion, but there was a bandage tied over my eyes.

"Claire, oh, Claire!" I panted.

"Hush, darling," whispered she, with a comforting pressure of her strong, loving arm. "Don't speak, there is one of those devils in the carriage with us."

I moaned. "Are you blindfold, too?"

"Yes."

The word leapt from between her clenched teeth, with an energy which boded ill for her captors, should the tables ever be turned upon them. But something in her strong, reserved silence gave me confidence. I would not disgrace her, so I lay still in her arms.

On, on, on, went the carriage, up some incredibly steep gradient; we could hear the brutal men lashing and goading the brave little horses; but even that could not make Claire break through her silence, though I felt her quiver at each blow. We must have gone on so for two hours, I think — it seemed like two days. Then at last they stopped, and we heard the voice of the captain.

"Now, ladies, we must trouble you to get out and walk. The way into our parlour is up a winding stair, if I may quote from the poets. I don't think the horses could do it." At the same moment he caught me by the waist, to lift me out; I was not prepared for it, and I shrieked aloud with terror. There was a chorus of rude laughter, and the man chuckled odiously as he set me down on my feet. "Claire! Claire!" I cried.

Almost instantly I felt her slim, warm hand slipped into mine, so bravely and protectingly. "Maidie, Maidie," whispered she, with passionate urgency, "they are not likely to let us walk together, as we cannot see where we are going; I entreat you not to cry out unless you are really being insulted; it goes to my heart to hear your cries."

"I—I promise," sobbed I.

Then I was taken by the arm, not unkindly. I think the men saw that I was delicate and timid, and my unseen guide said to me, in a not unpleasant, though shockingly uneducated, voice, "All right, little 'un, nobody's going to kill you. Take it easy, and I'll tote you when you're tired."

So on we went, and up we went—up, up, up. I stumbled cruelly, not seeing where to set my feet, and unable to keep from occasional small sounds of distress, as I struck my feet against the stones. At last I felt quite worn out, and the tears began to fall, though I cried quietly, to avoid distressing Claire.

"Done for?" said my escort, half-contemptuously. "You ain't got the spirit of the other one! My! She is a good plucked 'un!"

So saying, he picked me up, and toted me, as he called it, with a good deal of puffing and blowing, and stopping to rest.

"HE PICKED ME UP."

"Shall I put in a turn?" asked one of his comrades.

"Not this journey; I'm getting kinder used to this now, and I believe I kinder like it," was the magnanimous response.

At last we were set down. I reeled, as my feet touched the ground, but the arms of that wonderful Claire were around me in an instant, and it was she who unbandaged my eyes.

We were in a cave, one end of which had been open, and was now inclosed by boards, with a pretty good-sized window. There was a long, narrow table, made of planks, and several benches. Here and there, on the rocky walls, were pasted pictures from the lower sort of American illustrated papers — all

vulgar, some silly, and some indecent. From the window we could see only a jagged fringe of rocks, about ten feet off, so we judged at once that the cave would be quite invisible to anyone who was standing anywhere but on this narrow terrace. I lifted my anguished eyes to Claire; she was very white, but she did not flinch.

"Be brave—they dare not hurt us," she whispered; and then suddenly straightened herself up, as the captain entered, carefully closing the door behind him.

"I'm afraid you're tired, ladies," said he, with what was evidently intended to be civility. "You shall have something to eat directly; and meanwhile, here's your sleeping room."

He went to the dark end of the cave, and opened a plank door. We peered at the inner cave with shrinking hearts. It was lit by a hole in the roof, and contained two straw mattresses, with woollen rugs thrown over them, and a tin basin on a bench.

"Not the handsome accommodation I should like to offer you, but we don't often have lady visitors," he remarked. Claire looked in silence, and turned away into the larger and lighter room. She seated herself by the table.

"We must have a few minutes' conversation, if you please," said she, still preserving the voice and manner of a mistress dealing with a dishonest servant. "I wish to understand your intentions clearly. You say you intend to keep us here in order to induce our uncle to buy our lives, is it (or our liberty) from you?"

He hesitated a moment. "Your lives are in no danger," he then said.

"In no case? Not even if we tried to escape?"

He laughed very contemptuously. "If you try to escape, you will be brought back, that's all."

"I ask how you propose to communicate with Colonel Hurst, and how long you think it will take?"

"I'll answer both those questions, so far as I can. My messenger will not arrive at Pebblebrook until Thursday, two days after you were expected; and he will leave a note, telling your uncle to come on Saturday to the spot where you met us to-day, and fetch you. If he brings the needful, you'll be handed over in good condition."

"I suppose you know that Colonel Hurst is not a rich man?" she questioned.

He puffed leisurely at his pipe for several moments before replying.

"I reckon I know his exact means a sight better than either of you two innocents: he can pay what I've asked; but it'll pretty well see the bottom of his pile." With these words, he rose from the end of the table where he had been seated, and moved to the door.

"I'll tell the butler to send up dinner," he remarked; and disappeared.

I cast myself down by the table, and hid my face. Claire commenced a restless pacing up and down the narrow limit of the cave. She tried the door, but it was locked, of course; and then she peeped, with a shudder, into the inner cave. It was very lofty, but the hole at the top, which served to admit air and light, had nevertheless been securely barred with iron; evidently this was not the first time it had been used as a prison. But the thing that disturbed us both most was the fact that it was not possible to secure the door in any way from the inside. We were interrupted in our reconnoitring by the entrance of two men with our trunks, which they carried into the inner room. When they had retreated, Claire turned to me. "Maidie, we must act, and at once."

"It is not of the least use to say that to me, Claire; the spirit is willing, but the flesh is quite, quite useless."

"Just so," said she; and, while she spoke, she knelt down, and began to unlock her trunk, and to search about among the things in it. "I am well aware that to ask you to help me try to escape, to scramble down steep rocks, or dare the revolvers of these men, would be the merest madness. We are two girls: humanly speaking, escape is not possible for us: and yet, I tell you, I do not mean to pass one single night in that horrible cave—so prepare."

"But what on earth are you going to do?" I cried.

She turned to me: her lovely face crimson, but with the subtle glance of concealed fun in her eyes.

"I'm going to use the woman's only weapon," said she. "This captain is a horrible person, but after all, he is a man, and men have been men since the times of Judith. Oh, don't look so horrified, my dearest! I am not going to cut off his head with a supper-knife, and call on you to hold the basin; but I am going to make him let us go—at all events, I am going to try. It will be something to stop the torment of thinking; and, if I am not mistaken, he will not be an easy man to fool."

A little hope rose in my heart as I looked

at her, standing there in her loveliness, with dauntless, mischievous eyes. She had extracted her hand-mirror, her silver brushes, her soap, and her little toilet odds and ends; and as she finished speaking, she and I moved our big trunk across the door, to prevent surprise, and began to make ourselves neat after our journey.

"I like the plan," I said, hesitatingly, "for I believe you can do almost anything; and it is the only thing I could help you in at all."

"Just so," she broke in; "you have plenty of sense, though you have so little courage; and you can back me up, as no one else could."

"But—Claire," I diffidently suggested; "have you thought what you should do, supposing he—he—tried to make love to you?"

Her lip curled divinely. "Am I not equal to that?" was all she vouchsafed. I subsided into meek acquiescence; and with that came a rap on the door to tell us that dinner was ready.

The outer room was full of men when we appeared; and, from the number of plates on the bare plank table, it seemed they were all minded to sit down to dinner with us. Claire walked in like an empress. She stopped short for a few minutes, while her eye went round the circle of villainous faces; then she turned to the captain.

"Am I expected to sit down with these ragamuffins?" she demanded.

"You must either sit down with them, or not at all," said he; but, though the words were rude, his eyes, I could see, were caught, and dwelling on the beauty of her shining hair.

"Then it is not at all," said she, with decision. "Come, Maidie."

We turned back towards the inner cave: but the captain stood before us.

"Sorry, we can't allow you to use knives, except in our presence; you might hide them: so you must feed here, or not at all."

"Not at all, then," repeated she, composedly.

"Hang it, I say you shall sit down!" cried the man, angrily.

She turned upon him the full, clear glance of her splendid eyes.

"You say so! Who are you?" she said, with cool insolence.

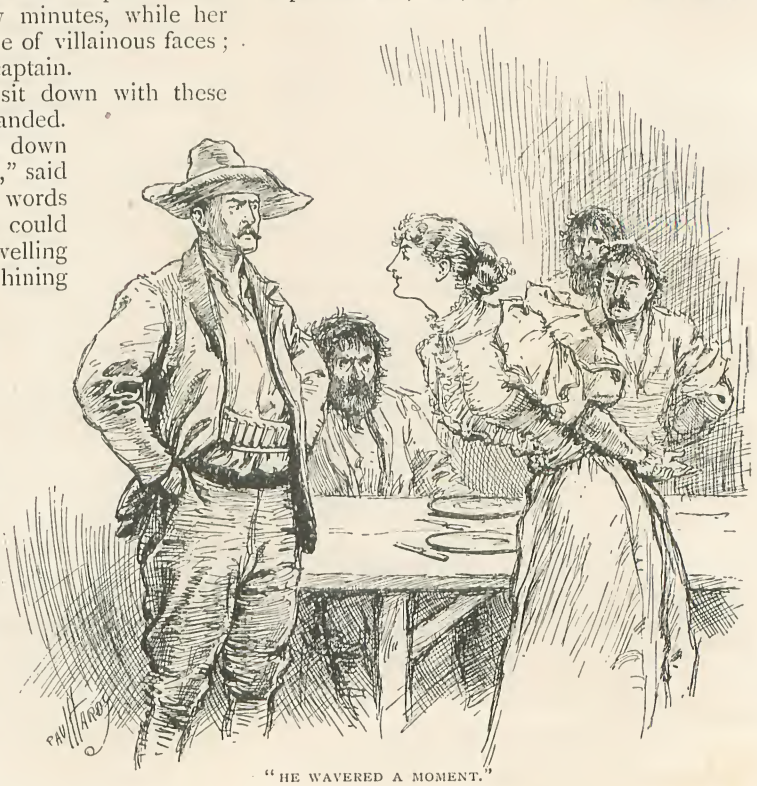
There was a roar of laughter.

"If you had really any control over these wild beasts," she went on, "you would send them away until we had eaten; but you are not even a capable villain: you are just a common thief, with no idea even of a thief's honour. Faugh! I would sooner go hungry than be in the same room with you."

He was furiously angry. "At any rate, you shall do as I tell you," he said, coming nearer. She moved a step towards him, looking him straight in the eyes.

"I will not," she said, and put her hands behind her. Then, as he wavered a moment, uncertain whether to touch her or not, she broke into a brilliant smile—a smile that seemed to stagger him like a blow. "We will go into the next room till you have finished," she went on. "Then we will come and eat something—with your permission, sir."

Hand in hand we retreated, no man seeking to prevent us; and, so far as we could hear,



"HE WAVERED A MOMENT."

the meal was then partaken of in almost unbroken silence. In about half an hour the captain again rapped on the door, and called to us to come out. The others had all disappeared, and so had their dirty plates and empty glasses: the tinned beef and tinned fruit seemed appetizing enough to us, who were half-starving; and we sat down forthwith, the captain leaning against the wall, and watching us.

He spoke no word until we had finished, when he removed our plates, and handed them out, through the door, to somebody in waiting outside. In a minute or two he returned, with his gun, carefully fastened the door, and took his seat near it, with a rag and a ramrod, and set to work to clean the gun, with an evident intention of doing so in silence.

Claire stood for some time motionless, watching him under her lowered eyelids; then, with a glance at me, she went into the inner room, and I, of course, followed her.

"The campaign is about to open," she whispered, laughing, as she bent over her trunk, and took out a delicate morsel of fancy-work, all lovely, subdued colours, and gold thread.

We accordingly returned to the society of our gaoler, who bent obstinately over his work, and took no notice of either our going or coming.

Petulantly Claire flung herself upon the bench under the window, and began to stitch. But in a few minutes she let her silk drop with a sigh, and began to look about her, her roving gaze finally settling upon the captain, with strange persistency. However, he did not look up. Then she tumbled out all her silks from her lap, on the floor, at his very feet. He took no sort of notice, and now I saw just the ghost of a laugh hover over Claire's bewitching mouth, and knew that she was really preparing to enjoy herself.

With a swoop she fell upon the embroidery silks, and swept them into her bag, which she tossed on the bench. Then she stretched herself with a luxurious languor, gave herself a little shake, and sat down on the edge of the table, her pretty feet, in her very best beaded shoes, swinging to and fro under the insensate log's nose.

The cave faced due west—the sun was just low enough to shine straight in; its radiance made Claire a perfect dream of beauty as she sat there, in all the sweetness of her girlhood, and the daintiness of her attire.

"Captain," said she, softly.

He did look up then, at last; and I think she fairly dazzled his eyes. She was leaning a little forward, her eyes fixed upon him, mocking and mirthful. "Oh, captain," said she, "how I envy you!"

He stared at her for a moment longer,

"'OH, CAPTAIN,' SAID SHE, 'HOW I ENVY YOU.'"

then gave a short grunt, expressive of contempt, and turned to his gun, with no other reply.

"I have always wanted to be a brigand," she went on; "haven't I, Maidie?"

"You have," said I, promptly; "in fact, on the way here, you were just saying how nice it would be to be captured, when the captain appeared."

"So nice and Bret Hartish," she went on,

dreamily. "But you know you ought to try and copy them in everything—the Bret Harte people, I mean: Jack Hamlyn, and so on. There is one thing in which you are not at all like the Californians he writes about; I can see it at a glance. They all had one saving touch of sentiment—one weak place. Something that, when the crisis of the story comes, has survived principle, and almost does instead. Now you, obviously, have no weak place in your armour, have you?" she asked, naïvely, looking him up and down, rather as if she expected to find the thing in his boots, or his bandolier.

Then he spoke. "If I had such a thing about me, you wouldn't be able to strike it," he replied, grimly. "You, indeed! You called me a common thief just now: I call you a common flirt! Do you think to come it over me by making eyes? I've danced with a dozen of your sort in New York."

I was bursting with rage, that Claire should so expose herself to insult; but she smiled sweetly, and never turned a hair.

"You know very little about women—which is much in your favour," she said, earnestly. "If you did, you would know that a common flirt is never candid. If I were trying to get over you, as you call it, should I have begun by showing my hand?"

"I tell you again, I know your tack," he said, sullenly, with an impatient movement of his shoulder, as if to break off the conversation. "I see through you as if you were a window."

She laughed out—her own little, sweet laugh, like the bubbling of a fountain. "If I am like a window in being easily seen through, I am very unlike one in another respect: I am not at all easy to shut up, as you will find," cried she, gleefully. "Come, don't be disagreeable. I thought you were only mercenary, with the excuse that being very hard up usually gives. Is there any need to be unkind as well?"

He blew down the barrel of his gun before replying. "How am I unkind?"

"I want to be amused," pouted Claire. "Here we are. It's your own doing; we didn't ask you to bring us here; but, as you have brought us, quite against our own will, you ought to help make the time pass pleasantly, don't you think so?"

"Seems to me, you can talk for the two of us," he remarked, ungraciously.

"Oh, I'm quite willing to talk, if you'll answer me, and not abuse me," she said, eagerly.

"I don't think it was I started the abuse," he said, shortly.

"Well, let us do the thing handsomely," suggested Claire. "I'll say I'm sorry I called you a thief, if you like; will you shake hands?"

She held out her roseleaf of a hand, with a look that I only wish I could describe. His eyes rested on the little pink palm for a moment: then he looked at his own hand, oily and dark and hard: and under the brick-red of his skin, a hot flush came up.

But Claire's hand was still outstretched: and, after a curiously long hesitation, he did take it in his own. It seemed to me as if he knew what magic power would lie in that soft, warm touch, and dreaded it. They shook hands gravely.

"Now," cried Claire, "we shall get on: let's begin at names. Mine is Claire, and this is my sister Maidie: our surname is Hurst, as you know; now, what is yours?"

He raised his face to hers, with a smile of very amused fun. "No, my lady," he said; "not quite such an easy draw as that: you'd get on better if you didn't try to get on so fast."

She looked at him steadily and gravely. "Do you mean that you don't want us to know your name?"

"Seems so, doesn't it?"

She looked puzzled. "I don't see that it would matter, because, of course, it wouldn't be your real name," she said. "I only mean the name you go by. Don't they call you Sandy, or something like that?"

He coloured to the roots of his short light hair, and looked furious. "Look here, that's about enough of your cheek," he said. "It's my own fault for coming in here, that it is; I'll go outside," and he rose to his feet, angrily snapping his gun.

"Well," said Claire, smiling, and drawing a deep breath, as of one infinitely relieved; "it *has* taken a time to drive you out. Good-bye. You need not hurry back."

He turned at the door, and glared at her as she sat swaying to and fro in the warm sunlight, which made her shining hair into an aureole, and lit up her young form against the murky background of the cave. He went right up to her, with eyes blazing. Somehow, he was a finer-looking man than I had supposed.

"Do you mean to say all that was done to get me to go away?"

She raised her eyes to his. "Why should I tell you what you know already? You can

see through me, you know, as if I were a window."

He stood so long, drinking in the sight of her, that I wondered when he was going to move. There was the strangest look in his face.

"Do you want me to go?" he said, at last.

She took a deep breath.

"Well, if you must know, I want you to stay," she said, mischievously. "I should be afraid of the others if you were not here; but while you stay with us, I know they would not hurt us."

"I believe," said he, slowly, "that you are one embodied lie, from the crown of your head to the sole of your shoes."

"Not quite so transparent as you thought?" she suggested, slily.

He turned slowly away from her as if it hurt him to tear himself free. "Good-bye, I'm for the open air—no more witches' spells for me," he jerked out.

"Oh, captain!" cried she, jumping from the table, and darting to him, as he stood by the door. "Do let us come outside! Do let us have a little fresh air. I give my word for both of us, we will be as good as gold if we may come out into the sunshine. Say yes, and I will not torment you any more."

He said nothing, but held the door open that she might go out; and she, beckoning me to follow her, darted out into the dazzling light of the mountain afternoon.

Beyond the cave, the parapet of stone which edged the narrow terrace was much lower: and from thence, we had a magnificent view, sheer down a precipice of giddy depth, across a cañon, and beyond that, the heaving masses of hills stretching away into infinite distance, through air as pure and clear as crystal. At this height the air was not so hot, and sweet and fresh as only mountain air can be.

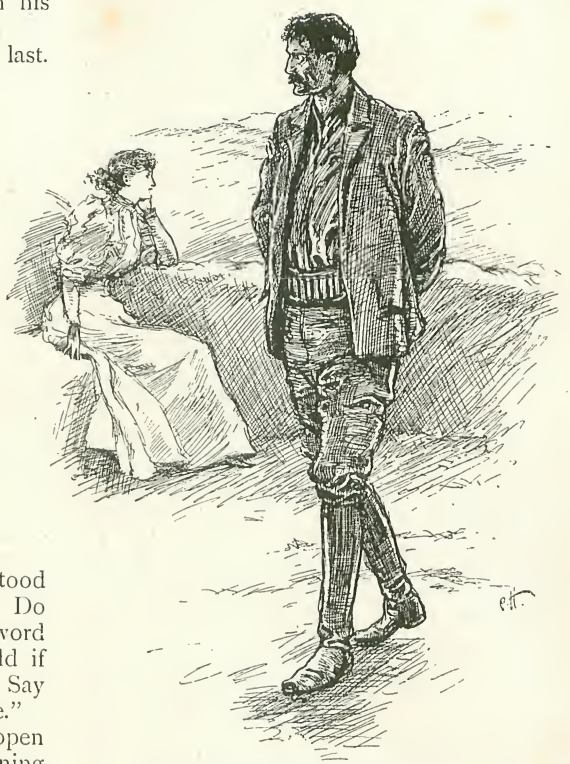
We sat down by the kind of natural balcony, to drink in the beauty and the wonder of it all; and the captain walked up and down for some time, like a sentry. Claire took not the least notice of him. Faithful to her promise not to molest him, she never turned her eyes in his direction, but seemed, even to me, utterly absorbed in the majesty of what she saw.

But his eyes were almost constantly on her: he hovered nearer and nearer to where she sat; and, at last, came to a standstill before her.



Then she lifted up to him lashes wet with unshed tears.

"I wonder," she faltered, "how you *can* be wicked in such a place as this!"



"HE HOVERED NEARER TO WHERE SHE SAT."

He laughed harshly.

"Perhaps you think the beauties of Nature can keep men from feeling hungry?" he said.

"Hungry?" The tears overflowed, and lay on her cheeks. "Were you ever hungry?" she asked.

There was just the faintest possible accent on the "you." He sat down at her side.

"Going to recommend me to turn religious, eh?" he sneered.

She slowly shook her little head.

"If these mountains and this holiness all about you cannot persuade you, is it likely I could?"

"'T'ain't likely"—there was the faintest suspicion of the Yankee drawl in his tones, and he looked at her sidelong, under his eyes; "'t'aint likely: but I wouldn't go so far as to say it would be impossible."

Claire's eyes sent mine one momentary, silent, flashing telegram—the sole word, "Triumph."

There was a wild-looking creeper, with red

blossoms, clinging to the face of the rock. I rose and strayed away to gather some of the flowers. I went out of earshot, but the sound of their voices reached me, and I saw that they were in deep talk. I picked a quantity of red blossoms with deliberation —there was surely no need for hurry in such a place—and, when I had a handful, I sat down where I was, and arranged my spoils in little bunches, which I tied carefully with a bit of Claire's embroidery silk.

The sun was low enough now to dip behind the stone edging of the natural balcony on which we stood. The two figures on the rock were in deep shadow; but I could see that the man had flung off his false indifference, and was leaning forward, with his arms on his knees, speaking earnestly. Presently a sound broke the stillness—it sounded like the call of a bird, not loud, but very clear—and suddenly, as in an opera, the vacant stage was all alive with actors. From down the rock path came two men with trays of plates and tin mugs, and from every side the band assembled, at the welcome call to supper. I saw Claire rise, and move to the cave door, and I joined her. The captain stood aside to let us pass in, and we went together into our private apartment.

When the door was shut, Claire just looked at me, and nodded, but did not speak, for how could we tell whether we could be overheard? But, to my amazement, she bent over her trunk and began to hunt out a white evening gown.

"Claire!" I uttered, in absolute amazement.

"It is so hot in this place," mumbled she, with her red face half hidden among her possessions.

It was not long before the summons came for us to eat our own supper; and, as my sister emerged into the light of the two flaring petroleum lamps, I saw an instant look of suspicion cross the captain's face. "How silly she is," I thought. "She will undo all the good she has done."

Indeed, we partook of our meal in almost unbroken silence, as if the events of the sunset had been a dream; but Claire seemed quite tranquil and unmoved. She had brought in her guitar with her, and, when we had finished, she took it in her hand, and went up to the morosely silent man in the corner.

"May we go out again?" she asked, looking up in his face.

"Is that your game? To get off in the dark?" he asked.

"In a white muslin gown? It would be a very convenient thing to escape in, would it not?" she asked, tantalizingly. "This little flutter of white among the rocks would be the best of marks for your revolver, don't you think so?"

I saw him wince, but, as before, he opened the door, and we went out.

What a night! There was no moon, but the whole sapphire vault above us fairly scintillated with stars, and their vague light silvered over the distant mountain-tops with magic radiance. We all three stood for a while in silence, tense and full, gazing at the scene.

Then Claire's soft voice was heard. "Pebblebrook lies over there, I suppose," raising a white arm, and pointing across the mountains. "Poor Uncle Will," she sighed; "I am so glad he is sleeping in peace to-night, not knowing of our danger." She turned her flower-like face up to him, sparkling with laughter, and yet tearful. "He loves me better than anything else in the world," she said. "Our mother was the woman he loved, and he thinks I am exactly like her: you would have made the ransom bigger if you had known that, wouldn't you?"

He gave a sharp sound, as if she had hurt him. "Confound the ransom!" he growled.

"Oh, don't say that. Think of the joy to be free again, the delight of springing into Uncle Will's arms, after all the horror, all the shame of this," whispered she. "All my life that I have lived feels as if it were something that happened in another world, another life! So far away!—Oh"—she broke into piteous tears, stretching out her hands to the distance—"I cannot bear it!—Oh, Uncle Will, come, come to us, and take us home!"

She slipped to her knees, hiding her face in her arms, and shook with sobs. The captain stood over her, motionless; his face, in the starlight, smote my heart with pity. Once he stooped, and I thought he was going to take her in his arms; but all he did was to noiselessly kiss a ring of her bright hair. He thought I was not looking.

After a few minutes' weeping, she sprang to her feet again, and dashed away the tears.

"What's the use of crying?" cried she, gaily. "Come, captain, you have been kind, letting us come out into this blessed starlight, you deserve a reward. I'll sing to you."

So she caught up her guitar, and sang. First of all, some gay little modern ballads, and then some Jacobite songs. As she sang,

by degrees an audience assembled : from the darkness all around, the men crept out, and when she sang "Bonny Charlie's Now Awa'," there was a distinct attempt to join in the refrain.

And then, suddenly, she struck up some

"BY DEGREES AN AUDIENCE ASSEMBLED."

unmistakable banjo chords, and sang "The Old Folks at Home."

'Way down upon the Suwannee Ribber.

It was marvellously clever of her. If there was anything on earth that would have gone to the hearts of those poor riff-raff of humanity, it was the homely, natural sentiment of those artless lines. The chorus came strong and clear to the first verse ; to the second, it faltered ; and to the third there was no response, except one or two significant sniffs. To sit in an air so charged with emotion is infectious ; Claire felt her own voice wavering. I helped her bravely for a while, until the passion of our loneliness and danger struck upon my heart—I, too, began to weep, and then Claire flung down her guitar, sprang up, and darted into the cave.

There was a momentary lull, then a round of applause, and many a hoarse voice shouted "Bravo !"

The captain rose from where he had been seated, close to the singer, and deliberately walked into the cave after her. I, too, followed : but I did not go in.

I saw him go up to her, where she sat by the table, her white arms flung out across it, her shoulders shaken. He stood by her in silence for as long as he could bear it, and then gave vent to a cry : "Don't !"

"I can't help it," she sobbed ; "it is so dreadful. I am so unhappy, and so afraid ! Go away ! Why are you here, if you don't like to face the misery you have caused ?"

I saw him turn away, and walk up and down twice or thrice. Then he came to the door and shut it ; he had forgotten me, as though I never existed ; but there was a crack in the shutter of the window, and when I had found it, he was *kneeling at my sister's feet.*

It sent an odd thrill through me to see his face. I had anticipated that Claire would fascinate him, but not that she would ennoble him. The birth of a soul was in the formerly dull, meaningless eyes.

I saw Claire look at him, and I felt sure, from her expression, that she too had not anticipated love, but only passion. Yet there was no hint of relenting in her beautiful eyes.

He leaned his arm upon the table, his head on his hand, and talked : it was maddening not to hear what he said. No human being could have been more respectful, more reverent ; he looked as if he almost worshipped her. I waited, out there in the chilly night, for quite half an hour, I should think ; and then I knocked at the door.

There was a somewhat long delay before it was opened, but, as I entered, there was no sign of emotion on either face. Claire was standing by the table : and she took my hand, holding the other to the captain. "Good-night," she said.

He replied as quietly, "Good-night."

So she had actually failed, and we were to pass a night, after all, in the horrible, dark cave.

I dared not say a word of all this, because of Claire's face.

"HE WAS KNEELING AT MY SISTER'S FEET."

"You must go to bed in the dark," said the captain, roughly. "We can't allow lights."

"We are not afraid of the dark," returned Claire, superbly.

I glanced round, and saw that one of the band was present, standing in the doorway. Claire and I withdrew to the dank blackness of our sleeping apartment.

"We will not undress," said she, in a low voice.

"I should think not," I answered, in horror.

"Help me, Maidie, change this dress for a thick one, and to put the largest trunk against the door, and the others on the top of it."

I could hear her, in the pitch dark, carefully replacing things we had taken out of the boxes, and locking them up. Then, with great difficulty, we dragged the heaviest into position, and piled the others upon it. Then we said our prayers, and lay down; but, after a few minutes, I heard Claire again softly moving about.

"What are you doing?" I asked, cautiously.

"Putting my valuables where I can find them easily," she replied. "Go to sleep, Maidie." I was so tired that I obeyed almost at once.

When someone laid a hand on my shoulder and shook me awake, I almost screamed, but controlled myself by a great effort.

"It is only Claire," whispered she. "Be quite quiet, darling—we are going to be saved; but our lives depend on you; I may trust you, little sister?"

"Yes, Claire," I answered, simply.

"Look up, then," she murmured. I did. The bars were gone from the hole in the roof, and I could see dimly in the starlight the outline of a man's head and shoulders.

"Now, Maidie, obedience, prompt and silent. I am going to help you scramble up to the top of our trunks. There will be a noose of rope—put it round you so that you sit in it like a swing, and hold tight."

I did exactly as I was bid, and was not in the least alarmed when I was safely drawn up, and saw the square face of the captain, who in the lowest of whispers bade me lie flat down. I did so, and then Claire was drawn up. No words passed, but the captain too lay down flat, and began to crawl along the rocks, we following as best we could. It was very tiring work, and I was beginning to feel that I could not bear much more, when we crawled into the entrance of a tunnel, and, after going a short way along it, halted, and resumed our upright position.

"I dare not have a light, even here," I heard our guide whisper to Claire. "Are you very tired; shall I carry you—again?"

That "again" revealed to me the fact that the captain must have carried Claire for at least some part of our blindfold journey this morning.

"No, thanks," she at once replied. "Carry the little one: she is not as strong as I."

But I declined "toting" this time, since my eyes were open, and we were going down-hill.

In utter darkness we went on and on for an hour. Then we had to halt while he struck a match, for we had reached a great cave, and could not cross it in safety without a light. I saw his face, all transfigured, as the match flickered over it, and knew that, to him, this journey was like the path to Paradise.

Well! The nature of that escape need not be dwelt upon. We could not linger, for every moment was precious, and the way was long and difficult. When we came out of the tunnel, we walked through rocky

galleries that were like a maze—I wondered how any human being could possibly find his way, one was so exactly like another. As we pressed on, the dawn began to break, and the stars grew pale; and at last, in the fast increasing, pallid light of earliest morning, we came out upon a road, and there stood our own carriage, and our brave little horses, and Wallis motionless on the box.

Claire uttered a little cry of gladness, but the captain turned his face away, and looked up at the limpid heavens.

"You have not a moment to lose," he said.

My sister paused, hesitating for a moment, and then went up to him: in her hand was a little bag.

"You said," she whispered, "you said—that you were sometimes—hungry. I—don't feel as if I could bear that. There is nothing of very great value here, but I should like you to—it would comfort me if you would"—she could not finish the sentence. His reproachful eyes tied her tongue.

"Oh—don't apologize," he said. "I know I have deserved that, and worse; but, you see—the former things are passed away. However, there is one thing I should like to have."

It was the little bunch of red flowers I had tied for her, and which she had worn in her white evening gown. He held them in his hand. "You let them fall," he said, "but I will not keep them unless you say I may."

"Oh!" was all she said; but I saw the tears start as she turned away.

Two minutes afterwards we were free, and the morning sun illumined our joyous faces as the horses dashed forwards.

It was three weeks later, and we sat on the piazza of Uncle Will's pretty bungalow, lazily swaying in our hammocks in the warm air.

Claire had been made a great heroine among all my uncle's friends. Her way of relating our adventure was most attractively funny, and invariably caused the greatest mirth among her audience. Yet there were times when I thought she felt a little guilty, a little remorseful, and ill at ease.

"Do you remember Leighton's picture of 'Cymon and Iphigenia'?" she asked me this afternoon, suddenly, out of the silence and sleepy comfort of the hammock.

"Yes—I think so: he was an idiot who found a soul on gazing at a King's daughter asleep, was he not?"

"Yes; that was it. Do you know, Maidie, whenever I think of the captain, I think of that picture too?"

Her voice sounded depressed.

"But you saved our lives, and Wallis's too," I urged, in consolatory tones, though she had not said in so many words that she felt in need of consolation.

"Well, I don't know about lives," said she, more cheerfully; "but I suppose I saved Uncle Will from financial ruin, which is worth doing, isn't it?"

At which point Chloe, our black waiting-maid, came out on the piazza with the news that there was a gentleman wishing to see the young ladies.

"Is it Mr. Templeton or Mr. Blundell?" asked Claire, who, of course, had her court already at Pebblebrook.

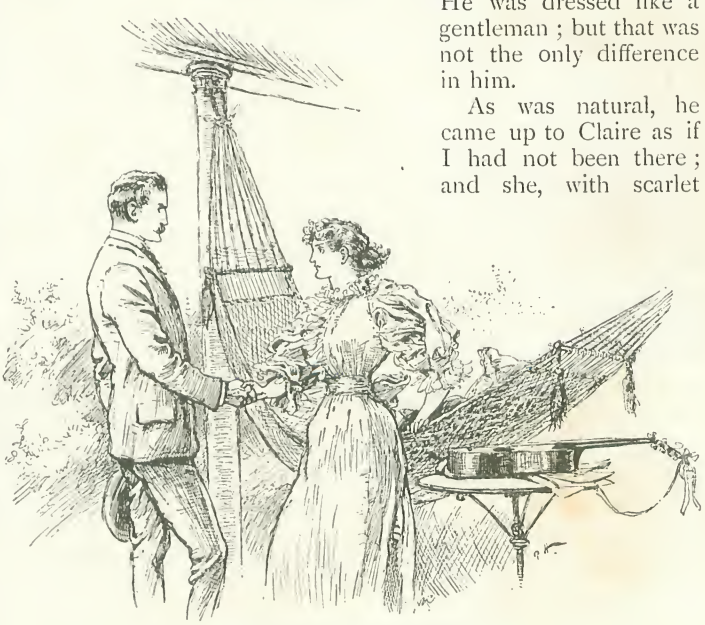
No, it was nobody known to Chloe, but he had given her his card. On the card was written "John Ruthven."

We were quite mystified. "Are you sure he is a gentleman, Chloe?" asked Claire.

"Oh, missee, sartain for sure; and, oh, my! Here's he done come out on the piazza!"

Of course, it was the captain. As soon as I saw him, I felt as if I had expected it every moment. But he was much changed. He was dressed like a gentleman; but that was not the only difference in him.

As was natural, he came up to Claire as if I had not been there; and she, with scarlet



"HE CAME UP TO CLAIRE."

cheeks, sprang from the hammock, and gave him her hand. There was a long pause after their greeting, and then she coldly asked him to sit down. I knew the consternation she must be feeling. This was an unlooked-for development. A thief—an outlaw! What would Uncle Will say? The pressing concern of the moment was to get him to go.

She remained standing by the little table on which lay a guitar—not her own, which, of course, had been left behind. He, too, stood, and seemed to be filling his soul with the sight of her.

At last she cleared her throat, and spoke: "I am afraid you run some risk, Mr. Ruthven, in letting yourself be seen, do you not?"

"What does that matter?" said this go-ahead suitor.

"If you think it is of no consequence, of course"—she made a little gesture with her hands. "But after your risking so much for us, we should be sorry for you to get into trouble. However, I am glad to have this chance of thanking you. My uncle will be in soon—I feel sure he would like——"

"You know I did not come to see him—nor to be thanked."

She raised her brows, as though to say, "What, then, could be your motive?" The hardness of fear was in her face; evidently she saw that she must be cruel, and wished to get it over.

"Your visit is opportune from another reason," she went on, with a nervous laugh. "It enables me to apologize for my—what shall we call it? Stratagem is not a nice word—but you would see afterwards that it was inevitable."

He was long silent. Heaven knows what he had expected; but not this, evidently. He did not seem to understand.

"Your stratagem?" he said, at last.

"My little attempt to get on your blind side!" she said, smiling up at him beseechingly. "I—I did not know what good feeling you had when I began——"

Something in his face broke off her lame sentence.

"When you began——" he echoed.

She laughed defiantly, and, turning, let herself down into a deck chair.

"Yes," she said, with her usual audacity, but with a most unusual nervousness behind it. "When I began to try and make a fool of you."

I never saw a man stand so horribly still. I wished he would speak, even if it were only to swear. At last——

"Then you deliberately made a fool of me?" he said, in tones devoid of any kind of feeling.

I knew Claire felt as if she were killing a lamb for dinner, and as if the only hope was to get it dead as quickly as possible.

"All is fair in war, you know," she said, not looking at him. "I had to save Maidie and myself by any means there were."

He made one step towards her.

"You kissed me——"

She was at bay then, and she rose and faced him.

"It was my last card: I played it, as you would say, for all it was worth."

There fell on the shady piazza such a silence as lets one feel how powerless words are. In the throbbing stillness our hearts were all so full that it seemed as if some kind of cry must go up from them; but there was only the cooing of the stock-doves and the hum of the flies. It was like a death-bed, and I have sometimes thought since that it was one, if we had but known.

At last the captain took up his hat. He bowed to Claire, but did not offer her his hand. Then he turned to go, and I saw his face. When his eyes fell on me, he came to the side of my hammock.

"Good-bye, little one," said he, so kindly, though I could see that it was all he could do to say those three words. Then he went.

Said my uncle, when he came in that night:—

"I heard a bit of good news to-day. There was such a nice chap, named Jack Ruthven, down at the mines by Silverro, and he got mixed up in a stabbing affray, bolted, and was outlawed. I hear to-day that the beast who really did it has confessed, so Ruthven's name is clear: and one of my hands, who knows him by sight, says he saw him down town this afternoon. I've been to the hotel, though, to see if I could get him to come up and dine; but he hasn't been there at all. I left a message for him. A capital good fellow he was, only such a devil of a temper."

That night I woke up, and heard Claire sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Claire," said I, sitting up, "I think it's ridiculous! You were not to blame—nearly as much as a gentleman who associated himself with scoundrels to rob women."

"It isn't that—it isn't that!" she sobbed; "it is that I—I—am afraid that really, deep down, I cared for him all the time!"

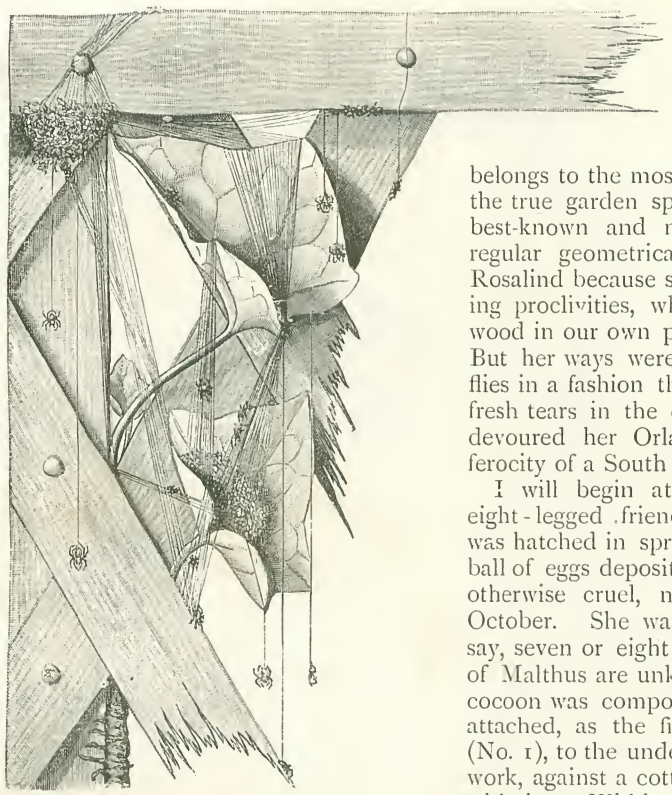
"I'm afraid it wouldn't be very easy to make him believe that now," I answered, sadly.

# *Glimpses of Nature.*

## III.—A BEAST OF PREY.

By Grant Allen.

THE lion, we all know, is the king of beasts; a Tippoo Sahib of the desert, he treats his subjects with the simple and unaffected cruelty of an Oriental monarch. The tiger is also a somewhat ruthless animal; he prefers to eat his dinner living. But for sheer ferocity and lust of blood, perhaps no creature on earth can equal that uncanny brute, the common garden spider. He is small, but he is savage. Lions and tigers are credited at least with the domestic virtues; if we object to the king of beasts that (as Thersites said of Agamemnon) he devours his people, we may be told in extenuation that, like Charles I., he is a good husband and a model father. No such plea can be urged in mitigation of the misdeeds of that bloodthirsty wretch, the female spider. Not only does this Messalina among small deer poison, and then eat, her prey, but she also often kills and makes a meal upon her own lawful spouse, the father of her children. In selecting a garden spider of my acquaintance, therefore, as a theme for a short biography, I do not desire to hold her up to the young, the gay, the giddy, and the thoughtless as a pattern for imitation. She does not point a moral with the ant. On the contrary, she must rank with Semiramis and the famous queen who dwelt in the Tour de Nesle as a shining example of abandoned and shameless wickedness.



NO. 1.—COCOON OF YOUNG SPIDERS HATCHING, AND SWARMING OF THE CLAN ON AN IVY-LEAF.

Spiders are not all alike. They are of many kinds, and of various families. So I shall begin by remarking that Rosalind, the particular lady whose portrait I have here presented to you in words, and whose life-history my colleague, Mr. Enock, has drawn for you from nature, belongs to the most familiar race of her kind, the true garden spider, which constructs the best-known and most perfect examples of regular geometrical webs. We called her Rosalind because she was a maiden of hunting proclivities, who lived under the greenwood in our own particular Forest of Arden. But her ways were not lovable. She killed flies in a fashion that would have brought up fresh tears in the eyes of Jacques; and she devoured her Orlando with all the callous ferocity of a South Sea Islander.

I will begin at the beginning with my eight-legged friend's biography. Rosalind was hatched in spring from a cosy cocoon or ball of eggs deposited by her affectionate, but otherwise cruel, mamma in the preceding October. She was one of a large family—say, seven or eight hundred. The principles of Malthus are unknown in spiderdom. The cocoon was composed of yellowish silk, and attached, as the first illustration shows you (No. 1), to the under side of a piece of trellis-work, against a cottage wall, partly overgrown with ivy. Within this snug abode the tiny eggs, each wrapped in its own internal coverlet, escaped the cold of winter, and hatched out in early spring with the first burst of warm sunshine. It was a bright May morning when they ventured abroad. The tiny spiders, just freed from their shell, with its outer great-coat, let themselves down by short webs

to an ivy-leaf below, where they clustered for a while, after the queer fashion of their species, in a sort of close-knit crêche or communal nursery. Gathering together in a compact ball or mass, like bees when they swarm, the wee creatures began by spinning in common a covering of thin silk, in whose midst they lay rolled up in an apparently inextricable tangle of legs and bodies. That is the universal fashion of young spiders of this kind. But if you touch them with a straw, a strange commotion takes place all at once in the crowded home. The mass unrolls itself. The six or eight hundred small beasts within wake all together to a sense of their responsibilities; the ball, which looks at first like a cherry-stone, divides as if by magic into so many eager and frightened animals; and the spiderlings disperse like the nations at Babel. Each goes his or her own way helter-skelter, in search of a suitable place to commence operations as a general fly-catcher; and in two minutes the space around is fairly colonized by spiders, who set their snares at once with exemplary industry. I am glad to be able to give them credit for the one good quality they do really possess; though I am aware that in their case industry is often only another name for consummate greediness.

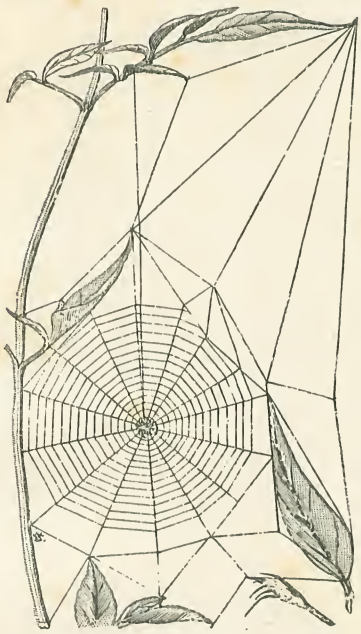
NO. 2.—YOUNG SPIDERLINGS CASTING THEIR FIRST THREADS TO CATCH THE WIND.

From the general gathering of the clan in which our Rosalind thus took part she was rudely roused by the touch of such a straw; and, emerging in haste into the open world, the great, cruel world, amidst whose temptations henceforth she was to earn her dishonest livelihood, she cast about her for a favouring breeze to waft her first-spun threads to some lucky position. It was a delicate operation. Balancing herself with her eight legs on the edge of an ivy-leaf beside her native corner (as you see her graphically represented in No. 2), she span, to begin with, a few short ends of silk, which she exposed to a passing current of air by tilting her back up in her most persuasive manner. Where the silk came from, and how she managed to spin it, we will inquire hereafter; for the moment, it must suffice to say that the wind was polite enough to fall in with her wishes, and to waft one of her threads to a secure position. There it gummed itself automatically by its own stickiness. Mr. Enock, who timed her, reports the interval she took in fixing this first thread as thirty-six seconds. The cable itself was drawn out from Rosalind's spinnerets by the force of the wind, as she stood with her head down and her body protruding; in little more than half a minute she was climbing up a line 15in. long, which had caught and glued itself on the edge of a jasmine leaf. For the silk is sticky and viscid, like the glue of a mistletoe, when first produced; it only hardens as it dries, so that it can be readily moored in its first state to whatever it touches. You may compare it in this respect to hot sealing-wax, or to the early pulled stage in toffee-making.

In No. 3, again, we see Rosalind's first snare, constructed neatly, with the usual architectural and geometrical skill of her race, between the twigs of the jasmine bush. In the centre she sits, as is her wont, head downward. The method of making this snare is so interesting and curious, however, that I shall describe it at some length, with needful explanations.

Rosalind began by letting the wind fix an original base thread, pretty much by accident. As soon as she was satisfied with the lie of this, she formed a few others about it irregularly in a rough pentagon, as you see in the outer part of the web, merely to serve as a scaffolding for her future operations. But as soon as she had formed a careless angular figure all round the sphere of her projected snare, she let down a perpendicular thread from the top of her base, through the centre of her predestined home, and fastened it off at the bottom by gliding down it as she span it. Then, walking up this first ray-line again, she set to work once more a little to the right, spinning again as she walked, and fastened a second ray from the centre of

the first to one of her outer cables. Next, time after time, she walked back to the centre, ran along the last ray made, trailing a thread as she went, and fastened each new line taut to one of the outer scaffoldings. So at



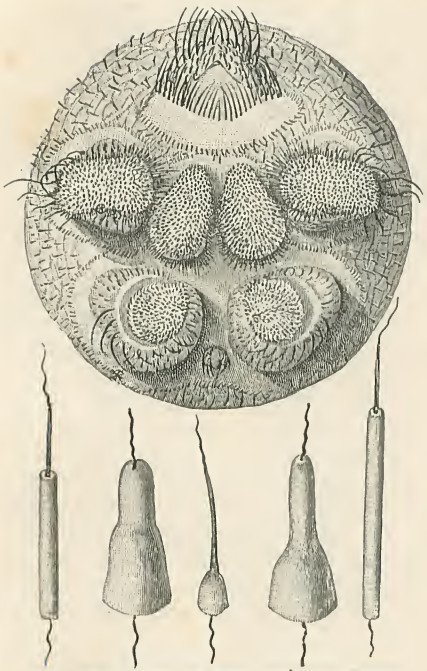
NO. 3.—A BABY SPIDER IN ITS FIRST SNARE.

last she had formed a regular set of rays like the spokes of a wheel, but as yet without any spiral connecting threads or mesh-like cross-pieces. The rays of this first framework were stout and thick, composed of several distinct strands, but very little viscid; they were built up of many threads each, in a manner to be hereafter described; and they hardened quickly on exposure to the air, for they were intended mainly to serve as beams, not as nets or insect-catchers.

Her ground-plan being thus complete, Rosalind next proceeded with great deliberation to add the meshes of the web (which are the practical insect-catchers) by connecting the rays with the spiral network. In doing this, she followed a regular method. Beginning at the centre, she fastened a thinner cord to one of the spokes, and worked slowly outward, fixing the line to each ray as she went by the aid of her hind legs, which are almost hand-like. Then, reversing the process, she fastened another thread to one of the outer cables, and carried it back through the spokes in a similar spiral to the hub or centre. These two spiral threads are the ones which she specially designed for catching her prey; they are thinner than the spokes, but are closely studded through all their length with tiny drops of sticky stuff like bird-lime, admirably adapted for snaring insects. You can see the drops, if you look close, even with the naked eye; and they are very clearly visible by the aid of a pocket-lens.

How is the web itself manufactured and produced? What is its raw material? Well, to answer that question I must give you here some brief description of the personal appearance of Rosalind and her sisters. The garden spider, you know (and as you can see her in No. 6), is a great, soft, eight-legged creature, about half an inch long, though her comparatively insignificant husband is very much smaller and less conspicuous. She consists, in the main, of two parts, the foremost of which, though it rejoices in the scientific title of the cephalothorax (science is always so careful to give things nice easy names while it is about it!), may be more popularly described for most practical purposes as the head; and to this large compound head are attached the eight long-jointed, hairy legs, with the muscles that move them. The other half of the spider consists of the abdomen or stomach, a soft, round bag, quaintly marked like a quail's head, and very squashy in appearance. With this last part of herself, the garden spider spins her snare or web out of the manufactured material of her own body. She spins it of her own digested contents. And as she has frequently to mend the web after various mishaps, which occur in the natural course of business—as when it is broken by the wind, brushed against by passers-by, or torn and mangled by a big fly or wasp—you can readily understand that she must eat in proportion; which is, no doubt, the true cause of her almost incredible voracity. In point of fact, a healthy female spider spends all her time in catching prey and eating it.

In No. 4 we have a greatly enlarged back view of the spinnerets from which the threads are produced, and a still more enlarged side-view below of the separate little ducts from which the component strands issue. According to circumstances, she makes her threads simple or compound. The sticky fluid of which they are formed is secreted by powerful glands in the abdomen; it is then squeezed out through numerous minute tubes, of different calibres, and hardens in most cases when exposed to the air, though the spiral threads with the insect-catching drops on them maintain their viscid nature much



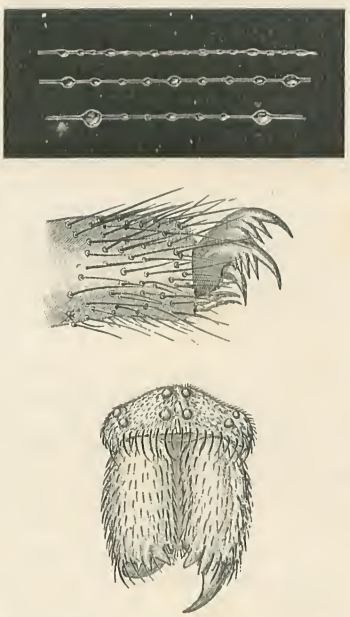
NO. 4.—BACK VIEW OF ROSALIND'S SPINNERETS.

longer, so as to gum the flies down, rather than entangle them in meshes, as with the common house-spider.

No. 5 shows us further details of some other interesting features in Rosalind's anatomy. The upper figure represents three distinct varieties of the viscid threads, each with its own peculiar type of beads, adapted for catching larger or smaller insects. Every kind has its own beads spread for it. The flies get entangled in these, according to their size; and then, tearing the web to free themselves, find the coils only double round their legs and bodies.

But the spider does not content herself with merely catching insects; she poisons them as well. We had not watched Rosalind long in her chosen lair before we discovered that she did not live in her geometrical web; that was merely her hunting-net; her private residence consisted of a snug little cell or nest, under shelter of a rose-leaf, at a few inches' distance from the centre of the snare; and in this quiet home it was her habit to rest unseen, under cover of the shady leaf, until prey came within measurable distance of her sphere of practical politics. But she kept up communications with the seat of war. From the centre of the snare to the nest she had stretched a stout, thick line, along which she could run easily on the slightest indication of a prospective victim looming up in the background. Moreover, this cable or thread seemed to be connected by its different strands with various parts of the snare; at any rate, it acted as a telegraphic communicator between the home, strictly so-called, and the place of business. For Rosalind used always to recline at her ease with one hand-like claw placed steadily on the line of communication; thus seated, she would watch with cat-like stealth for any chance of a victim. The moment a fly touched the snare, however lightly, it would set up a slight tremor of movement in the indicating thread; and, quick as lightning, informed by touch of its whereabouts, out Rosalind would dart, ready to go straight to the spot and suck that luckless creature's life-blood.

Besides, the bigger the fly or bee, the harder it was likely to struggle; and Rosalind noted well, before starting, the comparative extent to which the line was convulsed, and governed herself accordingly. If a big bumble-bee or wasp fell peradventure into her coils, he plunged exceedingly; and Rosalind, prudently aware of the expected sting, approached the dangerous prey with marked reserve and caution. But when it was only a harmless small fly that struggled in the net, she rushed forth from her lair as bold as brass, seized the body with claws and jaws, and sucked the poor thing dry in less than a minute. Then she flung away its empty skin, or cut it contemptuously out of the web it had injured.



NO. 5.—VISCID THREADS, WITH STICKY BEADS: FOOT AND CLAWS OF SPIDER: SPIDER'S FACE, WITH JAWS AND POISON-FANGS.

A glance at the second figure in No. 5 will show how admirably the spider's foot is adapted for all these various purposes. Adaptation could hardly go

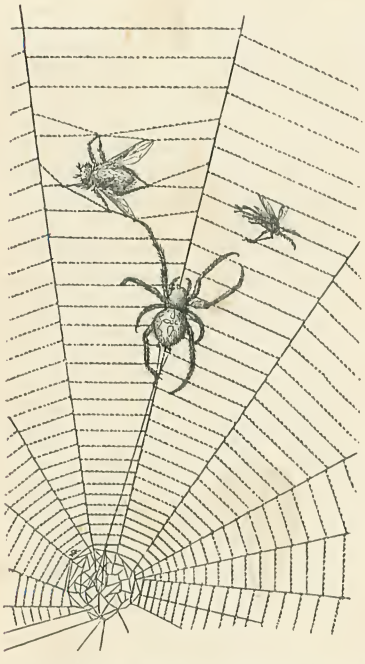
further. The spider has claws with which she can hold her web like a hand; and she has also sharp nails which aid her not a little in manipulating her prey and her web. But she has more than all these: the claws themselves, you will note, are provided with toothed or comb-like edges; and these curious saw-teeth are useful to the spider both in arranging her webs, in weaving them tight or loose, and in feeling the line of communication, when at rest, for indications of a captured insect. If you remember that the spider has no less than eight legs, each somewhat differently provided with special claws and combs, you will understand how formidable a beast she really is to creatures of her own size or smaller.

But beneath the foot in No. 5 are represented those still more terrible organs, the mouth and poison fang. The face is shown, end on—a full-face portrait; and the little knobs above are the eight sharp eyes with which the spider looks out for its prey when captured. Below lie the jaws, with their two movable poison fangs, one of which is open, while the other is folded back into its groove or receptacle like a kitten's claw. This poison fang is supplied with venom from a gland in the head. When the spider catches an insect and desires to eat him at once (as she generally does if he is not very large) she poisons him outright, and proceeds to devour him. So she often does with a wasp or other dangerous insect. But if she wishes to preserve him for future use, she quietly envelops him in a network of web, and keeps him in durance vile, as I shall show you later—a prisoner awaiting his turn to be killed and eaten. Taking her as a whole, therefore, the mother spider is about as fiercely equipped a beast as creation can produce: a monster armed like the tiger and cobra combined; with the claws of a lion and the poison fangs of a serpent; both which she supplements by a treacherous snare, itself a union of the net and the bird-lime trap. No wonder with such an armoury that she has prospered exceedingly in the struggle for existence. And, indeed, you will find garden spiders wherever you go. They are one of the most successful types in creation.

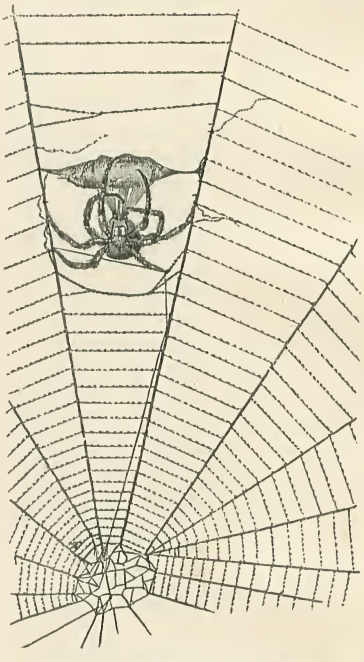
We watched our Rosalind closely through the whole of a season. It was a curious drama of blood and treachery. For the most part she lay concealed like a secret assassin in her nest behind the rose-leaf, seldom spreading her net in the sight of the victim; but sometimes, assuming the *rôle* of highway robber, she would boldly rest in the very centre of her snare, with her head downward, waiting for the approach of casual small insects. At such times, we noticed the larger and more intelligent flies usually gave her a wide berth; she seldom caught bluebottles or bees on these occasions of open display; but tiny gnats and midges, less careful or less wise, would get entangled in her web, and at these she would rush out viciously, sucking them dry then and there, and rejecting their empty skeletons with lordly unconcern. Her appetite was unbounded; but she grew so quick, she had so often to remake or repair her broken snare, and she was laying by so constantly for her maternal functions and her eight hundred eggs, that this did not surprise us. The web, indeed, was often torn by wasps or large flies out of all recognition; and at other times it was destroyed by the housemaid or the gardener. On an average, I should say, Rosalind had to rebuild the whole concern about once in three days; and as she was obliged to spin it all out of her own body, this came very expensive. We noticed, however, that she was economically minded, for she wasted no web; I think she ate up all loose ends or remnants: and the central portion, where she occasionally reposed on the look-out for prey, was free from the viscid beads which elsewhere adorned the cross-pieces. You see, this part of the structure was of comparatively small service as a snare, while the sticky stuff would have interfered with her own freedom of movement. She usually avoided the beaded spiral, and only ran along the stouter spokes or cables.

But the most wonderful scene of all was witnessed when Rosalind found in her net a large wasp or a blow-fly. On such occasions, she was generally resting in her nest under the rose-leaf, with one foot held firmly on the cord of communication. If a light pull only came, she would rush wildly forth, and seize in a frenzy the small fly that caused it. She seemed as if drunk with lust of carnage. But when the strength of the pull showed her that a large bee or wasp was struggling in the web, she would act in various ways according to the needs of the moment. Wasps she approached, we noticed, with considerable fear; she knew their dangerous nature. But she was seldom afraid, even so, of tackling them; though at times, if a very large and truculent specimen got entangled in the web, she seemed to despair of landing him. In such cases, she would cut him

out bodily, by biting the threads, and let him drop at once, thankful, like Dogberry, to be rid of a knave. A moderate-sized wasp, however, she would rush out and attack in that frenzy of rage and hunger, a sort of mad, blind rage, which one often notices in fierce carnivorous animals. She would begin her onslaught near the victim's head, avoiding his sting, and envelop him in web, till his wings were pinioned; then she would cautiously approach nearer and nearer to the tail, but give the actual sting a wide berth till the conclusion of operations. The wasp, meanwhile, at once to envelop him. In this case, however, her intention is not to devour him on the spot; she means to store her larder with provisions for future use, and is as careless as ever of the feelings of her victim. No. 7 shows with what bands she proceeds to swathe him. She catches him firmly as fast as she can, so as to prevent his furious struggles from unnecessarily destroying her precious web; then she trundles and bundles him rapidly in a sort of treadmill or merry-go-round, with her front pair of legs; holds on to the web and steadies herself with her two middle pairs; and uses her hind pair, with her comb-



NO. 6.—ROSALIND ON HER WAY TO SECURE A BLOW-FLY.



NO. 7. — ROSALIND TRUNDLING THE BLOW-FLY, AND ENVELOPING HIM IN SILK FROM HER SPINNERETS.

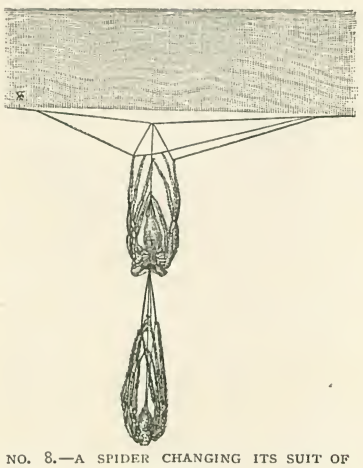
would keep protruding his poisoned lance in evident fury, striking wildly at the air; while the spider continued to suck him dry quietly, from the head backward, without the slightest consideration for his feelings as a living animal. I may add (to anticipate an obvious criticism) that I am aware the sting-bearing wasp is a female; I have only treated her here to a masculine pronoun because it helps to discriminate her better in each sentence from my friend Rosalind.

In No. 6, our intrepid Rosalind is represented in the act of attacking a blow-fly which has buzzed noisily into the web. The moment her delicate foot on the line informs her that a large insect has got entangled in her toils, she rushes angrily out, and begins like claws, to distribute the silk which she winds in coils about his wings and body. You can see now how useful are her eight legs to her. Each fulfils its own function. In about a minute she has twirled him round and round, and swaddled him firmly in a strong silken covering. I regret to say she does not then proceed to eat him at once, but keeps him imprisoned in torture for an indefinite period, tightly bound in silken cords, till she desires to dine off him. The unhappy fly is bound hand and foot—or, rather, wing and leg—till it is absolutely incapable of the least resistance; it is then kept in its close prison with a cruelty more than mediæval, and at last devoured alive piecemeal by its ruthless

captor. The morals of spiders are scarcely better than those of Chinamen.

Rosalind's changes of costume were also most theatrical and interesting. Like her namesake in the play, she appeared every now and again in a different suit of clothes, and rejected her old ones. The manner of making the new suit, however, and of shuffling off the old, was extremely interesting. She moulted periodically; but at each moult the whole external skeleton was sloughed off, like a snake's skin or a lobster's coat, entire; and a new one grew under it.

In No. 8 Mr. Enock has luckily caught our heroine just at the moment of such a moult. She is dropping out of her old skin, by means of her threads; beneath it, the new one has grown, the animal being thus quite literally accommodated with a fresh suit "while you wait." The way the old skin hangs up is curious and typical. At first the new outer coat is soft and yielding, like the freshly moulted skeleton or armour of a crab or lobster; but it soon hardens, and not infrequently advantage is taken of the moult to replace parts that have been accidentally lost or broken off, such as a leg or a feeler. The economical spider, however, never wastes anything: she does not throw away the old suit; as soon as her jaws have grown hard enough, it is eaten up by the owner, and thus used over again in the production of web or body material. If thrift be a virtue, no beast on earth possesses it more than a spider.



NO. 8.—A SPIDER CHANGING ITS SUIT OF CLOTHES.

I have left to the last the delicate question of the domestic relations of spiders, which are certainly *not* of a sort to be commended for imitation. The lady spider, indeed, too closely resembles the late Mr. Deeming and the natives of Fiji in her unsatisfactory notions of conjugal affection. I regret to say it is her reprehensible habit to devour alive her unsuccessful suitors, and sometimes also the father of her own children. These are unamiable traits, but I must not conceal them. You will observe, no doubt, that throughout I have said comparatively little of the masculine spider, and much of his lady; and I have done this of set purpose; for spiders are a group in which the dominance of the females is marked and undeniable. The matriarchate prevails; the females are the race, and the males exist only as lazy drones, mere idle fathers of future generations. This being so, the mother spider, true to her thrifty ideas, regards them in the light of necessary evils; and being always economical, she thinks it well to utilize them for the purposes of the race by eating them up the moment they have fulfilled their sole and single marital function.

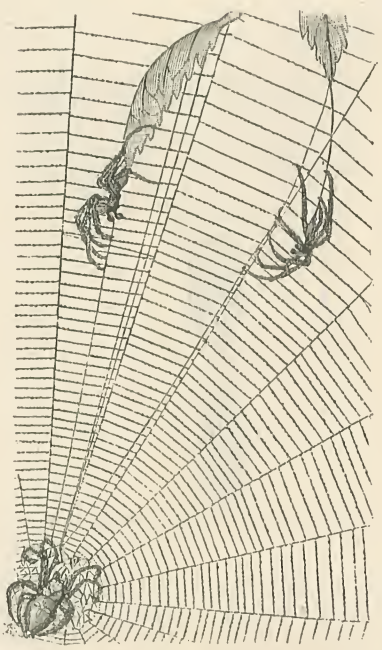
This peculiar habit makes the courtship of spiders a grim tragi-comedy, well worth observing. In No. 9 Mr. Enock has represented one salient scene in the painful drama. And this is the interpretation thereof. Two male spiders have come to pay their court to the supercilious Rosalind. She, good lady, sits unconcerned but watchful in the centre or hub of her snare, apparently careless of the two eager postulants for her hand and heart, but in reality observing them with critical eyes, and ready to rush out and devour them if they fail to please her. The gentlemen, accordingly, have to be very artful. They go through strange antics. Now they approach her cautiously, very much on the alert, ready to pull the string and advertise her of their presence, but also prepared to turn and run, or to cut the line and drop, if she does not regard their advances with favour. Now again they retreat, alarmed at her aspect. Rosalind sulks in her web, and waits to see which of the two she prefers, if either. Should the fit so seize her, she will accept one or other of her ardent suitors; but should she happen to be more hungry than amorous, or else to be disappointed, or in an ill-humour, she may dart out upon them at once, and make meat offhand of her devoted admirer.

Even the successful suitor himself is by no means safe; for it is Rosalind's way, when she tires of a lover, not to nag and quarrel, but to devour him outright, and look out for another. This saves time and trouble, and is better in the end for the temper of the species.

When autumn comes, Rosalind lays her eggs in a cocoon, and fastens them on the under side of a stone or piece of wood, where

they hatch out in spring, and so the whole story of her life begins over again. She herself, meanwhile, retires to winter quarters, where she passes the cold months under shelter in a state of more or less torpidity. It is not known exactly how long a spider lives; but they continue for at least two or three years, and probably much longer. We had Rosalind under examination for two successive summers.

The family to which Rosalind belongs, that of the geometrical spiders, may be placed at the very head of the whole spider order. Its webs are the most perfect in architecture, are the best planned as snares, and have a strict monopoly of the sticky beads, which help to entangle the prey, and which are also, under the microscope, most beautiful objects, decked in prismatic colours, and looking like so many iridescent opals. In shape and markings these spiders are also superior to the common run of eight-legged beasts, though they are certainly less beautiful than some of the lovely green and variegated semi-transparent field-spiders. It would not be going too far to say that the geometrical web-makers are the most advanced and civilized members of the entire group. For there are degrees of evolution among these hunting carnivores. Some of the least advanced kinds merely stalk or hunt down their prey on the open. These lower savages among the spider tribe lurk under stones or in the crevices of bark, and rush out at their victims, or spring upon them unawares. One may compare them to such low hunting human races as the natives of New Guinea or the North American Indians. Others, again, construct tubes, with or without trap doors, and catch their prey more or less cunningly near the entrance. Yet others, once more, weave irregular webs, among leaves and twigs, or in the corners of rooms, and trust rather to mere meshes than to sticky substances. But the geometrical web-weavers, the most advanced of their kind, have learned by the experience of ages how to construct a regular snare, on a fixed ground-plan, and to supplement it by a singular trick of beady bird-lime. It is thus quite clear that there is progress among spiders as among human races, and that some species have progressed much further than others.



NO. 9.—ROSALIND WATCHING HER TWO SUITORS, IN DOUBT WHETHER TO ACCEPT OR DEVOUR THEM.

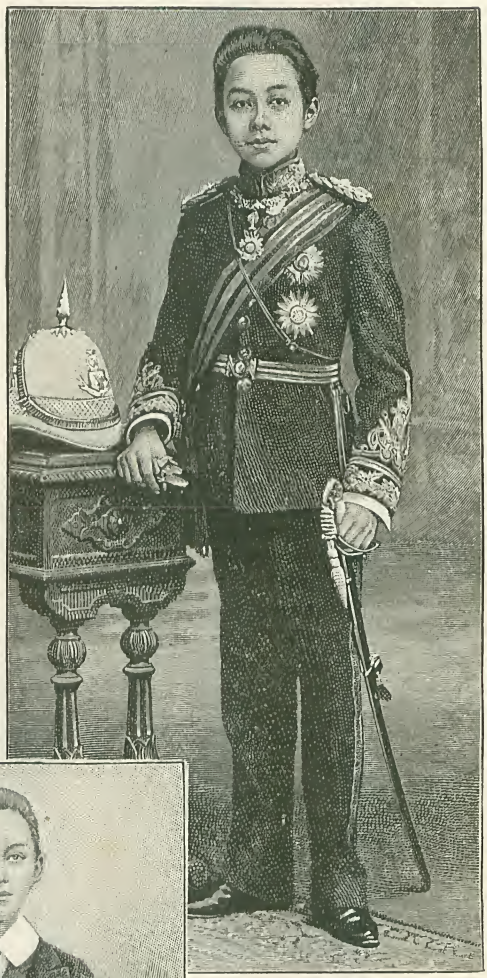
Even among the geometrical web-weavers themselves, again, there are marked varieties of progress and culture. For some kinds have only three claws to each foot, while others have more; and there are certain species which possess in addition a sort of opposable thumb, so that they can catch things as with a hand, feeling them all round, and grasping their threads as a sailor grasps a cable. Such opposable thumbs are always accompanied by high intelligence, as one sees in man, in the monkeys, in the opossum, and in the parrot.

Indeed, all round, it may be safely said that the spiders as a group stand at the head of the animals with jointed bodies; and that the geometrical tribe in particular stand at the head of all the spiders. Nor must we consider that their cruelty and ferocity put them out of court in this connection; for man himself, taking him in the mass, is one of the most ruthless of animals; and the bees, which by universal consent rank among the highest insects, are the group which most universally slaughter their own brothers, the drones, as soon as the community has no further use for them. The fact is that Nature as a whole is intensely utilitarian; each kind fights for its own hand alone, and regards as little the feelings of other kinds as the fisherman regards the feelings of herrings, or as the fishmonger minds the objection of lobsters to be boiled alive for our human convenience. A race that skins living eels at Billingsgate, and decks its hats with egrets in Hyde Park, has no just ground of complaint, after all, against my poor, misguided, husband-eating Rosalind.

*Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.*

AGE 5.
*From a Photograph.*

AGE 12.
*From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.*



AGE 14.
*From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.*

PRESENT DAY.
*From a Photo. by Pricani, Geneva.*

## PRINCE SOMDETCH CHOWFA MAHA VAGIRAVUDH, CROWN PRINCE OF SIAM.

BORN 1880.

IN 1895 the Crown Prince, who is the eldest son of the lady known to Europeans as the Second Queen, a full sister of the First Queen, was raised to his present dignity on the death of the late Crown Prince, the First Queen's eldest son. The Prince is a youth of great ability and promise. His father has every reason to congratulate himself on having his son educated in England, for his education and residence among English boys have not only greatly improved his physical appearance, but the general influence of his surroundings will do much to shape his life into a career of extreme usefulness to his country.

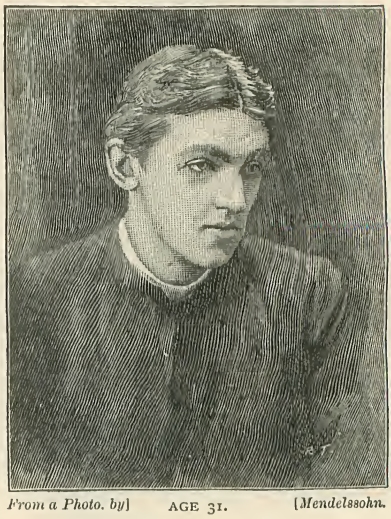
AGE 15.
*From a Photo. by W. Bradnee, Torquay.*

## THE REV. HARRY DREW.
BORN 1856.

THE REV. H. DREW is the second son of F. Drew, Esq., of Powderham. He was educated at Newton Abbot College, and Keble College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. and M.A. After taking his degree, he engaged in educational work for a few years, and was ordained deacon in 1883, and priest the following year. He was appointed to the curacy of Hawarden, Flintshire, where he began his ministerial life under the Rev. Stephen Gladstone. In February, 1886, he

AGE 27.
*From a Photo. by Whatmough Webster, Chester.*

married Mary, third daughter of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Being unwilling to sever his wife from the venerable parents who had learnt to lean upon her as their chief stay, Mr. Drew has always refused to leave Hawarden, and has declined several offers of valuable preferment. In 1894 he spent six months in temporary charge of a church near Cape Town, and on his return to Hawarden he became the first warden of St. Deiniol's Hostel and Library, founded by Mr. Gladstone for the promotion of sacred study. Nearly 200 students have



*From a Photo. by]* AGE 31. *[Mendelssohn.*

lodged in the Hostel, and Mr. Drew has catalogued the 30,000 volumes contained in the two principal rooms of the library.

*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

*From a]* AGE 5. *[Drawing.*

AGE 22.
*From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.*

## MRS. HARRY DREW.

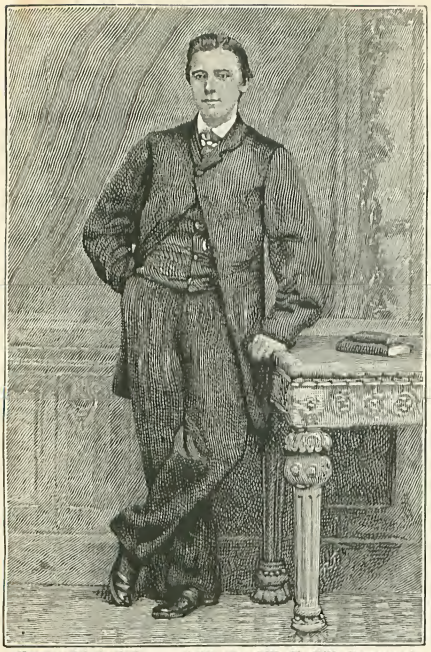
MRS. DREW, owing to the fact that her eldest sister was married and that her second sister was for some years head of Newnham College, Cambridge, was for several years before her marriage Mr. Gladstone's only daughter living at home, and shared with Mrs. Gladstone all the social labours which of necessity devolved on daughter; watching with affectionate devotion over the declining years of her illustrious parents, and co-operating with her husband in all the religious and philanthropic work of a widespread country parish.

AGE 28.
*From a Drawing by Sir E. Burne-Jones.*

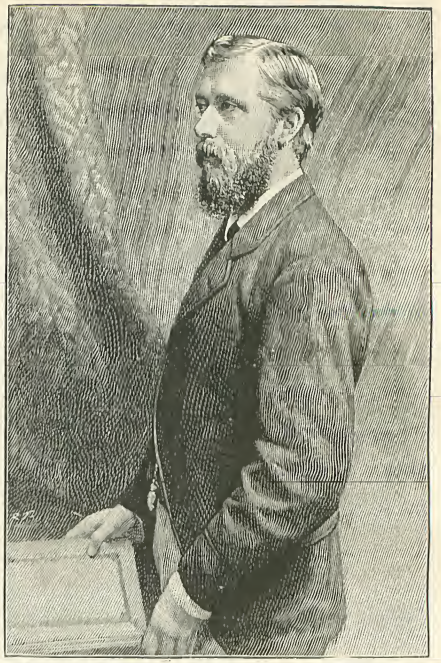
AGE 13.
*From a Photo. by Jamblin, Penmaenmawr.*

a Premier's wife. She did much to make the official house, No. 10, Downing Street, a centre of brilliant and delightful company. Since her marriage all Mrs. Drew's energies have been devoted to the kindred tasks of mother, wife, and

*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[Alice Hughes.*



*From a Photo. by]* AGE 19. *[W. H. Gill, Devonport.*



*From a Photo. by]* AGE 30. *[Elliott & Fry.*

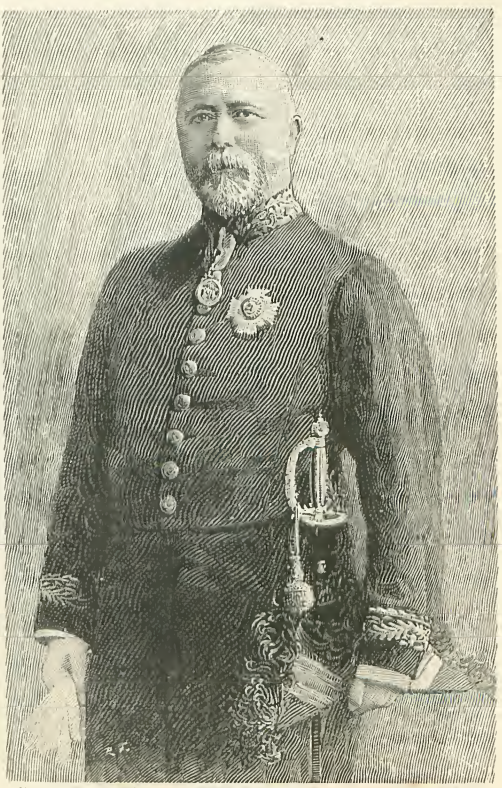
## SIR WILLIAM H. WHITE, K.C.B.

BORN 1845.

THOUGH officially a civilian, Sir William White has the unmistakable air of a naval man; environment accounts for this. His parents were in no way connected with official circles, naval or otherwise. "I was born," he said, "at Devonport, on February 2nd, 1845. When I was fourteen my father fell ill, and I had to do something for myself. The appointment that presented itself was an open competition for entry into

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 24. *[W. H. Gill, Devonport.*

the dockyard as a shipwright's apprentice." The rest of young White's early career is simply one long list of competitive examinations, all passed with extraordinary success. His interesting career and work are dealt with in this month's "Illustrated Interview."



*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[Byrne & Co.*

# *Illustrated Interviews.*

## No. LV.—SIR WILLIAM H. WHITE, K.C.B., Etc.

By William G. FitzGerald.

TO say that Sir William White holds the most responsible position in the whole Empire is not an extravagant statement. He designs the battleships of Britain, which is to say that he is virtually the paramount arbiter of fashion in warships for the entire world—literally, from China to Peru.

Sir William White does not actually live in London. Residence in the sturdy North of England has rendered the Metropolis almost intolerable to him. Thus it was at his quiet home on Putney Hill that I saw him.

June, 1867, saw him appointed on the Staff at the Admiralty by Sir Edward Reed, then Chief Constructor of the Navy. Thus, at the age of twenty-two we find the young man in the position of confidential assistant to the Chief Constructor, after a brilliant scholastic record.

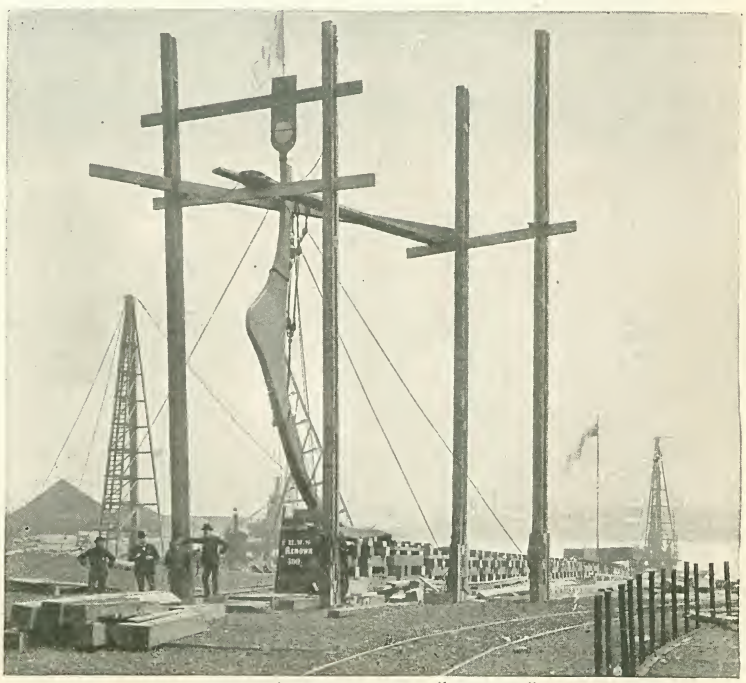
"Coming to the Admiralty in that way," remarked Sir William, "I passed from the scholastic part into the actual work of designing ships for the Navy." The loss of the *Captain*, the retirement of Sir Edward Reed, and the appointment of Sir Nathaniel Barnaby—these events passed in quick succession about this time.

It was in 1881 that Mr. White was appointed Chief Constructor, and the very next year he was approached by the great firm of Sir William Armstrong and Company, who offered him the position of chief naval constructor in connection with the new warship building yard which they were about to establish.

"I had a feeling," said Sir William, "that this was an opportunity which would enable me to show what I could do with a free hand; I therefore decided to accept this offer, and I told the Admiralty in January, 1883, that I was about to quit the public service and take up the proffered position at Elswick.

"When I went to Elswick," resumed this remarkable man, "the place where within two years we were building the ill-fated *Victoria* was just a mud-bank by the river-side. The water came in 12ft. deep at the very spot where the *Victoria* was afterwards completed. When I left Elswick to come back to the Admiralty, about two and a half years afterwards, we were employing 2,000 men there. Among many other ships, we had the *Victoria* well advanced on the stocks."

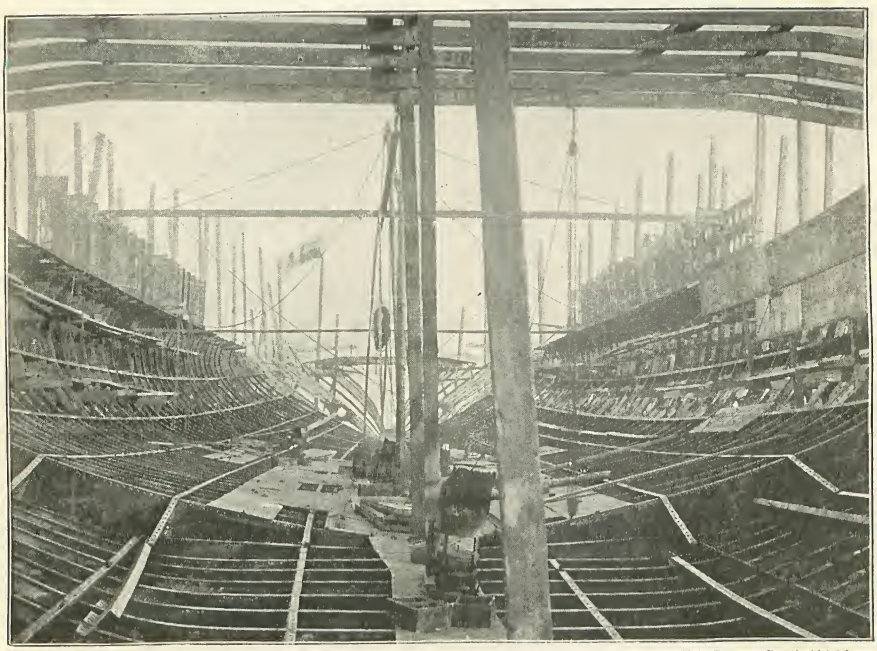
Talking of the *Victoria*, I am greatly indebted to Mr. Philip Watts, Sir William White's able successor at Elswick, for three exceedingly interesting photographs showing various stages in the building of that unfortunate warship. The first photograph shows the stem of the great vessel. It is necessary to mention, in view of the name-plate *Renown*, seen in the photograph, that the name of the vessel was changed at a very early stage in view of the fact that she was launched in the



ONE DAY'S WORK ON H.M.S "VICTORIA."
*From a Photo. by W. Parry, South Shields.*

Jubilee year of 1887. In the photo. will also be seen the blocks laid for the keel of the vessel.

"The first photograph," writes Mr. Watts, "shows one solitary day's work on the keel and stem mould." It is, by the way, very unusual to take a photograph so early in the construction of a ship. The second photo. which Mr. Watts was kind enough to place at our disposal for reproduction is likewise very impressive. It shows the *Victoria* partially in frame, as she was



*From a Photo. by]* THE "VICTORIA" PARTIALLY IN FRAME. *[W. Parry, South Shields.*

when Sir William White left Elswick. This photograph will give you an excellent idea of what the skeleton interior of a battleship looks like in the early stages of building. At Portsmouth, Devonport, or any other of our great dockyards, many of these stupendous frameworks are to be seen on the slips, and the interior is turned into a perfect Babel with clatterings and hammerings, and hundreds of men swarming in all directions.

Naturally, the Admiralty did not want to lose the very valuable services of their brilliant young Constructor. Finding him resolute, however, they actually went out of their way to present him with a special letter of thanks for past services. In the two and a half years which Sir William spent at Armstrong's he designed and obtained orders for ships representing about £1,500,000. He built ships for Japan and China, Italy, Spain, and Austria. When he came away, he left enough work for two years. Armstrong's, as everybody knows, is a power in the civilized world, and as Sir William White had a good deal to do with the building up of its universal reputation, I put several questions to him respecting the establishment of the Warship Dockyard, at Elswick.

"At the very outset," replied Sir William, "there was in the middle of the river an island, with a farm upon it. This island was known as 'The Meadows.' Its removal formed part of the scheme for the improvement of the Tyne. In fact, deep water was to be substituted for that island. Now, exactly what to do with all the material was something of a problem. So we suggested that if, instead of taking the sand, etc., from 'The Meadows' out to sea, the authorities would only bring it to us at our wharf, we would take it and be glad of it. So we used this material for filling up the new line of the river front where our ship-building was to be carried on. This, of course, saved us a great deal of trouble and expense."

At this time, be it understood, no warships were built at the famous Elswick yard. Only armaments—guns, gun-mountings, etc., were made there.

"How long were you," I asked, "from the time you started removing the island until

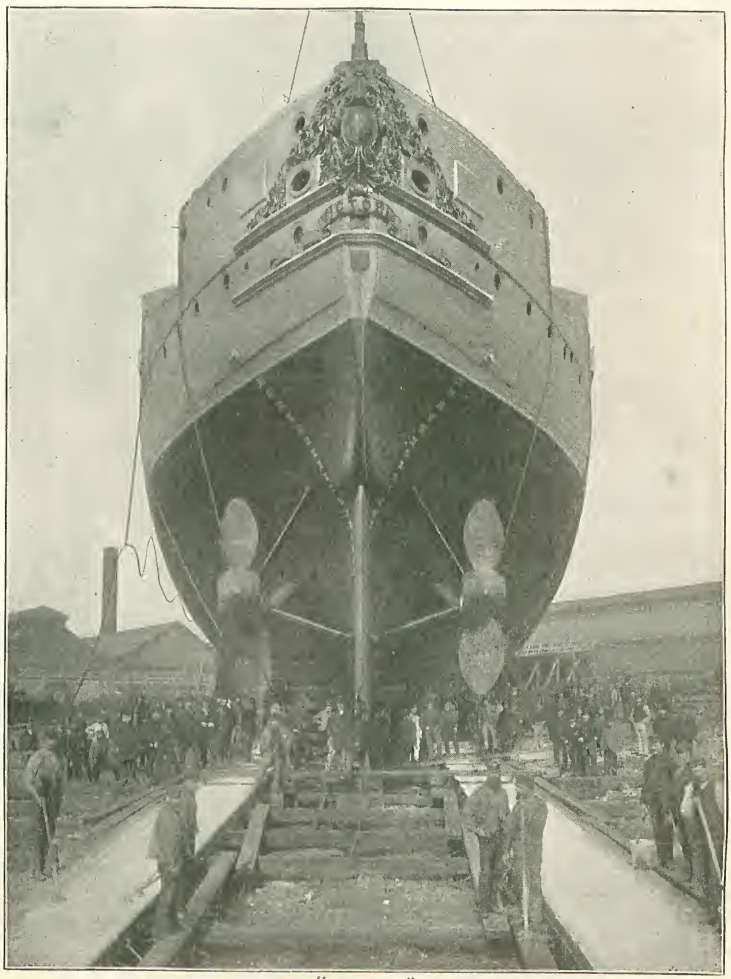
you were actually able to commence shipbuilding?"

"About eighteen months," was the reply; "and the first ship we built there was the *Panther*, a torpedo cruiser for the Austrian navy. We were building that ship at one end of the yard whilst the other end was still under water."

The next photograph to be reproduced here is a magnificently impressive view of the stern of H.M.S. *Victoria*. The photo. was taken just prior to the launch; and in the words of the French idiom, it "gives furiously to think." Launching-day is observed in a dockyard as more or less of a holiday; it was so on this occasion. Little, however, did the architects and engineers dream, when they surveyed their stupendous handiwork, that only a few years later the great battleship would go to the bottom with nearly all her officers and men, including the Commander-in-Chief, Sir George Tryon. The story of the ramming of the *Victoria* by the *Camperdown* is too fresh in the minds of the public to bear narration here. I may merely mention in passing that, after a great disaster of this kind, Sir William White is literally overwhelmed with notions as to prevention and salvage, from inventors of all grades.

"There seem to be quite a number of people," remarked Sir William, "who have plans for raising sunken ships, such as the *Sultan* or the *Victoria*. A great many of these inventors know nothing whatever about the subject; others understand the principle, perhaps, but do not realize the practical difficulties. I remember there was one man who came to me with an idea for raising sunken ships by blowing the water out of them with compressed air. He always carried with him a tin box with holes bored in it; also a flexible tube. He would place the box at the bottom of a tank and then blow through the tube. The pressure, of course, was sufficient to blow the water out of the box, and it would rush up to the surface. On this he would say, 'There you are; you've only got to do that with your ship.' Asked as to how he would *keep* the ship at the surface when it got there, he would reply 'that was our business.'

"There was," he remarked, "a man who used to spend many hours a day in Whitehall, in front of the Admiralty. He carried sandwich-boards on which were printed his grievances, and he used to distribute pamphlets which gave extra details. The Admiralty, he declared, had stolen his notions, particularly the idea of ram bows,



STERN VIEW OF THE "VICTORIA"—READY TO LAUNCH.
*From a Photo. by W. Parry, South Shields.*

which had been in use for at least fifteen years before the date of his so-called invention.

"Then, again, all sorts of proposals are made to us in connection with aerial navigation. People seem to think that the Admiralty deals with anything that floats, whether in the air, on the water, or under the water. They send us ideas for flying machines and other wonderful things intended to convey explosive charges over the enemy, whether on land or at sea."

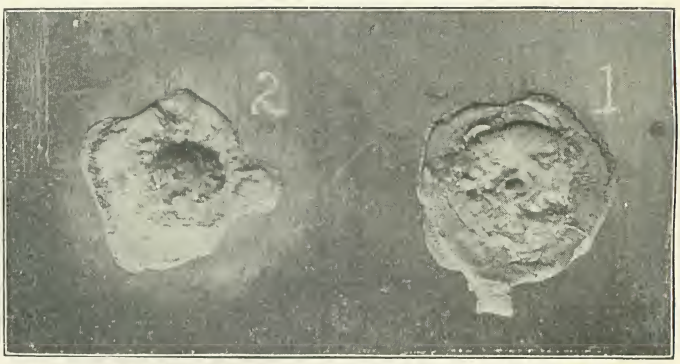
Once his devotion to his duty nearly cost him his life. It was the usual story of an enthusiastic inventor with any amount of faith in the offspring of his brain. In this particular instance that offspring took the form of a submarine boat. A lot of people went down in that boat, and when they had been down some little time it began to dawn upon them that they were never coming up again. The fact was that the boat, instead of going down nicely and gently, took a terrific header into the clay at the bottom of the dock; and after a frightfully anxious time, during which Sir William White and everybody else concerned had to man the pumps and work them furiously, the submarine "warship" came to the surface.

I asked Sir William whether other nations adopted our ideas in the construction of warships.

"It is a mutual thing, so to speak," he said; "we know what is happening all the world over, and our idea is to get the best, wherever it may come from. In the matter of water-tube boilers, for example, the French have undoubtedly shown the way. On the other hand, the water-tube boilers built by Messrs. Yarrow and Messrs. Thorneycroft are much used abroad, the former extensively in Russia, and the latter in Germany. The French, again, took the lead in the matter of armour, which, of course, is one of the very first considerations in a battleship. It was an Englishman, however, who first suggested the use of nickel-steel for armour. An American named Harvey invented the process of hardening the surface of steel plates; and the German firm of Krupp has made the latest advances."

We are here enabled to reproduce part of an armour-plate made by Messrs. Charles Cammell and Co., Limited, of Sheffield. This is part of a sample plate that underwent a very severe test. Notice the marks of projectiles fired from a 6in. breechloading gun. "The test in question," writes Messrs. Cammell, "shows the quality of armour being supplied to the British Government for the new ships *Albion*, *Canopus*, *Glory*, *Goliath*, and *Ocean*. For these vessels we are making the whole of the armour for the ends of citadels. This armour-plate, which was tested on board H.M.S. *Nettle*, at Portsmouth, was 8ft. long, 6ft. wide, and 6in. thick. The trial took place on September 22nd, 1896. The projectile fired from the 6in. breechloader was one of Holtzer forged steel. It weighed 100lb., and the charge consisted of 48lb. of powder."

If one could only realize the severity of this trial, one would have some idea




PART OF ARMOUR-PLATE THAT HAS BEEN TESTED WITH A 6IN. GUN.

of the extraordinary pitch of perfection to which the making of armour-plates has been brought. The gun, which could probably throw its huge shot ten miles, was only 30ft. away from the plate. The first shot (the one on the right-hand side) hit the plate 2ft. from the bottom. The result was an injury measuring 12in. by 11in. The head of the projectile was embedded in the plate, and the remainder broken up, mostly in small pieces. The blow was equal to 2,663 "foot tons," and a careful record was made after the firing of each round.

It is a peculiar business, this making of armour-plates. "The special plant and tools necessary to deal with this heavy work," write Messrs. John Brown and Co., of Sheffield, "represent a prodigious capital expenditure, which is only productive when armour-plate orders are plentiful. The frequent alterations and improvements to which armour-plate processes are subject put a very short limit on the probable useful life of such costly

plant. As this is not adapted to ordinary manufacturing requirements, much of it has often to be completely dismantled and removed to make room for newer appliances."

In this country an extraordinarily high standard of excellence is looked for by the Government in the work of private manufacturers who produce the *matériel* for Her Majesty's ships. Let us take the case of projectiles, by way of example. Messrs. John Brown and Co. tell me that out of every lot of armour-piercing projectiles received from the manufacturers, a certain percentage are fired against armour-plates under conditions calculated to carry them easily through if their quality be good. As a rule they perform their task with little, if any, damage to themselves ; but in order to get a better idea of the enormous forces called into play at these tests, a huge projectile that has suffered in transit is selected for illustration. Before firing, this projectile was 13½in. in diameter, and weighed 1,256lb. Propelled with 630lb. of gunpowder, it struck the target with a velocity of 2,004ft. per second, and with an energy equal to that of a ton weight falling from a height of over 6½ miles. The shot was, however, arrested by the plate, owing to its (the shot, that is) being a little soft, and expanding in diameter, or "setting up," as the illustration shows. A similar armour-piercing shot fired on the same day under similar conditions readily perforated the target, which consisted of an 18in. compound armour-plate, a 6in. wrought-iron plate, and 12ft. of solid oak. The photograph shows the great projectile and its interior, together with the shattered fragments.

PROJECTILE—AND FRAGMENTS—AFTER BEING FIRED AT ARMOUR-PLATE.

These very interesting tests are sometimes marked by remarkable incidents. Here is one of the most curious ; it occurred at the trial of a 12in. shot in 1887. The projectile, weighing 724lb., was driven uninjured through a 16in. compound plate and 12ft. of oak balks, and came to rest with its point just through an old wrought-iron plate at the back of all. Behind this plate two rabbits were found to have taken refuge. One of these, dazed by the shock, was taken out alive and uninjured, but the other had literally been shot dead by the enormous projectile, which had gone just far enough to kill it without mutilation.

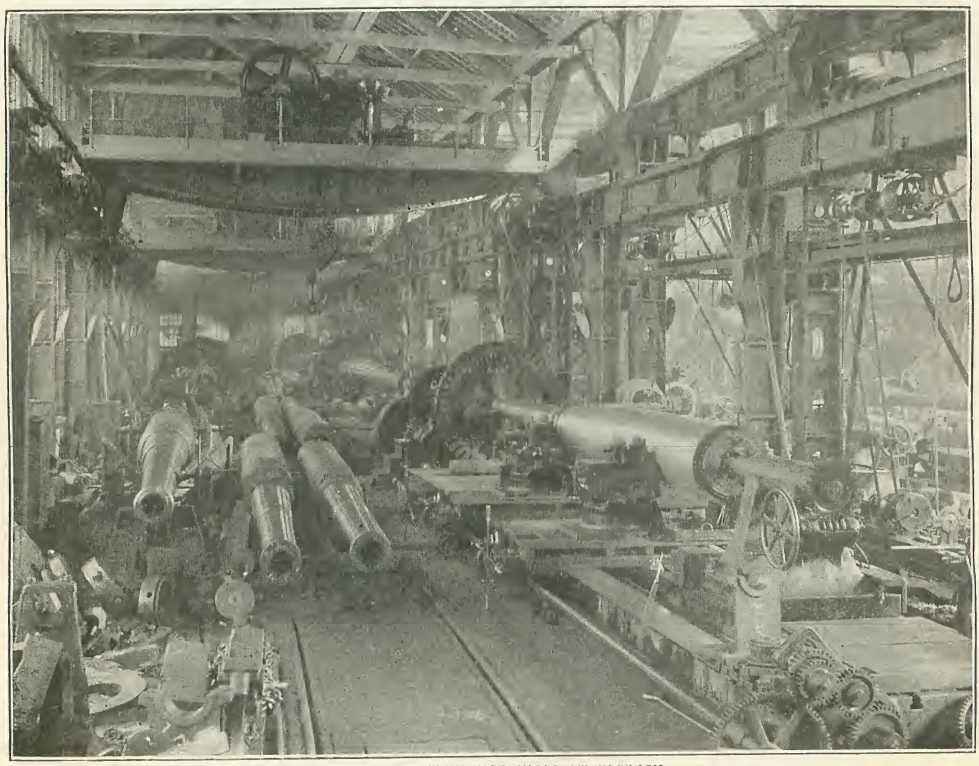
It seems that the largest projectiles used in the English Service are 16¼in. in diameter, and weigh 1,820lb. Fired with 960lb. of powder, they strike the plate with a velocity of nearly 2,100 foot-seconds, and an energy equal to the blow of a ton weight falling from a height of more than ten miles. The target for testing such projectiles consists of a compound armour-plate 20in. thick, an 8in. plate of wrought iron, 20ft. of solid oak, 12ft. of granite, and 13ft. of brickwork. The shot must get through two plates (28in. of metal altogether), or the lot it represents is rejected. A rough estimate of the cost of a single trial of this kind is £2,000.

It is an absolute fact that there is not a single branch of warship construction with which Sir William White has not a thorough practical acquaintance. At any given moment, he will be found a perfect encyclopædia of everything that is up-to-date in naval construction. He goes to sea whenever he can, and he is always in touch with naval opinion.

"Then," he said to me, "I must have an intimate acquaintance with foreign navies. I am personally known to the naval authorities of nearly all the nations of the world. I was in Russia and Germany only last summer, and both Governments gave me the utmost facilities in prosecuting my researches. Last year also, when I was in Italy for my health, I visited nearly all the Italian dock-

yards. I am acquainted with the Ministers of Marine in Italy, France, Austria, and Russia; also with the Secretary of the Navy in America. I have been on board all their ships. Nor can you design ships without knowing all about materials. One has to be up-to-date in things innumerable—the latest invention in boilers, in armour-plates, in torpedoes, in guns. All these I must be perpetually inquiring into and weighing in the balance."

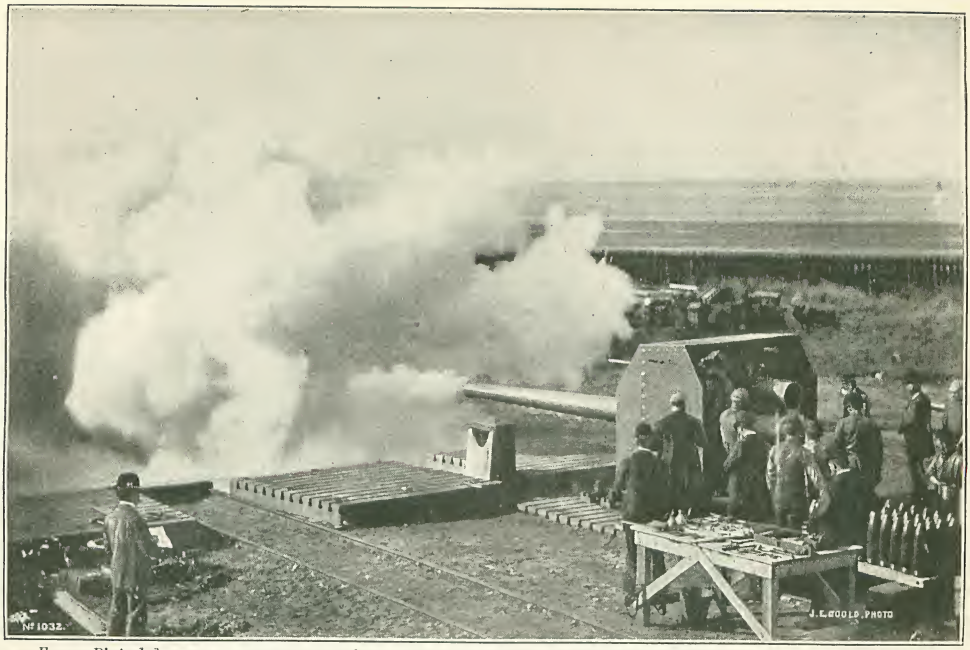
Here is reproduced a photograph of one of the workshops in the ordnance department at Elswick.



ONE OF THE ORDNANCE SHOPS AT ELSWICK.

Lord Armstrong's renowned factory, with which part of Sir William White's career is so closely associated, lines the River Tyne for about one and a half miles, and covers roughly some seventy-five acres of ground. The firm employs 19,000 men, and yet, so perfect is the organization, that this great army is paid within twenty-five minutes every Saturday. There are forty gun-shops in the ordnance department, and in them great cannon of various calibre and in every stage of manufacture are seen lying about at various angles. In one of these workshops the visitor may stand and watch many interesting processes, such as the winding of 108 miles of wire around a 49-ton gun. The testing of the guns is very severe. Messrs. Armstrong have two testing grounds, one at Ridsdale, Northumberland, for the strength of the barrel and the muzzle velocity, and the other for range, at Silloth, on the Solway.

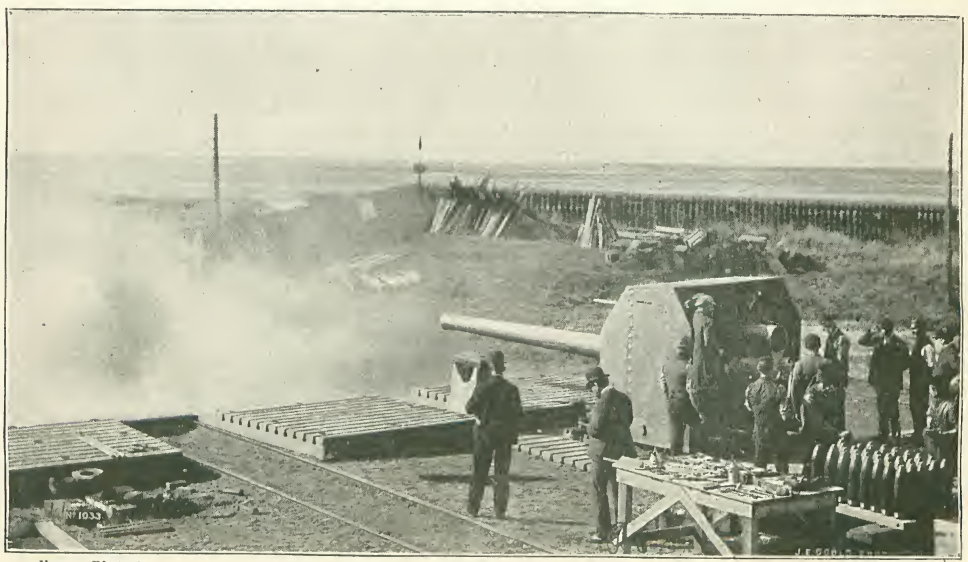
I am here enabled to reproduce two extremely interesting photographs, which show the testing of powders — ordinary powder as against cordite, which is smokeless. The first photo. shows the firing of a 6in. gun with a charge of ordinary powder; and it was taken about three seconds after the projectile had left the muzzle. Observe the cloud of thick smoke, which is quite in accordance with the conventional battle-pictures. Now this may be magnificent, but it is undesirable in war. The second photograph shows the firing of the same gun with a charge of cordite; the two photos. were taken at precisely the same interval after the projectile had left the gun, the velocity being the same in each case. Observe that in the firing of the cordite charge there is no smoke coming from the muzzle of the gun. Unfortunately, however, some little distance away, a cloud of sand




*From a Photo. by]* FIRING THE 6IN. GUN WITH A CHARGE OF BLACK POWDER. *[J. E. Goold.*

has been raised by the concussion. By the uninitiated this might be taken for smoke, though it could scarcely be mistaken for it by an expert. The difference between cordite, the present Service powder, and ordinary black gunpowder was probably never before so beautifully demonstrated to the non-technical reader as in these two photographs.

In the course of my several interviews with Sir William White, I chanced to ask him how many warships he actually built whilst at Armstrong's. He replied: "For Austria, two; Japan, two; China, two; Spain, two; and Italy, one. Whilst I was there also, the United States, who were just about to create their navy, sent to buy designs of mine to be built from in America. When I went to Armstrong's," pursued Sir William, "I had no idea of going back into the Government




*From a Photo. by]* FIRING THE SAME GUN WITH SMOKELESS POWDER—"CORDITE." *[J. E. Goold.*

service. What happened was this. Early in 1885 Sir Nathaniel Barnaby fell ill, mainly through over-work. To put it plainly, he was advised by his doctors that, if he wished to live, he had better retire. Then arose the question as to who was to be his successor; and—this is important—it was just about this time that the great agitation arose about the increase of the Navy. Lord George Hamilton, then First Lord of the Admiralty, wrote to me and asked me if I would take Barnaby's place. Now, I was under legal obligations to Armstrong's to remain, and, moreover, there was an immense amount of work in hand. The result of much correspondence was that Sir William Armstrong (as he then was) agreed to my leaving, provided that his firm might consult me whenever they wished, until the work then in hand should be completed. Thus, even after I left, I continued to be responsible for the ships I had designed."

Here it may be mentioned that Sir William White's return to the service of his country has cost him quite a large fortune in the way of income; besides which, his freedom of action has, of course, been curtailed. He felt, however, that he could really do something worth while for the Navy, and be of some service to the nation at a very critical time. Doubtless also the splendour of the position weighed with him. On his return to the Admiralty he was given the additional title of "Assistant Controller of the Navy." Now, in previous years, the naval construction of this country had gone on at a pretty even jog-trot. Sir William's return to the Admiralty from Armstrong's was at the time of the "great awakening." Everybody knows that within the last few years the whole Empire has awoke to the necessity of having an invincible Navy capable of upholding our power and prestige before the world. You will readily understand, therefore, that Sir William White recommenced his work at the Admiralty only to face a truly terrific increase. All sorts of building "programmes," commencing with Lord Northbrooke's, began to rise before him. From 1869 to 1885 the average expenditure on new construction was £1,500,000 a year; the year he came back it was £3,337,000. Nor was the awakening yet complete. People said this was abnormal, and could not continue. But listen to Sir William White:—

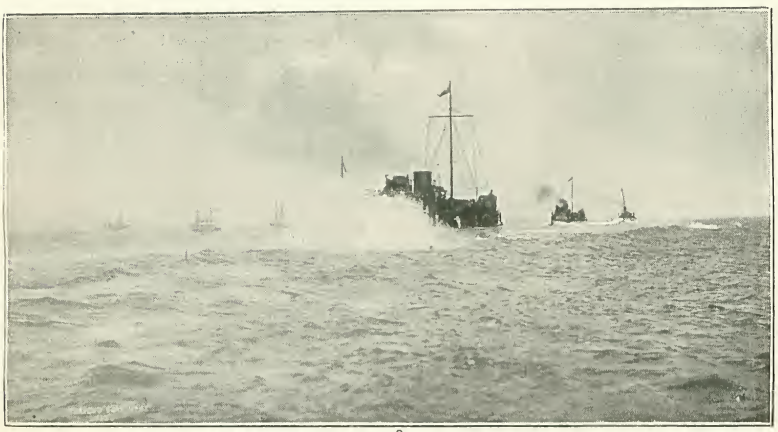
"I have now," he said, "been at the Admiralty eleven and a half years, as Director of Naval Construction; and during that time the average expenditure on new construction has been £4,300,000, or about three times what anybody could have foreseen. This last year, ending 31st March," he added, turning to his notes, "the expenditure is 7½ millions, or, say, *five times* the previous average. The total expenditure on new construction in the eleven and a half years is close on 50 millions sterling." In other words, Sir William White has designed ships for the Navy to the value of this stupendous sum. I asked him for some details respecting the ships built and building from his designs for the Royal Navy. "If we except 'destroyers' and the like," he replied, "the ships number 174, carrying 1,510 guns; the total tonnage is 861,000. Taking the ships designed by me for foreign navies, they are 12 in number; 76 guns; 32,000 tons; and 75,000 horse-power."

Strangely enough, Sir William White's first independent design was a warship for a foreign Government. That was in 1879. Of course, he had "official" sanction; but, nevertheless, the matter gave rise to much adverse criticism in the House of Commons and elsewhere. The Argentine Government wanted a warship built, and they called for designs. They wanted to have a competition, but could state no conditions; all they knew was that they wanted a better ship than any possessed by the Chilians. In their dilemma they came to Sir Nathaniel Barnaby, the then Director of Naval Construction, and he passed the matter on to Sir William White. With official sanction, that warship was designed by Sir William, and built by Samuda, on the Thames. She was called the *Almirante Brown*, and was an armoured cruiser of 4,500 tons, of an entirely new type.

To the layman, the science of warship building seems a mere endless chain of engines of destruction, recalling Dr. Johnson's doggerel about the fleas. For instance, there are big battleships. Well, someone comes along and invents torpedo-boats to blow them up. The next type to be devised is torpedo-boat destroyers, whose name sufficiently indicates their mission. Powerful armoured cruisers of very high speed are intended *inter alia* to look after the destroyers, and so the pitting of brain against brain goes on like a tremendous game of cards, one nation "countering" the other in its turn.

The mention of torpedo-boats opens up a very interesting subject. The very first attempt to use torpedo-boats systematically was made during the American War; and as two vessels at least—the United States steamer

*Housatonic* and the Confederate ram *Albemarle*—were actually sunk, and several others severely damaged by means of these weapons—to say nothing of the apprehension excited among all the vessels engaged—the attempt may be said to have been decidedly successful. The speed of the torpedo-boats designed at the present day is exceedingly high, and is only surpassed, in fact, by that of their arch-enemy, the "destroyer." There is no prettier sight than a flotilla of torpedo-boats at full speed. The photograph here reproduced shows in the foreground Torpedo-boat No. 83 in a sea-way. The officers and crew of these



TORPEDO-BOAT NO 83 AT FULL SPEED.
*From a Photo. by Symonds & Co., Portsmouth.*

deadly little vessels are by no means so comfortable as their colleagues on a cruiser or a battleship; and in time of war the commander of a torpedo-boat would be constantly engaged in missions of most terrible danger. The great search-lights from his prospective prey would be glancing in every direction, possibly to be followed by a hail of projectiles before which nothing could live.

The manufacture of torpedoes, which will probably play a very important part in the next great naval war, is a very fascinating business. Messrs. Greenwood and Batley, Limited, of Leeds, make a large number of these terrible weapons; but by far the most extensive manufacture is carried on at the famous "Whitehead" Works, near Weymouth. Whitehead was an Englishman, settled in Austria; and it is a remarkable fact that the first German inventor was a man named Schwarzkopff, which means "Black-head." The exact details of the construction of the Whitehead torpedo are kept carefully concealed, but generally it consists of a cigar-shaped vessel, varying from 14ft. to 19ft. in length, and from 14in. to 16in. in diameter. It is made of specially prepared steel, and is divided into three parts. The head contains the gun-cotton and explosive apparatus; the central part contains the machinery; and the third or tail part contains the supply of compressed air for the engines. The working pressure in the tail is usually 1,000lb. per square inch, and the quantity carried is sufficient to propel the largest torpedo a distance of 220yds. at 24 knots, or 1,000yds. at 16 knots. By an arrangement connected with the horizontal rudders, the torpedo can be made to run below the surface of the water at any required depth, and to keep at that depth to the end of its run. Such is the skill already acquired in the use of the torpedo, that it is now almost impossible to miss an ironclad at a distance of 1,000yds., even when the ship attacked is moving at twelve or more knots an hour.

The next photograph to be reproduced shows a torpedo actually being discharged from the broadside tube of a cruiser at the Elswick Works. Of course, in tests of this kind none of the torpedoes are allowed to be lost, for each costs some hundreds of pounds. A boat is always in waiting to recover the missile, which, even when travelling below the surface of the water, can be traced by the line of bubbles it creates at the surface.

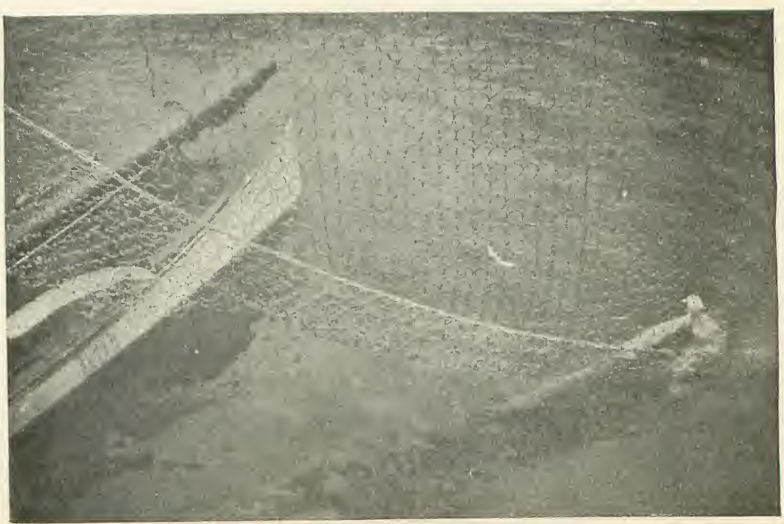
Naval experts have various theories as to what is the most suitable protection for a battleship against torpedoes. Many of our large ironclads are fitted with enormous wire nets, which, when a torpedo attack is feared, are let down all round the ship. These nets are called "crinolines," and we are enabled to reproduce a very interesting photograph showing a torpedo being discharged from a torpedo-boat at a warship protected by her "crinoline." The illustration shows the torpedo caught in the meshes of the netting; and the photo. was taken from the porthole of the ship attacked. In this

FIRING A TORPEDO FROM A CRUISER AT ELSWICK.

matter the war of intellects is again made manifest, for after these "crinolines" were invented the torpedoes were fitted with screw-cutting noses, which enabled them to cut their way through the wire meshes.

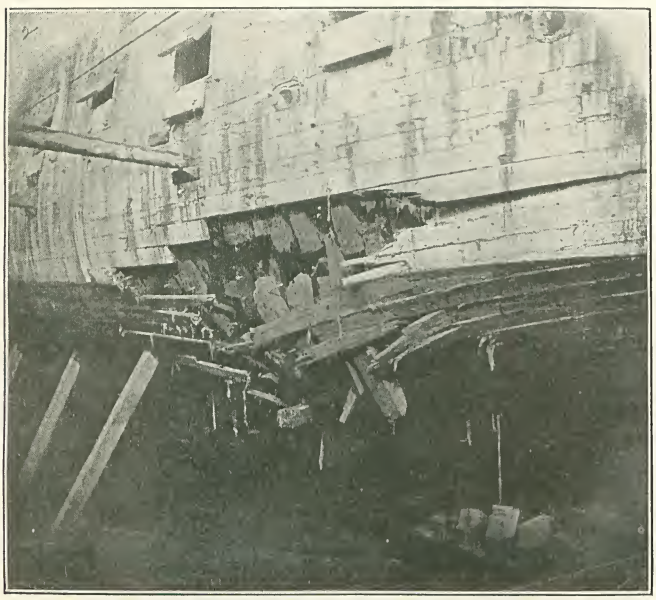
Naval experiments are pretty costly affairs. Now and then our own Navy will deliver up some old ship-hulk to be the *corpus vile* for the latest thing in guns or torpedoes. The very interesting photograph which is next reproduced shows the result of a very remarkable experiment conducted at Cherbourg, in March, 1877. Here is the story. It was decided that the old 2,000-ton wooden frigate *Bayonnaise* should be subjected to an attack by torpedo-boats. This much-abused vessel had already been damaged in one of the earlier experiments, and was on this occasion kept afloat by means of empty casks. In order to realize as nearly as possible the actual conditions of warfare, the *Bayonnaise* was towed by the paddle-steamer *Coligny* at the rate of about six knots an hour. The attacking torpedo-boat, under the command of M. Lemoine, came up at a speed of about fourteen knots, which on nearing the *Bayonnaise* was reduced, so as to prevent a collision between the two vessels at the moment of attack. The torpedo, charged with 15 kilogrammes of damp gun-cotton, and submerged to a depth of 2½ mètres below the surface of the water, exploded immediately on striking, with the result that the *Bayonnaise* would at once have gone to the bottom, had it not been for the empty casks with which she was filled. The hole in her bow, shown in the photograph, was large enough to admit a full-sized omnibus.

The question of speed in warships is, of course, of very great importance. In this matter, it seems, there is no finality. "We have," remarked Sir William, "gone up to thirty-three knots in our latest contract for torpedo-boat destroyers, which means practically thirty-eight statute miles an hour, or the speed of an average passenger train. One little boat, called the *Turbinia*, which is now being experimented with, has actually done over thirty-five knots."



A TORPEDO CAUGHT IN A WARSHIP'S "CRINOLINE."
*From a Photo. by West & Son, Southsea.*

Sir William White had some interesting remarks to make on this subject. "Put a thirty-knot destroyer into a rough sea," he said, "and the limit of the speed she can make is what she can bear—what the people on her can bear. The same thing is true of bigger vessels. The question as to what speed can be reached is not to be measured by what is theoretically possible, but what is commercially remunerative, and, in the case of warships, by what is practically useful. The highest speed of battleships like the *Renown* is from seventeen and a half to nineteen knots; the Italians, however, have some very large ships, like the *Sardegna*, which I think they claim to have exceeded nineteen knots. The fastest first-class cruisers afloat, such as the *Powerful*, have actually exceeded twenty-two knots."



THE "BAYONNAISE" AFTER THE TORPEDO EXPLOSION.

Asked as to what dockyard held the record for fast building, Sir William replied that this was "a very delicate question. You must remember," he said, "that a private firm cannot even so much as order any of the materials until they receive the definite order. In the case of the Government dockyards, however, we send the drawings of the ship long beforehand; so that the materials can be ordered immediately and preparations for building can go on in the interval. Certain portions of the structure can thus be ready in advance, and our own yards have perhaps hundreds of tons of material brought together before they begin to work. The fairest way to judge is from the day that building preparations are actually put in hand, and not from the laying of the keel. A first-class battleship," pursued Sir William, "is completed in this country in from two and a half to three years, or about half the time our foreign rivals take. The *Mars*, built by contract, by Laird Brothers, of Birkenhead, was ordered in June, 1894, and was ready to come away about February, 1897."

The *Mars*, by the way, is one of the largest battleships constructed for the British Navy. She is of the *Majestic* class, of 14,900 tons displacement, and 12,000 horse-power. Her armament consists of four 12in. 46-ton breechloading guns, each firing a projectile weighing 850lb. There are, besides, fifty quick-firing guns, in addition to the usual auxiliary armament. The ship is lighted by about 900 electric lights, and equipped with six search-lights, each of 30,000 candle-power.

"The details of the cost of a first-class battleship," remarked Sir William White, "may perhaps prove interesting. Let us take the *Prince George*. Here are the official figures, roundly. She was built at Portsmouth. The labour upon her hull cost £216,000; materials in the hull, including armour, £445,000; propelling machinery, £90,000; gun-mountings and torpedo gear, £70,000; and armament, £70,000. Then you have stores, ammunition, and reserves; so that by the time the ship is fully equipped, you may say that the captain has charge of a million of money. A first-class cruiser costs £450,000; a second-class about £250,000; and a third-class about £130,000. A 'destroyer' of the latest type represents something like £60,000. All these figures are exclusive of armament. The two well-known cruisers, *Powerful* and *Terrible*, are quite exceptional. Each cost about £700,000, plus another £40,000 for the guns."

These statistics led me to ask Sir William what he estimated the entire British Navy to be worth.

"In 1813," he replied, "the Navy, exclusive of armament, might have been valued at

about ten millions sterling. Its value to-day, according to Parliamentary returns, is sixty-one millions, excluding small ships, steam tugs, and the like." More than two-thirds of the money value of the whole British Navy is represented in ships designed by Sir William White.

The names of the warships, I learn, are decided upon by the First Lord. "People think," remarked Sir William, "that this is a matter with no method in it; but in point of fact, the names chosen are nearly always those which have historical associations. The first *Mars* was won from the French over 150 years ago, in one of the smartest single-ship actions ever fought. The present *Mars* is the fifth of her line. Then, again, we have a whole class of ships named after famous admirals—for example, the *Howe*, *Collingwood*, and so on."

It is an amusing fact, by the way, that the Peace Society, and other kindred bodies, seem to think Sir William White a very warlike person, and they frequently send him circulars and tracts.

The next photograph to be reproduced is of unique interest; it shows a torpedo blowing up what had been a fair-sized boat. The

*From a Photo. by]* A BOAT BEING BLOWN UP BY A TORPEDO. *[West & Son, Southsea.*

specks seen in the air, a little to the left of the column of water, are fragments of the shattered boat. This interesting experiment took place in Porchester Creek, Portsmouth Harbour. The torpedo was inclosed in what is called a jacket, thus giving it greater force.

"Experiments of this kind," remarked Sir William, "are constantly being conducted in Portsmouth Harbour, Stokes Bay, and elsewhere."

Sir William, by the way, has enjoyed some extraordinary experiences in his time. During the Chino-Japanese War, he could sit in his arm-chair reading the despatches from the scene of action with peculiar interest, in that *his own vessels were fighting on either side!*

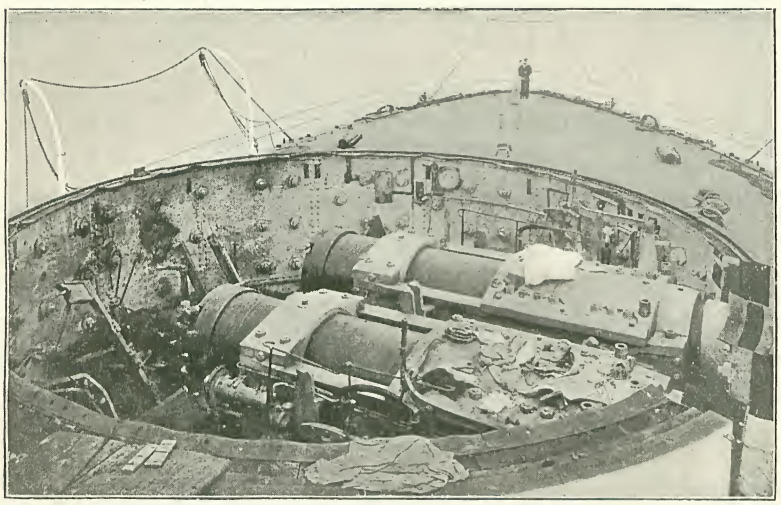
"Before Sir William left Elswick," writes Mr. Philip Watts, "he had prepared the outline design of the Chinese cruiser *Chih-Yuen*, which was sunk at the battle of the Yalu River."

I regret being unable to reproduce here in full a perfectly unique "unsolicited testimonial" which Sir William White received from Viscount Ito, Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese fleet at Yalu. This very interesting letter is dated from H.I.J.M.S. *Matsushima*, at Wei-hai-Wei, 23rd December, 1894. Count Ito thinks it "quite natural" that "I should think of addressing a few lines to the illustrious Constructor to whose talents are due the late success of our *Naniwa* and *Takashiho*."

When a new type of battleship has to be designed—as in the case of the *Royal Sovereign* class—the members of the Board of Admiralty call into counsel (notwithstanding the fallacy to the contrary extant) a large number of the most experienced naval officers; and the opinion of each of these is solicited and discussed. In fact, thanks mainly to the extraordinary ability of our Director of Naval Construction, the warships of the British Navy are built with such care and precision, even in the smallest details, that accidents of any kind are extraordinarily rare. There is testing here, and testing there, and calculations everywhere. We don't jump at innovations; we wait to see their value tested in a practical manner—at someone else's expense. More or less serious accidents in foreign navies are comparatively

common. One hears strange rumours about French warships; and the newspapers often tell us of disastrous accidents on board the vessels belonging to the various European navies.

Here is reproduced a very interesting photograph, which shows the havoc wrought by the explosion of a gun on board the Russian ironclad *Cissoi Veliky*. It will be remembered that not many months ago this ship was anchored off Crete, when the breech mechanism of one of the guns blew out, and the entire top of the armoured turret, after being blown a considerable distance in the air, fell upon the deck, killing instantly a large number of officers and men. The photograph reproduced shows the breeches of the guns immediately after the explosion.



BREECHES OF THE "CISSOI VELIKY'S" GUNS AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

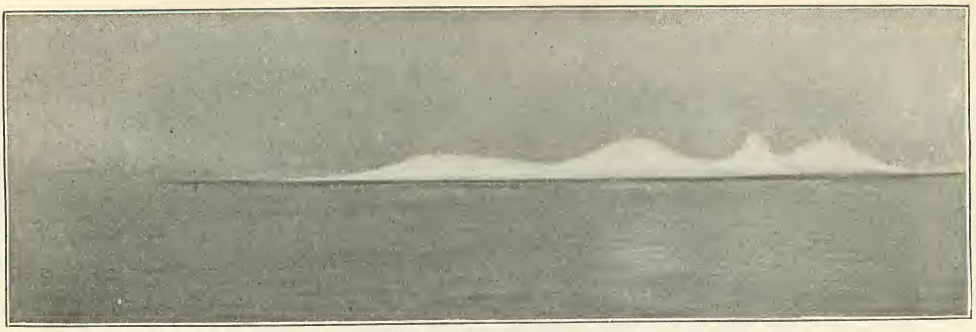
Elsewhere I have hinted that Sir William White keeps well abreast of the times, and is posted up in every invention that concerns his profession, from submarine boats to non-inflammable woods. I asked him what was the routine of his work as Naval Constructor.

"The Naval Members of the Board of Admiralty," was the reply, "decide that they want a ship of a certain type. These high officials meet whenever there is necessity, and give me certain conditions as to speed, coal, armament, etc. Then it is my business to produce a design embodying these properties; and, of course, before the Board of Admiralty decide finally, they want to know the cost. I next come to the Board and give them, perhaps, two or three alternative sketch designs; they then say which they prefer, and I tell them what will be the probable displacement, etc. You see," pursued Sir William, "we have substantial facts to deal with in foreign navies. Our policy is just this: we can build more rapidly and more cheaply than anybody, and we simply wait *until we know what we have to meet*, and then we go to work at once."

As to how and where Sir William White actually does his designing and planning, these are points concerning which he can give no fixed rule. He designs our battleships lying on his couch in his private sitting-room, in hotels, on board ship—in fact, anywhere and at any time. In the perfected design, he tells me, every ounce of weight must have been calculated and allowed for, together with its effect upon the position of the centre of gravity. Propulsion, structural strength, and a thousand other things have likewise to be considered.

"The ordinary architect," remarked Sir William, "builds a structure which rests upon a substantial foundation, whereas the naval architect's handiwork is required not merely to float in the water, but also to be propelled, to carry many enormous guns, etc., and to meet the wildest weather." And surely Sir William White is the most able naval architect that the world has yet produced. The *Majestic* weighs nearly 15,000 tons; yet when she was completed she was just exactly the weight that Sir William had calculated, and her centre of gravity was within two inches of where it was expected to be!

Submarine mines form a very interesting chapter of naval strategy, which I have not yet dealt with. Better than pages of description, however, are the two extremely successful photographs here reproduced. The first shows the first upheaval of twelve submarine mines, which were exploded by electricity at Portsmouth. Woe unto any foreign warship which attempts to enter this great naval arsenal as an unbidden guest!



EXPLOSION OF TWELVE SUBMARINE MINES—FIRST UPHEAVAL.
*From a Photo. by Symonds & Co., Portsmouth.*

The second photograph, taken some minute fraction of a second after the first one, is probably unique. Never, perhaps, has a photograph been taken under such difficulties or with greater danger. It shows clearly the whole line of the tremendous upheaval. The black columns are principally composed of mud and stones from the bottom of the sea, the rest consisting, of course, of hundreds of tons of water.

Of all these, and many other things fascinating to the ordinary person, did Sir William White speak. I have, however, space for only one more interesting incident narrated by our Director of Naval Construction. A few years ago Sir William took up an American paper, and in it he found a lengthy account of the launching of a new warship. The writer gave a detailed description of that ship, and evidently could not resist the temptation of crowing over all the world at the close of his article; Great Britain was mainly apostrophized. "Now, why," the writer remonstrated, "can't you advance like America in warship designing and building? Just think of this young nation being far ahead of you! It is a disgrace to Great Britain. We are ahead in guns, in armour—in everything; and only ten years ago we had nothing. This, our latest ship, shows that we are ahead of the world."

"This sort of thing," remarked Sir William, quietly, "rather amused me, because *I designed that ship!*"

THE TWELVE SUBMARINE MINES IN FULL BLAST.
*From a Photo. by Symonds & Co., Portsmouth.*

# *Distorting Mirrors*

By L. S. Lewis.

[*From Photos. specially taken by George Newnes, Limited.*]

EVER since the days of Pepper's Ghost, all kinds of "illusions" have been devised with the aid of mirrors, which, like the multiplication table, are capable of infinite combinations. Some of our great "modern magicians," like Mr. Maskelyne, design their own effects and illusions; others do not, preferring to "buy of the maker." As a fact, there is in London a gentleman who makes it his business to devise all sorts of weird, uncanny effects with mirrors.

His name is Mr. E. J. Dale, and he has at his private residence a model stage, fitted with electric lamps. On this stage he patiently tries various effects, playing variations upon the lighting arrangements and the angles at which the mirrors are placed, until, at length, he gets some effect capable of being worked up into something novel and startling. Mr. Dale next makes a cardboard model of the entire scene, and then commences to work the thing out on a larger scale.

Now, obviously it would be a pretty costly business to be always breaking up glass mirrors into pieces of various shapes and sizes, so the illusion artist buys instead sheets of highly-polished zinc at 5s. each. This material he can cut about and bend backwards and forwards at will. Finally, when all arrangements have been decided upon, wooden moulds of the required mirrors are made and sent to the glass-bender's—usually to Mr. Newton, of Charles Street, Hatton Garden. In this way have originated many well-known successful illusions — the "headless," "bodiless," "disappearing," and other ladies; the wishing-well, into which one looks and sees one's future husband or wife; the angel's visit, and numerous other subjects — gruesome, curious, amusing, and beautiful.

Quite naturally, then, Mr. Dale was one day struck with the idea of producing distorting mirrors, which, without the aid of draperies or stage mechanism of any kind, should prove an endless source of amusement to the vast crowds that flock to the great exhibitions of London. Accordingly, he set to work, and after calculating the curves to a nicety, he produced the "templates," or moulds, of two full-length mirrors. After many failures, the work being of unexampled difficulty, and quite without precedent, Mr. Newton, the well-known glass-bender, succeeded in producing five pairs, which were forthwith sent to Olympia by order of that prince of showmen, Mr. Joseph Lyons.

The first photo. shows the two mirrors. The one on the left is wholly concave, sweeping down in a lugubrious curve; and the other is convex at the top and concave at the bottom, thus giving a double image. A multitude of queer variations can be obtained

"WHAT A SIGHT I LOOK!" (BOTH MIRRORS SHOWN.)

by standing and stooping, advancing and receding. The figure of a little girl seen in the left-hand mirror is merely a reflection. The whole photo. is a capital snap-shot by our own artist. The lady seen in front of the mirror has hastened up to it, unsuspecting, being desirous of arranging her hair or something of that sort. Her horror on beholding the quaint, zig-zag monstrosity in the glass is well depicted. The horror and amazement of other people who accidentally happen upon these mirrors are likewise comical to witness.

AN AVERAGE FAMILY.

The mirrors are ⅜in. thick, and measure about 7ft. by 3ft. They cost about £24 a pair to produce, and never was money better spent from the showman's point of view. Simply fixed to the wall and provided with a framework of rustic cork, they attracted curious crowds the whole day long. The idea was a master-stroke. We are all interested in ourselves—if you understand me—and we inspect with keen curiosity portraits or caricatures which depict us in various attitudes.

The crowds in front of these mirrors occasionally grew so unmanageable, that a stalwart policeman was stationed in front of each pair to move the people on after they had inspected themselves and posed in various ways, to their own satisfaction. Here is reproduced an average family group whose antics before the mirrors were "snapped" by our own photographer. Of course, these distorting mirrors affected people in different ways; but of this more hereafter.

The next photo. shows the family in the "long" mirror. The hat of paterfamilias has ascended clean out of this peculiar picture, but his smiling face sufficiently indicates the lengthening process. Notice the curious perspective of his finger.

No one who has never seen a mixed crowd in front of these mirrors can even form an idea of the diversion they provide. Probably the funniest experience the Prince and Princess of Wales ever had was when they stood in front of one of the many pairs at Olympia. Letters are frequently received by the designer (Mr. Dale) asking for quotations as to terms for the erection of distorting mirrors in private mansions and country houses. Noblemen and gentlemen who are sometimes at a loss to know what to do with their guests—say, on a wet day—might do worse than provide themselves with a 6ft. "long" and "short." Mr. Dale tells me that he has already fitted up several pairs in ancestral mansions, the total cost of each pair, inclusive of fitting and erecting, being about £50.

THE FAMILY IN THE "LONG" MIRROR.

It was in the "long" concave mirror that our photographer obtained the quaint Rossetti-like effect seen in the next illustration.

A ROSSETTI EFFECT WITH TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

The child on the right has crossed her hands on her breast. Which reminds us that people of all ages and conditions try various effects for themselves. The reader need scarcely be told that the photographing of these reflected images was a difficult and delicate matter. Standing before the mirrors one could not only see one's person caricatured horribly, but by simply moving hither and thither, one could produce all kinds of fantastic and outlandish effects.

It was, however, very different with the camera. All sorts of nightmares flitted before the lens, and it was all but impossible to be certain whether or no the camera saw exactly the same picture as was seen by the subject himself. This is accounted for by the fact that the slightest movement on the part of the "sitter" completely altered the extravagant image in the mirror. Mr. Dale assured us that it had never previously occurred to any photographer to take these novel pictures. When approached on the subject, many declared it altogether impossible.

Here is reproduced a photo. of a lady of average height—of course, taken in the "short" distorting mirror. Obviously the sharper the convexity, the more stunted and podgy the figure becomes. If this lady had stretched her hand out straight from her shoulder, it would have been prolonged horizontally in the most grotesque manner. The mirror indicates its tendency in this direction by lengthening the lady's nose.

These mirrors reflect a good deal of human nature. Tall, ungainly women have looked wistfully in the "short" glass, and wished earnestly that it were possible for the image reflected therein to become a tangible reality. Similarly, scores of more or less stout ladies have gazed in the "long" mirror, and then turned radiantly to their friends for opinions and remarks. The average girl—particularly the girl attended by her lover—avoided both mirrors as she would avoid the plague. In fact, no amount of persuasion could induce certain persons — dignified men, bashful youths, and others—to stand in front of these distorting glasses for any length of time.

Two small boys are next seen reflected in the concave mirror. Notice, again, the curious foreshortening of the hand and finger of the lad on the left. It was extremely amusing to watch the frolics of boys in front

A LADY SEEN IN THE "SHORT" MIRROR.

TWO SMALL BOYS.

of these glasses. They would dance, strike attitudes, pull faces, and try all sorts of queer experiments, partly for their own amusement, but partly also for the gratification of the crowd behind. Small boys are seldom afflicted with bashfulness on such occasions.

The mirrors saw great times on Bank Holidays. The jovial soul who comes forth in his boisterous thousands on such festivals—accompanied by a lady, equally demonstrative—was so struck with the latent possibilities of the thing that, after the first burst of uproarious glee, he set himself down to try sundry grotesque effects, with the simple gravity of a monkey. Also, he would pose the lady, with the result that his mirth would become so absolutely overwhelming that he would be obliged to fall back for support upon some elderly gentleman, whose disgust thereat is not to be described.

The next illustration shows a lady quietly trying certain effects for herself. This pair of mirrors is not quite the same as the pair previously shown. The one on the left is, as before, convex at the top, and concave at the bottom; but the glass on the right, as one may judge from the photo., is a long, gently-curving convex glass. Both give virtually the same distortion. That is to say, both are shortening mirrors. There is this difference, however: the one on the left gives two images, whilst the long convex glass gives only one. Besides, in the upper part of the left-hand mirror the person is made considerably shorter than in the glass on the right-hand side.

As might be supposed, shouts of laughter came continuously from the crowds in front of these curious "attractions." It was noticed that well-dressed people, apparently of the upper classes, did not care to look in the mirrors when other people were about. They manifested keen curiosity all the same, however, and when the coast was clear, as the saying is, they stole quietly in front, and regarded, with interest and amusement, their distorted images. They would also wave their arms, and make sly grimaces and strange contortions, precisely as some of the lower apes were seen to do under similar circumstances.

TRYING VARIOUS EFFECTS.

He was an ingenious man who put forward these mirrors as a kind of automatic and gratuitous "side-show"; but quite as much credit is due to the well-known *restaurateur*, Mr. Pearce, who saw in the mirrors (besides his own genial countenance) a unique and striking advertisement of his own dinners.

The fact is, Mr. Pearce ordered a large number of pairs of mirrors—convex and concave. These he had fixed up on either side of the doors of his restaurants, with the legend "Before dining at Pearce's" over the concave

"BEFORE DINING."

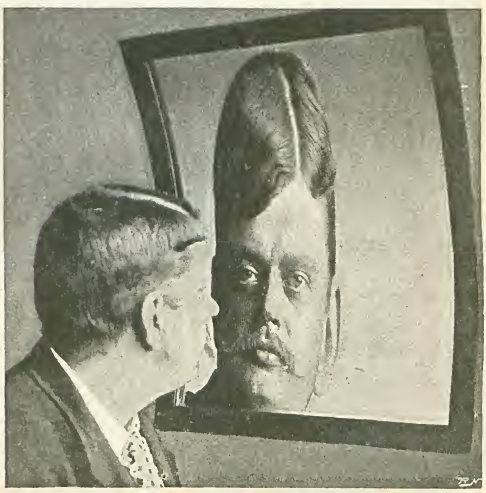
"AFTER DINING."

glass, and "After Dining" over the convex one.

The real humour of this novel advertisement will be better appreciated on glancing at the next photo., which was taken in the concave, or "Before Dining" mirror. The idea is delightful. Any passer-by who looks in this glass beholds his face like this—attenuated, agonized, half-starved. Surely no appearance could be more doleful. Well, you go in and dine, and on coming out, you gaze in the other mirror, the convex one. What you see is demonstrated in the accompanying photograph, which is a portrait of the self-same "Before Dining" gentleman. Now here we see a head and face like an animated pudding, a complacent, expansive smile (invariably caused by the image), and indications at the shoulders that the diner has suddenly attained the proportions of a second Daniel Lambert. The curious part of the thing is that the mirrors are there, and you do the advertising yourself. So very much better than engaging a mournful man to distribute handbills — better even than the odious practice of puffing into the street a villainous, onion-laden steam, by way of reminding a man that he is hungry.

Here is another curious effect produced in the concave mirror. Notice the exaggerated length of the gentleman's hair-parting. Obviously these advertising mirrors cause many people to stop and look in them, even if they do not pay much attention to the persuasive legends above. These same legends, by the way, are now enamelled on iron and securely fastened on to their respective mirrors, thus obviating a possible disaster caused by small boys *changing the boards*—an unfortunate occurrence which happened more than once in the early days of the idea.

There is, indeed, no reason whatever why this most ingenious form of advertising should be monopolized by eating-house keepers. As a fact, the writer remembers seeing a pair fixed up



A QUEER EFFECT IN THE CONCAVE MIRROR.

outside a travelling show, the legends being, of course, 'Before" and "After" seeing the performance. Furthermore, the idea might also be extended to comic illustrated journalism —"Before" and "After" reading the various papers.

The accompanying reproduction depicts the author's hands, which were photographed by our artist, as a subject which should show the curious elongation, without any other effect being present to confuse the spectator. The author's body is seen encased in a tightly buttoned frock-coat, lengthened to such an extraordinary pitch, that one is at a loss to know what the long "streak" can possibly be.

THE AUTHOR'S HANDS.

The lad depicted in our last illustration is also grotesquely caricatured by the mirror. The original photograph from which the reproduction was made was taken in the same way as the preceding one. This is an exceedingly comic effect, the lad's profile being distorted in a perfectly diabolical manner. Notice the huge bulge of the cheek, the pointed chin, and above all the phenomenal nose, which stretches from one side of the mirror to the other. This will give some notion of the astonishingly grotesque effects that may be produced with a pair of these distorting mirrors.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CARICATURE.

Mr. Newton makes them, by the way; so do Messrs. Sage, of the Gray's Inn Road. The average size is about 24in. by 18in., and those with plain black beaded frames cost two guineas each. Very large sums, however, can be spent on mirrors for show purposes. The Crystal Maze at the Royal Aquarium is composed entirely of mirrors, and it cost over £1,000 to fit up.

Recent explorers have taken pairs of distorting mirrors with them to assist in obtaining "concessions" from the simple savage. And that the mirrors impress savages was made evident from the fact that when one of the Dahomey warriors at Olympia accidentally came across the very pair that figures in the first part of this article, he rushed off for his comrades in a state of the wildest excitement. The exhibition was not open at the time. Rehearsals were going on. Before those mirrors, however, an absolutely unauthorized "rehearsal" took place. The warriors brought their weapons and went through strange and fearful war-dances in front of the glasses, until at length the uproar became so great that the officials had to come and lead the Dahomey gentlemen away from their own very much counterfeit presentments.

# *The Chrysanthemum.*

Translated from the French of Fernand Beissier, by E. Dyke.

I.

THE little Prince lay dying. On the previous evening, the physicians had said they could do no more, and the Emperor had thrown them all into prison, vowing by his golden crown that they should lose their heads the next day.

Then he had sought others. In every direction messengers had been dispatched, bringing with them on their return to the palace venerable men, with white beards, who solemnly nodded their heads — surmounted by caps of yellow silk — and murmured sacred words. Every one of these sages, however, proved an utter failure. Never before, declared one and all, had they encountered such a baffling and mysterious illness as this, for which, in all the Buddhist scriptures, no prescription was to be found.

The Emperor was furious. He commanded that, with necks in the cangue, they should be conducted through the town, preceded by heralds on horseback, who should publicly proclaim that these men were sentenced to an ignominious death, because, whilst pretending to be saints and sages, they had been unable to save the life of a son of the Heavens.

And now, standing by the couch of the suffering child, clad in his golden armour, with his crown upon his head and his scimitar at his side, the Emperor held his son's hand in his own and waited, but wept not. For it seemed to him a thing incredible that Death should dare to touch his child whilst *he* — the master — stood by.

Soldiers armed with sabres kept guard around the bed, standing erect and motionless in their black uniform decorated with the twelve symbolic animals. Beyond stretched the grand marble staircase, brilliantly illuminated by the chandeliers which brazen storks held in their beaks. Helmeted horse-soldiers, lance in hand, mounted guard around the palace. On the terraces, archers in war-attire shot arrows at the clouds, and the bonzes had orders to beat continually upon their drums and tom-toms. Surely, if Death should chance to pass near the palace, all this noise, this blaze of light, these sabres, arrows, and lances would suffice to frighten him away!

"THE EMPEROR HELD HIS SON'S HAND AND WAITED."

In the town life seemed suspended. The

junks, with furled sails, lay idle on the river-bank, and the shops were closed. Amidst the glare of torches and blare of gongs, wailing men and women, with outstretched arms and faces pressed against the earth, prostrated themselves before a colossal stone Buddha seated upon a lotus leaf, whose clasped hands rested upon his crossed legs.

And in the Imperial chamber, under gold-embroidered silks, still lay and agonized the little Prince. His wasted chest heaved painfully; a strange, gasping sound issued from between his chattering teeth, and at times his poor little clenched hands seemed trying to throw off some invisible weight which oppressed and suffocated him.

In the adjoining apartment the Empress, surrounded by her women, who were lying upon the floor, was herself kneeling, and, in spite of the silken hangings and doors of brass, her sobs reached the ears of the sick boy. He turned gently towards his father, and, fixing on him his large, deep eyes, in which seemed now to burn a mysterious light, he inquired why his mother was not at his side, and why all those soldiers, with their big sabres, could do nothing to ease his pain.

At a sign from the Emperor, the horsemen brandished their lances, the archers made a rain-cloud of arrows around the palace, and the noise of the tom-toms was redoubled. Then, looking at his son, the Emperor said to him :—

"Sleep, little Prince, for your trusty soldiers are watching over you."

But the child's eyes remained wide open, and his breathing grew less and less distinct.

## II.

SUDDENLY a commotion arose at the foot of the staircase, and the Emperor turned his eyes wrathfully in that direction. Who had dared to cross the threshold of his palace at such a time? His hand, disengaging itself from that of his son, sought the hilt of his scimitar. Then a soldier appeared in the doorway, and prostrated himself before his master.

"Speak!" commanded the Emperor. "Who dares to intrude upon me?"

"An old man," replied the soldier, trembling.

"What does he want?"

"To speak with you."

"To speak with me! By my divine ancestors! I know not what restrains me from relieving you and your comrades of your heads! Return to your post; I will deal with you later."

The cowed soldier bowed and vanished. The others, immovable as brazen images, and still grasping their naked sabres, awaited calmly whatever might befall.

But now, from the top of the staircase came forward an old man. His long beard, white as snow, descended to his waist. He

"FROM THE TOP OF THE STAIRCASE CAME FORWARD AN OLD MAN."

was attired in a silken robe, which time and use had robbed of its original colour. With one hand he leaned upon a long bamboo stick, in the other he held a withered chrysanthemum flower.

The Emperor uttered an exclamation of rage, but before he could make any further sign, the stranger, stretching forth his hand, said :—

"They allowed me to pass when I told them that I had come to save thy son."

"To save my son! *Thou?*"

"*I!*"

And the old man, regardless of the menacing soldiers, advanced towards the bed.

"By the rising sun!" vowed the Emperor, "if thou liest, I will have those who admitted thee shot to death with arrows; and for thyself, I will charge my executioners to invent the most cruel tortures!"

The old man smiled.

"When one has reached my age," remarked he, "the thread which unites soul and body is extremely fine and worn, and the iron of thy executioners would scarcely torture a corpse?"

And as the guards, at a signal from the Emperor, made way, he approached the bed.

"I come in time," he said, gazing upon the child, who now lay perfectly still and apparently unconscious; "but if thy soldiers had not permitted me to pass, thy son would have been dead at this moment."

The Emperor trembled. This old man's words impressed him strangely.

"And thy remedy?" he inquired.

"This chrysanthemum flower, which I have but to lay upon thy son's heart, and his cleansed blood shall flow with new life through his veins."

"Do so, then!"

But the old man answered, with a smile: "It is necessary that I should first know what you are willing to give me in exchange."

## III.

THE EMPEROR'S anger broke forth afresh.

"Wretch!" exclaimed he, "stopping to discuss the price of a service, when thou averrest danger to be so imminent! Knowest thou not that I am the master?"

"Of our *lives*, perhaps; of our *wills*, never," was the sage's calm reply to this outburst.

"He who lies there, I would have thee remember, is thy Emperor's child, the offspring of the gods who reign in the depths of the clouds!"

"Every child of man is also a child of God, and if thou wert thyself a deity, thou wouldst have no need of an old man's aid."

"I have a mind to slay thee in the first place, and then to possess myself of thy mysterious faded flower!"

"Death, as I have told you already, has for me no terror. I am now so aged—I have lived so long—that I desire nothing more than eternal repose. But in order to render my remedy efficacious, it is needful that I should apply it myself."

"Then state the number of ingots which though requirest, and they shall be paid down at once."

"Riches are but vanity, and had I wished for gold, the sacred books would have directed me where to obtain it. In the retirement of my cave, wherein I have lived without other nourishment than a few grains of ginger or nemphar, and the pure water of a brook, I have always been wealthier than thou, with thy gold-swollen coffers and Imperial treasures."

"Dost thou desire honours?"

"Wherefore should I do so? They are playthings which please youth; at my age they amuse no longer."

"Listen, then!" said the Emperor. "I will build thee a magnificent temple. One hundred columns of bronze overlaid with gold shall support the mighty roof. A thousand lanterns of iron and stone work shall be illuminated perpetually, by day and night. In the centre I will erect thy statue. Bonzes shall chant thy praises to the sound of gongs and drums, and I will punish with death everyone who refuses to bow before thee."

Again the stranger shook his head.

"Temples are built to enshrine statues of the gods, and no mere man has the right to compel another human being to worship him."

"What wilt thou, then? Tell me, and I will obey."

As the Emperor uttered these words, he bowed his head for the first time in his life. He continued :—

"Dost thou covet the half of my kingdom?—my palace?—my cavaliers in silver armour?"

But the old man still shook his head. Suddenly the sick child gave a long sigh, his hands stiffened, his head drooped; his mouth opened, but no sound came therefrom.

"He is dead!" cried the Emperor. And flinging his sceptre at the old man's feet, he exclaimed :—

"Take *that*, if it is the supreme power

which you ask! To me it is good for nothing, seeing that I am powerless to shield my own son from pitiless Death!"

Falling upon his knees, he pressed his lips upon the child's ice-cold hands, while tears rained from his eyes.

The soldiers, astounded at beholding their Emperor weep, knelt also. The noise of the tom-toms ceased suddenly. A great silence brooded now over the vast, richly-decorated chamber, where the only person who remained standing was the aged, white-bearded mendicant. The sun shone into the room, and his cheerful rays glinted upon the arms of the soldiers and the gold embroideries. Without, on the camellias and bamboos of the Imperial garden, the birds were carolling gaily. Their songs were for a moment the only sounds which broke the solemn silence within.

Then the old man extended his hand, and gently laid the chrysanthemum first upon the lips, afterwards upon the heart, of the little patient. The remedy took immediate effect. The still heart went to work again, the lips regained their colour, the limbs relaxed, and the young Prince raised his head.

"TAKE THAT, IF IT IS THE SUPREME POWER WHICH YOU ASK!"

Surprised at the sight of the kneeling figures around him, he asked:—

"Why do you weep, my father? Is it not the hour at which I am accustomed to go down into the garden with my tutor?"

The Emperor uttered a loud cry.

"A miracle!" he exclaimed. "My child lives!" and, taking his son into his arms, he covered him with kisses. Then, turning towards the soldiers, he said :—

"Go! summon the Empress; then hasten to the town, and proclaim to all that I order a general rejoicing. The Prince is saved! There must be illuminations at night. My treasurers shall perambulate the streets, scattering gold and silver money to the crave one boon only—to be allowed to return whence I came. Ere long, I hope to enter upon my eternal rest. It is not *I*, moreover, who have saved thy son : *thou* hast saved him thyself; for thou hast offered unto the gods the two things which alone can move their infinite pity. Thou hast bent the knee and shed a tear."

And as he passed out through the ring of soldiers, who saluted him with lowered

"'A MIRACLE!' HE EXCLAIMED."

populace. All the bells are to be rung, and in the temples the bonzes shall sing the praises of the merciful gods to the accompaniment of the festal gongs. As for thee," he continued, addressing the old man, "thou shalt not be forgotten. From this day forward thou shalt sit at my right hand, on my throne, and thy lightest wish shall be esteemed a command by all."

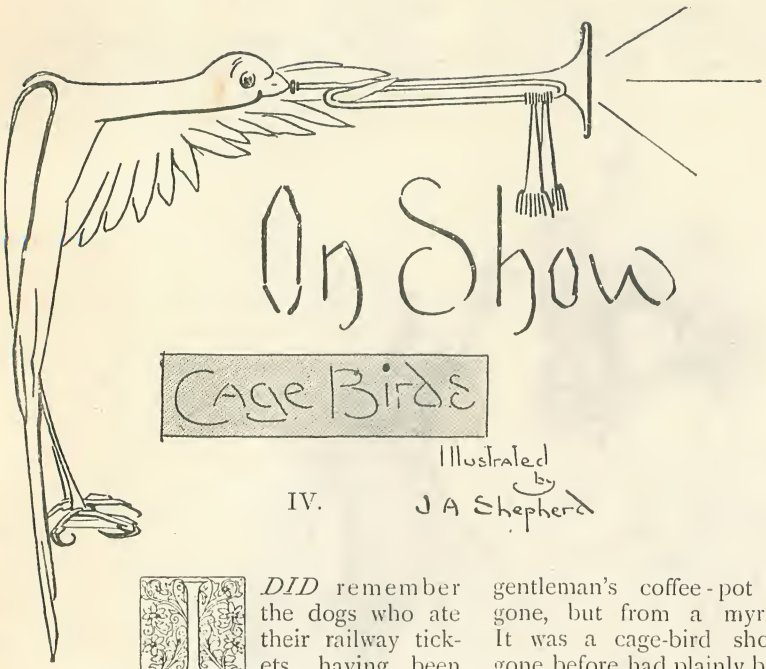
Once more the old man smiled.

"I have need of nothing," he said, "and weapons, he paused, with uplifted forefinger, upon the threshold, for one parting word of counsel :—

"Never forget that above thee there exists a supreme Master, in Whose eternal balance a single tear far outweighs all the arms of thy soldiers, thy crown, and all thy treasures."

The Emperor bowed humbly as he answered :—

"I thank thee, my father!"



# On Show

## Cage Birds

Illustrated by J A Shepherd

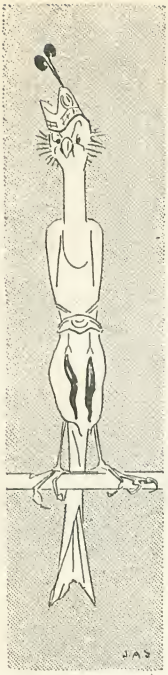
IV.

I *DID* remember the dogs who ate their railway tickets, having been much amused by the story in *Punch* many years ago; I turned to tell the brown gentleman this, but found that he had gone. Still, it seemed that I could hear the seething and boiling and singing of the coffee-pot he wore on his head, louder than ever. The noise increased wonderfully. Thousands of coffee-pots and kettles were hissing and singing about me. What was it? It *couldn't* be the Skye terriers. Where were the Skye terriers? And the other dogs? Where were the mastiffs, the bull-dogs, the St. Bernards, the poodles, and the silken hangings, pillows, embroideries, combs, brushes, and smelling-bottles provided by their loving mistresses? They were gone; and all this hissing, and singing, and twittering came not from the brown gentleman's coffee-pot hat, for that had gone, but from a myriad of wire cages. It was a cage-bird show! All that had gone before had plainly been delusion, due to the uncanny glamour of the brown Egyptian and his coffee-pot hat. I had imagined cocks and hens and dogs and geese, where actually there had been but goldfinches, canaries, nightingales, parrots, and love-birds. Come, I felt that it was time to steady my notions of things, and fix firmly in my mind that this was a show of cage-birds.

"I'M A CANARY."

"You're not quite right even there," piped a thin but self-confident voice from a cage immediately before me. "Canaries are the important persons here. Look at the catalogue — 'CANARIES and British and Foreign Cage-birds. 'CANARIES' very large, and all the rest of it as small as the printer can manage. That's right and proper. *I'm* a canary."

And I perceived that I



SCOTCH FANCY.

was addressed by a spruce little yellow bird of upright carriage. He opened the door of his cage and closed it behind him in a casual sort of way, stowing his latch-key among his tail-feathers as he hopped on to the roof.

"Come along," he said. "I see you're a stranger, and a bit bashful. You needn't be shy. *I'll* show you round. Company's a bit mixed here, but really very decent crowd as a whole—barring those blackguard sparrows that get in from outside. There's Norwich, Lancashire, Scotch fancy, London fancy, Belgian, Yorkshire, lizards, and cinnamons. I'm Yorkshire. Then, I believe, there *are* varieties among the riff-raff—bullfinches and jackdaws and parrots and such—but, of course, they don't matter." He cocked his head superciliously and put his umbrella under his wing. "Come along," he proceeded, "I'll introduce you to one or two of the right sort. That fellow over there, who looks as though he would pitch forward on his nose, is a Belgian; and that other one, that looks like falling off the back of the perch, is a Scotch fancy."

NEW LONDON FANCY.

I looked at the "Scotch fancy," and was startled. It was, so to speak, a semi-circular canary, which, if only it grew twice as long, would make a complete hoop, beak to tail-tip. It would seem that somebody with a large mouth had taken an immense bite out of his chest. I ventured to ask my guide where the rest of the unfortunate bird had got to.

"Oh," he answered, "*he's* all there. It's all breeding. They're breeding 'em out into bagpipers, and that cavity is where the bagpipes will fit when they've learned to play. See the new London fancy here, with a crest? They are being bred up to designs by Phil May—just

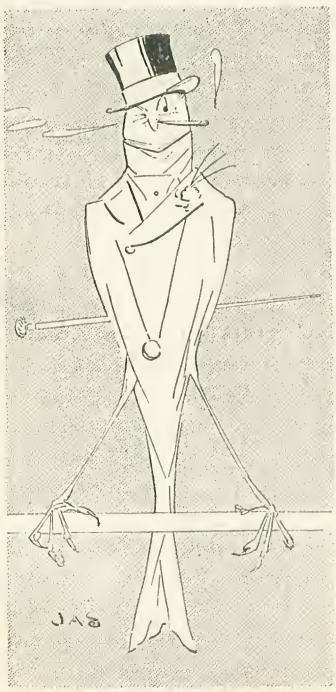
SCOTCH FANCY (VARIEGATED).

NORWICH CRESTED, BY DESIGN.

BEFORE USING.

MUSIC IN THE HAIR.

as the Norwich crested are being bred up to Phil Mays, by design. See? A few more of the London fancy will give quite a Bank-holiday look to these shows, and a few more of the Norwich crested, a little further bred, will fill the comic papers with drawings that will make the Scotch fancy wish he had a chest left to jerk a laugh out of."



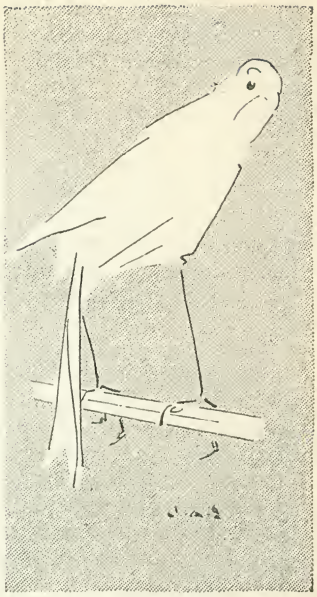
AFTER USING.

Here we passed an unhappy-looking bird, fluffy and straggling. The Yorkshire turned up his beak contemptuously.

"Shockingly mixed, the company in this place," he remarked. "Can't think what they send some of 'em for. That one looks like a model for 'Before Using' in an advertisement of somebody's 'Aviculturine,' or what not. By the way, you don't know anybody in that line of business, do you? No? I thought perhaps they might like me for an 'After Using' picture—on reasonable terms. I needn't undertake to eat their stuff, you know, of course—a fellah couldn't. By the way," he added, inconsequently, as we halted amid a crowd of crested birds, "rum thing the effect of music on the hair, isn't it? Look at all these mop-headed chaps, singing away like anything. Is it the singing that makes the crest grow, or the crest that makes 'em keep singing in that annoying way? You ought to know. How is it with the human musicians? Just the same way with them. 'There's music in the hair,' as some song or another says. So that when anybody breeds a crested canary with too big a top-knot

A PIANIST.

AN OLD MAID'S DARLING.



PLAINHEAD.

(most of these are too big), he can keep it going till he gets a Paderewski or some such profitable variety. There needn't be much waste, you see. When we fail to breed a good canary, we can manage an eminent human as a by-product; not so good, of course, but better than nothing."

He cocked his head a little farther back, and appeared to meditate twisting his moustache. The recollection, however, that the lack of both moustache and fingers might cause some difficulty, decided him to change his mind and swagger on.

"Well, well," he said, presently, stopping before a cage containing a canary that would never have won a prize if there had been five thousand, "here we are again. Some old maid's pet, I suppose. Just like 'em. Whenever an old maid keeps a particularly wheezy, decrepit, and asthmatical old canary (and that is the variety they seem mostly to fancy) she *always* sends it to a show. And she's always indignant and misanthropical because it doesn't take a prize. 'Why shouldn't it?' she asks. 'It's a very quiet and well-behaved bird, and it has been taken great care of. It has always been carefully wrapped up on chilly nights, and never subjected to the cruelty of a bath or a claw-cutting. And yet it has no prize. There ought to be female judges. Those scandalously unfair men judges would never give a woman a prize, of course. Just like 'em.' And so she takes her bird away — and sends it to the next show, just the same. Well, well! Here, look at that bird! He's a 'Plainhead.' Good name for him, isn't it?"

ON CHILLY NIGHTS.

And the ribald young Yorkshire chuckled at the afflicted plainhead's indignation.

I could not help stopping before a small and not very strong-looking canary of mild manners, and apparently of no particular breed. "Ah," said the Yorkshire, mischievously, "recognise him?" I had to reply that I did not.

"Well, his name is Orlando."

I think I have already mentioned the fact that *my*

ORLANDO.

name is Orlando; and I did not like my guide's tone.

"His name is Orlando," the bird pursued, "and he's sent here out of the way. His wife thinks the Crystal Palace is a very proper place, and she takes care he doesn't have any money to dissipate with. He has a shilling in case of emergency, but he's always afraid to have an emergency! Ho, ho!" and the insolent Yorkshire actually winked in my face.

Where he could have heard of Maria's opinions of the Crystal Palace and my permanent insoluble shilling, I could not imagine. I scarcely knew what to do. He was very small, and I daresay I might safely have boxed his ears, but was it a dignified proceeding to box a canary's ears? I decided that it wasn't. Besides, it would look as though I recognised

A BRIEF FOR PEPPER.

SERJEANT BULLFINCH.

some personal allusion in his observations, which would have been more undignified still. I decided to maintain a stately silence.

Presently he spoke again, more respectfully. "One thing's a comfort, anyway," he said; "we've kept most of these wasters out of the club. Know the Cage-Bird Club? No end of a swell affair. We had a big conference and trial some time ago in Chancery Lane. Subject: Grub. Very good subject, too. The question was, to pepper or not to pepper. Fine thing, cayenne pepper for the coat. Why don't you try it? It mightn't improve the *cut*, but it might keep the button-holes a bit less woolly."

I passed over this insolence, also.

"The point was argued out to the end," the Yorkshire continued, "by all the best birds at the Chancery Lane bar; though the end might have been the beginning for all the conclusion we came to. Anyhow, we stick to pepper, as ever. Pepper and sponge-cake. Never try cayenne pepper on sponge-cake? You should, especially now you're moulting. It would fill all that bald patch

ADDRESSING THE JURY.

LITTLE VULGAR BOYS.

AN INTOXICATED STAGGER.

on the top of your head with handsome orange-coloured feathers, to say nothing of the coat button-holes."

"My young friend," I said, with extreme dignity, "I am grateful to you for your very interesting information, but you are not sufficiently respectful to your elders. I do *not* wish to be reminded of the years that have passed over my head, and rubbed it, perhaps, a little smooth as they went. By your appearance you should be a well-bred canary of some education, but I must say I believe a common sparrow would behave better."

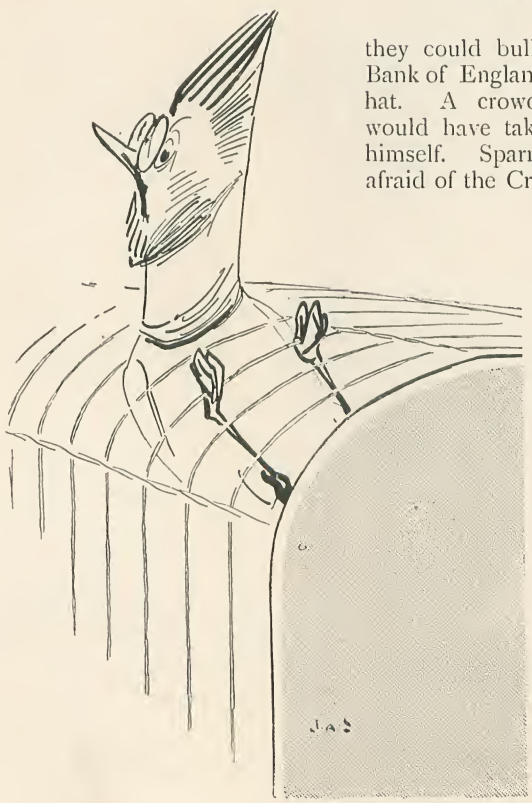
He was very little impressed, I am afraid. He only said, "All right, old chap; keep your hair——, but there, never mind. As to sparrows, though, they're shocking bad form, you've no idea, I assure you. If you were a well-bred canary let loose among them, you'd soon find out, though. As children, even, they are frightful. Ever see anything half so dissipated-looking as a young sparrow? Two immense black eyes, puffed and swollen, an intoxicated sprawl and stagger, and vulgar insolence enough for a human vestryman. They go out of the nest on the ran-tan at night, and you discover them lying down area-steps in the early morning—shocking examples. And then people pity them! They say the poor little things have fallen out of their nests and killed themselves. Of course they fall out. They're so drunk,

A SHOCKING EXAMPLE.

IN THE KNOW.

they'd fall out of anything. How can anybody find any pity for such a disreputable-looking thing as a young sparrow lying down an area? Those that don't succumb to early dissipation grow up disreputable and horsey. They hang about stables, and look as knowing and as blackguardly as a bird can. They give each other tips (always wrong), and lay the odds in worms and oats. They welsh each other eternally, and when at last, bankrupt of worms, oats, and credit, they break down, they become cab-runners and haunt cab-ranks with a view to bullying old ladies. For a sparrow will bully anything, no matter the size. It's a common sight to see a crowd of them trying to bully a dray-horse out of his nose-bag. If a crowd of sparrows really gave their attention to the business, I believe they could bully the beadle at the Bank of England out of his cocked hat. A crowd a little bit larger would have taken on Mr. Bumble himself. Sparrows are not even afraid of the Crystal Palace authorities and the bird-show officials—and they are people who might terrify the late Duke of Wellington. The sparrows don't mind; they come in the calmest way, without paying any entry fee, and steal our food. I don't think much of the 'other cage-birds,' as you may have guessed, but the sparrows — well, there!"

IN THE RANKS.

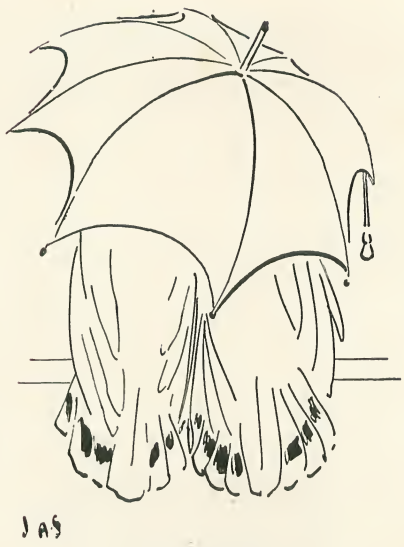


ON THE IRISH BENCH.

Here I grew conscious of a

very terrifying apparition among the "other cage-birds." A very startling head burst out first through one opening and then through another between the wires of a cage, in a feverish thunderstorm of excitement, indignantly reviling the birds opposite.

"That's the bul-bul," observed the Yorkshire, "bul-bullying everybody about it. He thinks he should have a show all to himself—and I wish he had, for our sakes. That's the way with all the 'other cage-birds.' They're home-rulers, every one; and I shouldn't wonder if the bul-bul's private name was Timothy.



'ARRY AND 'ARRIET.

"But," he added, "what I *can't* stand among the 'others' are the love-birds. They're maddening. Look at 'em—making love flagrantly, all over the place, in a spectacular way that even a human 'Arry and 'Arriet would be ashamed of. Is there anything in the world half as spoony? It's a disgraceful exhibition—disgraceful. They don't care what goes on about them. Anybody may win the prizes—they snuggle up together and spoon. Even when they win prizes themselves, they don't care about them—they just rub noses together and spoon rather more. If the German Emperor were to come in a cocked hat and petticoats and dance a skirt dance before the cage, they wouldn't look. They'd put their wings round each other's waists and spoon worse than ever. The officials might at least provide them with umbrellas to spoon under, in the interests of common decorum; but if they did, I don't believe the love-birds would hold 'em up—they wouldn't bother. The umbrella might go where it liked, and they would continue to spoon on in the public gaze, with that far-gone, stupid, shameless, moony look of theirs, that makes every decent bird in the place sick. Look at that raven, now! He's longing to get out and peck them all!"

*(To be continued.)*

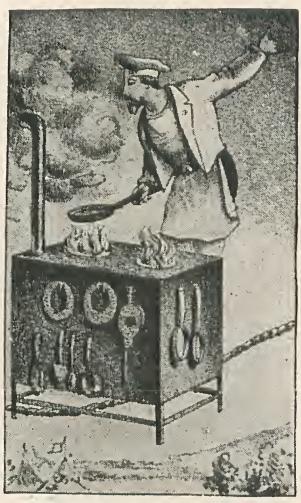
# *Foolhardy Feats.*

## I.—THE NIAGARA FOOLS.

By George Dollar.

[*Photos. from Underwood & Underwood, Stereoscopic View Sellers.*]

THE ball started rolling in 1829, when Sam Patch erected a ladder on the footpath under Goat Island, and announced that he would jump into the Niagara River. The hotel-keepers patted him on the back, and left no stone unturned to draw the biggest crowd of the season. Patch rested the bottom of the ladder on the edge of the river, with the top inclining over it and staying it with ropes to the trees on the bank. At the top was a small platform, and from this Patch dived 97ft. He jumped again, and proved that the first feat was not a fluke. Then, having established a "record," he left Niagara, went to another place, jumped again—and got killed.



BLONDIN COOKING AN OMELET OVER NIAGARA.

It is easy to brand such men fools. Any man, I take it, who puts his life in jeopardy, unless for heroic reasons, is a fool. Blondin was one, although he died in his bed at Ealing, and left behind him a reputation as the greatest tight-rope walker of his time. It was in 1859 that he first proposed to stretch a wire across Niagara River, and there was a unanimous howl of derision at the idea. At that time, people had no hesitation in ranking Blondin amongst the idiots, but they could not resist the temptation to see him throw his life away, and the crowd that gathered was the largest ever seen at the Falls.

What Blondin did is now stale history. He got out on the rope with a 40lb. pole, crossed the river, and then came back again. He lowered a cord to the old *Maid of the Mist*, and drew up a bottle, from which he took a drink. Then, after some feats of balancing, he came ashore amid the huzzas of the crowd, and the whole country rang with the news of the exploit. A couple of months later he carried his manager, Harry Calcourt, across on his back. It is said, and it has also been denied, that on this occasion Blondin had a quarrel with Calcourt. The latter had previously been trained to balance himself in order that he might be let down on the rope in the middle of the river, while Blondin took a breath. The wind was strong, the manager's coat-tails began to flutter, and the rope swayed in a sickly manner. Then, according to the story, Blondin threatened to leave his manager on the rope, at the mercy of the waters underneath, unless he kept himself under control. Needless to say, the threat was successful, and the trip across was safely made.

A few days later the fearless Blondin again crossed the river, chained hand and foot. On his return, he carried a cooking stove, and made an omelet, which he lowered to the deck of the *Maid of the Mist* for consumption. At another time he crossed with a bushel-basket on each foot, and at another carried a lady on his back. In 1860 he performed before the Prince of Wales, the rope being stretched 230ft. above the rapids, between two of the steepest cliffs on the river. He turned somersaults before His Royal Highness and went through his whole repertory. He even managed to cross on a pair of stilts. But more wonderful than this special feat is the fact that for nearly seventy years he walked the tight-rope without accident. He had several narrow "squeaks," to be sure, but his record was clean.

After Blondin, the Deluge. The last thirty years has witnessed an unending procession of fools to Niagara, some of them to rival Blondin's feats, others to jump, and still others, with various *bizarre* ideas, to risk their lives in the attempt for mushroom glory. A man named Bellini jumped three times into the river in 1873, and in 1886 he climbed to the iron railing on the Upper Suspension Bridge, knocked the ice from

MCDONELL CROSSING NIAGARA GORGE IN BASKETS.

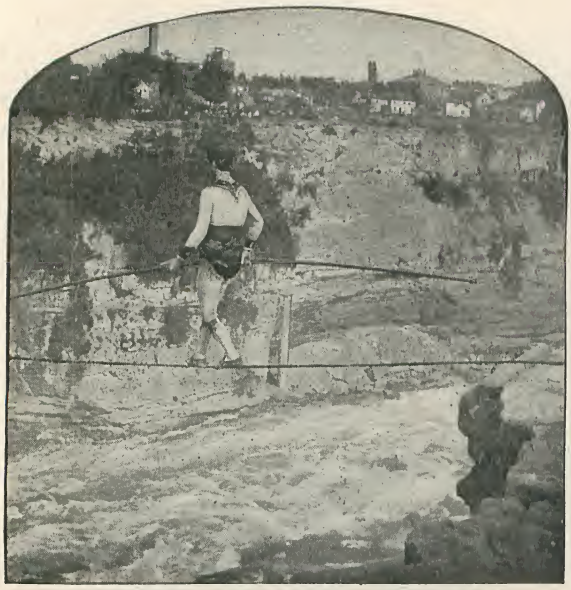
under his feet to secure a footing, and at the signal of a pistol shot jumped into the air. He struck the water in four seconds, broke a rib, lost his senses, and came to the surface some 60ft. from where he entered. This was the same man who jumped from Hungerford Bridge in 1888 and was drowned.

MCDONELL HANGING FROM THE TIGHT-ROPE.

There has hardly been a year in which some tight-rope exhibition has not taken place at Niagara Falls. Some years ago a young fellow named Stephen Peere stretched a cable across and made several passages. In 1878 he gave variety to his career by jumping from one of the bridges, and in 1887 he finished it by leaping to his death. He left behind a reputation and a wire cable. The latter has been used by other gymnasts to save the expense of putting up a new rope. A man named De Leon went out to the middle of it shortly after, and getting frightened, came back to the bosom of his family. McDonell made several very creditable attempts, and proved himself an excellent walker. He went across with baskets on his feet, and frightened the gaping crowd by hanging with his legs from the wire, head downwards. Another freak named Jenkins, with an eye for effect, made the trip on a bicycle. The machine, however, was turned upside down, and had an ingeniously contrived balancing apparatus, in lieu of a pole, attached by a metal framework to the wheels. So the feat was not remarkable, after all.

JENKINS CROSSING ON A BICYCLE.

On the same wire, Samuel J. Dixon,



DIXON CROSSING THE RAPIDS ON A ¾IN. CABLE.

a Toronto photographer, on September 6th, 1890, crossed the gorge, and gave an excellent equilibrist exhibition. One of his crack feats is shown in our illustration, which represents him as lying with his back on the wire. This was a ¾in. cable, and measured 923ft. in length. Dixon has made several other passages, always with great *éclat*.

It is marvellous how few accidents there are on the tight-rope at Niagara. The performers, with one accord and delightful *sang froid*, turn you away with a wave of the hand when you suggest fear.

"Tut, tut! my boy, it's nothing," they say, and look down upon you with contempt. Then, in a fraternal moment, they add, "You can't help getting across. You get out to the middle of the rope, and there you are! If you turn back you lose your money, and if you go on, you get it." That's all.

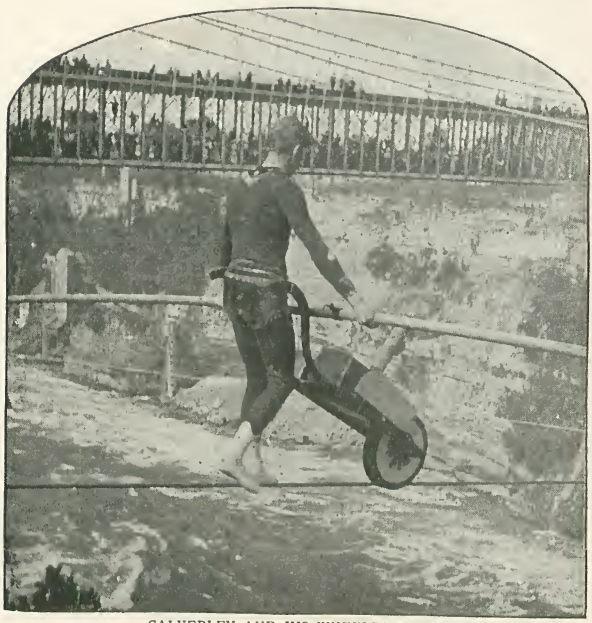
One of the most remarkable feats was the trip of the *Maid of the Mist* through the rapids in 1861. This boat was built to make excursions at the foot of the Falls, but the business did not pay, and it was decided to sell her at Lewiston, some miles down the river. Now, be it known that the Niagara River, below the Falls, runs for some distance between two cliffs of solid rock. This part is called the Whirlpool Rapids, and at the end of the rapids, where the swift and surging current impinges suddenly against the left bank, is the noted whirlpool. It was through this that the *Maid* had to go. She was commanded by Joel Robinson, and she got through; but Robinson never tried the trip again. It is reported that he aged twenty years in appearance in passing through the mighty eddy, and he died a few years later, the first man to get through the whirlpool with a boat and his life.

The biggest of all the Niagara idiots are those who throw dummy men into the water above the Falls, just for the fun of the thing. Of course, the sight of a human figure going to his death is enough to stir a lump of steel to activity—and the number of soft-hearted people who have stood near the rapids throwing out ropes and hopes to a lump of stuffing can be counted by the dozens. It is bad enough to gaze at a live man risking his life for a handful of silver, but it is worse to make a jest of death.

DIXON LYING ON HIS BACK.

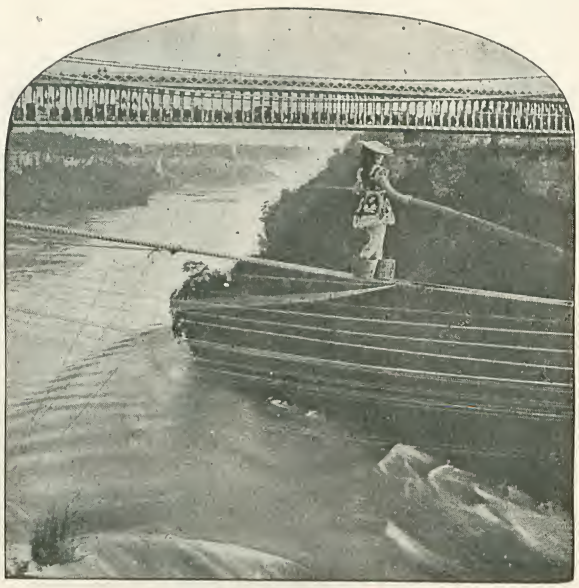
The latest tight-rope exhibitions have been those of Charles S. Calverley, who is styled "The World's Champion." Calverley must have forgotten Blondin, for many of his feats are

those which made the Frenchman famous nearly forty years ago. The wheelbarrow business, shown in our illustration, is certainly middle-aged, although it still remains as difficult to perform as it was in Blondin's day. But people never tire of it, and our illustration supports the statement that these same people will even do gymnastics themselves on the framework of a bridge in order to see other fools risk their lives.



CALVERLEY AND HIS WHEELBARROW.

A glance now at Signorina Maria Spelterini, and we have done with the tight-rope. Here she is with baskets on her feet—a dainty figure gradually forging her way to the middle of the rope. The performance brought out a tremendous crowd some years ago, probably because she was the first woman daring enough to try conclusions with Blondin and his many imitators. She got across safely with her baskets and her name, and for ever established the fact that a woman is as level-headed as a man.



SPELTERINI OVER THE RAPIDS.

On September 7th, 1889, Steve Brodie, who had achieved great notoriety by jumping from Brooklyn Bridge, created a greater sensation by going over the Falls. He wore an india-rubber suit, surrounded by thick steel bands. The suit was very thickly padded, yet Brodie was brought ashore bruised and insensible. His victories won, he now rests in New York City, the proprietor of a Bowery bar-room, and the pride of the neighbourhood.

The whirlpool boom was at its height when Captain Webb was killed, but the power of the waters in that deadly hole was first tested as far back as 1811. In that year, a dare-devil British soldier, who was logging near the whirlpool, got afloat on a log and was carried about in the pool for hours. He was finally saved, a wiser and a better man. Then came a long period of quiet, until the *Maid of the Mist* performed her record trip. In 1877 a man named Charles A. Percy got through in a life-boat. Not an ordinary life-boat, to be sure, for it had been especially constructed, and contained two air chambers, in one of which Percy hid himself. Elated by his success, Percy now made a wager with Robert W. Flack, of Syracuse, "for a race through the Whirlpool Rapids in their respective lifeboats for five hundred dollars a side." Flack's boat had no air cushions, and was

GRAHAM AND HIS BARREL.

partly constructed of cork. The race was set for August 1st, 1888, but on July 4th, Flack made a trial trip in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators. At first he went along gaily, but in three minutes his boat was upset and carried into the whirlpool bottom upwards. An hour later it was secured, and Flack's body, a mass of bruised flesh, was found strapped to the seat of the boat.

No lifeboat has since been tried, but several other attempts have been made to get through the whirlpool. Some of these have been successful. A burly Boston policeman, named Kendall, went through in a life-preserver, and several men have done it in barrels. At one time there was a perfect fever in the United States for shooting the rapids and whirlpool in a barrel, though what special honour is due to a man who shuts himself up in a specially-made barrel and goes through seething water, no one seems to know. At all events, Graham did it, and he got a "reputation" from it. His first trip was on July 11th, 1886. On August 19th of the same year he went again with two coopers of Buffalo, named Potts and Hazlitt. Then Mr. Potts and Miss Sadie Allen got into a barrel and performed the trip. The barrels are enormous affairs made of oak, and the voyage lasts about twenty minutes.

The bravest man of all, and yet a fool, was Captain Matthew Webb. He wore no life-preserver, and scorned a barrel, depending on his own strength and no accoutrements to put him through. The disastrous attempt took place on July 24th, 1883. He quickly disappeared from the view of the crowd, came up again, and then went down, sucked and tossed by the raging water. How far he went alive is not known, and several places are now pointed out by the guides where he was last seen. The body was recovered in four days.

The fools are gathered in below the whirlpool. It is an even chance that your body will not be found, but the ferrymen who ply between Queenston and Lewiston may be relied upon to pick you up if you are around. They are always on the look-out for "finds," particularly when it is known that some "crank" has jumped from one of the bridges or swum the whirlpool—and disappeared. Sometimes it is months before the body is found.

THE LAST MOMENT OF CAPTAIN WEBB.

# *The Pioneers of Pike's Peak.*

By Basil Tozer.

IT was a perfect night, about the end of June, the sort of night common enough in Colorado at that time of the year. I remember it, for at the end of the game I rose from the card-table and strolled out into the cool, refreshing air. Overhead the stars were shining with extraordinary brilliancy in a sky so clear that one seemed almost to hear them winking. The moon had not yet risen above the range of mighty peaks which tower into the heavens until their crests gradually vanish into great belts of clouds, and at night seem to touch the lowermost of the celestial bodies; but a sort of halo, gradually broadening, served to show that presently the moon herself would shed a flood of light from the very summit of the highest peaks down into the little village nestling at the feet of the mighty range, and now practically wrapt in slumber. No sound broke the perfect stillness without. The very houses seemed to sleep.

It was only when I re-entered the heated atmosphere of the smoky "bar room" where my companions, grown tired of card-playing, were now quietly conversing, that I noticed an odd-looking and apparently elderly stranger seated alone beside a little window at the further end of the room. The window was open, and he was staring through it vacantly, only interrupting his reverie now and again in order to blow a long cloud of smoke into the air. As I seated myself among my companions I cast a glance of inquiry in his direction.

"He came in five minutes ago," one of them answered.

"Who is he?"

"Some crank, I suppose. He has hardly stirred since he sat down there."

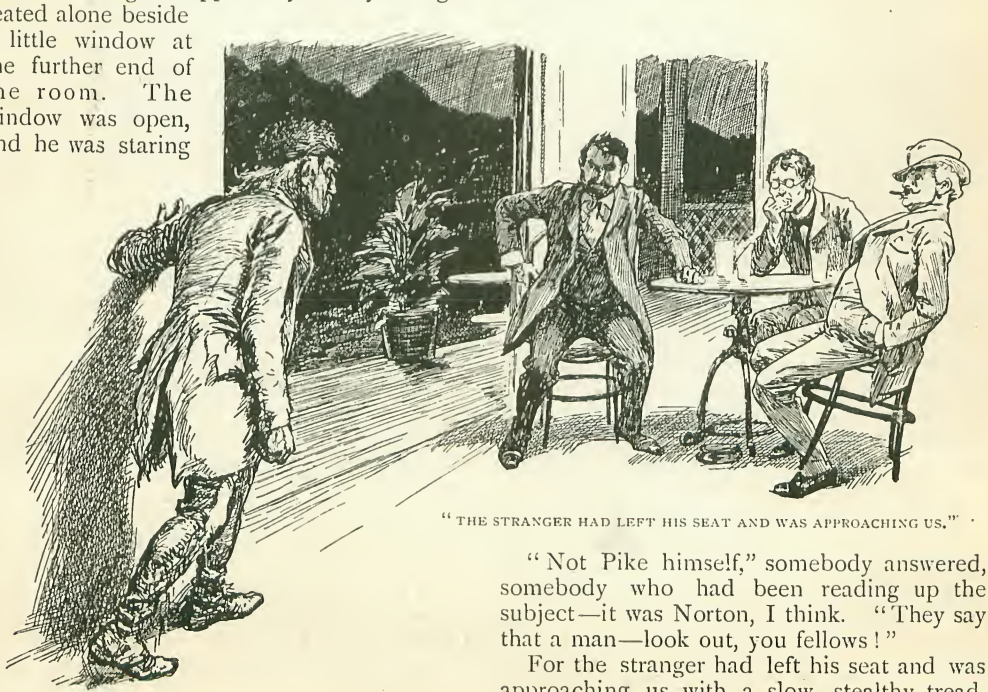
Though the room was a public one, only ourselves and the stranger now occupied it.

"What is he staring at?" someone asked, presently.

"Pike's Peak, apparently," replied Watson, who had called the stranger "some crank."

Though the words were spoken in an undertone, the "crank" evidently overheard them, for he turned his head and frowned. Then he resumed his former position—his vigil. Watson tapped his forehead significantly, and presently conversation drifted. It drifted from one topic to another, until the subject of American ways and customs, of America in general, of American scenery and landscapes, came uppermost.

"And who really was the first to reach the top of Pike's Peak?" Watson asked, looking round at us.



"THE STRANGER HAD LEFT HIS SEAT AND WAS APPROACHING US."

"Not Pike himself," somebody answered, somebody who had been reading up the subject—it was Norton, I think. "They say that a man—look out, you fellows!"

For the stranger had left his seat and was approaching us with a slow, stealthy tread,

his eyes oddly dilated. As he advanced we instinctively turned to face him. A man of immense proportions, and well over six feet in height, he could not have been over fifty years of age, though he looked quite sixty. His hair was white and rather long. He had evidently been handsome in his day, but now the face, neck, and hands were disfigured with numberless little sunken blotches in some ways resembling, though in reality quite unlike, the pits left by smallpox. He wore an old drab suit, a coon cap, thick boots, and leather leggings.

"Who did you say first saw Pike's Peak?" he asked, in a threatening, hollow voice. He had dropped into a chair upon the opposite side of the table beside me. As he spoke he looked me full in the eyes, and, placing both elbows upon the table very deliberately, rested his chin upon his fists. Norton, whom he had interrupted, came to the rescue.

"I believe that——"

"*I* first saw it! But do you know the story of our ascent?"

"I know only what I have read and been told," Norton said.

"You yourself have ascended Pike's Peak?"

"I have."

"You have seen the summit, then."

"Yes."

"And what did you notice there that struck you most—there, fifteen thousand feet above the sea's level?"

"Why, scenery that was perfectly grand."

"Yes, yes, I know—grand, magnificent, marvellous scenery. I know all that. But what else did you see?"

He paused. "Surely it is there," he muttered, "surely it is still there—it must be there—it *must* be there. Who could have removed it, eh?" he continued, aloud; "who *could* have taken it away? Tell me *that*."

Norton had an inspiration. What train of thought led up to that inspiration he says that to this day he cannot guess.

"Do you mean the stone?"

Instantly the stranger's expression changed. He looked round at us all quite intelligently.

"It *is* there, then?" he inquired, eagerly, bending forward across the table.

"Of course it is there," Norton and Watson replied in one breath. "Who could have taken it away?" Watson added, glancing towards us significantly, and suppressing a smile.

We were growing interested in this poor, demented creature.

"I can give you the inscription word for word," Norton said, wishing to propitiate him.

"Do! What is it? Tell me, what is it?"

"The inscription says: '*This stone is erected in memory of William Dawkins, James Weston, and Walter Hillier, Pioneers of Pike's Peak, who were devoured by mountain rats while endeavouring to reach this summit.*'"

"Ah!" he ejaculated, greatly relieved. "I am glad it is there—I am *glad* it is still there. Do you know the story of my friends, the story of those pioneers?"

He had grown suddenly calm. He seemed suddenly to have regained his reason.

"No; tell it to us," said Watson, carelessly blowing a cloud of smoke across the table. "But first, what will you take, sir? And won't you try a cigar?"

"Brandy," he exclaimed. "Then I will tell you all—all!"

Our interest and curiosity were now thoroughly aroused. We could see that the stranger was not a common brawler. He was quite sober, too, and though his mind was evidently unhinged, it was equally evident to us that he had intervals of lucidness. This seemed to be one of them. With provoking deliberation he reloaded his pipe. The glasses were refilled. We noticed that he poured brandy into his tumbler until it was three-parts full. Just then the moon shone over the summit of the famous Peak, and from where we sat the outline of the glorious mountain could be clearly discerned. Watson drew the stranger's attention to it. An odd, bitter smile flitted across his face. It was the first time that we had seen him smile. He sighed once, but did not utter a word. Again his gaze became riveted upon the gigantic Peak.

"Pike never would—never could have reached it. He tried to several times. Finally he stood upon a hill near the stalactite caves at the base of my mountain, and, pointing with his finger at the summit, said: 'No mortal man will ever tread that Peak!'"

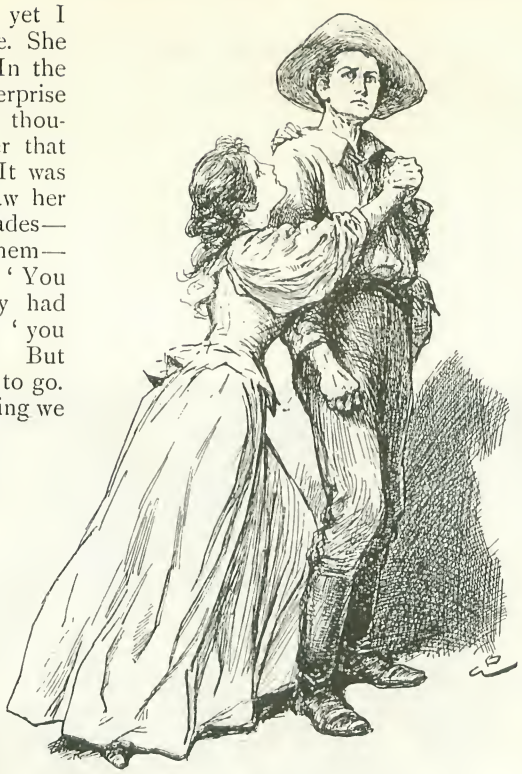
Again he paused.

"But we—*we* were determined to. Our friends shook us by the hands and bade us farewell.

"'But you are fools,' they said. 'You will never come back. You don't know what you may meet in those mountains. You know what Pike said when he came back. You know the tales he told. And some things he would not tell.'

"'Don't go, oh! don't go,' my wife cried, in agony.

"I loved her, yet I forced her from me. She was but a unit. In the success of our enterprise lay the welfare of thousands. I told her that to comfort her. It was the last time I saw her alive. My comrades—may God help them—had no wives. 'You are married,' they had said all along; 'you should not come.' But I was determined to go. Early in the morning we started. We took with us arms, food and drink for many days, and the bare necessaries of life. We carried everything ourselves. We knew where and how Pike had failed. We should succeed.



"DON'T GO, OH! DON'T GO."

"A week later we were fairly launched, also we were fairly in the midst of difficulties. The work was terribly severe, but we had determination, strength, and courage. We had expected to find obstacles, and in this we certainly were not disappointed. Here, enormous boulders which had to be circumvented; there, unlooked-for waterfalls and ravines that delayed us, besides vegetation so thick that in places we had literally to hack our way through it. All this impeded our progress enormously. And then the unknown dangers that Pike had hinted at. There might be snakes and reptiles, of sorts hitherto never heard of, concealed among those immense boulders; there might be death-dealing plants all around us—such plants flourish in South America; there might be—indeed, we did not know what there might not be. But of course we did not pause to consider these things."

He paused, however, in order to take another great gulp of brandy. It seemed to stimulate him. His eyes glistened.

"Over a fortnight went by. We were growing more and more accustomed to meeting difficulties and to overcoming them, for many obstacles at first sight insurmountable proved in the end to be less formidable than we had anticipated. And as we gradually mounted higher and higher, our spirits steadily rose as if in sympathy. Far down in the valley we had once or twice during our progress caught glimpses of this very townlet, now called Colorado Springs, also of the village of Manitou. Tiny villages, indeed, they were in those days, and as we saw them from those great heights they looked like chessboards stretched out upon the vast expanse of prairie. And still we fought our way upward, upward, always upward.

"How long our expedition had been started I cannot quite remember, when the nature of the surroundings gradually changed greatly. In place of rock and black soil we now found vast tracts of a sandy formation. The undergrowth was still dense, however, though here and there thousands upon thousands of slim fir trees lay rotting upon the ground, evidently swept down by some terrific storm—for storms in these mountains sweep down trees as a reaping machine sweeps down standing corn. Sometimes we came upon broad, open spaces—spaces swept clear apparently in early days by giant waterfalls long since dried up. Then, as we penetrated still higher, the temperature of course became colder and colder, the atmosphere more and more rarefied—the vegetation at the same time naturally decreasing in density and the trees in size. Even the boulders grew smaller. Indeed, they now looked as though in prehistoric times they had all been flung together by a tremendous seismic disturbance, many of them being crushed to pieces in the process.

"'Have you noticed,' one of my comrades remarked one day, as we prepared to rest and refresh ourselves, 'what a quantity of insects there are up here? And the rats, too, are getting more plentiful. We seldom see any of those grey squirrels now.'

"As he spoke he stamped his foot upon an immense brown spider that was running away. Its body burst with a crack, and glutinous liquid spurted out all round his boot. Almost instantly several more spiders ran out from beneath a large stone as though to ascertain what had happened. They stopped. For a moment they seemed for all the world as if they looked at us—looked at us with a malignant, vindictive expression. Then they scuttled away.

"'I believe I felt several of those spiders scampering over my face last night,' he continued. 'You fellows had better be careful; I am told they bite like the mischief. These mountains are famous for them, and —just look at that!'

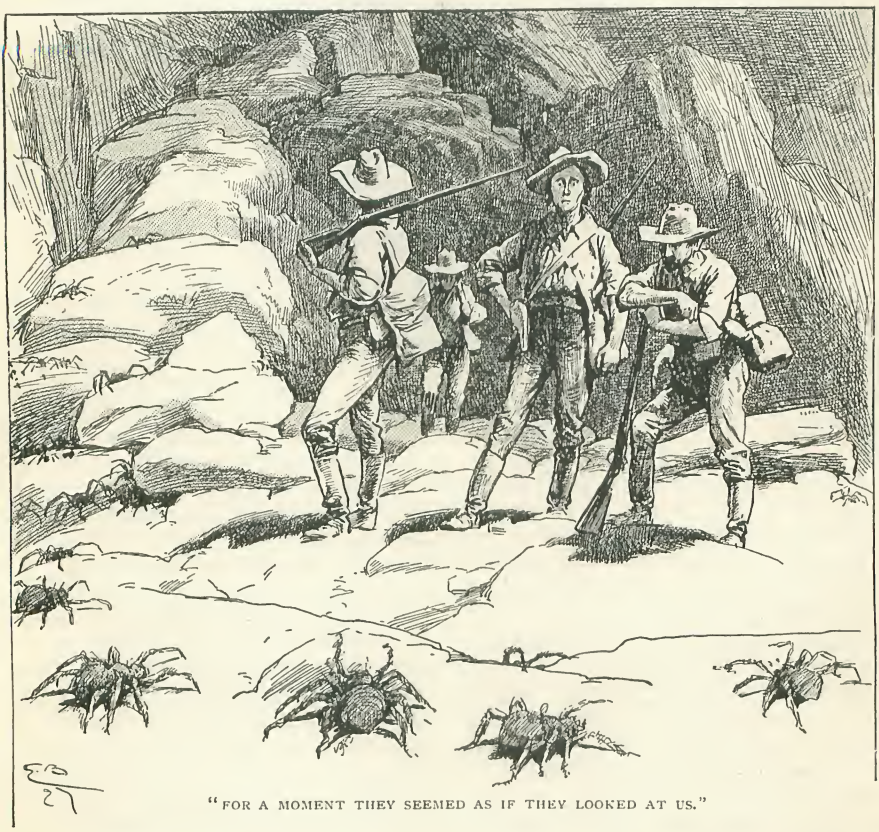
"A couple of large rats were chasing an enormous spider across a long flat boulder. A moment later spider and rats disappeared over the edge.

"'They say that mountain rats will devour any living thing,' Weston said, presently. 'They will eat us if we don't watch them,' he ended in jest.

"During the earlier part of the afternoon we had made good progress, when suddenly, to our surprise, we came upon a large, sloping tract of bare white sand. The sun, still high in the heavens, shed its rays slantingly across it, and at first sight the sand seemed to be alive with small, moving bodies.

"'Talk of spiders!' Dawkins said, laughing. 'Did you ever see anything like that?'

"We had long ago, in previous expeditions, grown accustomed to surprises. Few things astonished us now. Never in our lives, however, had we seen such an assemblage of



"FOR A MOMENT THEY SEEMED AS IF THEY LOOKED AT US."

'lucky insects,' as some senseless folk call them. There must have been thousands upon thousands of them running about in every direction, colliding with one another and tumbling over one another apparently for no particular reason. The sight made me think of a gigantic ant's nest overrun with mammoth ants, and an odd sort of smell that for several days had pervaded the air, and caused us to wonder more than once whence it came, here struck our nostrils with renewed strength. The smell was the smell of spiders.

"Now, as we stepped forward into this open tract, a strange thing happened, for the entire space which a moment before had been alive became in an instant motionless. The spiders were all there, right before us, but of one accord they had stopped running. Oddly enough, too, every spider was now facing us. Instinctively we felt that we had become objects of intense curiosity. And as we stood there, interested and amused, we could distinctly see the spiders' great eyes sticking out and evidently watching us. The sight would have given women, and many a man for that matter, 'the creeps,' as I believe a certain sort of nervous affection is called. We rather enjoyed it.

"'Pish! you hideous things,' Dawkins said, pitching a pebble into their midst. In less than a minute hardly a spider was to be seen.

"'If we describe that sight when we get back we shall be called liars, to say the least,' Weston said, glancing at his watch. 'I've seen insects in my time, but never anything like that. Why, it's past three o'clock.'

"The offensive smell was still strong in the air, and as we progressed it increased. Once or twice it became almost unbearable. We had now a long stretch of clear going before us, so we hastened to avail ourselves of it by advancing briskly. And still we saw spiders at every turn, spiders running in under every stone, spiders by the hundred sunning themselves on every rock and boulder—great brown spiders, with fat, oval bodies, and with thick, hairy legs bent in grotesque curves. I kicked over a stunted little tree that lay rotting—ugh! quite two or three hundred spiders must have scuttled away from under it.

"'This is getting beyond a joke,' Hillier, who seldom spoke and was generally considered surly, suddenly said. 'I tell you what it is: these spiders will go for us.'

"'Like Weston's rats!' Dawkins said, laughing at him; and we were still chaffing Hillier and Weston when Dawkins happened to look round.

"'Why, Harry!' he exclaimed.

"There was anxiety in his tone, and I felt his hand grip my shoulder. And no wonder. Though anything but a coward, Dawkins could not help at once realizing what we all realized a moment later, namely, that Hillier's evil omen was more than likely to come true, and, realizing at the same instant our utter helplessness should such a thing occur, a sickening sense of fear had come over him.

"For there, barely fifty yards away, a reddish-brown mass gradually assuming the form of a crescent was steadily, swiftly gliding over the sand, steadily and swiftly overtaking us. And as it approached we could see thousands upon thousands of spiders hastening towards it from every side and quickly increasing its size. The swarm when first we saw it must have covered between twelve and fifteen square feet. Before it had glided over another twenty yards of sand the entire mass was nearly one-third as large again. Yet a sort of horrible fascination kept us rooted to the spot where we now stood watching the swarm approach. In order to brace up our courage we told one another that the spiders could not be pursuing us at all; that if we moved aside they would pass us by. But in our hearts we knew that we tried to think a lie. And when we moved aside in order to convince ourselves, the creeping crescent immediately swayed round towards us and seemed if anything to advance more quickly."

The stranger poured out another tumblerful of brandy, swallowed about a third of it, and, growing more and more excited, continued:—

"Suddenly the intense horror of the situation flashed across my mind and struck terror into our hearts. For what could we do to avert the terrible fate that threatened us? Savage animals we might have coped with; treacherous human beings, even, we might have bested; but now we were face to face with a peril totally unexpected, utterly loathsome and unassailable.

"'Our only chance lies in flight,' Hillier said, bitterly.

"'Flight! and where shall we fly to? The top of the mountain, I suppose! Look there, Hillier.'

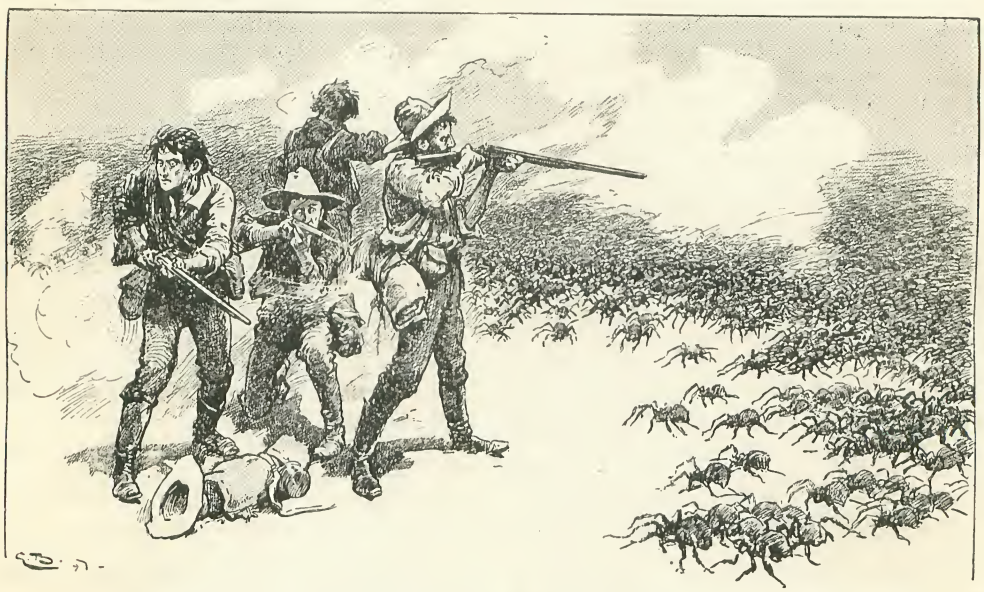
"It was Dawkins who spoke, and he spoke in tones of scorn. Looking round us, we now saw what we had not noticed before. We were surrounded. Everywhere we saw spiders—spiders approaching in brown, gliding crescents of varying sizes. And over a hundred yards away the largest and darkest mass of all could clearly be distinguished, also winding its way along the sand, also approaching, also inclosing us. And as this great crescent surged undulatingly, unswervingly across hillocks and irregularities in the surface of the sandy soil, it resembled the great waves of a sluggish, turbid stream leaving a factory sluice.

"'Fire into them!' I exclaimed, slipping a couple of shot cartridges into my gun. The two charges cut a lane into the approaching wave, but almost instantly the lane closed up,

and the undulating mass advanced as if nothing had happened. Together Dawkins and Weston fired four barrels. Rather a broader lane this time; but again it closed up. I had reloaded.

"'Give them a volley,' Weston called out; 'that may turn them.'

"We did so; but by the time the smoke had cleared away the swarm had well-nigh resumed its normal size and shape. Could we sweep a lane with our eight barrels and then rush through it? No, that was obviously impossible: the width of the waves was too great. And still recruits were pouring in upon every side, and as we fired volley after volley into the quickly approaching swarms, in the vain hope of turning them, the distant ravines rang again and again with echoes.



"WE FIRED VOLLEY AFTER VOLLEY."

"'My God! we are done for,' came despairingly from Hillier, as for the twentieth time he closed his gun with a snap.

"Our barrels had now become almost too hot to hold, and still the hideous, crawling waves, which must have contained trillions of spiders, were fast approaching with a strange, swaying motion, and rapidly narrowing our little circle. In a few minutes they would be upon us, overrunning us, dragging us down. Already many stragglers were running up our legs and over our bodies. Now, the first swarm was so near that we could distinctly hear it rushing upon us, and—ah! the smell, how it still hangs in my nostrils . . . ."

For a moment the stranger stopped. His pupils were widely distended. His limbs trembled. He clutched the table frantically in order to support himself.

"Suddenly I saw several spiders run up Weston's face and fix upon his eyes. With a scream he dashed them away, but as he did so his eye began to swell, for the brutes had bitten him badly."

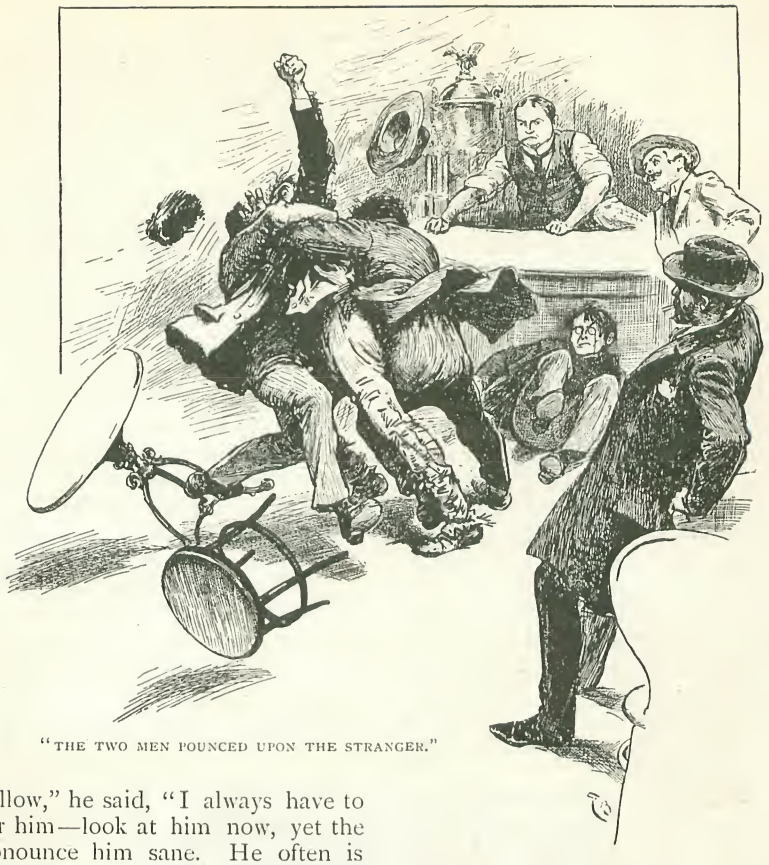
He stopped again. He was quivering all over with the excitement. The brandy was taking effect. Suddenly he dashed from his seat to the furthermost corner of the room.

"Keep them from me! Keep them off!" he cried, glaring wildly all round the floor. "Look at them now—look at them—ah! God help me!—help me!—*help me!*"

He sprang to right and left, then towards the door. Perspiration was pouring down his face. Then suddenly he snatched blindly at imaginary spiders running up his sleeves and legs, running up his body, running over his head, over his face, over his eyes, into his mouth. It was a dreadful sight.

"Stop him!" Watson cried, jumping from his seat and rushing towards him, but as he approached the maniac a blindly directed blow from the latter's fist nearly stunned him, and the inn-keeper and two rough-looking men entered the room.

"Hold him, boys," the inn-keeper said, calmly, and as the two men pounced upon the stranger the inn-keeper sauntered towards us.



"THE TWO MEN POUNCED UPON THE STRANGER."

"Poor fellow," he said, "I always have to be ready for him—look at him now, yet the doctors pronounce him sane. He often is sane, of course, but when I heard him starting on the spiders, and on brandy as well, I knew what to expect."

"Is there any truth in his spider story?"

"Any truth? It's all truth; at least, that's my belief. Though I was quite a lad at the time the expedition started, I can remember it well. Four of them there were, all strong and hearty when they set out. Two months later *he* came back."

"Did he alone escape?"

"He alone came back—came back quite done for and disfigured all over with red blotches. Afterwards they turned into pits. Look at them now on his face and neck, but they are all over his body, too—all over every inch of him. Some years later another expedition went up and reached the summit, but they always maintained that rats, not spiders, devoured those poor fellows, so they set a stone with an inscription upon it at the top of the mountain — you have seen it, no doubt?"

"What do you, yourself, think they were killed by?"

"Think? I don't think anything. As sure as you are standing there they were eaten up by swarms of great spiders, as Mad Harry has told you. I have heard him tell the story often enough, and he always tells the same story; but when he drinks brandy while he's telling it he nearly always gets into that state sooner or later, and I get these men to hold him until he recovers. Besides, those marks are not rats' bites. They are not a bit like rats' bites. No, I believe that what he says about the rats is true: that is, that a perfect army of them suddenly came down upon the spiders and routed the lot, but not before the other three men had succumbed, or had been so sucked out of blood that they soon died of exhaustion. Ah! it's a horrible place, that mountain," he said, looking at its rugged peak so clearly outlined in the moonlight. "Though you can go up one side of it now by the track, easily enough, you don't know what horrors may exist in other parts of it. Many a man has gone into those mountains, but very few have ever returned."

# *Old Travellers' Yarns.*

By Framley Steelcroft.

YOUR traveller, real or self-styled, can always be relied upon to impress people. He always *could* be relied upon in this way, ever since the dawn of history; and if he came back from more or less foreign parts without something blood-curdling to tell, he was promptly voted an impostor.

I am talking throughout of mediæval travellers only. In these days, of course, we expect little that is sensational from our explorers—little that calls for more emotion than a yawn. But in those grand old lurid days, you would readily have been credited had you related as an eye-witness, details of a sanguinary battle between leviathans at the corner of the Bethnal Green Road.

I have been at some pains to seek out pictorial yarns from many priceless old books scattered up and down the libraries of Europe; and the whole point of this article lies in the fact that the pictures reproduced are supposed to depict *exactly what the traveller saw*. Furthermore, every book I have drawn upon is of the "heaviest" scientific kind; so that these fantastic yarns were first of all gravely discussed by the learned bodies of the day, and then recorded in ponderous Latin tomes for the guidance and instruction of a less adventurous posterity.

WHERE GEESE GREW ON THE TREES.

Will it be believed that the magnificent yarn depicted in the accompanying picture was seriously recorded in one of the early volumes of the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society? The illustration is from Munster's monumental "Geography" published about 1580. They were far too quick in jumping to conclusions in those days. Because barnacles were found on pieces of floating wood, it was thought (logic extraordinary!) that barnacles grew on trees. But from even this tall order to the astounding yarn depicted in the picture there was a terrific stretch of imagination. Here we not only see the barnacles growing on a tree at the water's edge, but we also see the barnacles being *hatched into geese* by some occult process of incubation. Furthermore, you may perceive the half-fledged birds swimming away for dear life, as if anxious to put a few miles, as soon as possible, between them and the place of their truly remarkable origin.

The next three pictures are from "De Bry's Travels," a work which enjoys the distinction of being the very first book to be brought out in parts. It was published in Flanders, between 1590 and 1620; and so rare is it now, that a complete copy is worth £500. Readers of The Strand Magazine who would like to possess the only copy in this country will find it at Mr. Quaritch's famous bookshop, in Piccadilly. De Bry didn't exactly travel himself; he just collected (and embellished) all the likely travels he could lay hands upon. His book was a standard work of reference in its day.

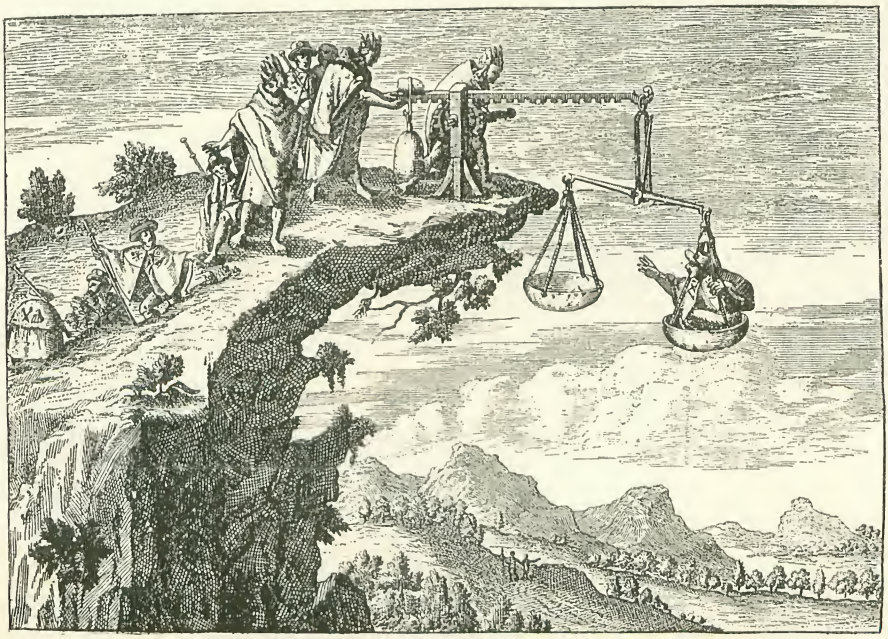
The first illustration shows an alligator hunt in one of the Southern States of America. The manner of the hunt was sublimely simple. Having removed their overcoats, the sportsmen tickled the saurian's mouth with a long pole, and then waited for the monster to walk up it. When the alligator had taken as much pole as he could conveniently carry, he was turned over and done to death with bows and arrows, spears, clubs, or anything else handy. By a miraculous chance, both operations happened to be going on when the explorer made his sketch.

Yes, travellers in olden times saw queer

AN ALLIGATOR HUNT IN ONE OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.

things—or thought they did, which, for practical purposes (such as impressing contemporaries), came to the same thing. Many of the self-styled "explorers" never stirred beyond their own unhallowed firesides, but they had such superb imaginations that it were harsh to call them liars.

Here is the second De Bry picture. It represents a method of extorting confessions from people accused of various crimes. The thing is picturesque and was efficacious. The precipice seems made for the ordeal. The scene is somewhere in South America, at the time of the Spaniards' arrival. The custom is described by a Spanish explorer. The king is sitting on the left. He must be the king, or he wouldn't sit like that. Then there is the warrior who keeps his majesty



QUEER METHOD OF EXTORTING CONFESSION FROM A CRIMINAL.

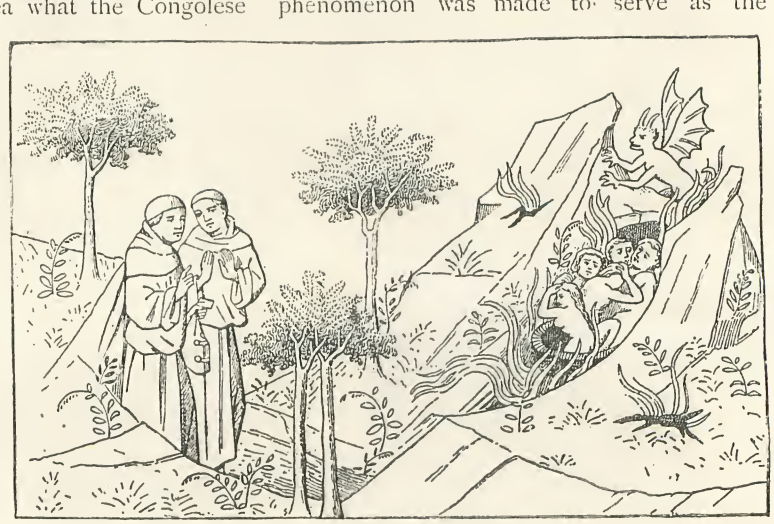
NOBLEMAN AND COMMONER "FROM THE CONGO."

posted up in the news concerning the prisoner's demeanour. Next comes the torturer—the tall gentleman at the weighted lever. The priest is leaning over the precipice ready to receive the confession of the poor man who sits in the scales of injustice.

The third illustration from De Bry is really very interesting, as showing what little light was shed upon the dark places of the world in those days. The picture also "gives away" everybody connected with De Bry's *magnum opus*. The artist had to draw two figures representing respectively a nobleman (!) and a commoner from the Congo. But he hadn't even the remotest idea what the Congolese were like—*didn't even know they were black!* What did that artist do? He thought a little, knowing his responsibilities and the importance of that great book; then he sat down and produced the two figures shown in the above illustration. Not only are both the Congo natives *perfectly white*, but they have every appearance of stalwart Roman citizens. Notice the toga, the falchion, the sandals, and the noble bearing, and then think of the brutish cannibals of the Belgian Congo!

In the next picture we see that a certain Friar Oderic and his travelling companion have inadvertently lighted upon a sort of minor Inferno, or place for lost souls. Belief in a place of this kind somewhere in Central Asia was very widespread in the Middle Ages. Travellers heard strange noises in the wilderness—unearthly wailings and sighings, and that kind of thing, so they concluded that they must be in the vicinity of a branch purgatory at the very least. Thus the idea of this place became a fixed tradition, which, of course, grew into absolute certainty after Friar Oderic had plucked up sufficient courage to "go the whole hog," and declare that he had actually visited the spot. Notice the timid demeanour of the two monks; also the air of proprietorship assumed by the leading demon—who, by the way, seems rather to revel in the curious forked tongues of flame that are bursting from the mountain. It was never pretended that this was actually the headquarters of purgatory. Friar Oderic expressly speaks of it as a sort of overflow establishment. It is an interesting fact that the strange noises which gave rise to this singular story were merely the sounds made by the wind blowing the sand about in the deserts.

Almost every newly-discovered scientific phenomenon was made to serve as the



FRIAR ODERIC ARRIVES AT PURGATORY.

THE LAMB-TREE OF TARTARY, SHOWING LAMB EMERGING.

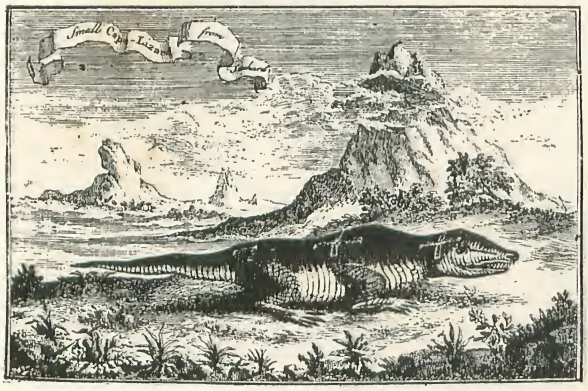
foundation for some extravagant yarn. Here is another picture from what is meant to be a serious book of travel in Central Asia. In Tartary grows the lamb-tree, remarkable for its woolly fruit. The illustration, however, shows a lamb-tree more wonderful than even the magic of a Hindu sorcerer. It is an impressive scene. The ubiquitous Friar Oderic has come across a tree *on which birds grow*, and he has plucked a branch full of ornithological "blooms," and handed it to one of his companions. This is neat, not to say striking, but it is heavily countered by the local king. Up comes this monarch with some ripe fruit from the lamb-tree, and it will be seen that *a lamb is just emerging* from what looks like a big cocoa-nut.

One of the very earliest allusions to the divining rod—if not *the* earliest—is contained in the next picture, which is taken from an ancient work, in Latin, published in the fourteenth century. Everybody knows that the divining rod is merely a forked twig, which, held by a sensitive medium, enables that gifted person to discover the presence of water, coal, gold, and other treasures that lie hid in the earth. In this picture the artist has permitted us to see both diviner and miners at work. The former is walking as though for a wager; he has a strictly business-like air. So, too, have the subterranean toilers, who are nearly all working as though for dear life.

Occasionally the old travellers made an excursion into philology, and their efforts at derivation were at least ingenious and strenuous. Some of them heard that certain saurians bore upon their back striated marks resembling crosses. Well, one explorer straightway described to a wondering world a giant Cape lizard he had met which bore three perfect crosses on its back. Our author himself made a sketch of the monster from life, of course, and he pointed out the crosses as being the origin of the generic name *croc-odile*.

The ancient explorers—or, rather, many of them—certainly did visit "furrin parts," more or less, and they collected a deal of natural history—again, more or less. This leads one up to the next reproduction, which depicts an ostrich partaking of its midday

FIRST REPRESENTATION OF THE DIVINING-ROD.

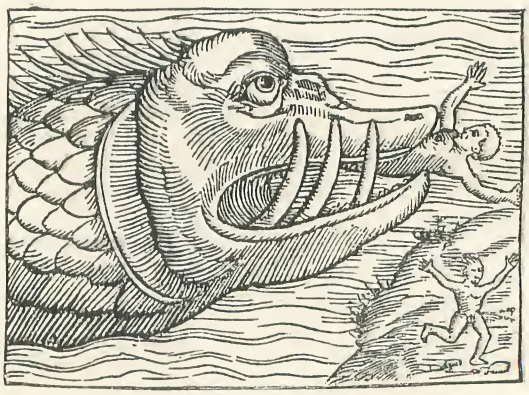


HOW CROCODILES GOT THEIR NAMES. (FROM THE "CROSSES.")

meal. Be it understood that in all cases the author of these quasi-scientific works declared in the text that he had actually *seen with his own eyes* the creatures and incidents represented in his quaint illustrations.

Now as to that ostrich. To cut a long story short, it was alleged that the bird ate absolutely nothing else but old iron. He would, it was stated, go out of his way for this delicacy—pursue a caravan for miles for it. In the picture we see the bird "chawing up" a key that might have opened the Bastile itself. A horseshoe forms the next course, so to speak, and the great bird is looking back at this with an air of complacent anticipation.

Of course, many of our old travellers honestly thought they were acting in the best interests of science by promulgating these yarns. They — some of them, that is — laboriously prepared fantastic maps of non-existent islands and continents, and even decorated the margins of these with drawings of fearsome monsters which were supposed to inhabit them or their shores. The accompanying illustration is taken from the margin of a map prepared by the great Scandinavian geographer, Olaus Magnus, who lived in



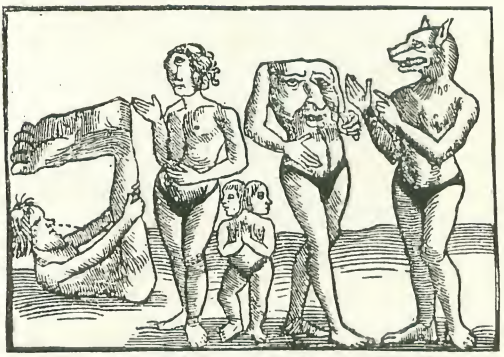
A VERY EARLY SEA-SERPENT.

the fifteenth century. The picture is a very early representation of the sea-serpent. We see that of the two persons on the seashore one was taken and the other left. Perhaps they were bathing at some Scandinavian Margate when the monster reared his frightful head out of the water. The horror of the one that was "left" is very comically expressed.

Next are seen two interesting groups, representing tribes who were supposed to exist in Africa. These drawings were carefully made from descriptions furnished by the explorers themselves, and the whole business of recording what was known of these strange peoples was conducted with such great gravity as befitted a monumental work on anthropology. The little man on the extreme left in the first picture is one of the Monopodi, every one of which tribe possessed but one leg and foot.

THE OSTRICH THAT ATE ONLY OLD IRON.

The size of that solitary foot, however, amply compensated for the absence of the other. As a fact, when it rained, hailed, or snowed, the Monopodi fell on their backs and hoisted



STRANGE TRIBES FROM THE WILDS OF THE EARTH.

their vast expanse of foot, thus resting secure beneath their extraordinary tent, precisely as we see their representative doing in the picture.

The next figure shows one of the Monoculi — Cyclopean fellows with only one eye, and that in the middle of the forehead. The man in the picture seems to be laying down the law to his large-footed neighbour.

Next we have one of those awful people who have no head, but merely a face on their breast. Othello, relating his adventures to Desdemona, spoke of ". . . . Anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." The Cynocephali, or dog-headed people,

THE LONG-EARED MAN SCOLDS HIS SERVANT.

are next represented by a fierce-looking creature, evidently spelling out sentences in the deaf and dumb language. A two-headed dwarf completes this interesting but fearsome group.

With the respectful nigger in the next picture is shown a member of a tribe, surely the most extraordinary ever conceived by the mind of man. This wonderful being is blessed (or cursed) with ears of such extraordinary size, that at night he lies down upon one and covers himself up with the other, being in this way provided with an ever-present supply of bed and bedding.

Really, it is most amazing to learn what direful myths were gravely accepted regarding places now as familiar to us as Brighton or Scarborough; and that right down to recent times. We reproduce here a comparatively wonderful picture from a work called "Routes in the Swiss Alps, made in 1702–11." The author was one Schenchzer, and the work was published in Leyden.

The illustration shows the author-explorer, Schenchzer, actually meeting with a terrible dragon in the lower Alps. His

A DRAGON IN THE ALPS.

dismay and horror at the awful spectacle are well portrayed. These pictures will doubtless prove interesting and amusing to the hundreds of thousands of holiday-makers who now flock annually to Switzerland; and it is instructive to reflect that so recently as the last century the "playground of Europe" was so little known to outsiders that it was supposed to be over-run with dragons and man-headed snakes!

Perhaps no yarn had so long a tenure of life as that relating to the existence of dog-headed people. In the Middle Ages every

explorer who returned from Africa ("Out of Africa always something new," as the old Latin tag has it) was questioned as to the dog-headed people. If he said he hadn't seen them he was put down as an unobservant ass; therefore, *everybody* saw them, of course.

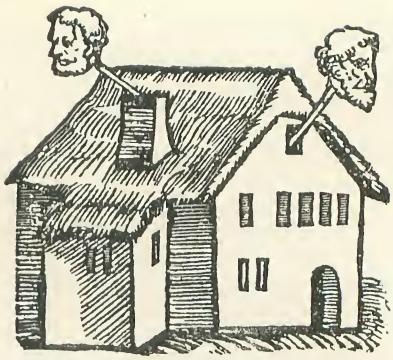
One solitary dog-headed warrior actually defeated a whole army belonging to Alexander the Great—at least so runs the legend in the work from which the next picture was taken. It seems that the weapons borne by Alexander's soldiers passed harmlessly through the Cynocephali (as the dog-headed folks were called); and in the picture we see a deadly combat in progress between

THE DOG-HEADED MAN CONQUERS THE MACEDONIAN WARRIOR.

one of these invulnerable monstrosities and a Macedonian warrior.

Friar Oderic gives the following account of the Cynocephali, as absolutely authentic. After the Flood, one of the sons of Japheth lost his wife in child-birth, and so he appointed as wet-nurse—a she-dog! This recalls the story of Romulus and Remus. When the child grew up he manifested "doggy" sympathies, and he ultimately left such civilization as then existed, and became the progenitor of the dog-headed race.

Talking of civilization, here is an interesting picture from "Munster's Geography," which illustrates how an explorer knew when he had arrived at a tolerably civilized town or village. The traveller explained that in his journeyings through Africa (*toujours l'Afrique!*) he always felt easy in his mind when they hoisted the signals of law and order in this way. The "signals" were merely human heads stuck on long poles that protruded from the windows of the houses; but they served to show that male-

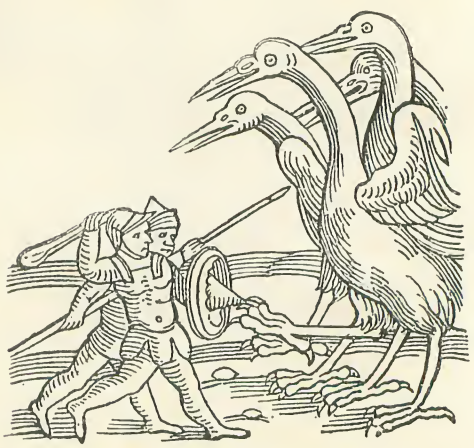


PECULIAR SIGNS OF LAW AND ORDER.

factors were punished in that place, and that life and property were respected.

Each explorer seemed to make it a rule to corroborate on his return some legend that had obtained credence for ages. People liked to say "they always *did* think it was so." Take the ancient Homeric idea of the pigmies fighting with the cranes. Herodotus believed the yarn with child-like simplicity (poor Herodotus would have believed anything); but Strabo was not to be caught with such chaff, and he rejected the legend. However, the fact remains that a traveller *did* return from the wilds of the earth with the usual lying sketches "made from life," and backed up with a narrative that fairly floors one with its wealth of detail. The curious combat is shown in the accompanying picture, which was photographed by our artist from the original work.

The quaint illustration next given is from a weighty work on geographical science, published in the fourteenth century. This book contains what is virtually the first mention of the story of Bishop Hatto,



FIGHT BETWEEN THE PIGMIES AND THE CRANES.

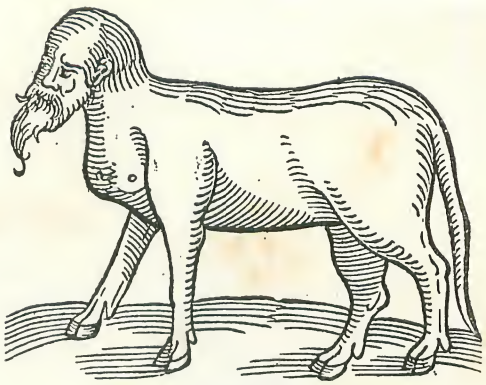
and that stirring legend is given as an absolute fact, in connection with a certain castle on the Rhine, near Bingen. The story is familiar to all of us. Hatto, Archbishop of Mainz, had a highly original plan for relieving the famine that afflicted Germany about the year 914. Unfortunately the plan can't be recommended to the Indian Government. The Bishop just collected all the poor people in a barn and burnt them alive. In his case, Nemesis took the form of mice (some say rats, but why quarrel over a rodent?). They came in threatening battalions, and Hatto retreated to a castle on

FIRST REPRESENTATION OF THE BISHOP HATTO LEGEND.

an island in the Rhine, the mice following in millions, swimming vigorously. They swarmed into the boat, and, later on, in at the castle windows. "And at last," says the old chronicle, quaintly, "he (Hatto) was devoured by these sillie creatures."

In the picture, the Bishop is yet a good way from his stronghold. The first instalment of the "sillie creatures" have made their appearance; and the leader is whispering tidings of doom in the prelate's right ear.

The extraordinary creature next reproduced was, of course, actually supposed to exist. As a fact, the author of the work from which it was copied (one of the earliest of printed books) gives blood-curdling accounts of his adventures among these monsters. The one reproduced bears a ludicrous

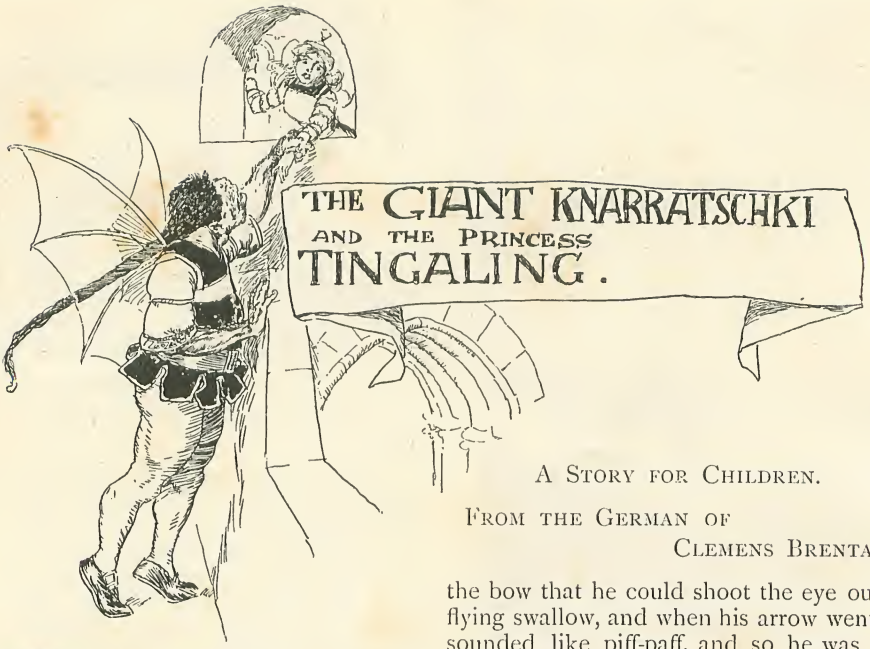


ONE OF THE HUMAN-FACED ANIMALS.

resemblance to a certain eminent statesman.

A very peculiar story is told in the picture next reproduced. The scene is a monastery near Hang Chow, in China, and one of the monks is feeding a number of queer monsters that are emerging from a cave. It was the much-travelled Friar Oderic who visited this strange place. In his pompous book, Oderic relates how holy men who needed a period of rest, meditation, and prayer withdrew their souls from their bodies, and caused the former to enter into these curious beasts. In the picture, Friar Oderic is being shown the "animals" at feeding time. The "holy-men-animals," as one must dub them, are not particular as to food. As a rule, the leavings from the monks' table fall to their lot; but one is not told what return the monks get when their strange guests see fit to put an end to their period of seclusion from the world.

MONKS FEEDING THE MAN-BEASTS.




A Story for Children.

From the German of
Clemens Brentano.

THERE once lived a schoolmaster who had five sons, and they were called—the eldest, Pinkpank; the second, Clickclack; the third, Pitchpatch; the fourth, Piffpaff; and the youngest, Trilltrall. Now, the schoolmaster had given all of them a very good education, and each could do something better than anyone else in the world.

Pinkpank had been apprenticed to an apothecary, and had learnt how to make a secret drug, which would bring any dead person to life again, if only the least pinch of it were put between his lips. When he was at work in the apothecary's with the pestle and mortar it went pink-pank, pink-pank, and so he got the name of Pinkpank.

Now, the second son could climb up any cliff, however high, or scale any castle, however steep, just as easily as a cat climbs a garden wall. And he did this by means of two daggers, which he dug in between the stones; and as he stuck his daggers into the wall or cliff, one after the other, they went click-clack, click-clack, and so he got the name of Clickclack.

The third son could row a boat quicker than anyone else; his oars went pitch-patch, pitch-patch, and the boat glided over the water like an arrow from the bow, quicker than the wind.

The fourth son was such a good shot with the bow that he could shoot the eye out of a flying swallow, and when his arrow went off it sounded like piff-paff, and so he was called Piffpaff.

The youngest son used to wander in the woods all day long, and he got to know the song of every bird in the forest. He used to practise whistling them regularly, so that he could at last imitate them perfectly. He knew what the birds were talking about and could speak back to them again, and because he was always whistling like a bird he was called Trilltrall.

Well, one day Trilltrall was out in the woods, hunting about for slugs and snails and caterpillars, for he used to eat just the same food as the birds, when a thrush flew by. He was just in the act of swallowing a lovely fat green caterpillar, so he quickly gulped it down, without chewing it at all, and whistled out, "Good morning! Any news this morning?"

"Any news!" said the thrush. "Yes, I should think so. Have you not heard that the giant Knarratschki has run off with the Princess Tingaling, daughter of King Poompam of Gongoland? He has flown away with her to his castle, on a high rock in the middle of the sea, and here she has to sing to him all day long. The King has promised to give her in marriage to whosoever shall bring her back again, and half his kingdom as well. I'm sorry I can't stay to tell you any more; I'm in a hurry. Goodbye." And away he flew again.

When Trilltrall got home again, he told

his brothers what the thrush had said, and added, "I'm going to set off and see if I can't rescue her, for she is the most beautiful Princess that ever was seen."

"Let us all go," said Pitchpatch.

"Yes," cried the others, "let us all go."

So the schoolmaster put on his black coat, took his cane in his hand, shut the door after him, and they all set off, Trilltrall leading the way.

"I will carry her off from Knarratschki," said Clickclack, "and you will see me climb up the rocks with my two daggers quicker than a cat."

"My ship will carry you over the sea quicker than the wind," said Pitchpatch.

"I will give him a taste of barbed arrow that he won't forget in a hurry," said Piffpaff.

"I will be ready with my drug, if any of you meet with an accident," said Pinkpank.

And the schoolmaster was quite beside himself with joy, and chattered volubly of what he would do when he got half the kingdom.

While they were talking thus, they came to the sea. Pitchpatch looked for his boat, and found it just where he had left it. "Jump in," he cried, and they all jumped in and Pitchpatch took the oars. With one stroke the boat went a mile out into the sea.

Soon they came to a steep rock right in the middle of the sea. They rowed close up to it, and Clickclack made ready to climb up. He bared his arms to the elbow and took his two daggers. He stuck the one in his right hand into a split in the rock, then the one in his left hand a little higher up; then he drew out the one in his right hand and stuck it in higher up still, and so on until he came to the top. His brothers were all very much astonished at the great skill and rapidity with which he did this. When he was half-way up he ran into terrible danger. He was hanging by his left arm, and was just about to stick the right dagger in, when out flew two great eagles whose nest was in a cleft of the rock. They pecked and bit at Clickclack so that he let the dagger fall out of his right hand. Alas! how perilous a situation he was now in. He had to hang by one hand and ward off the attacks of the eagles with the other; and the least slip might dash him on to the rocks below.

"THEY PECKED AND BIT AT CLICKCLACK."

When the brothers saw this, Pitchpatch jumped into the water and sank down to the bottom of the sea to fetch the dagger. Piffpaff put an arrow into his bow, and shot the one eagle through the body, so that it fell dying into the boat. Trilltrall went up to it, and the eagle spoke to him in the eagle language, and said: "I have well deserved my death, for it is I who stole the royal diamond from the Princess Tingaling. My wife always wanted something better than other eagles' wives, and egged me on to steal it." Thus he spoke and died.

Now Pitchpatch came out of the water, bringing the second dagger. Piffpaff took it, laid it in his bow and shot it at the eagle which was still pecking away at Clickclack; and so skilfully did he shoot that he pierced it through and through and pinned it to the rock. Now Clickclack had his two daggers again, and continued his perilous journey until he got to the top.

Pinkpank pressed some of his drug on the lips of the dead eagle, and it soon became alive again. Trilltrall made it promise to go and fetch his wife, who had the Princess's

diamond. Soon the eagle returned with the diamond in its beak, and made excuses for his wife, who was now so ashamed of her great vanity that she wouldn't show her face. Then Pitchpatch gave him some pearls which he had picked up along with the dagger for a necklace for his wife, and the eagle thanked him and flew away.

When Clickclack arrived at the top of the rock he saw nothing but a great hut, from which he heard sounds of the Princess's song issuing, so he went up and listened. Now, Knarratschki had just recently lost his wife, Schnarrassel, and one of the reasons why he had stolen the Princess Tingaling was that he might have someone to make his porridge for him. So the Princess sang :—

Snore, Knarratschki, snore.
Schnarrassel is no more.
Quiet she rests beneath the ground,
She neither breathes nor utters sound.
Snore, Knarratschki, snore.

Snore, Knarratschki, snore,
Schnarrassel's gone before.
Now no more your meals she cooks,
Or curls your locks to improve your looks.
Snore, Knarratschki, snore.

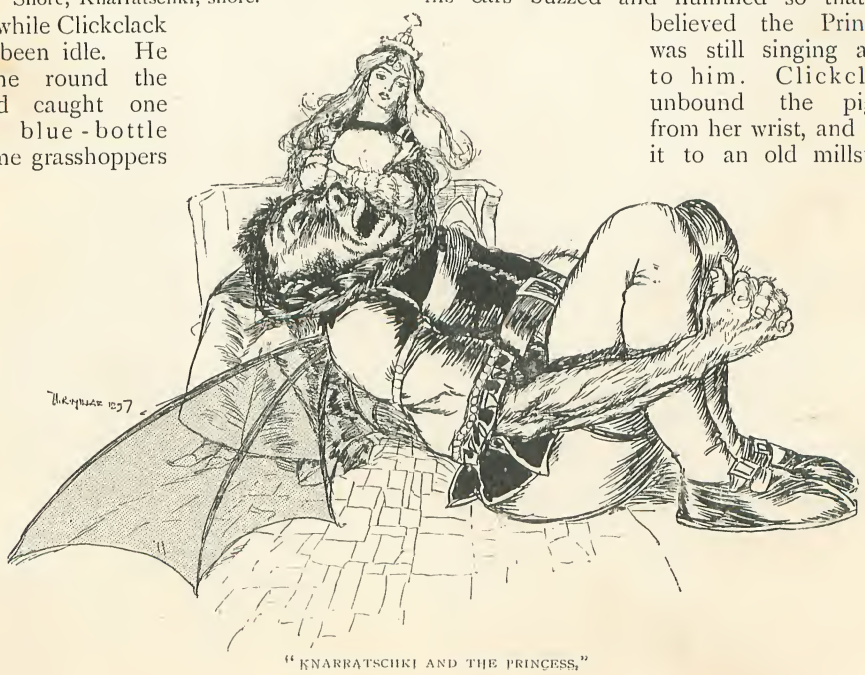
Snore, Knarratschki, snore.
Schnarrassel I deplore.
She alive, I should not wring
My hands with grief, or have to sing,
Snore, Knarratschki, snore.

Snore, Knarratschki, snore.
There's someone at the door.
If a friend, sleep on in peace.
Ah ! if he would but bring release.
Snore, Knarratschki, snore.

Meanwhile Clickclack had not been idle. He had gone round the hut and caught one or two blue-bottle flies, some grasshoppers and crickets, and a bumble-bee. And now he opened the door very quietly, and whispered into the ear of the Princess, who was trembling all over : "Go on singing and don't mind me." He took a good look at Knarratschki ; he was large and fat, ugly and greasy-looking, and as shaggy and untidy as an old bear. On his shoulders he had a pair of threadbare bat's wings, and at the back of his head a long pigtail, which he had bound round the arm of the Princess so that she shouldn't run away. His head lay on her lap, and he snored and blew with his nose so that the sand and dust on the floor were blown up into the air. On the wall hung a large horn, so large that a man could sleep inside of it, and on the ground stood his club. Clickclack stopped up the horn and hid the club, so that he should not be able to make any noise when he awoke. Knarratschki had a pair of thick locks over his ears, so Clickclack put the grasshoppers and the crickets, the blue-bottle flies and the bumble-bee, into his ears, and shut them in by tying the locks over them. The Princess was still singing away :—

Snore, Knarratschki, snore,
My throat is getting sore.
If you are not now asleep,
Awake you will just have to keep.
Snore, Knarratschki, snore.

Now she stopped, but the insects inside his ears buzzed and hummed so that he believed the Princess was still singing away to him. Clickclack unbound the pigtail from her wrist, and tied it to an old millstone



"KNARRATSCHKI AND THE PRINCESS."

with which Knarratschki used to grind his meal; then he fetched an old copper caldron, in which Tingaling had to make Knarratschki's porridge every morning, and, while the Princess got up very cautiously, he placed it under the giant's head. And Knarratschki snored away quite peacefully, believing he was still lying on Tingaling's lap. They quietly left the hut, and Click-clack, telling the Princess to hold tightly round his neck, quickly descended to the boat.

Ah! how glad the schoolmaster and the brothers were when they saw him with the Princess! They had strained their necks watching for him. They all jumped into the boat, Pitchpatch gave a stroke with his oars, and away they flew from the rock.

But they had not gone very far before they got a terrible fright. Knarratschki had wakened soon after Clickclack had carried off the Princess. The insects which he had placed in his ears had all crept out; the bluebottles, the crickets, and the grasshoppers had all flown or hopped out at the door, but the bumble-bee had settled on his red nose. When they no longer hummed and buzzed in his ear, he thought that Tingaling had stopped singing, so he cried out, half-asleep: "Princess Tingaling, go on singing, or I'll give you a dig in the ribs." But as no Tingaling sang and the bumble-bee began to sting him violently on the nose, because his snoring annoyed it so much, he became angry and let out with his clenched fist at Tingaling. Instead of hitting the Princess, however, he only skinned his knuckles against the porridge-pot, and gave vent to a terrible cry of pain. The caldron vibrated like a large gong, and he made to spring up in great anger; but his pigtail was tied to the mill-stone, and he tore his hair terribly. After a great deal of trouble he freed himself, and ran all over the rock, but no Tingaling could he find. He looked out to sea and, far away, a black speck on the ocean, he spied the little boat.

"Ha! Ha!" he cried, "there you are, are you?" And he stretched out his hand to seize his club, but he could not find it anywhere. This made him terribly angry, and he gnashed his teeth. Then he wanted to blow his horn and summon assistance, but found it stopped up, and nearly blew a hole in his cheeks. But he determined to be revenged, and, seizing the mill-stone, he stretched out his bat's wings and flew—flutter—flutter—flutter—out over the sea after the little boat.

"Oh, heavens!" cried out Tingaling, "there comes Knarratschki!" and she laid herself flat on the bottom of the boat so that he wouldn't see her. But Knarratschki came flying along like a black cloud, getting gradually nearer and nearer. Pitchpatch rowed as hard as he could, but Piffpaff put an arrow in his bow, and said: "Pitchpatch, stop a moment." Then Pitchpatch stopped, and Knarratschki was right above the boat. Paff! went the arrow, and pierced right through the heart of Knarratschki, so that he fell along with the mill-stone right on to the boat, covering it with his great bat's wings.

"HE FELL WITH THE MILL-STONE ON TO THE BOAT."

At first the brothers were all silent from fear and terror, because Knarratschki lay over them, but at last the schoolmaster said: "My dear children, are you still alive?" All the brothers answered that they were alive, but very much bruised.

"Tingaling has not yet uttered a word," said Trilltrall; "perhaps she is dead. Let us be quick and heave Knarratschki overboard, so that we can find her."

Then they all got on their hands and feet and pressed with their backs against Knarratschki. "Oop! Heave ho!" and patch! he fell into the water and sank slowly down.

But what a miserable sight met their eyes! The mill-stone had knocked the Princess on the head and killed her stone dead. They all bewailed their loss, and tore their hair; but Pinkpank said, "I will soon set matters right." And he put a little of his wonderful drug between her rosy lips, and she sprang up, none the worse.

Then everything went merrily; pitch-patch went the oars, and they were very soon at land. Pitchpatch fitted four wheels to his boat, and Trilltrall called six bears out of the wood, and promised each of them a piece of gingerbread if they would allow themselves to be harnessed to the boat and would pull them to Gongoland. As they were very fond of gingerbread they assented, and the journey was soon accomplished.

Oh, how the people in Gongoland were astonished at the beautiful coach-and-six, harnessed with bears! The Princess's father, King Poompam, came out with all his Court to meet them. He embraced his daughter and the schoolmaster and the brothers, "And now," he said, "I must keep my word. I promised my daughter and half my kingdom to whoever brought her back, but it is rather difficult to decide who is to have her, as there are a father and five sons."

"I fetched her from the rock," said Click-clack.

"I killed Knarratschki," said Piffpaff.

"I took you to the rock on my boat," said Pitchpatch.

"I brought her to life again with my drug," said Pinkpank.

"I love her very much, and it was I who told you where she was," said Trilltrall.

"I am the father of you all, and therefore she belongs to me," said the schoolmaster.

"Yes," said the sons, "you shall have her."

"I don't want her," said the schoolmaster. "I only wanted to test your obedience. The Princess shall say herself whom she will have." But the Princess didn't like to.

"Say at once, and don't be so silly," said the King.

Then she screwed up her mouth and said: "I should like to live in the forests with the bluebells, and with the birds, and with—Trilltrall!" and she hid her face on Trilltrall's shoulder, and all the brothers were content. Trilltrall gave her back the stolen diamond, at which she was overjoyed.

"SHE HID HER FACE ON TRILLTRALL'S SHOULDER."

King Poompam then took a large knife and cut his kingdom into two halves, and said: "Which half will you take—the right or the left?"

"The right," said the schoolmaster. And Poompam gave him the right half, which the schoolmaster again divided into five equal pieces, one for each of his sons. And each built a mansion on his estate; and they lived very happily, paying each other visits very often.

# *Curiosities.*

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

A BOMB BURST BY ICE.

An interesting experiment conducted by Mr. T. R. Clapham, of Anstwick Hall, Clapham, Lancaster. The bomb was an 8in. one made of iron 1½in. thick. This was filled with about forty-five fluid ounces of water, and an iron plug was firmly screwed into the hole to act as time fuse. The bomb was then placed in a pail or bucket containing 20lb. of snow and 10lb. of salt. In seventy-eight minutes (your scientist is a patient man) the water in the bomb was converted into solid ice and the iron casing severed by the sudden expansion of the water. About 230 tons internal pressure, Mr. Clapham tells us, must have been exerted on the bomb before it burst.

A BIG-GAME CURIOSITY.

This is the skull of an old and cunning tiger, shot in India by Lieut.-Col. Macpherson, of Strode Manor, Beaminster, Dorset. Notice the iron band round the upper tooth. The Colonel's theory about this is that it once formed part of an iron chain which suspended a bell from a bullock's neck. The tiger, in seizing the bullock, must have got his tooth through one of the links, and was thereafter unable to free himself from it. The tiger had had so many escapes from various shikaris that he was supposed to be under the protection of the local idol. The iron ring must have been on the tooth for years. The iron had eaten its way through the gum, and destroyed some of the jaw-bone.

THE TRIANGULAR LODGE.

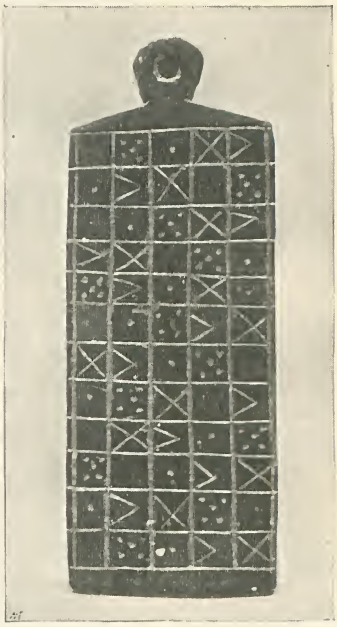
Rushton is a village near Kettering. This peculiar building is in a secluded part of the grounds of Rushton Hall, which was built by the Tresham family in the fifteenth century. This wonderful lodge was intended to typify the fundamental doctrine of the Trinity. Many things led up to it. The Tresham arms are triangles and trefoils in threes. The very name is derived from "*trei*"—old French "three." The initials of the builder, Sir Thomas Tresham, were two three-limbed crosses ("T. T."). Each side of the lodge is 33ft. long, the ground plan being an equilateral triangle. There are three floors; also three windows on each side near the ground, each window being of trefoil shape. Above are three much larger windows on each side. There are decorative angels bearing triangles and three inscriptions of thirty-three letters each. The three gabled roofs on each side meet in the centre, from which springs a massive triangular chimney. It is said that beer was used instead of water in mixing the mortar for the construction of this lodge. Photo. kindly lent by Mr. T. H. Carlton Levick, of 13 and 14, Abchurch Lane, E.C.

A CHICKEN WITH A RABBIT'S FOOT.

This curiosity was sent in by Mr. J. F. Sleight, of Peshtigo, Wisconsin, U.S.A. Which reminds us that we get contributions to this section from the ends of the earth. "The chicken," writes Mr. Sleight, "was hatched on a farm not far from here. Out of a flock of nine this one lived to be eight months old. All of them had rabbits' feet, with sharply defined divisions. The body was curiously long, and covered with hair instead of feathers. The taxidermist also found that this one had a rabbit's stomach instead of a gizzard—a queer combination of bird and animal. The ordinary hen seen on the right was the mother of the entire brood of monstrosities."

DIAMBI THIEVES' CALENDAR.

The natives in some parts of Sumatra are among the greatest thieves on the face of the earth, and with the aid of their astrologers or medicine-men they have reduced the business to a sort of science. They employ their seers in preparing small calendars similar to the one shown in our photograph; and these are supposed to



indicate by means of certain signs which days are lucky and which unlucky for their thieving expeditions. No Diambi thief would consider himself fully equipped for business without his calendar.

STRANGE BATHERS AT BOGNOR.

This picture, which is from an instantaneous photo. by Mr. W. P. Marsh, of Bognor, shows a group of elephants, camels, and dromedaries, belonging to Sanger's Circus, enjoying a refreshing dip in the sea at the above-named charming resort. It has been remarked by travellers in the East that camels, in particular, have the strongest possible objection to venturing into the water, especially salt water. Obviously, however, it was not so in this case. As a matter of fact, it was a prolonged and difficult task to get the animals ashore again. Never had Bognor such delighted bathers. The elephants filled their trunks and squirted themselves and each other, to the vast amusement of crowds on the beach.

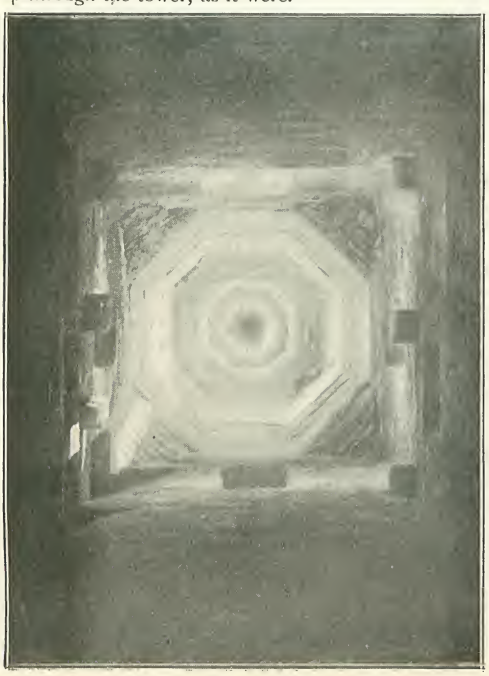
### A RECORD IVORY CARAVAN.

The biggest consignment of ivory ever dispatched from Zanzibar is shown in the accompanying photograph. It was conveyed by the ss. *Madeira* to Aden, for New York. There were altogether 355 magnificent tusks, weighing 22,307lb., the whole valued at no less than £13,300. The firm who secured this valuable consignment was Messrs. Arnold, Cheney, and Co., of New York (London house, 57, Gracechurch Street, E.C.). This great firm are perhaps the greatest and most extensive "wholesalers" in the ivory trade. Their representatives are seen on the top of the precious pile. For the photo. and information we are greatly indebted to Messrs. Landsberger, Humble, and Co., of 1, Jeffrey's Square, E.C.

*From a Photo. by Arnold Cheney & Co., Zanzibar.*

### A PHOTOGRAPHIC CURIOSITY.

Sent in by Miss E. F. Fox, of Fairview, Coombe Warren, Kingston-on-Thames. This is a view looking up the tower of an old church in Brittany. Of course the operator was inside the tower. In taking the photo. the camera was held lens upwards. The better to realize the curious perspective, one should hold the picture well above one's head so as to look up through the tower, as it were.



### THE OLDEST SUN-DIAL IN THE KINGDOM.

This photo. was sent in by Mr. J. M. Cassels, of Ladyacre, Lanark, N.B. It shows the oldest lion-supported, facet-headed sun-dial in the kingdom, which stands within the precincts of Lee Castle, Lanarkshire, the lovely country residence of Sir

Simon Macdonald Lockhart. The lion supports an enriched cartouche, on which are shown the Lock and Heart, from which originated the name of Lockhart of Lee; and on the lion's head the faceted dial-stone is very skilfully poised.

A PIKE THAT SWALLOWED A CHUB.

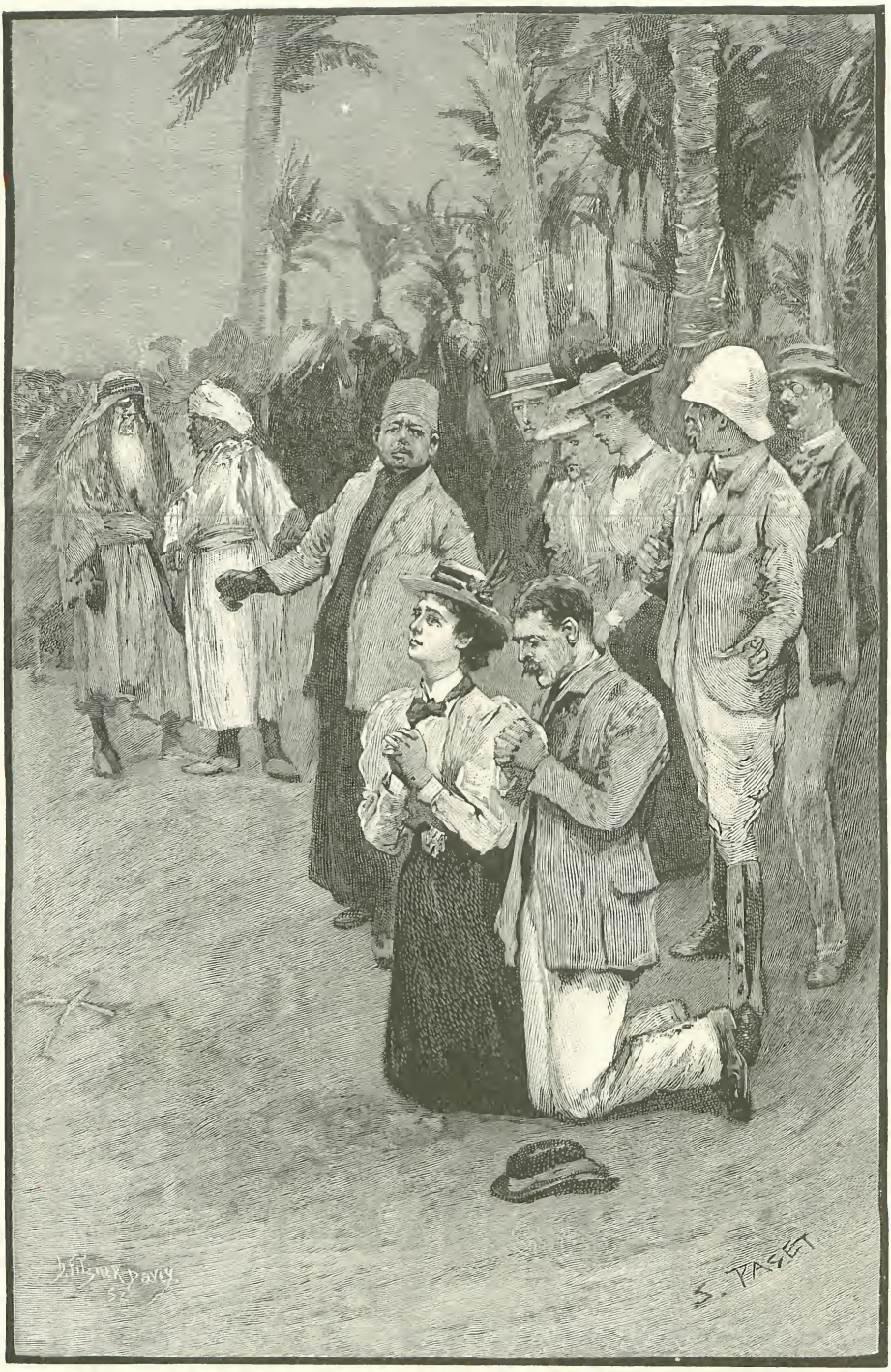
Anglers will be particularly interested in this curiosity. It was sent in by Mr. F. C. Morgan, of 10 and 11, High Street, Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. Morgan found the pike (the larger fish) in the Avon, up which river he was rowing with a friend. "You will see," writes Mr. Morgan, "that the pike has tried to swallow a chub which was far too large for him to negotiate. The position of the head of the smaller fish can easily be traced in the photograph. The pike weighed 9lb., and was 36in. long. The chub was a 3lb. fish, or one-third the weight of his would-be 'host.'" No better illustration of the traditional voracity of the pike has ever been photographed.

A SWARM OF BEES IN A GARDEN.

Here we have a very interesting photo. of a swarm of bees, "snapped" by the ever-ready amateur in a garden at Taplow, Bucks. When first noticed on the rosebuds, the swarm appeared, in size, form, and colour, exactly like a wasps' nest, with the insects crawling restlessly in all directions. No attempt was made to hive the swarm (a perilous business for the non-apiarist); and after clinging to the rosebush for a couple of hours, it suddenly "burst" and streamed away in a great cloud over the fields. This, of course, was the most curious part of an extraordinary occurrence. No doubt the entire swarm was eventually hived by some watchful bee-keeper. It was pronounced a very good one by an amateur apiarist. According to the authorities, an average swarm means an assemblage of from 15,000 to 20,000 bees – a formidable army to be faced by the unprotected "human."

"JOY AND SORROW"—TWO SWAZI BABIES.

This delightful snap-shot was taken in the wilds of Swaziland by Mr. Miller, an agent and manager who controls very extensive interests in "Darkest Africa" for Mr. D. W. Bell, of 14, Milton Street, E.C. Mr. Bell is one of the best-known and most respected of City merchants. The photo. is a true touch of Nature. Both babies were "dumped down" outside a hut in a perfectly nude state, their mothers having gone to labour in the fields. The children were shown a pretty necklace by Mr. Miller; of course, they began to cry for it. It was at length bestowed on the complacent little fellow on the right. Instantly he began vigorously to suck his little black fist, his attitude and expression betokening ineffable content. The other poor little chap set up a doleful howl; and, altogether, "Sorrow" presented a woful contrast to "Joy," the resulting photograph being as pretty and taking a study from Nature in the wilds as ever we have seen.



"'STAND UP!' CRIED MANSOOR. 'STAND UP!'"

(*See page* 369.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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# *The Tragedy of the Korosko.*

By A. Conan Doyle.

## CHAPTER VII.

COLONEL COCHRANE was awakened from his slumber by someone pulling at his shoulder. As his eyes opened they fell upon the black, anxious face of Tippy Tilly, the old Egyptian gunner. His crooked finger was laid upon his thick, liver-coloured lips, and his dark eyes glanced from left to right with ceaseless vigilance.

"Lie quiet! Do not move!" he whispered, in Arabic. "I will lie here beside you, and they cannot tell me from the others. You can understand what I am saying?"

"Yes, if you will talk slowly."

"Very good. I have no great trust in this black man, Mansoor. I had rather talk direct with the Miralai."

"What have you to say?"

"I have waited long, until they should all be asleep, and now in another hour we shall be called to evening prayer. First of all, here is a pistol, that you may not say that you are without arms."

It was a clumsy, old-fashioned thing, but the Colonel saw the glint of a percussion cap upon the nipple, and knew that it was loaded. He slipped it into the inner pocket of his jacket.

"There are eight of us who wish to go to Egypt. There are also four men in your party. One of us, Mehemet Ali, has fastened twelve camels together, which are the fastest of all save only those which are ridden by the Emirs. There are guards upon watch, but they are scattered in all directions. The twelve camels are close beside us here—those twelve behind the acacia tree. If we can only get mounted and started, I do not think that many can overtake us, and we shall have our rifles for them. The water-skins are all filled, and we may see the Nile again by to-morrow night."

The Colonel could not follow it all, but he understood enough to set a little spring of hope bubbling in his heart. The last terrible day had left its mark in his livid face and his hair, which was turning rapidly to grey.

"That is excellent," said he. "But what are we to do about the three ladies?"

The black soldier shrugged his shoulders.

"Mafeesh!" said he. "One of them is old, and in any case there are plenty more women if we get back to Egypt."

"What you say is nonsense," said the Colonel, sternly. "We shall take our women with us, or we shall not go at all."

"I think it is rather you who talk the thing without sense," the black man answered, angrily. "How can you ask my companions and me to do that which must end in failure? For years we have waited for such a chance as this, and now that it has come, you wish us to throw it away owing to this foolishness about the women."

"What have we promised you if we come back to Egypt?" asked Cochrane.

"Two hundred Egyptian pounds and promotion in the army—all upon the word of an Englishman."

"Very good. Then you shall have three hundred each if you can make some new plan by which you can take the women with you."

Tippy Tilly scratched his woolly head in his perplexity.

"We might, indeed, upon some excuse, bring three more of the faster camels round to this place. Indeed, there are three very good camels among those which are near the cooking fire. But how are we to get the women upon them?—and if we had them upon them, we know very well that they would fall off when they began to gallop. I fear that you men will fall off, for it is no easy matter to remain upon a galloping camel; but as to the women, it is impossible. No, we shall leave the women, and if you will not


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"'VERY GOOD! GO!' SAID THE COLONEL, ABRUPTLY."

leave the women, then we shall leave all of you and start by ourselves."

"Very good! Go!" said the Colonel, abruptly.

The negro turned and crept away for some little distance, where he was met by one of his fellaheen comrades, Mehemet Ali, who had charge of the camels. The two argued for some little time—for those three hundred golden pieces were not to be lightly resigned. Then the negro crept back to Colonel Cochrane.

"Mehemet Ali has agreed," said he. "He has gone to put the nose-rope upon three more of the camels. But it is foolishness, and we are all going to our death. Now come with me, and we shall awaken the women and tell them."

The Colonel shook his companions and whispered to them what was in the wind. Belmont and Fardet were ready for any risk. Stephens, to whom the prospect of a passive death presented little terror, was seized with a convulsion of fear when he thought of any active exertion to avoid it, and shivered in all his long, thin limbs. Then he pulled out his Baedeker and began to write his will upon the flyleaf, but his hand twitched so that it was hardly legible. By some strange gymnastic of the legal mind a death, even by violence, if accepted quietly, had a place in the established order of things, while a death which overtook one galloping frantically over a desert was wholly irregular and discomposing. It was not dissolution which he feared, but the humiliation and agony of a fruitless struggle against it.

Colonel Cochrane and Tippy Tilly had crept together under the shadow of the great acacia tree to the spot where the women were lying. Sadie and her aunt lay with their arms round each other, the girl's head pillowed upon the old woman's bosom. Mrs. Belmont was awake, and entered into the scheme in an instant.

"But you must leave me," said Miss Adams, earnestly. "What does it matter at my age, anyhow?"

"No, no, Aunt Eliza; I won't move without you! Don't you think it!" cried the girl. "You've got to come straight away, or else we both stay right here where we are."

"Come, come, ma'am, there is no time for arguing," said the Colonel, roughly. "Our lives all depend upon your making an effort, and we cannot possibly leave you behind."

"But I will fall off."

"I'll tie you on with my pugaree. I wish I had the cummerbund which I lent poor Stuart. Now, Tippy, I think we might make a break for it!"

But the black soldier was staring with a disconsolate face out over the desert.

"There!" said he, sullenly. "You see what comes of all your foolish talking!"

Half-a-dozen mounted camel-men had appeared suddenly over the lip of the bowl-shaped hollow, where the copper basin met its great blue lid. They were travelling fast, and waved their rifles as they came. An

instant later the bugle sounded an alarm, and the camp was up with a buzz like an overturned bee-hive. The Colonel ran back to his companions, and the black soldier to his camel. Stephens looked relieved, and Belmont sulky, while Monsieur Fardet raved, with his one uninjured hand in the air.

"Sacred name of a dog!" he cried. "Is there no end to it, then? Are we never to come out of the hands of these accursed Dervishes?"

"Oh, they really are Dervishes, are they?" said the Colonel. "I thought they were an invention of the British Government."

The poor fellows' tempers were getting frayed and thin. The Colonel's sneer was like a match to a magazine, and in an instant the Frenchman was dancing in front of him with a broken torrent of angry words. His hand was clutching at Cochrane's throat before Belmont and Stephens could pull him off.

"If it were not for your grey hairs——" he said.

"Curse your impudence!" cried the Colonel.

"If we have to die, let us die like gentlemen, and not like so many corner-boys," said Belmont.

"I only said I was glad to see that Monsieur Fardet has learned something from his adventures," the Colonel sneered.

"Shut up, Cochrane! What do you want to aggravate him for?" cried the Irishman.

"Upon my word, Belmont, you forget yourself! I do not permit people to address me in this fashion."

"You should look after your own manners, then."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, here are the ladies!" cried Stephens, and the angry, overstrained men relapsed into a gloomy silence, pacing up and down, and jerking viciously at their moustaches. It is a very catching thing, ill-temper, for even Stephens began to be angry at their anger and to scowl at them as they passed him. Here they were at a crisis in their fate, with the shadow of death above them, and yet their minds were all absorbed in some personal grievance so slight that they could hardly put it into words. Misfortune brings the human spirit to a rare height, but the pendulum still swings.

But soon their attention was drawn away to more important matters. A council of war was being held beside the wells, and the two Emirs, stern and composed, were listening to a voluble report from the leader of the patrol. The prisoners noticed that, though the fierce, old man stood like a graven image, the younger Emir passed his hand over his beard once or twice with a nervous gesture, the thin, brown fingers twitching among the long, black hair.

"I believe the Gippies are after us," said Belmont.

"It looks like it. Something has scared them."

"Now he's giving orders. What can it be? Here, Mansoor, what is the matter?"

The dragoman came running up with the light of hope shining upon his brown face.

"I think they have seen something to frighten them. I believe that the soldiers are behind us. They have given the order to fill the water-skins, and be ready for a start when the darkness comes. But I am ordered to gather you all together, for the Moolah is coming to convert you all. I have already told him that you are all very much inclined to think the same with him."

How far Mansoor may have gone with his assurances may never be known, but the Mussulman preacher came walking towards them at this moment with a paternal and contented smile upon his face, as one who has a pleasant and easy task before him. He was a one-eyed man, with a fringe of grizzled beard and a face which was fat, but which looked as if it had been fatter, for it was marked with many folds and creases. He had a green turban upon his head, which marked him as a Mecca pilgrim. In one hand he carried a small brown carpet, and in the other a parchment copy of the Koran. Laying his carpet upon the ground, he motioned Mansoor to his side, and then gave a circular sweep of his arm to signify that the prisoners should gather round him, and a downward wave which meant that they should be seated. So they grouped themselves round him, sitting on the short green sward under the palm tree, these seven forlorn representatives of an alien creed, and in the midst of them sat the fat little preacher, his one eye dancing from face to face as he expounded the principles of his newer, cruder, and more earnest faith. They listened attentively and nodded their heads as Mansoor translated each exhortation, and with each sign of their acquiescence the Moolah became more amiable in his manner and more affectionate in his speech.

"For why should you die, my sweet lambs, when all that is asked of you is that you should set aside that which will carry you to everlasting Gehenna and accept the law of

"HIS HAND WAS CLUTCHING AT COCHRANE'S THROAT."

Allah as written by his prophet, which will assuredly bring you unimaginable joys, as is promised in the Book of the Camel? For what says the chosen one?"—and he broke away into one of those dogmatic texts which pass in every creed as an argument. "Besides, is it not clear that God is with us, since from the beginning, when we had but sticks against the rifles of the Turks, victory has always been with us? Have we not taken El Obeid, and taken Khartoum, and destroyed Hicks and slain Gordon, and prevailed against everyone who has come against us? How, then, can it be said that the blessing of Allah does not rest upon us?"

The Colonel had been looking about him during the long exhortation of the Moolah, and he had observed that the Dervishes were cleaning their guns, counting their cartridges, and making all the preparations of men who expected that they might soon be called upon to fight. The two Emirs were conferring together with grave faces, and the leader of the patrol pointed, as he spoke to them, in the direction of Egypt. It was evident that there was at least a chance of a rescue if they could only keep things going for a few more hours. The camels were not recovered yet from their long march, and the pursuers, if they were indeed close behind, were almost certain to overtake them.

"For God's sake, Fardet, try and keep him in play," said he.

But a Frenchman's wounded dignity is not so easily appeased. Monsieur Fardet sat moodily with his back against the palm tree, and his black brows drawn down. He said nothing, but he still pulled at his thick, strong moustache.

"Come on, Fardet! We depend upon you," said Belmont.

"Let Colonel Cochrane do it," the Frenchman answered, snappishly. "He takes too much upon himself, this Colonel Cochrane."

"There! There!" said Belmont, soothingly, as if he were speaking to a fractious child. "I am quite sure that the Colonel will express his regret at what has happened, and will acknowledge that he was in the wrong——"

"I'll do nothing of the sort," snapped the Colonel.

"Besides, that is merely a personal quarrel," Belmont continued, hastily. "It is for the good of the whole party that we wish you to speak with the Moolah, because we all feel that you are the best man for the job."

But the Frenchman only shrugged his shoulders and relapsed into a deeper gloom.

The Moolah looked from one to the other, and the kindly expression began to fade away from his large, baggy face. His mouth drew down at the corners, and became hard and severe.

"Have these infidels been playing with us, then?" said he to the dragoman. "Why is it that they talk among themselves and have nothing to say to me?"

"He's getting impatient about it," said Cochrane. "Perhaps I had better do what I can, Belmont, since this confounded fellow has left us in the lurch."

But the ready wit of a woman saved the situation.

"I am sure, Monsieur Fardet," said Mrs. Belmont, "that you, who are a Frenchman, and, therefore, a man of gallantry and honour, would not permit your own wounded feelings to interfere with the fulfilment of your promise and your duty towards three helpless ladies,"

Fardet was on his feet in an instant, with his hand over his heart.

"You understand my nature, madame," he cried. "I am incapable of abandoning a lady. I will do all that I can in this matter. Now, Mansoor, you may tell the holy man that I am ready to discuss the high matters of his faith with him."

And he did it with an ingenuity which amazed his companions. He took the tone of a man who is strongly attracted, and yet has one single remaining shred of doubt to hold him back. Yet as that one shred was torn away by the Moolah, there was always some other stubborn little point which prevented his absolute acceptance of the faith of Islam. And his questions were all so mixed up with personal compliments to the priest and self-congratulations that they should have come under the teachings of so wise a man and so profound a theologian, that the hanging pouches under the Moolah's eyes quivered with his satisfaction, and he was led happily and hopefully onwards from explanation to explanation, while the blue overhead turned into violet, and the green leaves into black, until the great serene stars shone out once more between the crowns of the palm trees.

"As to the learning of which you speak, my lamb," said the Moolah, in answer to some argument of Fardet's, "I have myself studied at the University of El Azhar at Cairo, and I know that to which you allude. But the learning of the faithful is not as the learning of the unbeliever, and it is not fitting that we pry too deeply into the ways of Allah. Some stars have tails, oh, my sweet lamb, and some have not; but what does it profit us to know which are which? For God made them all, and they are very safe in His hands. Therefore, my friend, be not puffed up by the foolish learning of the West, and understand that there is only one wisdom, which consists in following the will of Allah as His chosen prophet has laid it down for us in this book. And now, my lambs, I see that you are ready to come into Islam, and it is time, for that bugle tells that we are about to march, and it was the order of the excellent Emir Abderrahman that your choice should be taken, one way or the other, before ever we left the wells."

"Yet, my father, there are other points upon which I would gladly have instruction," said the Frenchman, "for, indeed, it is a pleasure to hear your clear words after the cloudy accounts which we have had from other teachers."

But the Moolah had risen, and a gleam of suspicion twinkled in his single eye.

"This further instruction may well come afterwards," said he, "since we shall travel together as far as Khartoum." He walked over to the fire, and stooping down, with the pompous slowness of a stout man, he came back with two half-charred sticks, which he laid cross-wise upon the ground. The Dervishes came clustering over to see the new converts admitted into the fold. They stood round in the dim light, tall and fantastic, with the high necks and supercilious heads of the camels swaying above them.

"Now," said the Moolah, and his voice had lost its conciliatory and persuasive tone. "There is no more time for you. Here upon the ground I have made out of two sticks the foolish and superstitious symbol of your former creed. You will trample upon it, as a sign that you renounce it, and you will kiss the Koran, as a sign that you accept it, and what more you need in the way of instruction shall be given to you as you go."

They stood up, the four men and the three women, to meet the crisis of their fate. None of them, except perhaps Miss Adams and Mrs. Belmont, had any deep religious convictions. All of them were children of this world, and some of them disagreed with everything which that symbol upon the earth represented. But there was the European pride, the pride of the white race which swelled within them, and held them to the faith of their countrymen. It was a sinful, human, un-Christian motive, and yet it was about to make them public martyrs to the Christian creed. In the hush and tension of their nerves low sounds grew suddenly loud upon their ears. Those swishing palm-leaves above them were like a swift-flowing river, and far away they could hear the dull, soft thudding of a galloping camel.

"There's something coming," whispered Cochrane. "Try and stave them off for five minutes longer, Fardet."

The Frenchman stepped out with a courteous wave of his uninjured arm, and the air of a man who is prepared to accommodate himself to anything.

"You will tell this holy man that I am quite ready to accept his teaching, and so I am sure are all my friends," said he to the dragoman. "But there is one thing which I should wish him to do in order to set at rest any possible doubts which may remain in our hearts. Every true religion can be told by the miracles which those who profess it can bring about. Even I, who am but a humble

Christian, can, by virtue of my religion, do some of these. But you, since your religion is superior, can no doubt do far more, and so I beg you to give us a sign that we may be able to say that we know that the religion of Islam is the more powerful."

Behind all his dignity and reserve, the Arab has a good fund of curiosity. The

The Frenchman stepped forward, and raising his hand he took a large shining date out of the Moolah's beard. This he swallowed and immediately produced once more from his left elbow. He had often given his little conjuring entertainment on board the boat, and his fellow-passengers had had some good-natured laughter at his expense, for he was

"HE TOOK A LARGE SHINING DATE OUT OF THE MOOLAH'S BEARD."

hush among the listening Arabs showed how the words of the Frenchman as translated by Mansoor appealed to it.

"Such things are in the hands of Allah," said the priest. "It is not for us to disturb His laws. But if you have yourself such powers as you claim, let us be witnesses to them."

not quite skilful enough to deceive the critical European intelligence. But now it looked as if this piece of obvious palming might be the point upon which all their fates would hang. A deep hum of surprise rose from the ring of Arabs, and deepened as the Frenchman drew another date from the

nostril of a camel and tossed it into the air, from which, apparently, it never descended. That gaping sleeve was obvious enough to his companions, but the dim light was all in favour of the performer. So delighted was the audience that they paid little heed to a mounted camel-man who trotted swiftly between the palm trunks. All might have been well had not Fardet, carried away by his own success, tried to repeat his trick once more, with the result that the date fell out of his palm and the deception stood revealed. In vain he tried to pass on at once to another of his little stock. The Moolah said something, and an Arab struck Fardet across the shoulders with the thick shaft of his spear.

"We have had enough child's play," said the angry priest. "Are we men or babes that you should try to impose upon us in this manner? Here is the cross and the Koran—which shall it be?"

Fardet looked helplessly round at his companions.

"You asked for five minutes. You have had it," said he, to Colonel Cochrane.

"And perhaps it is enough," the soldier answered. "Here are the Emirs."

The camel-man whose feet they had heard from afar had made for the two Arab chiefs, and had delivered a brief report to them, stabbing with his forefinger in the direction from which he had come. There was a rapid exchange of words between the Emirs, and then they strode forward together to the group around the prisoners. Bigots and barbarians, they were none the less two most majestic men, as they advanced through the twilight of the palm grove. The fierce old greybeard raised his hand and spoke swiftly in short, abrupt sentences, and his savage followers yelped to him like hounds to a huntsman. The fire that smouldered in his arrogant eyes shone back at him from a hundred others. Here were to be read the strength and danger of the Mahdi movement; here in these convulsed faces, in that fringe of waving arms, in these frantic, red-hot souls, who asked nothing better than a bloody death, if their own hands might be bloody when they met it.

"Have the prisoners embraced the true faith?" asked the Emir Abderrahman, looking at them with his cruel eyes.

The Moolah had his reputation to preserve, and it was not for him to confess to a failure.

"They were about to embrace it, when——"

"Let it rest for a little time, oh, Moolah."

He gave an order, and the Arabs all sprang for their camels. The Emir Wad Ibrahim filed off at once with nearly half the party. The others were mounted and ready, with their rifles unslung.

"What's happened?" asked Belmont.

"Things are looking up," cried the Colonel. "By Jove, I think we are going to come through all right. The Gippy Camel Corps are hot on our trail."

"Oh, Colonel, do you really think we shall be saved?" sobbed Sadie. The dull routine of misery through which they had passed had deadened all their nerves until they seemed incapable of any acute sensation, but now this sudden return of hope brought agony with it like the recovery of a frost-bitten limb. Even the strong, self-contained Belmont was filled with doubts and apprehensions. He had been hopeful when there was no sign of relief, and now the approach of it set him trembling.

"Surely they wouldn't come very weak," he cried. "Be Jove, if the Commandant let them come weak, he should be court-martialled."

"Sure we're in God's hands, anyway," said his wife, in her soothing, Irish voice. "Kneel down with me, John, dear, if it's the last time, and pray that, earth or Heaven, we may not be divided."

"Don't do that! Don't!" cried the Colonel, anxiously, for he saw that the eye of the Moolah was upon them. But it was too late, for the two Roman Catholics had dropped upon their knees and crossed themselves. A spasm of fury passed over the face of the Mussulman priest at this public testimony to the failure of his missionary efforts. He turned and said something to the Emir.

"Stand up!" cried Mansoor. "For your life's sake, stand up! He is asking for leave to put you to death."

"Let him do what he likes!" said the obstinate Irishman; "we will rise when our prayers are finished, and not before."

The Emir stood listening to the Moolah, with his baleful gaze upon the two kneeling figures. Then he gave one or two rapid orders, and four camels were brought forward. The baggage-camels which they had hitherto ridden were standing unsaddled where they had been tethered.

"Don't be a fool, Belmont!" cried the Colonel; "everything depends upon our humouring them. Do get up, Mrs. Belmont! You are only putting their backs up!"

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders as

he looked at them. "*Mon Dieu!*" he cried, "were there ever such impracticable people? "*Voilà!*" he added, with a shriek, as the two American ladies fell upon their knees beside Mrs. Belmont. "It is like the camels—one down, all down! Was ever anything so absurd?"

But Mr. Stephens had knelt down beside Sadie and buried his haggard face in his long, thin hands. Only the Colonel and Monsieur Fardet remained standing. Cochrane looked at the Frenchman with an interrogative eye.

"After all," said he, "it is stupid to pray all your life, and not to pray now when we have nothing to hope for except through the goodness of Providence." He dropped upon his knees with a rigid, military back, but his grizzled, unshaven chin upon his chest. The Frenchman looked at his kneeling companions, and then his eyes travelled onwards to the angry faces of the Emir and Moolah.

"*Sapristi!*" he growled. "Do they suppose that a Frenchman is afraid of them?" and so, with an ostentatious sign of the cross, he took his place upon his knees beside the others. Foul, bedraggled, and wretched, the seven figures knelt and waited humbly for their fate under the black shadow of the palm tree.

The Emir turned to the Moolah with a mocking smile, and pointed at the results of his ministrations. Then he gave an order, and in an instant the four men were seized. A couple of deft turns with a camel-halter secured each of their wrists. Fardet screamed out, for the rope had bitten into his open wound. The others took it with the dignity of despair.

"You have ruined everything. I believe you have ruined me also!" cried Mansoor, wringing his hands. "The women are to get upon these three camels."

"Never!" cried Belmont. "We won't be separated!" He plunged madly, but he was weak from privation, and two strong men held him by each elbow.

"'DON'T FRET, JOHN!' CRIED HIS WIFE."

"Don't fret, John!" cried his wife, as they hurried her towards the camel. "No harm shall come to me. Don't struggle, or they'll hurt you, dear."

The four men writhed as they saw the women dragged away from them. All their agonies had been nothing to this. Sadie and her aunt appeared to be half senseless from fear. Only Mrs. Belmont kept a brave face. When they were seated the camels rose, and were led under the tree behind where the four men were standing.

"I've a pistol in me pocket," said Belmont, looking up at his wife. "I would give me soul to be able to pass it to you."

"Keep it, John, and it may be useful yet. I have no fears. Ever since we prayed I have felt as if our guardian angels had their wings round us." She was like a guardian angel herself as she turned to the shrinking Sadie, and coaxed some little hope back into her despairing heart.

The short, thick Arab, who had been in command of Wad Ibrahim's rear-guard, had joined the Emir and the Moolah; the three consulted together, with occasional oblique glances towards the prisoners. Then the Emir spoke to Mansoor.

"The chief wishes to know which of you four is the richest man?" said the dragoman. His fingers were twitching with nervousness and plucking incessantly at the front of his cover-coat.

"Why does he wish to know?" asked the Colonel.

"I do not know."

"But it is evident," cried Monsieur Fardet. "He wishes to know which is the best worth keeping for his ransom."

"I think we should see this thing through together," said the Colonel. "It's really for you to decide, Stephens, for I have no doubt that you are the richest of us."

"I don't know that I am," the lawyer answered; "but in any case, I have no wish to be placed upon a different footing to the others."

The Emir spoke again in his harsh, rasping voice.

"He says," Mansoor translated, "that the baggage-camels are spent, and that there is only one beast left which can keep up. It is ready now for one of you, and you have to decide among yourselves which is to have it. If one is richer than the others, he will have the preference."

"Tell him that we are all equally rich."

"In that case he says that you are to choose at once which is to have the camel."

"And the others?"

The dragoman shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," said the Colonel, "if only one of us is to escape, I think you fellows will agree with me that it ought to be Belmont, since he is the married man."

"Yes, yes, let it be Monsieur Belmont," cried Fardet.

"I think so also," said Stephens.

But the Irishman would not hear of it.

"No, no, share and share alike," he cried. "All sink or all swim, and the devil take the flincher."

They wrangled among themselves until they became quite heated in this struggle of unselfishness. Someone had said that the Colonel should go because he was the oldest, and the Colonel was a very angry man.

"One would think I was an octogenarian," he cried. "These remarks are quite uncalled-for."

"Well, then," said Belmont, "let us all refuse to go."

"But this is not very wise," cried the Frenchman. "See, my friends! Here are the ladies being carried off alone. Surely it would be far better that one of us should be with them to advise them."

They looked at one another in perplexity. What Fardet said was obviously true, but how could one of them desert his comrades? The Emir himself suggested the solution.

"The chief says," said Mansoor, "that if you cannot settle who is to go, you had better leave it to Allah and draw lots."

"I don't think we can do better," said the Colonel, and his three companions nodded their assent.

It was the Moolah who approached them with four splinters of palm-bark protruding from between his fingers.

"He says that he who draws the longest has the camel," said Mansoor.

"We must agree to abide absolutely by this," said Cochrane, and again his companions nodded.

The Dervishes had formed a semicircle in front of them, with a fringe of the oscillating heads of the camels. Before them was a cooking fire, which threw its red light over the group. The Emir was standing with his back to it and his fierce face towards the prisoners. Behind the four men were a line of guards, and behind them again the three women, who looked down from their camels upon this tragedy. With a malicious smile, the fat, one-eyed Moolah advanced with the four little brown spicules protruding from between his fingers.

"THE COLONEL WAS THE WINNER OF THE TERRIBLE LOTTERY."

It was to Belmont that he held them first. The Irishman gave an involuntary groan, and his wife gasped behind him, for the splinter came away in his hand. Then it was the Frenchman's turn, and his was half an inch longer than Belmont's. Then came Colonel Cochrane, whose piece was longer than the two others put together. Stephens's was no bigger than Belmont's. The Colonel was the winner of this terrible lottery.

"You're welcome to my place, Belmont," said he.

"No, indeed! An agreement is an agreement."

"The Emir says that you are to mount at once," said Mansoor, and an Arab dragged the Colonel by his wrist-rope to the waiting camel.

"He will stay with the rear-guard," said the Emir to his lieutenant. "You can keep the women with you also."

"And this dragoman dog?"

"Put him with the others."

"And they?"

"Put them all to death."

*(To be continued.)*

# *Carpet-Bedding.*

By Oliver Thorne.

MOST of the people who saw the great floral globe in Washington Park, Chicago, during the Columbian year, wondered how the thing was done. It was not easy to answer them without going into a thousand and one details of the gardener's art, so they were usually put off with the meagre information that the globe had an interior framework covered with earth, and that the plants, drawing sustenance from this earth, were kept in position by wires.

THE GLOBE, WASHINGTON PARK, CHICAGO.
*From a Photo. by Underwood & Underwood, Stereoscopic View Publishers*

The globe was well worthy of all the admiration bestowed upon it, for it was a masterpiece of carpet-bedding. Thousands of different coloured plants, from all parts of the world, were embedded in its surface, and arranged to represent the continents of the world. The illustration shows us that, but what it cannot show us is the gorgeous beauty and blending of colour. The oceans were portrayed in green, the land stood out dark and symmetrical from the mass of floral water, and the lines of longitude cut through the equator in strips of varied hue.

The evolution of such a massive floral display is a work of time, great cost, and patience. First, the idea is germinated in the brain of a clever gardener. Then comes the selection of the different plants, which are carefully tended through the winter; and after that the framework is made. This takes some time, and depends, of course, upon the elaborateness of the design. Then follow days and days of manual labour, arranging the plants, nipping off ambitious blossoms in order to keep the surface smooth, and giving the work its finishing touches.

The presence of a framework is plainly visible in our illustration of "The Gates Ajar," another splendid specimen of carpet-bedding in the same park. It is perhaps needless to say that "The Gates Ajar" is another way of expressing the doors of Heaven, and it is interesting to note how such a subject appeals to the Chicago mind. The gates were certainly very beautiful, and much charm is lent to the illustration by the dainty figure of the little girl who has been asked by the photographer to stand for a moment within the gates. From

"THE GATES AJAR," WASHINGTON PARK, CHICAGO.
*From a Photo. by Underwood & Underwood.*

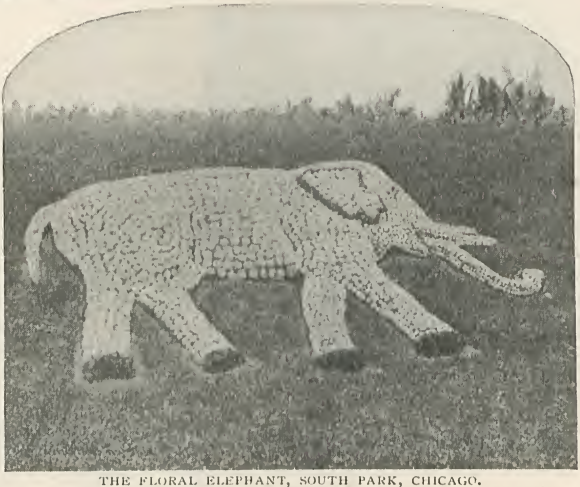
THE PRESIDENTIAL CANOE, SOUTH PARK, CHICAGO.
*From a Photo. by Underwood & Underwood.*

her, one can get an idea of the height of the gates. They were nearly 8ft. high from the sill of the door to the end of one of the leaves of the aloe, which adorned the top of each gate-post.

The steps leading up to the gates were walled in, as you will notice, by a striking white flower, which may also be noticed in the jacket of the man who paddles the canoe. The interesting floral elephant is also made of this plant, to which the botanists give the name of *echeveria*, and I suppose that more than a thousand of these little succulent plants were utilized in making that one huge imitation of a grand old animal. The ear was outlined in vivid colours, and each foot was padded with a cushion of costly plants.

Regarding the man in the canoe, there is still a word to be said. His oar, of course, is merely a stick with the plants wired to it, and the sides of the canoe are constructed in the same way. The canoeist is not a remarkable creation, however, as the figure is rather stiff, and the features a little unnatural. It is sometimes wonderful how closely the American gardeners can copy Nature in reproducing the human features. In some of the parks in the United States the heads and bodies of different noted men are taken as subjects for carpet-bedding, and reproduced with such skill that not a prominent line of the face is missing. The proportion between the features is skilfully maintained by constant care with the scissors, and the success of the design is proved by the readiness with which visitors recognise the subject.

In comparison with elephants, canoes, and globes, sun-dials are mere child's play. Probably no park in the world, in which carpet-bedding is carried on, is without its floral sun-dial, and the designs are very beautiful. Look for example at the sun-dials in Washington Park. They are mostly made with non-flowering bedding of different colours, and they are fairly reliable as time-keepers.



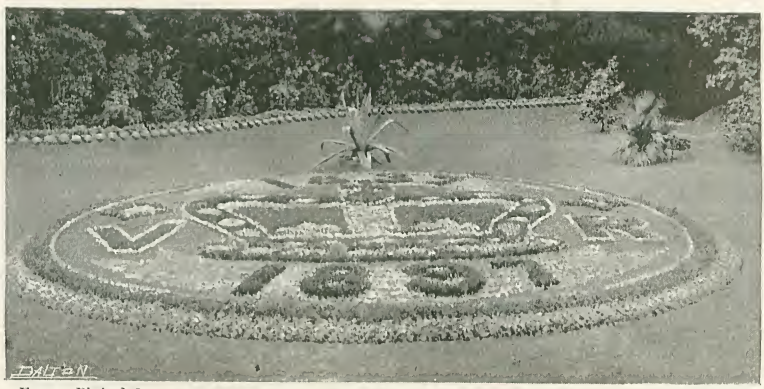
THE FLORAL ELEPHANT, SOUTH PARK, CHICAGO.
*From a Photo. by Underwood & Underwood.*

THE FLORAL SUN-DIAL, WASHINGTON PARK, CHICAGO.
*From a Photo. by Underwood & Underwood.*

FLORAL MOUND, SOLDIERS' HOME, DAYTON, OHIO.
*From a Photo. by Underwood & Underwood.*

of styles which the gardener controls. He can do you Old English or Roman with ease, and his script is sometimes as neat as real penmanship. A great deal of fancy lettering was noticeable in the London parks this summer, in honour of the Diamond Jubilee. In Old St. Pancras Churchyard, the inscription "1837—VICTORIA—1897" was one of the noticeable features, and it occupied 90ft. from end to end. In Washington Park, Chicago, at the time when the globe was erected, visitors to the park were welcomed with a floral inscription which gave not only the name of the park but the day of the month and year. Every morning the date was altered, the main part of the inscription remaining, of course, the same. It was done simply by keeping the plants in boxes, instead of rooting them in the ground, and alterations in the inscription were easily made by lifting out one box and putting another in its place.

Another very common form of carpet-bedding is the floral mound, a striking example of which is given at the top of this page. It stands in the grounds of the Soldiers' Home at Dayton, Ohio, and used to attract great attention on account of its size and colour.



*From a Photo. by]* THE JUBILEE FLORAL CROWN, BATTERSEA PARK. *[A. J. Johnson.*

Dates and letters are among the things easy to do with plants, and naturally there is no limit to the variety of styles which the gardener controls. He can do you Old English or Roman with ease, and his script is sometimes as neat as real penmanship. A great deal of fancy lettering was noticeable in the London parks this summer, in honour of the Diamond Jubilee. In Old St. Pancras Churchyard, the inscription "1837—VICTORIA—1897" was one of the noticeable features, and it occupied 90ft. from end to end. In Washington Park, Chicago, at the time when the globe was erected, visitors to the park were welcomed with a floral inscription which gave not only the name of the park but the day of the month and year. Every morning the date was altered, the main part of the inscription remaining, of course, the same. It was done simply by keeping the plants in boxes, instead of rooting them in the ground, and alterations in the inscription were easily made by lifting out one box and putting another in its place.

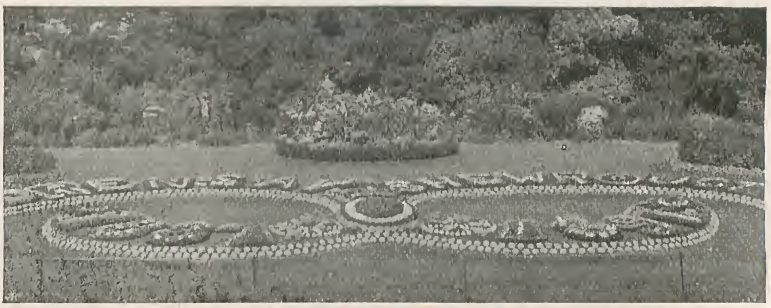
The pride of Battersea Park during the Jubilee was the floral crown, which is excellently illustrated on this page. It will be readily understood that great difficulty is experienced in photographing flat carpet-bedding—a difficulty that is plainly evident in our illustrations of the magnificent scroll in Victoria

*From a Photo. by]* FLORAL INSCRIPTION IN OLD ST. PANCRAS CHURCHYARD. *[A. J. Johnson.*

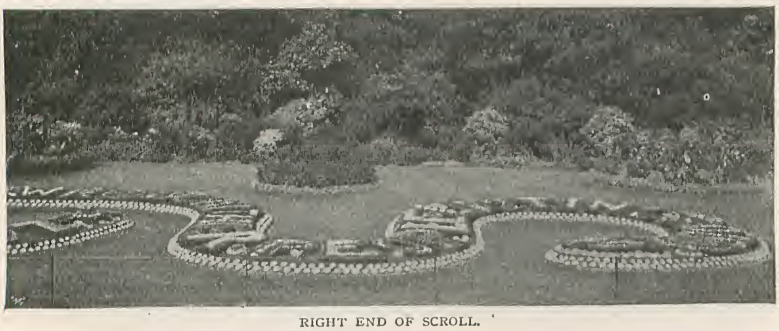
LEFT END OF THE JUBILEE SCROLL IN VICTORIA PARK.

in Victoria Park, Hackney, of which we give a page-full of pictures. The bed of flowers was 85ft. in length and 22ft. in width, and the scroll, if straightened out, would measure 78yds. The inscription, which

Park—whereas such upright designs as the globe and "The Gates Ajar" can be easily photographed. The beauty of the Battersea Park crown was in its great richness of colour. Above the crown was the date "1837"; and below it, "1897."



CENTRE OF SCROLL.



RIGHT END OF SCROLL.

people had to start on walking tours to read, was a quotation from Tennyson:—

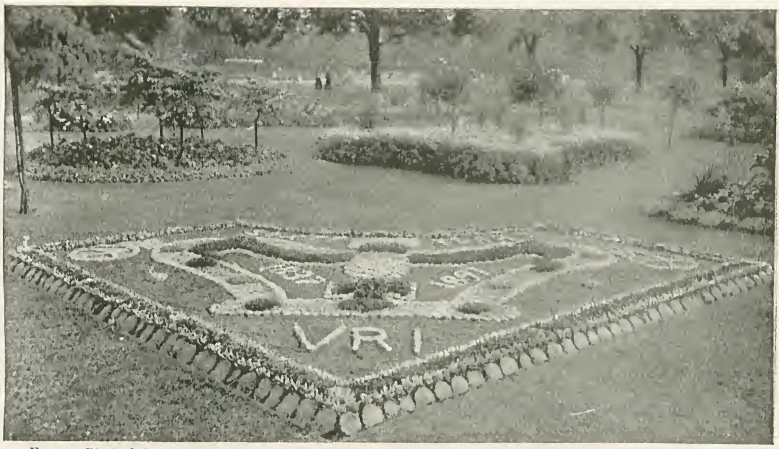
May children of our children say
She wrought her people lasting good.

The custom of thus making commemorative designs during times of celebrations is carried out in the United States to the extreme point. Thus the gardeners are constantly looking for new sensations, and

At the sides, the well-known letters "V.R." stood clearly out.

A very elaborate work was the Jubilee scroll

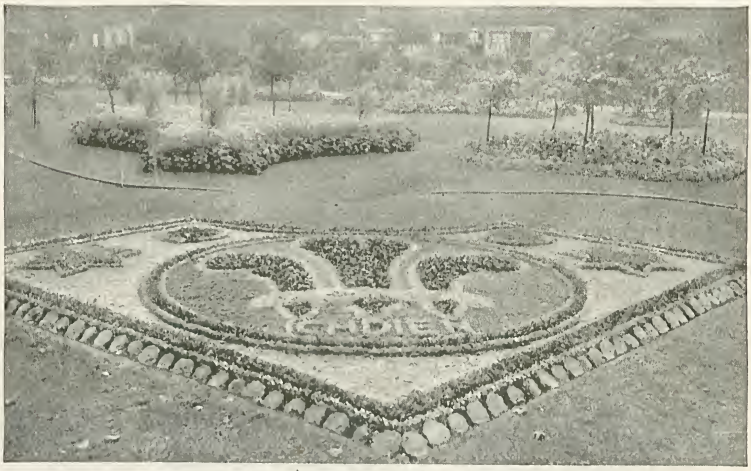
*From Photos. by]* THE JUBILEE SCROLL COMPLETE. *[A. J. Johnson.*



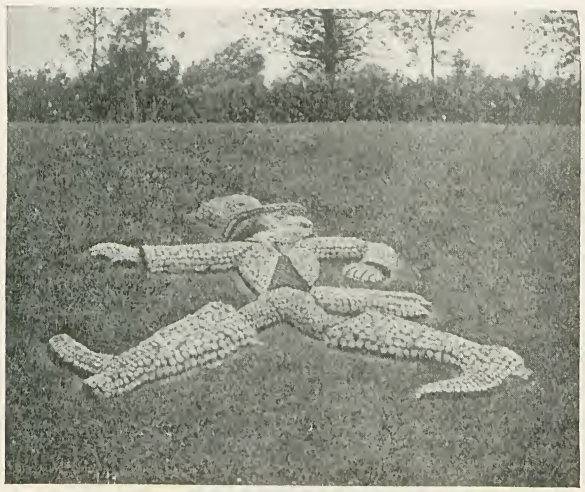

*From a Photo. by]* COMMEMORATIVE FLORAL CROWN, KENNINGTON PARK. *[A. J. Johnson.*

they are able to present a constantly changing series of designs. When the Knights Templars, a masonic organization, visited Boston some years ago, the gardens of the city were decorated with masonic designs; and lately when the Christian Endeavourers were holding their convention in San Francisco, they were delighted with the various complimentary designs in the parks, which had been prepared at great cost in honour of their visit. No doubt the trick is overdone in some cases, but it is very pretty, say what you will.

The commemorative crown in Kennington Park was an excellent Jubilee design. I may say in passing that the border of such a design is made by a little plant called *Sempervivum*—which is brother-in-law to the common house-leek. You will note this same plant in the floral coat of arms of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, which lately drew much attention in Kennington Park. This was a remarkably effective design, the three



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S COAT OF ARMS AT KENNINGTON PARK.
*From a Photo. by A. J. Johnson.*



FLEEING FROM OLD FATHER TIME, WASHINGTON PARK, CHICAGO.
*From a Photo. by Underwood & Underwood.*

familiar plumes standing out in splendour. Contrast with this modest—yet striking—design the figure with which this article ends, and you will have an object lesson in the difference between the gardens of Great Britain and America.

# *At a Baby Show.*

By Framley Steelcroft.

BABY shows are not fashionable functions, solely because babies themselves are not fashionable. Her ladyship may take an inconceivably ugly dog for a drive in the park, but her own baby!—why, the thing is too frightful to contemplate. And as to shows! Well, if it were a cat show, now, or even a bird show; but babies—and society shudders.

Nevertheless, if somebody would only get up a big baby show—say, at the Royal Aquarium or the Crystal Palace—where the dogs might give place just for once—success would be absolutely certain. *Crede experto.* I speak not as an inexperienced scribe, but as one having authority—the authority of an eye-witness.

These reflections are suggested by the baby show I attended in the East-end of London, and which I will endeavour to describe, leaving the task of illustration to the photographer. Poor fellow! One wonders how he escaped with a whole camera.

Babies *are* fashionable in the East-end, where their number is usually in inverse ratio to their parents' income. Naturally, therefore, baby shows suggest themselves to Whitechapel folk as readily as bird shows or donkey shows. It is entirely a question of prizes. The offer of a mere bonnet or pelisse awakens but a languid interest in the mother's breast, whereas the handsome mail-cart offered by The Strand Magazine stirred the East-end to its utmost depths—which is saying a good deal.

I can't dwell on the preliminary arrangements; nobody could dwell on them, or even near them. I must introduce you at once to a display of infant beauty (No. 1) so striking that, if it will not exactly cause anxious mothers to send their youngsters to be "boarded out" in Whitechapel, it will, at least, create amazement that such splendid children should be reared in the teeming streets of Whitechapel and Bethnal Green.

Surely never before were there such numbers of babies and mothers brought together under one roof! As you see them in photo. No. 1, order has been evolved out of utter chaos; and the actual ceremony of weighing is about to commence. And a difficult, delicate, provoking, anxious business that ceremony was, I can assure you. No one but Mr. J. Woolf, of "Wonderland," Whitechapel, could ever have done it. Mr. Woolf's unrivalled knowledge of East-end society enabled him to mollify angry mothers and shrieking babes, and at the same time to facilitate the work of his able lieutenant, Mr. J. H. Wood, who acted as "recording angel" on this interest-

1.—SOME OF THE COMPETITORS.

ing occasion. The show was decided upon at a sort of Cabinet Council. The conditions were drawn up and the posters drafted out. One of these—a lurid thing—lies before me. It calls the function "The Queen's Record Reign High-Class Baby Show." Which announcement recalls Sam Weller's marvellous magnifying glass. The news spread from Aldgate even unto Beckton. Mothers met, bonnetless, at the street corners and spoke wonderingly of the prizes, which were to be on a scale of unprecedented magnificence. For the heaviest baby under three months there was a beautiful silk bib, a hood, and a pair of new shoes—all given by a philanthropic Hebrew from Stoney Lane.

over twelve months old were not eligible at all.

Then came the weighing. Many of the one-year-olds could sit up pretty straight, and for those a pair of ordinary butcher's scales was used. Photo. No. 2 helps one to realize the scene. A dear little boy is being weighed, and he really appears to be conscious of his responsibilities, foremost among which is to win a prize. That seems to be the definite aim of every mother. "Win a prize; honestly, if you can, but win a prize." The mother of the baby-boy aforesaid—the second front-bench lady from the left—looks terribly anxious. Indeed, the whole ordeal was found so trying for the mothers

2.—THE WEIGHING COMMENCES.

No wonder, then, that babies, metaphorically speaking, poured down upon Mr. Woolf like leaves in Vallambrosa. When inquiring applicants came, Mr. Woolf spoke of the production of birth certificates as an absolute *sine quâ non*. The mothers grew huffy. Did he think they would *hire* heavy babies, or otherwise fail to "act straight"? Bluntly, he did, and he said so. Moreover, anyone who didn't abide by the conditions would have to "drop out." Well, the great night came at last, and hundreds of children found themselves literally in "Wonderland." Mr. Wood went round systematically collecting the certificates and arranging the babies into classes according to age. Infants

that at the close of the weighing they clamoured for refreshments—chiefly liquid. The lady we referred to above has apparently brought her mother—a portly person of determined appearance—who has come to see fair play.

But how shall I describe the scene before the classification commenced? The immense hall is packed to suffocation. More than half the audience consists of mothers and babies; but there is also a miscellaneous crowd, whose hilarity knows no bounds.

In batches the mothers advance upon the recorder, Mr. Wood. That gentleman carries a specially printed register. On learning the name, address, and age of each

competitor, Mr. Wood enters these particulars strictly according to class. There were four class prizes; offered respectively for the heaviest baby under three months, under six months, under nine months, and under twelve months. Above all, there was the champion prize—THE STRAND MAGAZINE Mail Cart for the "Heaviest, Fattest, Prettiest, and Best-Dressed" out of all the babies present, class prize-winners included.

Consolation prizes, consisting of toys and gloves, were given to every competitor who failed. When the classified register was complete—and this was no light task—all was ready for the weighing, which was conducted on the big stage at "Wonderland." No. 3 shows a typical group of mothers and babies. The fine child seen in the middle

3.—HALF-A-DOZEN "LIKELY" BABIES.

of the front row is one of the class prize-winners. Whilst waiting to be called up to the weighing committee, the mothers manifested much anxiety, not to say jealousy. They carefully scrutinized other babies, and compared them with their own precious darling. Also they scowled so ferociously at babies that were better dressed, or obviously weightier than their own, that one trembled for the safety of the gentleman at the scales, who might be compelled to give adverse decisions. It is a fact, however, that out of the hundreds of infants entered (no entrance fee was charged, by the way), there was not a single puny or sickly baby to be seen. Photo. No. 3 shows half-a-dozen as fine, healthy children as could be found even at the most salubrious health-resort in the world. And so keen was the interest excited by this most interesting function, that many of the mothers took long journeys to procure copies of lost birth certificates, and for these, of course, they were called upon to pay certain fees which they could ill afford.

Naturally, every mother thought her own baby a certain prize-winner. Not all aspired to the "champion" prize, perhaps, but every maternal heart was bent upon bearing away some of the gorgeous robes offered as prizes in the various classes. This keen desire not to be "left," naturally led to a little sharp practice. No sooner had one infant been handed to Mr. Woolf, than that astute gentleman removed about 3lb. of lead which had been placed in the child's clothes for the most obvious of reasons. The innocent herself crowed and chuckled as though she enjoyed the affair as much as anybody there. Needless to say, the mother was disqualified.

The accompanying photo. (No. 4) shows a representative group of a certain class—babies from seven to ten months old. The second child from the right, in the front row,

4.—REPRESENTATIVE GROUP—SEVEN TO TEN MONTHS.

carried off the prize, which consisted of a handsome pelisse and cape.

Here it may be interesting to give some of the weights. Names are immaterial. Well, then, the heaviest baby about three months old weighed 18lb. At four months, the heaviest weighed 23lb.; at five months, 25lb. 2oz.; six months, 24lb. 9oz.; seven months, 29½lb. (champion of all; more of this baby later); eight months, 22lb. (a curious falling off); nine months, 26¼lb.; ten months, 24lb. 10oz.; eleven months, 24¾lb.; and twelve months, 28¾lb. No doubt many thousands of mothers, on reading these figures, will be anxious to put their own babies in the scale, to see whether they come up to the "show" standard. The heaviest twelve-months-old baby (and therefore class prize-winner) is seen in our next photograph (No. 5). It is the infant in the middle of the front row, next to the fine twins.

A few words about the actual weighing may

5.—"UNDER TWELVE MONTHS."

6.—COAL-SCOOP SCALES FOR WEIGHING THE YOUNGER BABIES.

be interesting. When Mr. Wood had completed his difficult task of compiling his census, or class register, the classes were brought together so as to be within easy hail of the weighing committee. The last consisted of Mr. Woolf, who actually weighed the children; Mr. Wood, who proclaimed the fatal figures in a loud voice; a representative of the general audience, who was elected to see that the business of weighing was conducted without fear or favour; and a fourth person who registered the weights, with many flourishes, on a sheet of foolscap. The whole process is shown in the photo. (No. 1) reproduced on the first page of this article. Though naturally very anxious at the crucial moment of weighing, the mothers' presence of mind rarely failed them. One lady implored Mr. Woolf to "be careful of my Annie," and whilst the infant was in the scale, she leant lovingly on its shoulder, thereby adding a few pounds to its weight! Long experience, however, had rendered the head of the concern proof against such wiles. Mr. Woolf remembers one sad-eyed little woman at a former show, who took a modest back seat, bearing painfully in her thin arms a stupendous two-year-old child weighing 84lb. It was her own, she said, calmly. Yes, indeed; how could it be otherwise? Didn't she know her own?—and so on. It turned out, however, that the woman had merely borrowed the infant from a travelling show, whose proprietor she chanced to know.

No. 6 shows us the weighing apparatus at close quarters. For children about a year old, who could sit bolt upright, the ordinary scales used by a butcher or baker did very well; but in the case of still younger infants, it was thought necessary to have a scale capable of receiving the whole of the baby's body, and one, moreover, that would support the child's back. For these reasons a coal-scoop, such as we see in No. 6, was decided upon. It was nicely lined with felt (which was carefully allowed for in weight), and baby was placed or laid right into the scoop as in a cradle.

The baby seen in the scale in No. 6 is Elsie Florrie Callcut, the champion of all. This child carried all before her—class and championship prizes alike. In the photo., her mother is seen standing behind the scale; and in the foreground is the mail-cart presented by THE STRAND MAGAZINE. This splendid child is seen to still better advantage in the next illustration (No. 7). Though only seven months

7.—THE CHAMPION BABY.

8.—THE "UNDER SIX MONTHS'" PRIZE-WINNER.

old, she weighed 29½lb. Her parents live at 53, Windsor Terrace, Beckton, E., her father being employed in the great gas-works there.

"As a rule," remarked Mr. Woolf, "there is a good deal of heart-burning over the award of the championship prize; but on this occasion the baby towered so pre-eminently over her rivals that an extraordinary unanimity prevailed as to the soundness of the judges' decision. Apart from freaks and monstrosities," the organizer went on, "I have never seen a more magnificent child. Really, I thought the mothers present would tear it to pieces—in their admiration, I hasten to say."

Everybody in fact wanted to nurse little Elsie, who was as good-tempered as she was weighty. The champion created roars of laughter whilst she was being weighed, grabbing up the 2lb. weights and delightedly presenting them to the audience. Again, when her mother was about to take possession of the elegant pair of vases awarded to the prettiest baby, little Elsie clutched hold of them for all the world as though she would say: "They're mine. I've won them fairly."

This child, of course, bore off the prize in her own class ("under nine months"); besides securing the prize for the "prettiest" baby, and the prize as champion among all comers. In all cases where a decision was required it was arrived at in accordance with a show of hands among the general audience.

Here is reproduced (No. 8) the "under six months'" prize-winner. His name is Jacob Strasburg, and his exact age five months. Jacob weighs 25lb. 2oz., and he was "raised" in Whitechapel, out of which unfashionable locality he has never yet been.

Many of the babies, mothers will be interested to learn, fell right off to sleep during the evening, as though they took no further interest in the proceedings, and had become bored. It was a pathetic sight to see these unconscious mites laid helplessly in the coal-scoop to be weighed, and, later on, hauled out by their waistband, limp and drooping. The ladies in the audience murmured, "What a shame!" The men inconsiderately cheered, which had the effect of waking the "dears," who thereupon protested in a way that was not so much pathetic as maddening.

Another prize-winner is depicted in No. 9.

9.—THE "UNDER NINE MONTHS'" PRIZE-WINNER.

10.—THE "UNDER TWELVE MONTHS'" PRIZE-WINNER.

This is Albert Charles Morton, aged about nine months, and weighing 26¼lb. Albert was a merry little soul, and he was photographed crowing at nothing in particular, unless it be the three or four pounds' difference between him and the next heaviest baby in his class.

The twelve-months-old baby who bore off the prize in that class is shown with his mother in No. 10. His name is William Volgesky, and his weight 28¾lb. Plainly, William ran little Elsie Callcut pretty closely for the championship prize; but then there is a great difference between the ages of the two children, the girl being but seven months old, whilst the boy is twelve months.

The excitement and hubbub were truly terrific. As might be supposed, each mother had brought a few friends with her, and the sight of the handsome array of prizes set out on tables so worked upon the mothers' feelings, that I really believe they would have done anything to insure the success of their baby.

No matter how explicitly you set forth the rules and conditions of a baby show, there are sure to be loving, anxious mothers, who will bring wholly ineligible children. One matronly person turned up at "Wonderland" with a baby about three weeks old, whilst another was accompanied by a grown-up girl of seven or eight, who maintained a heated argument with her mother the greater part of the evening. When the thing was all over it was noticed that a strange hush had come over that great army of babies. The fact was they were all tired out. The last photo. to be reproduced here (No. 11) is an amusing and pathetic picture. The twins, Beatrice Victoria and Grace Helena Sturge (aged ten months), are utterly exhausted up after their exertions, which have been considerable. Beatrice weighs 23¼lb. and Grace four ounces less. It was virtually impossible to tell one from the other. They were awarded a special prize, poor little souls, though it is doubtful whether this afforded them as much gratification as it afforded their proud, young mother.

11.—PRIZE WINNING TWINS—"TIRED OUT AFTER THE SHOW."

At the close of the great event some little differences arose between the ladies; this was but natural, since the mothers of prize-winners indiscreetly flaunted their trophies before the disappointed ones, with the result that, *after* the distribution of "refreshments," arguments arose here and there. Acrimonious remarks grew into maledictions, and, finally, some of the quarrels were settled in a manner as summary as it was surprising.

By "The Professor."

"A STORY, lads? Well, I don't know—I'm not much of a hand at that sort of work. You, Jim, know all I have to tell by heart almost; however, I'll have a try." And for a while he sat silent and thought. "Did I ever tell you how, in the summer of '60, my mare, Bluebell, saved the lives of old Jim Lovett and his niece Rosie? No? Then I will to-night. Just kick that log on the fire, and I will go ahead. It's a moonlight night, and from this rise we can see all the cattle; I don't think they will be breaking away, but anyhow, Jim, you can keep your eye on them, and your horse handy to round 'em up again."

It was on the Diamantina River, in the far west of Queensland; the flames of a coolabaa fire threw into bold relief our canopy, the leaves and boughs of a huge old river gum, whose branches spread far over the camp. Below us, plainly to be seen in the light of a full moon, shining as only Queensland moons know how, were the multi-coloured forms of a mob of cattle on the long droving journey from the Gulf of Carpentaria to the Melbourne markets. The first watch had been set, but the cattle being quiet the watchman had drawn up to the fire, round which, smoking and drinking tea, lay half-a-dozen men, bearded and tanned by exposure to all weathers, in a life probably the most arduous that can well be undertaken, and not too well paid at that.

The night was dead calm, and the faint tinkle of bells sounded from time to time up the river, where the horses, tired after their long day's work, had found a patch of sweet grass, and were making the most of it. We had been about two months on the road, and had formed the habit, when the weather and the temper of the cattle permitted, of gathering round the fire after supper and spinning yarns. So to-night, in the deep shade cast by the trees, the firelight flickered on the hard, expressive face and long grey beard of old Jack Sommers, as he told the story of his life's romance.

The hush was only broken by the cadence of his voice, rising and falling on the still night air, the interested faces of his audience coming and going as the yellow flames shot up or subsided; over all, the scents of the great, lone bush and the fragrance of the burning log mingled and blended. The scene was that of perfect rest and peace.

"Not very far from this spot," he began, "about a hundred miles or so, a man named Corbould took up the first cattle-run in these parts. I came out with him, and an old chap called Jim Lovett. He's dead now, is

old Jim. We brought out from the New South Wales side about 1,500 head of cattle, a mixed lot, none of them anything much to speak of, but cattle was dear in them days. We had a good trip out, only losing about a hundred head, and Corbould picked out a stretch of country, out west from here, and, with the men we brought as drovers, he built a slab and bark head station and a couple of stockyards.

"Real good country it was, slightly timbered, and covered with this yer Mitchell and Flinder's grass—'twould have put fat on a skeleton, and 'twas divarsified with belts of boree and Dead Finish scrub, with a small range of mountains, not very high, but darnation steep and rough, and just the place for cattle, running across the station from side to side. There was two big creeks, too, and any number of lagoons. The only drawback was the niggers, and, by gum, they was fair snorters. You lads talk about your niggers in the Gulf and Territory, your Spear Creek lot, and the Culcodoons, why, they're babes in arms to the crowd we had to put up with in the early days of Boree Creek.

"In the first year, we lost about 200 head of cattle, two white stockmen, four boys, brought out with us, and some of the best horses we had; all speared. And the fights we had, Lord bless you, we was at it always. There was no mails or telegraph in those times; the nearest place we could get stores was Rockhampton, about 800 miles away, and we hadn't no police to complain to, so we used to take the matter up ourselves.

"Well, Corbould got drinking worse and worse, and had the horrors, flying all about the homestead and blazing away with his revolver quite promiscuous right and left. He took two chips out of the cook, and so riz his dander that he swore he'd down him with the axe next time he shot near him, as he 'wasn't going to be filled chock up with lead to please anyone, boss or no boss.'

"While the cook was laying up waiting for the holes to heal, the boss took on the cooking, and nearly poisoned us all with pink dog poison, which he thought was cayenne pepper. Once, when we was at supper, he rushed out of his hut, and starts letting drive with his revolver right into the crowd of us. Luckily, no one was much hurt, but a bullet killed the new Chinaman cook we had got, and with another spell of the boss's cooking, I got the hump, and having a good fat cheque to lift, I saddled right up and cleared off to Brisbane for a spell. I heard that all the blacks in the district were scared off to the ranges, and for the next two years all was quiet at Boree Creek.

"When my money was all done, I got a few jobs and knocked about inside for a bit, and it was about two years after all this that I took a fit to go out back again. I had heard nothing of Corbould or the old hands; but, as I was certain of a job, I saddled my horse and took the back track.

"I had a couple of pack-horses to carry my swag, and the best little mare you ever clapped eyes on to ride; 'Bluebell' I called her, and I loved her like a sweetheart. Gallop! She could gallop, and stay too. She was a beauty. I bought her on the ranges north of Darling Downs, and there wasn't a fence she couldn't jump, or a hill she couldn't race down, in the whole blooming district. Well, we was about two months going out, and when we got to the station we found great changes. The country all round was thickly populated for those

"ALL THAT WAS LEFT WAS A FEW CHARRED POSTS."

days; that is, there was a station or a stockman's hut every forty miles or so.

"Almost the first man I sees was old Jim Lovett, and he told me all the news. A rough cross cut deep in a gum tree was all that was left of Corbould. He had set fire to the homestead in the horrors, and rushed into the flames screaming about a boy he had killed at Black Creek, and when they recovered his body, he was all scorched up, and died immediately. The old homestead had burnt right down, and all that was left was a few charred posts standing out black among the high rank grass.

"The new manager was a long chap, name of Smith, a good hand with cattle, and a nice, civil boss. Jim said they had never seen a sign of blacks since I had left, and he reckoned they had cleared right out of the country. He, Jim, was now living on an out-station about five-and-twenty miles out, that Smith had put up to keep the cattle away from the great ranges to the north. He said I would be sure to get a berth, as he wanted a man to help him, and sure enough, when Smith heard I was an old hand in those parts, he put me on at thirty bob a week and tucker. Jim and me started out for his place the same day, as he said he had got an orphan niece up from Sydney to stay with him, and he didn't want to leave her alone too long. I wasn't a great deal interested at this, thinking she would be a child of nine or ten, and rather annoyed than otherwise, as I thought she would be a restraint on conversation and freedom of language.

"About night-time we reached the place, a slab hut roofed with bark, and a bark kitchen standing at the back. About two hundred yards away was the stockyard and the small horse-paddock, where the horses were kept at night-time. I could see a girl at the doorway, and was surprised to see that she wasn't so small after all; but when we rode up, and she came flying out to meet her uncle, I tell you, lads, I was a goner. Rosie Lovett was a beautiful girl, rising eighteen about, with bright yellow hair like floss silk, and it tumbled about her shoulders and hung down behind like polished gold; the blue of the sky on a summer morning shone out of her eyes, and her voice, boys, it was soft and low, and seemed to be like the evening bells sounding over the valleys and glens in the dear home land where my mother rests.

"ROSIE LOVETT."

"Aye, lads, it makes ye grin to hear an old fossil like me talk in this way, but I was young once, and I've only to look into that fire to see the dear sweet face as it appeared to me that night. Well, well, lads, I was clean gone, love at first sight they call it, and after I'd shoved up my tent at the back under a tree, and had supper, rough, but well prepared, and served spotless clean, she told me how her parents had died when she was at boarding-school, and she had, with the money they left her, come north to seek out her uncle, and falling in with a kind family coming out to one of the neighbouring stations, she had arrived as a surprise to old Jim.

"'Aye, lass, and a joyful surprise too,' says he. 'Give us one of those old songs your father loved,' and then she sang, boys. If I live to be a million I'll never forget that night.

"Well, things went on in the same way as usual on a cattle-station, and before many months I was known all round as the accepted lover of Rosie, 'feancy,' or some such word the French call it, and mighty envious the chaps all round were, too. There wasn't a man within a hundred mile who didn't love her shadow. You chaps know what the bush is like; even now, how the men flock to see the few girls there are, and how they carry to their lonely huts and lives the

memory of a smile or a word. Things were worse then, when there was no towns, and no ways of getting to 'em where they were.

"I was saving a little money and making a bit out of horses and dealing, and all the while no sight or sound of niggers was heard of on the run, when one day as I was crossing a sandy creek-bed, I come on a lot of tracks. Well, I didn't say anything to my girl, for fear of frightening her, and as a few days went on without anything fresh, I began to forget all about it, when, coming home one evening, I was met by one of the homestead black boys, who came up at a gallop and handed me a note from the boss. His horse was running with sweat, and before I could ask him any questions he was off at a gallop through the timber in a bee-line for the head station. I opened the boss's note and read:—

"'Look to yourselves. Warrigal blacks attacked Macpherson's station at Coramanta yesterday, and killed Jones and his wife, two stockmen, and the Chinese cook; come in here at once, and leave the hut and contents to its luck.'

"When Lovett came in late that afternoon I showed him the letter. He started, and turned pale.

"'Good heavens,' he groaned, 'what about Rosie?'

"I calmed him down as well as I could, and then we discussed the matter.

"'We can't possibly shift to-night,' he said; 'there's only Bluebell and Rattler in the paddock, and I've been a long way on Rattler to-day—he's about done-up.'

"'Don't say a word to her about it,' I answered, 'but tell her to get ready to go to the station to-night, and whatever you do keep her indoors; with these bushes and trees about, the niggers may be all round us now, and a shower of spears ready for the first one at the door. It's lucky the hut is strong and has a good door; it's going to be a full moon to-night. Jim, you get the rifles and put the hut ready for a rush if it comes; I'll go and get Bluebell and see if I can't find some horses, they won't be far away; and, at the same time, I'll see if there's any sign of tracks about, until it gets too dark to see them.'

"I got my bridle and ran off down the paddock to catch Bluebell. She was very playful, poor old girl, and wouldn't let me put a hand on her for some time, and I was fearfully impatient, and struck her when I did catch her; though, if I'd only known what she would do that night, it's a kiss, and not a blow, I'd ha' laid on her, poor old girl. I galloped bareback to the hut and got out my saddle.

"'Why, Jack, dear, where are you going? It's supper time,' says Rosie.

"'I'm just off to look for the horses. We are wanted in at the station, and if I can find 'em, we'll go in by moonlight. You'd be all the better for a good ride, so if you're good we'll take you.'

"'Oh, that will be jolly,' says she, and I was off.

"I cantered about slowly for an hour, looking for the tracks on the Coramanta side, but found neither tracks nor horses, and by-and-by I thought I'd go home, have supper, and come out again after moon got high, for I don't mind admitting I was in an awful funk, boys: I had heard so many yarns about the cruelty of niggers when they got the upper hand, and started to pay off old scores.

"After supper, I went out again; the moon was just getting over the branches of the trees, and the night was quiet and wonderful still, like this. I've heard tell that blacks will not attack at night; but don't you believe it, lads. I hadn't got not two hundred yards, when Zip! and a spear whizzed past my ear. I let out a yell of surprise, and then all around me I could see shadows slipping from tree to tree, as they closed in, and Whiz! Whiz! Zip!! went the spears through the leaves and branches. Bang! Bang! and my shots rang out loud through the timber, and echoed in the ranges over the river.

"We was not long getting out of that. Bluebell and I was at the hut before you could wink. A spear had cut my shoulder.

"'What's up?' shouts Jim.

"'Niggers! millions of them,' I yelled. 'They are coming on fast. What shall we do: clear or fight?'

"'No use clearing,' says Jim, and he hoarsely whispers, 'and we can't fight much, the powder is nearly all out.'

"'Look, Jack,' he says, suddenly, 'the hut's strong; I don't like to ask you to leave us, but it's our only chance; with the powder that's left I can keep them off for about four hours. It's a fifty-mile ride, and night; but if Bluebell's the mare you say, she can be at the homestead in less than an hour and a half, and help can arrive in time. Don't hesitate, it's our only chance, lad, those devils'll have no mercy; for her sake, Jack, leave her.'

"Then, 'Look out,' he suddenly yells, and slams the door. A shower of spears fell on the roof and walls. Bluebell, grazed on the

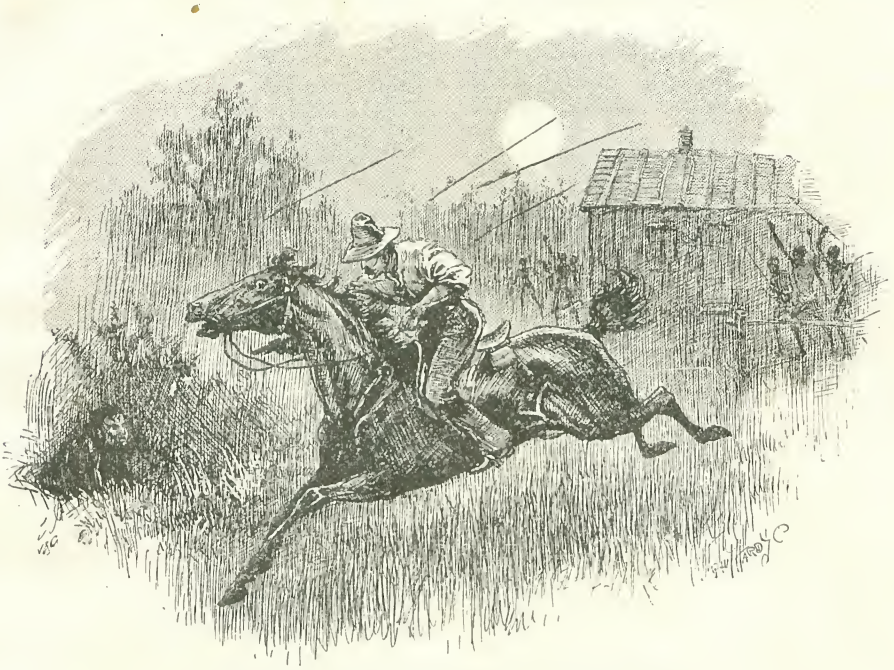
back, bounded forward, and before I realized what was doing, we were speeding down the moonlit glade through the timber towards the river.

"Once going, I never hesitated, bending low on the mare's neck to avoid the branches. I emptied my revolver at suspicious shadows, then slipping it into the holster on the saddle pommel, settled down to my ride.

"I was a light weight in those days, lads, and away from under the trees, where the shadow was black, you could ha' seen to read.

"We covered the first five miles in grand style, and, patting Bluebell's neck, I felt she had not commenced to sweat. Two miles more and we reached the end of the level country, and began to climb the low range which, as I told you, ran across the run.

"I was standing in the stirrups to ease the



"BLUEBELL, GRAZED ON THE BACK, BOUNDED FORWARD."

and, though I say it, could ride a bit, and I knew, barring accidents, I could do the twenty-five miles to the station, and then rest a few minutes out of the hour and a half.

"Barring accidents, that's it. Think what a slip or a stake laming Bluebell would mean! See that fair girl in the hands of those yelling, skeleton-painted demons back there, who were even now rushing and howling round the frail hut, waiting the moment, certain as death, of wreaking their vengeance on the white folk.

"What cared they that one, an innocent girl, was filled with pity for their state and wrongs? Wouldn't they rather remember their gins and pickaninnies, slaughtered in cold blood, and blindly take the first revenge that came handy?

"Thoughts such as these flitted through my brain as we raced through the trees over the short grass. The moon was now high, mare as with unslackened speed she breasted the hill and dodged the low scrub and stunted trees growing down its slopes, when suddenly I remembered that years ago I had been cattle mustering somewhere close about there, and had come upon a track down the far side that would cut off at least five miles of the road to the station. Should I risk it? Yes; and I turned the mare off the track down to the left and took to the thick bush—a mile or so of being nearly scraped off the saddle by scrub and branches unseen in the shadows, and we emerged on the small table-land on the hill-top. Bluebell, seeing clear ground, throws up her head with a snort, and stretches out, boys, as if she was only just starting.

"Lord, boys, that was a grand ride, and the blood was racing through my veins with mingled hope and fear. At the top of the table-land I pulled up, and got off to give her

a breather—for the stiff up-hill climb at a gallop was a cracker for any horse—while I looked on foot for the spot where the hill ran down bluff to a deep creek to the bottom.

"It wasn't a nice place in daylight, but our blood was up, Bluebell's and mine, and we'd ha' raced at the side of a house. I wasn't long finding what I was looking for; the mare had got her wind and was all in a hurry to be off, and pranced, boys, and reared up as I mounted her. I pulled her well together, and off we started.

"I remember it all as well as if I could see the place now, lads: to the right and left the little mountains towered away above and came down towards us in a long, jagged line of cliff. Just where we were there had been a landslip, and instead of the straight up-and-down cliff, there was a steep slope of earth and rocks covered in patches with scrub and small trees; this ran sheer down to where, half a mile away, the heavy timber showed in the moonlight along the creek, and to the front the unbroken forest country billowed away to the horizon, shining silvery in the moonlight.

"In a straight line it was not more than ten miles to the station, and the country was level and open between the timber.

"I started her down at a canter; she leaped a white and dry log shining in the moon-glim, and stumbled slightly over a stone concealed by the grass, recovered herself, and then, lads, like a flash, she broke into a gallop. I gripped her for all I knew, and simply hung on to her head, never attempting to guide her, or there'd 'a bin the gaudiest smash on record; quicker over the logs and stones, smash through the scrub, in and out of the wombat holes, and never a fault. The pace was something cruel, and great boulders, loosened by her flying hoofs, came flashing and leaping down the incline behind us, gathering strength as they went, till they'd whiz past us like cannon-shots, cuttin' down saplings as thick as your leg, lads, as if they was reeds.

"Dodging the trees, leaping the logs and rocks, smashing down the scrub and small saplings, she fairly made the air sing in my ears, and the startled rock wallabies lit out in all directions properly skeer't.

"It seemed like an hour to me, boys, but my Bluebell came down that slope in a little more'n a minute, where a footman would ha' took half an hour.

"It reminds me of those lines of Gordon's whenever I think of that ride. Most of you boys know Gordon:—

Through stringy bark and saplings, on the rough and broken ground,
Down the hillside at a racing pace we went,
And never drew the bridle till we landed safe and sound
At the bottom of that terrible descent.

"I told you there was a big, deep creek at the bottom of the hill. Of course, there was no pulling up at the pace we were goin', so trusting to the depth of the water, and praying there might be no logs or snags thereabout, I let her at it.

"She took a big log in her stride, and then before us, about fifty yards across, with a sloping sand-bank on the far side, and a straight drop of about six feet on ours, lay the black-looking water.

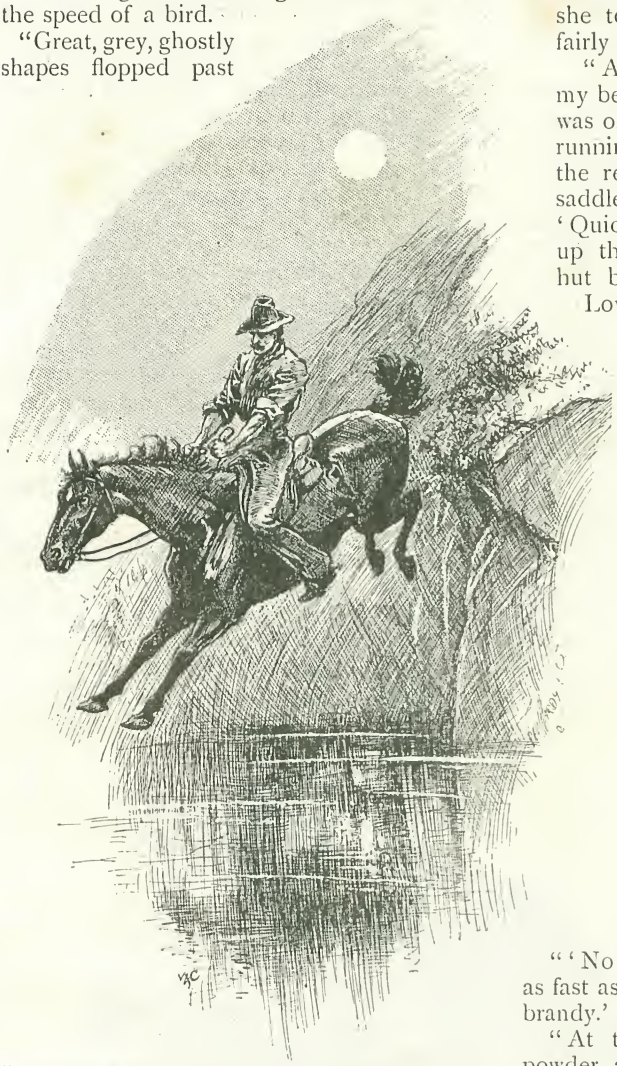
"The mare saw it, gave a snort, gathered herself up, and the next moment we were flying through the air—splash! and down, down into the cool, deep water we sank. By the feeling I could ha' swore we was never coming up again, but just as I was about bursting for want o' wind, up comes my head, the next moment the mare's. She just shook it and snorted a bit, and then hits out for the sand-bank, like as she was a bloomin' spaniel. I slipped off her back and lay in the water holding the saddle, and very soon her feet found the bottom, and we stood together on the sand.

"The cold water had freshened us both up. I was wildly excited, and my nerves were all quivering with the mad gallop down the slope. I looked back and upwards, and thought was it possible that only a couple of minutes ago we were right up there; in the moonlight, lads, it looked twice as high and twice as steep as it really was. Ah, lads, if ever any of ye owns a horse like Bluebell, treasure her and treat her kind; she's more than money or the friendship of men, and I'd give the few remaining years of my life (and that grows short now) to recall every hard word, and blow, that ever I laid on my beautiful mare.

"Standin' on the banks I felt down her legs carefully to see if she had any stakes in 'em, for you can soon cripple a horse when the dead wood lies thick on the rocky ground, but, finding nothing but a few little cuts, led her up the bank, and mounted again and away. She was reefing! lads, all through the creek timber, reefing! After the distance she had come at such a pace! I shouted and cheered with joy, for I knew that I could do the distance now in less than the hour and a half; half an hour would turn out the hands and get us ready; two hours more, and we should be amongst those yelling

black demons with fire and death. Once out in the big scattered timber, she laid her belly close to the ground and skimmed through the forest glades from light to shadow with the speed of a bird.

"Great, grey, ghostly shapes flopped past



"THE NEXT MOMENT WE WERE FLYING THROUGH THE AIR.'

and away out of our path, as we disturbed the kangaroos, and the weird howl of a prowling dingo was answered by the creepy, drawn-out wail of a curlew somewhere in the blackness out to the left.

"At the corner of the big station horse-paddock, four miles from home, she was galloping strong; another two miles, and she shot past the old station of Corbould's time, the blackened posts and rafters showing in the moonlight, and I looked over at his grave as we raced, and blamed him for this night's work.

"We breasted the rise by the big stock-yard, and now, not a mile away, I could see, faintly shining in the open, the white bark of the station roofs. Bluebell saw it too, and she tossed her head with a snort and fairly flew through the cool air.

"As we raced up I yelled and shouted my best, and had the gladness, before I was off her back, of seeing the lads come running out to see what was up. I hooked the reins over the horse-rack, threw my saddle to the ground, and ran forward. 'Quick, boss! Warrigal blacks have stuck up the out-station, and there's only the hut between scores of them and Rosie Lovett. I left about seven; the brutes were just slinging spears. Look where one cut my shoulder. Jim says he can hold out for four hours.'

"'Good heavens,' cried Smith, 'what's the time now? Eight-twenty. You've come in in less than an hour and a half; we can do it.' He ran down towards the men's hut, shouting as he went.

"'Turn out, lads! quick, now! Tom, get the horses up as if the Evil One was after you—take Bess; she is in the small yard. Bring in the first mob you can see; they were close handy at sundown. Hurry up, the Warrigals are at Jim Lovett and his girl, and we have two hours to save them. The rest of you come up to the store and get arms as quick as you can. You, Jack,' and he turned to me, who had followed; 'can you ride with us? We'll get you a fresh horse.'

"'No need to; Bluebell'll carry me back as fast as we came—only give me a bottle of brandy.'

"At the store the men got rifles and powder, and Smith gave me the brandy and a cloth.

"I ran over to the mare and rubbed her down. She felt quite fresh, and danced about the rack as I rubbed; then, having had a good nip of the spirit, I rubbed some on her cuts and gave her the rest in some water one of the chaps brought me. In this way about a quarter of an hour passed; I saddled up and waited impatiently. The men had all armed, and with their saddles gone off down to the horse-yard to wait for the horses. Crack! A stock-whip sounded in the timber, and immediately after a mob of about a dozen horses which had been

grazing close raced up into the yard. The heavy rails clashed home in their places; and the men started in to catch their mounts.

"'Woa; darn yer, stand still, you humbug. Look out for that grey filly, Bill; she kicks like blazes. Hi! is this yer brown horse broke in?'

"In less than five minutes all the men were mounted, and half an hour from the time I gave the alarm we were nearly a mile away, and dashing through the moonlight to the rescue. We had to take the road for it, going back; 'twould ha' taken too long to climb the slope I had come down so fast, and besides, we could not have got the horses up the far bank of the creek, where Bluebell had jumped; so, two abreast we stretched out along the narrow track, winding in and out the trees, Bluebell in the lead, and galloping game.

"As we raced along, dodging between the grey tree-trunks, glimmering silvery in the soft light, Smith drew up to my side and I told him all the occurrences of that afternoon, and of my night ride. He said he knew the spot on the mountain-side, and that he'd be careful how he came down in daylight on any horse, he knew, and winds up by offering me £50 for Bluebell.

"'Not much,' says I; 'if she comes through this night's work, it's never a saddle she'll have on her back again, my beauty, and I leaned over and stroked her neck.

"We had come about twelve miles galloping constant, and we were now breasting the rise of the hills. The creek was crossed at a shallow ford, and we were cantering slowly up the steep slope meanin' to make it up down the other side, when I felt the mare give a sort of sob and then stagger under me. I ran my hand over her as far as I could reach; she was running with sweat, but I could not feel anything wrong. I must be mistaken, I thought, and stood in the stirrups to ease her.

"We reached the hill-top, and all pulled up and dismounted to give the horses a chance of getting their winds—they was all pretty pumped. Bluebell seemed distressed, and pushed her muzzle against my breast and stood. So I kissed her, lads, and petted her; and then Smith says:—

"'Away again, boys! Only about twelve miles now,' and we mounted and went clattering down the steep, rocky road.

"The rest seemed to have picked the horses up a bit—Bluebell with the others—and for the next five miles or so we made splendid time. Three miles more, and the men stopped talking and shook their horses up, gripping tight their rifles.

"'Hark! What was that? A shot! There's

"I SAW ROSIE CARRIED OUT."

another. Thank God, they are all right yet. Quicker, lads; send the spurs home,' and we flew through the timber and down the slope to the river running below the rise on which stood the hut.

"Heaven help them now; we could see the flames shoot up and the shadows rushing here and there between us. 'They've fired the roof!' yells Smith. 'On, lads, on!'

"Boys, may you never live a moment like that was to me—I went mad. 'Bluebell!' I cried, 'Bluebell! save her, save her!' And oh, boys, you may call a horse an insensible brute, and say he's only fit to be a slave, but no one will ever persuade me that my mare did not understand. She left the others standin', boys—left them as if they was standin' still! She swept across the dry bed of the river and up the slope through the timber as though she hadn't come a mile.

"Poor old girl; 'twas her last rush, boys. She suddenly staggered and halted, and the other horses came to her side.

"'Rescue! A rescue!' I yelled. 'Keep it up, Jim; help is here!' and Bluebell with a sob and a staggering lurch went down, down, lads, like a sack of earth — crash! The ground seemed to rise up and swim all round; the trees, shining ghastly white, rocked and swayed before my eyes, thousands of stars and coloured lights flashed before me, and darkness came.

"The stars flashed once more, and I staggered to my feet. Bang! Bang!! Bang!!! Bang!!!! The boys were amongst them. I saw dimly the hut door burst open, and Rosie, my Rosie, carried out; then, a moment later, the bark roofs fall into a shower of sparks, the bare rafters still standing blazing against the background of dark foliage.

"Bang! Bang!! The shots were getting further away. The ground rose straight up, and all was black blank.

"Then I heard voices.

"'He's coming round at last. Jack, dear, are you better now?'

"I cried out 'Bluebell! Now! Bluebell, save her, now, now!!—Where am I?' and I struggled feebly to rise from my bed.

"Rosie was there, and Smith, and old Jim Lovett, with a scar on his face and his arm in a sling.

"'Where's the niggers?' I asks, suddenly remembering.

"'All gone, Jack,' says Smith, 'weeks ago,' and then Rosie, sitting on the bed and holding my hand, told me all about it—how the rescue party had arrived just in time, as old Jim, twice wounded, had been about to use his last charge of powder on Rosie and rush out upon death, when they heard me shout 'Rescue!' how the men had shot a lot of the Warrigals and driven the rest far away into the ranges, and how, after all was over, they came to search for me, and had found us—Bluebell and me—lying down by the river. . . . . The poor mare had dragged herself up to my body and lay, her beautiful eyes glazed in death, with her head across my legs. She had a great wound in her chest where a cruel stake had entered, and her brave, faithful heart was broken.

"Rosie told me that a grave had been dug, and they had buried her beneath a wild fig-tree close to where she had fallen, with her saddle and bridle in the grave, and a record of how she had saved two lives cut deep in the wood; and, weak as I was, lads, I turned my face to the wall and cried like a little child, for I should never see my Bluebell again."

# *Some Curious Optical Illusions.*

By George Lindsay Johnson, M.A., M.D.

OF the five senses which enable us to become acquainted with the world around us, sight is not only the one which contributes the largest store of information, but is the one in which we believe most implicitly. So confident are we that what we see must be true, that the phrase "seeing is believing" has passed into a proverb. And yet it is quite easy to show that we are continually making mistakes with regard to the colour, size, and position of objects. The eye has often been compared to a photographic camera, the delicate nervous layer at the back, known as the retina, taking the place of the sensitive plate. But here the resemblance ceases. In the case of the camera the intensity of the image increases with each moment of the exposure, whereas in the eye the reverse is the case—in other words, the retina becomes fatigued if an object be gazed at for any considerable length of time, and the brighter the object the sooner the fatigue will be noticed, more especially if it be placed side by side with a dark object. The whole range of phenomena known as colour contrasts is due to this fact. If, for example, we look at a number of black squares separated by broad white lines, as in Fig. 1, the parts of the retina covered by the white lines will be more rapidly fatigued than those covered by the black squares, and, as the eye unconsciously travels from one square to another, the after image which remains whenever a bright object is observed, will cause the parts where the white bands intersect to become for the moment darker than the rest of the bands; while, at the same time, the interiors of the dark squares become somewhat lighter, and the rest of the white bands abnormally white.

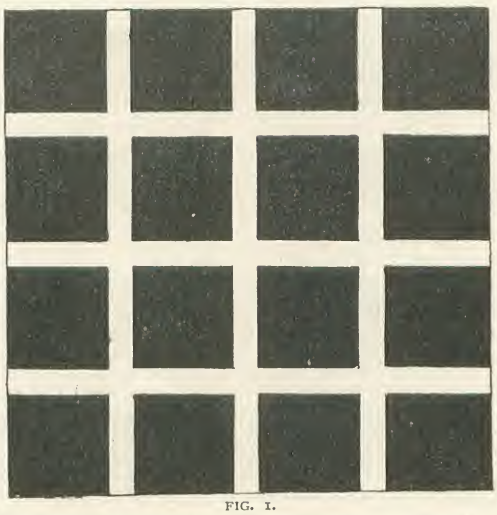


FIG. 1.

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This latter fact has long been known to painters, and advantage taken of it to intensify effects. Thus, if you notice Sir Joshua Reynolds's portraits, or Turner or Claude's landscapes, you will see that the chief point of interest in the picture is generally the brightest, and it is usually placed next to the darkest shade. Hence, by sharp contrast a white horse looks still whiter and more prominent if placed next to a black horse, and a face attracts more notice and looks fairer if partly surrounded by dark shadow.

The influence of adjacent colours is still more striking. If you place a small piece of black or grey paper on a green or yellow ground, and cover the whole with a sheet of tissue paper, the dull green or yellow will cause the grey paper to have its complementary tint, viz., a pink or a bluish shade.

One of the most curious illusions is the error of judgment in estimating the relative heights of lines. If a vertical line be placed at right angles to another of exactly the same length, the upright line will always appear the longer. Thus the line A B in Fig. 2 appears much longer than the horizontal line C D, whereas they are exactly the same length.

FIG. 2.

It is a common amusement to ask anyone to show on the wall the height at which the crown of a silk hat would reach when the hat is placed on the floor. You naturally imagine that the height of the hat must be at least equal to its breadth, and you invariably over-estimate the height in consequence.

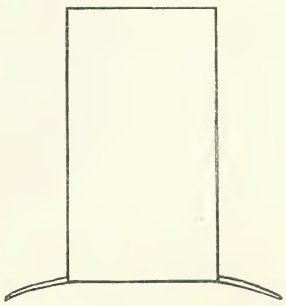


FIG. 3.

Fig. 3 represents a rough outline of a hat in which the height from where it joins the brim is made exactly equal to the breadth. Direct measurement will convince you that it is so. The reason of this deception is, that our range of vision from the horizon upwards is less than half that from side to side, and, moreover, it requires much more muscular effort to raise the eyes upwards than to sweep the horizon. Hence, in an upward direction we take in less at a time, and with greater effort, and that influences our judgment.

Another very common source of visual

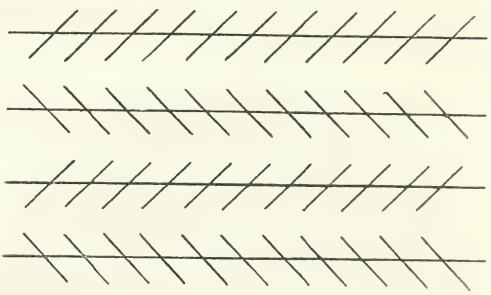


FIG. 4.

deception was discovered by Zöllner, who found that if parallel lines are crossed by another short row of lines inclined at an angle to the first series, the latter will appear to slant in the direction in which the lines are falling. See Fig. 4. If you tilt the lower edge of the book up the illusion is still better.

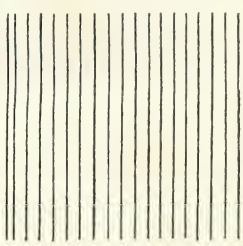


FIG. 5.

A square divided up by horizontal lines looks higher than one made up of vertical ones. See Fig. 5. Hence, if a short man wishes to appear tall he should wear horizontally striped clothes.

Again, if a line is bounded by two shorter parallel lines, it will appear shorter than if bounded by longer ones (Fig. 6). The next

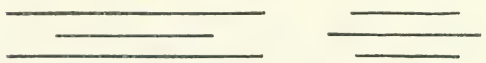


FIG. 6.

figure shows the same thing in a still more striking degree. The line A B is actually longer than C D, but appears to be shorter (Fig. 7).

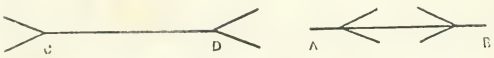



FIG. 7.

An important group of deceptions is due to irradiation. A brightly illuminated object always appears larger, and the margin less distinct, than one less bright. Thus, in Fig. 8

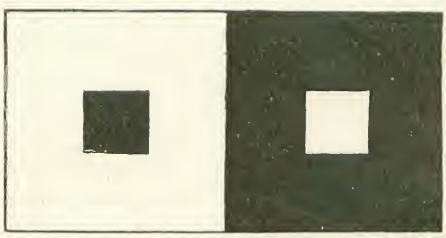
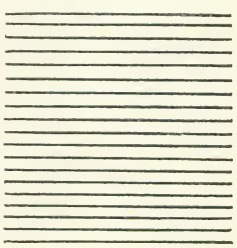


FIG. 8.

the white disc appears larger than the black one. This is due to irradiation, which produces on the retina a kind of halation on the neighbouring sensitive areas similar to the halation of flare-spot produced on the sensitive plate in the camera, when very bright objects are photographed. A similar effect, but caused in a totally different way, is produced when the object looked at is out of focus, as is the case when a distant object is seen by a short-sighted person. When the two phenomena occur together the result is fatal to good vision and produces most curious results. Thus, if Fig. 9 be looked at from a distance of some feet the circles appear to swell out and touch one another, forming rows of



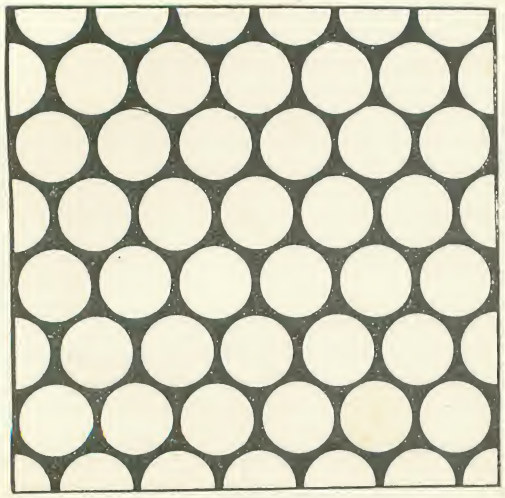


FIG. 9.
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hexagons like the cells of a honeycomb. If looked at by a short-sighted person just beyond the distance of distinct vision the irradiation will cause the discs to overlap, so that each disc appears to be surrounded by six large black dots, joined to each other by grey bars. Moreover, type should always be printed much darker than the background it is on, and the greater the contrast the better it is seen. It is for this reason that a newspaper which is printed on bluish-green paper cannot be seen as far off the eye as one printed on white or cream-coloured ground. In Paris the names of all the streets are printed in white type on a blue ground, which is a mistake, since the irradiation of the white type causes the letters to run into each other and appear confused. Had the letters been printed dark blue on a white ground the irradiation would merely have made the letters look smaller and thinner, but they would have been quite distinct, and could have been seen at a much greater distance.

If we look at the stars at night, they do not appear as points of light, but of quite appreciable size, and to short-sighted people immense. As a rule, in addition to the diffused brightness round the point, one may observe seven or more short rays pointing out from the centre. You will probably see the same thing if you look at a street light. These rays are due to the lines which traverse the lens of our eye from the centre to the circumference. They are usually from seven to ten in number, radiating from the centre like the arms of a starfish. As these lines are formed of lens-matter slightly denser and less transparent than the rest of the lens, they give rise to these rays of light (Fig. 10). That the stars are really points of light can be shown by looking at them through a telescope. The higher the power and the more perfect the telescope, the smaller do the stars appear, since they are so far off that no amount of magnification will make any appreciable difference to their size.

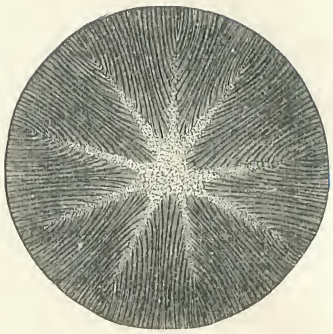

FIG. 10.
*Reproduced by permission from "Quain's Anatomy."*

The increased size of the stars is also partly due to the fact that the front of the eye is never a portion of a perfect sphere, but is slightly more curved in one direction than another, the direction and degree of the curves varying in different eyes. This is readily seen in the following figure, in which one pair of lines look grey and the other pair black. If now the page be held sideways, the lines which looked grey will now appear black, and the black lines have become grey (Fig. 11).

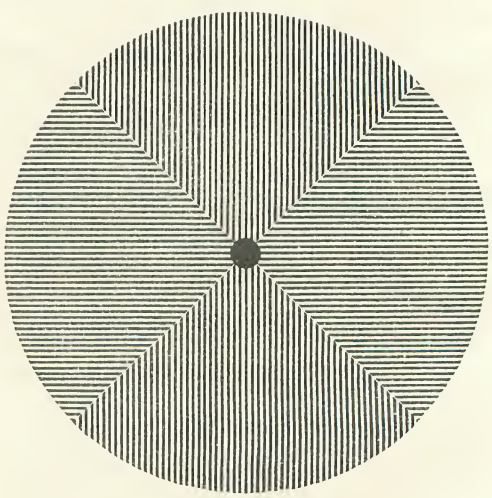

FIG. 11.

If vertical lines be drawn on a piece of paper and the paper be held nearly parallel to the line of vision (so that the eye, as it were, skims the paper) the lines appear immensely foreshortened. In this way writing which was

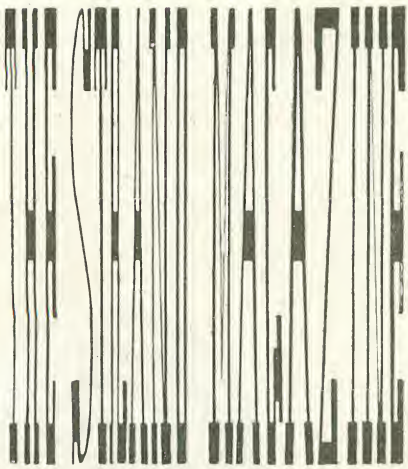

FIG. 12.

otherwise quite illegible becomes perfectly evident (Fig. 12).

In the next figure (Fig. 13) we have another illusion. If the book be held as above described, and the lines be looked at with one eye, the other being closed, they will appear to stand up out of the book like pins in a pincushion.

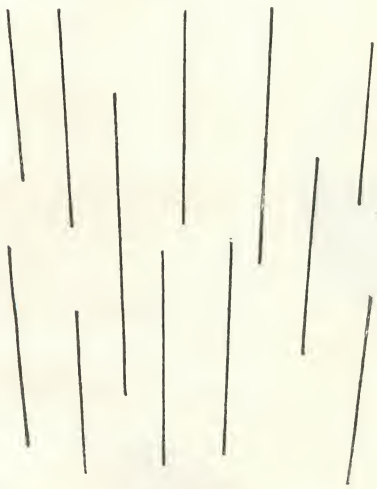

FIG. 13.

When we read type we imagine that we read the whole of the type—but that is not so; we only notice the upper half of each letter. You can easily prove this for yourself by covering up the upper half of the line with a sheet of paper (being careful to hold the paper exactly in the middle of the letters), and you will not, without great difficulty, decipher a single word. Now place the paper over the lower half of a line, and you can read it without the slightest difficulty

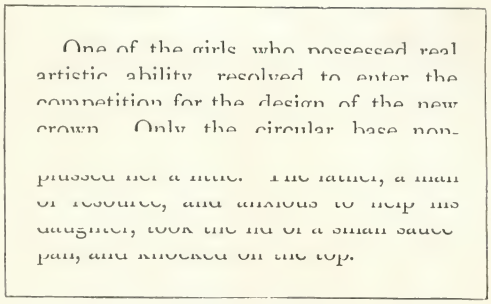
One of the girls who possessed real
artistic ability resolved to enter the
competition for the design of the new
crown. Only the circular base non-
plussed her a little. The father, a man
of resource, and anxious to help his
daughter, took the lid of a small sauce
pan, and knocked on the top.

FIG. 14 A AND B.

(Fig. 14 *a* and *b*). It is curious in this connection to notice that the upper and lower halves of certain letters and figures appear the same size, and yet the lower halves are really much larger, as can readily be seen by inverting them thus: B K S 8, ꓭ ʞ S 8.

There are a number of curious illusions which may be noticed in connection with pictures. This might be expected, since the chief art of the painter lies in creating deceptions and illusions. The artist is obliged to represent the solid objects of Nature placed at various distances on to a flat canvas, and one of the chief objects is so to arrange the lines of perspective that the objects shall not only appear to be solid, but to stand out in stereoscopic relief at their proper distances. Turner, our greatest master of artistic deception, employed endless devices to this end. He loved to give infinite depth to his pictures by placing the sun nearly in the centre of his canvas, and arranging all the subjects in the middle distance so as to converge towards it as a focus.

It is a well-observed fact that the eyes of a

FIG. 15.

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full or three-quarter face portrait always appear to be gazing at one, no matter on which side of the figure one may be standing. This is due to the fact that the face is so painted as to look straight in front of the canvas, and as the pupil is usually drawn in the centre of the eye, it is obvious that wherever one may be standing the pupil will remain in that position, a condition which could only obtain in real life provided that the person turned his head round. Fig. 15 shows this most distinctly, the soldier aiming at the spectator in every position.

Another mental deception is the following. Roll up a piece of brown paper so as to make a tube about 6in. long by 2in. wide, and look at a picture or print through the tube with the other eye closed. If the picture be correctly drawn and represents several prominent objects in different planes, they will appear to stand out in stereoscopic relief. If both eyes be opened the illusion to a large extent disappears. This is, I believe, due to the fact that in Nature we see objects stereoscopically, because each eye sees an object from a different standpoint, but in the picture the two eyes see the objects the same, since they are all on the same plane. Now if we close one eye, and look through a tube, one sees the objects mentally in semi-relief, just as is the case when one sees objects in Nature with one eye closed.

FIG. 17.

One of the most remarkable sensations which gives rise to false impressions is due to persistence of vision. An image of any bright object does not instantaneously disappear, but lasts an appreciable time, varying from one-thirtieth to a quarter of a second, according to the brightness of the object looked at. A rocket looks like a continuous trail of fire, whereas it is in reality merely a point of light, but one which travels so quickly that the first portion is hardly obliterated from the mind before the highest point of the stream of fire is reached. The cinematograph and zoetrope are illustrations of the same thing. There is a rare form of disease, of which I have seen two well-marked examples, in which the time elapsing before an image is obliterated is prolonged to several seconds. In such a case, as the person turns his eyes from one object to another the images become superposed, just as in photography when a careless operator exposes the same plate to several subjects in succession. The result to the patient is so confusing as to be almost terrifying. You can test this for yourself in a very simple way. Take a piece of jet black, or bright red, green, or blue paper, cut into the shape of some object, and place it on a piece of white cardboard. Gaze at it intently for about a minute, and then turn your eyes to the ceiling. Now wink the eyes rapidly, and you will see an enlarged image of the object in the complementary colour on the ceiling in whitish grey, green, red, or yellow respectively. If you wink several times as soon as the image begins to fade, it will return nearly as bright as before.

FIG. 16.
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If the accompanying figure (Fig. 16) be looked at, and the page be held horizontally and in that position rotated round and round a vertical axis, the spiral will appear to revolve round its axis in the same direction.

A very curious illusion is due to the fact that different wave-lengths of light arrive at their maximum sensation at different times. Thus if the disc (Fig. 17) be cut out (and made into a top by mounting it on cardboard and pushing a wooden match through the centre), it will be noticed that if spun from left to right the outer band will appear red and the innermost one blue. If the top be spun in the opposite direction, the colours will be reversed. This is known as Benham's colour top. In the same way, if the disc (Fig. 18) be made into a top

FIG. 18.
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and spun, the white band as it is spun from left to right will appear fringed with colours.

Another illusion of colour, discovered by Mr. Shelford Bidwell, F.R.S., is produced as follows : Cut out the disc (Fig. 19) and mount it on a card. Cut out the gap between A and B. Stick a long pin through the centre and push it up to its head. Now hold the pin by its pointed end so that the card is suspended a few inches above a page of small, sharp print. Spin the card at the rate of five or six turns a second by flicking it with the finger. If you look down on the page the black letters seen through the gap of the disc will appear a red colour, especially if you take the precaution to avoid shadows and to see that the print is brightly illuminated.

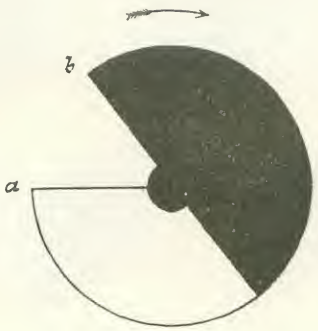


FIG. 19.

The most important, because the most frequent, deception of all is due to the errors made in judging the size and distance of objects. Thus, the moon is invariably drawn several times too large by artists. Its apparent size can easily be found. If, for example, a photograph of a distant landscape be taken with the moon represented in it, it will appear ridiculously small, yet undoubtedly correct.

If the picture embraces 60 degrees, the moon, which measures 31 minutes, will only occupy about the 116th part. In other words, if the picture were 3ft. long, the moon should only be about 1-3rd of an inch in diameter, and yet in a celebrated picture before me, it is actually drawn about twenty-five times too big.

If the greater part of the mountain be hidden by cloud or mist while the top and base are clearly seen, it will appear immensely higher than when it is free from cloud. On the other hand, snow mountains appear much nearer than when free from snow, and therefore appear much lower than they really are.

In Switzerland, in the winter, when everything is buried in snow, the Alps look much nearer and smaller than in summer, owing to the absence of any marked contrast or object to judge distance by. The clearness of the air is also an important factor in making objects appear nearer. Why does the moon always appear so much larger when near the horizon? That it really looks larger anyone can prove for himself. I believe the following to be the real explanation. If you look into a fish tank with straight glass sides, you will notice the fish and stones always look much bigger in the water than they do when you take them out, because, the refractive index of water being very much greater than that of air, you see the objects apparently nearer, so that they appear bigger, being observed at a larger angle. Thus, if you look at the moon near the zenith, you are looking at it through a stratum of air which becomes rapidly more and more rarefied; whereas, if you look at the moon near the horizon, you see it through a stratum of air which is much denser and very much more extended. So that in the latter case you really see the moon, as it were, through a magnifying glass. But there is another reason. When the moon is high in the heavens you have no object near to compare its size with; whereas, when near the horizon, we naturally compare it with objects on the earth which appear in its vicinity. If, for example, the moon appears near a tree on the horizon, we notice it looks bigger than the tree; and the mind, knowing how large a tree looks when close to, and what a large angle of view it takes up, gives the moon credit for looking much bigger than when it stands alone in the vast expanse of sky.

One of the most striking illusions that I know of is to be frequently met with when driving or riding along a straight road. In France, where the roads are usually made mathematically straight for miles at a time, and bordered by rows of tall poplar or lime trees, the illusion may be seen to perfection. The only requirements necessary are that the road should descend along a slight incline and then ascend at a corresponding or, better still, a greater angle. When you arrive nearly to the bottom of the incline, the ascending portion of the road, which must be in a perfectly straight line with the portion you are on, will appear so steep as to seem quite inaccessible; but as you proceed the road appears to become less and less steep until it becomes nearly level. The reason for this is twofold. In the first place, when a road ascends directly in front of us it appears foreshortened. Now, we have no means of judging the amount of foreshortening, and the imagination leads us to think it is much steeper than it really is. Again, when we are walking down a gentle incline

we identify it (when keeping our eyes on the ascending road) as a level surface which we take as our ordinary standard from which the incline of the ascending road is estimated, and hence the road appears *at least* as steep again as it really is. When, therefore, the apparent increase of steepness is doubled by the error of judgment produced by the descending road, the inclination of the road in front appears frightfully steep—at least, if the observer be pursuing his way on a bicycle.

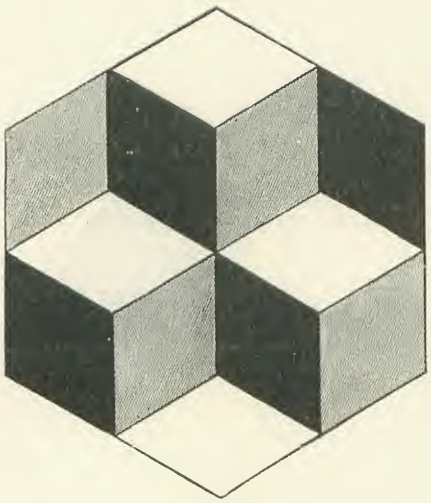


FIG. 20.

In the same way streams, which are often conducted along wooden troughs by the roadside, appear to run up-hill. If we are walking down a hill, and the stream close by has a more gradual fall than the road (since we take the road to be a level base), the diminished incline of the stream causes it to appear to actually run up-hill against gravity.

These are a class of cases where our conception of an object can be interpreted in more than one way. Our imagination can accept either one or the other of these interpretations at will. This property of alternating conceptions is called intuition. For example, if we look at Fig. 20 it may be interpreted as consisting of one cube resting on the edge of two cubes underneath, having their darkest sides facing the right and their upper surfaces visible, or as two cubes with their brightest sides facing the right and having their under surfaces visible, and their upper surfaces turned away from the observer. As the one group changes to the other a distinct muscular movement inside the eye will be felt.

Fig. 21 is another example of the same phenomenon. Thus the figure may be interpreted as a truncated cone (*i.e.*, a cone with the top cut off), or as a long room seen from the front in perspective.

In the same way, Fig. 22 may either be considered as a six-sided geometrical figure or as one triangle resting on a second.

We have only dealt thus far with some of the simpler optical illusions. In another article we may consider those which require accessory apparatus, or which at least are of a more complicated nature.

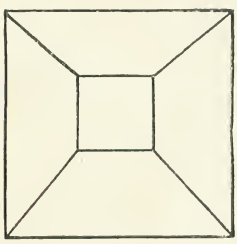


FIG. 21.

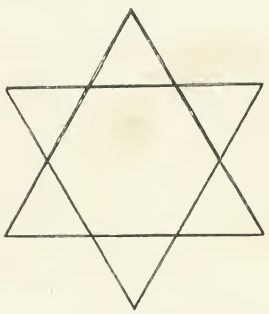


FIG. 22.

# *Glimpses of Nature.*

## IV.—A WOODLAND TRAGEDY.

By Grant Allen.

NATURE is rich in tragedies; but somehow, the tragedies which are long familiar to us cease to be tragic. We accept them as merely picturesque little episodes in our daily existence. Nobody is astonished, for example, when a cat plays with a mouse before killing it; nor when she teaches her attentive kittens how to let it go in sport, maimed and half dead; it does not shock us when the poor dazed little beast, thinking the danger over, makes a wild burst for freedom, that she shows them how to pat it with one cruel paw and still further disable it. Facts like these are too common and too long known to appeal to us strongly. We note them with a very languid interest. But when people first learn some unfamiliar example of nature's cruelty, I almost always find they are profoundly struck by it. The novelty of the case gives it vividness and makes it sink in deep. And I know no instance which impresses the ordinary observer so much at sight as the first time when, wandering accidentally through some peaceful English copse or wood, he finds himself face to face with that hateful hoard, a butcher-bird's larder.

For what the cat does with the mouse for a few short moments, that the butcher-bird does with it through long lingering days and nights of agony. He impales his mouse alive on the stout thorn of some may-bush, and keeps it there, maimed but struggling, or slowly dying, for a week at a time, until he has need for it as food for himself or his family.

A clever artist devised a cover for one of our popular scientific papers many years ago, which enforces well the universality of this ceaseless struggle of kind against kind, each wholly regardless of the other's feelings. In the centre foreground, a fly flits airily over the surface of a river, searching for its mate in the full joy of existence. Beneath, a small fish jumps up at the fly, and seems in the very act of seizing and swallowing it. Behind and below, however, a pike lies grimly in wait for the small fish with open mouth; but he is anticipated by a kingfisher, which snatches it from his jaws before they can close over it. In the background above, a hawk poises itself on even wings, ready to swoop down in triumph at last on the successful kingfisher. There you have the epic of animal life in brief; you have only to throw in an angler on the bank, fishing for the pike with a live-bait of minnow, and an enthusiastic ornithologist pointing his fowling-piece at the rare species of hawk, in order to complete the whole cycle of slaughter. And observe that each actor in this drama of death is as careless as to the life he sacrifices and the pain he causes as the angler is careless as to the feelings of the minnow he impales upon his barbed hook, or the sportsman is careless as to the feelings of the happy birds he brings down with his cartridges.

Nevertheless, when we come across one page in this vast mute tragedy of sentient life among the calm and quiet surroundings of an English wood, it always surprises us afresh; and that is why I have chosen as a good illustrative case of this phase in nature my wicked old friend the shrike, or butcher-bird.

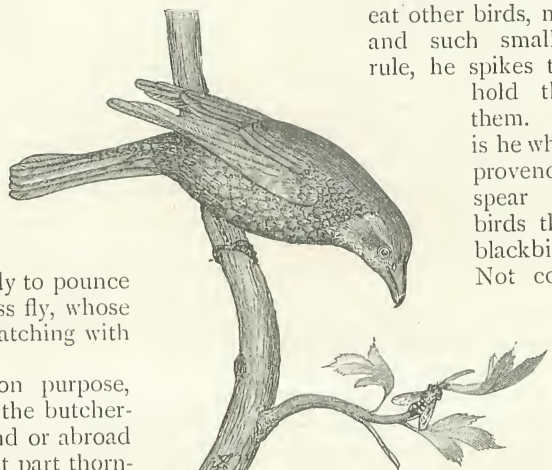
Externally, I do not know that there is anything about his personal appearance which might lead you to suppose he was much wickeder or fiercer than the remainder of his family. In costume and colouring he is quiet and demure, not to say almost quakerish. To be sure, there is a lurking gleam in the corner of his eye, when you get a close view of him, which betokens a crafty and cruel disposition; while something about the peculiar curl at the tip of his beak seems to suggest a lordly indifference to suffering in others. But on the whole he is a hypocrite in his outer dress; you would hardly suspect him at first sight of the high crimes and misdemeanours of which I admit him to be really guilty. Still, you do not know a thrush till you have seen him eat worms alive slowly, a mouthful at a time, pulling them out of their holes and chewing them gradually as he goes; and you do not know a butcher-bird till you have lighted upon him at home in his woodland haunts, with his living and writhing larder collected all round him.

In size, the butcher-bird (No. 1) is about as large as a lark; but he is a stouter and handsomer bird, especially in his fresh spring plumage, when he goes a-courting, and wins his soberer bride by the beauty of his coat and the gallantry of his bearing. His colouring is fine, but somewhat difficult to describe, his recognised specific name of "the red-backed shrike" being perhaps too strong for his actual hues. Chestnut, shading into reddish brown above, would be a more accurate mode of stating the facts; but he is pinky-white below, and has dashes of blue, of grey, of pure white, and of black scattered about in various parts of his plumage. A bright black bill and a dark hazel eye add beauty to his sharp and vigorous countenance. Alertness, indeed, is the keynote of his character.

1.—THE BUTCHER-BIRD.

As in most dominant races, his lady differs much from him. She is duller and darker, and lacks the occasional white patches that adorn her lord. But she shares his general air of keen life and his rapidity of movement, being in every respect a help-meet for him.

Mr. Enock has represented her in No. 2 in a characteristic attitude, perched on a small twig of hawthorn, and ready to pounce down upon a luckless fly, whose movements she is watching with interested attention.



2.—THE BUTCHER-BIRD'S WIFE.

I say hawthorn on purpose, for the peculiarity of the butcher-bird is that in England or abroad it haunts for the most part thorn-bearing bushes. With us, it is but a summer migrant, occurring pretty frequently in the southern counties; but its winter home is on the Upper Nile and in East and South Africa, where it can find in abundance the thorny shrubs of the desert ranges, which stand it in good stead as pegs or hooks on which to base its larder. In England, it usually selects a hawthorn for its scene of operations.

No. 3 shows far better than I can describe it the nature of these food-stores, where the butcher-bird lays by meat for himself, his mate, and his unfledged young. The larder is always situated in the neighbourhood of the nest, and the male bird hunts for flies, bees, and other insects, while the female sits on the eggs hard by. He eats a few at once, to allay his hunger, spitting them first as a means of holding them; but the greater number he preserves alive upon the cruel thorns for the use of his mate and his callow nestlings. "*Les pères de famille*," said Talleyrand, "*sont capables de tout.*" And we may well exclaim, "Oh, parental affection, what crimes are perpetrated in thy name!"

The particular portion of the larder which Mr. Enock has selected for representation contains a bumble-bee, two large flies, and a nestling hedge-sparrow, stolen from its mother; for the butcher-bird does not wholly confine himself to a diet of insects: he is cannibal enough to catch and eat other birds, not to mention mice and such small mammals. As a rule, he spikes them on a thorn to hold them while he eats them. So fierce and savage is he when on the hunt after provender, that he will even spear and impale larger birds than himself, such as blackbirds and thrushes. Not content with hanging them on the thorns alive, he will fasten down their legs and wings by an ingenious cross arrangement of twigs and branches, so as to prevent them from escaping; for he does not so much desire to kill his prey, as to keep it alive till he is ready to eat it or to distribute it to his family. He knows that dead birds soon decay; and he doesn't like his game high:

but he also knows that wounded birds will live on and keep quite fresh for days together; so he is careful to disable without actually killing the creatures he captures.

Among the animals I have seen in butcher-birds' larders I may mention mice, shrews, lizards, robins, tom-tits, and sparrows; among

3.—PART OF THE BUTCHER-BIRD'S LARDER.

the smaller birds he especially affects willow-wrens and chiff-chaffs: but keepers tell me that they have even found them seizing and spitting young partridges and pheasants. Whether this is true or not I cannot say; but the game-preserving interest certainly looks upon shrikes with no friendly eye, and you may sometimes see one hung up on a nail among the jays and hawks and stoats and weasels on the "keeper's trees," where the guardians of the wood display the corpses or skins of evil-doers as a terror to their like, much as mediæval kings displayed the heads of traitors above the gates of the city.

Oddly enough, however, these "keeper's trees" themselves are favourite haunts and hawking-pitches of the butcher-bird, who is so little deterred by the supposed lesson that he uses them as convenient places for catching insects. For, in spite of his occasional carnivorous tastes, your shrike is at heart, and in essence, an insect-eater. He adds a mouse or a tit as an exceptional luxury. Now, he knows that the owls and stoats hung up on the keeper's rustic museum attract numbers of carrion flies, and he therefore perches calmly on the boughs above the mouldering remains of his own slaughtered brother to await the insects that come to devour him. Then he darts upon them with something of the fly-catcher's eagerness, eating them up at once, or flying off with them alive to impale in his store-house.

In No. 4 we see the female butcher-bird, on her return from a successful chase after prey of greater importance. She has caught a harvest-mouse, the tiniest and prettiest of our English mammals, and though without a license to hang game, has threaded it through the neck on a branch of hawthorn, as a preliminary to eating it. This enables her to hold it conveniently as on a fork or skewer while she pecks at it. Sometimes you will find the mice fastened through the body, and gnawing the twig with their teeth in their prolonged agony. But the butcher-bird takes no notice of their writhings and their groans: she treats them with the indifference of a fishmonger to lobsters. It is her business to provide for her own young, and she does it as ruthlessly as if she were a civilized human being.

The shrike's ordinary method of capturing prey closely resembles that of the fly-catcher, to which, however, it is not really related. The resemblance is merely one of those due to similarity of habit. Every well-conducted butcher-bird has a settled perch or pitch on which he sits to watch and wait, and to which he returns after each short excursion. Flies and bees he catches on the wing, darting down upon them suddenly with a swoop like a kingfisher's; but he also often takes them sitting, especially when they are settled on a leaf or branch, or are eating carrion. One of his most favourite hunting-boxes is a telegraph wire, and he prefers one that crosses the corner of a wood; there he will sit with his head held sapiently on one side, keeping a sharp look-out from his beady brown eyes in every direction. If

a bee lights on a head of clover, if a cockchafer stirs, if a mouse moves in the grass, if a fledgling thrush makes a first unguarded attempt to fly—woe betide the poor innocent; our butcher-bird is upon him, with a fierce darting beak, and in ten seconds more, his writhing body adds to the store in the shrike's larder.

A good place and time to watch a butcher-bird at work is in a quiet field by a copse just after the mowing. But you must hide carefully. The short grass is then full of beetles, crickets, and grasshoppers, as well as of mice, shrews, and lizards, who can conceal themselves less easily than they were wont to do in the long hay before the cutting. At such times, hawks and owls make a fine livelihood in the fields; but their habit is to hunt their quarry on the open. They hover and drop upon it. That is not the butcher-bird's plan; he is a more cautious and secret foe; he sits casually on his branch or his telegraph wire, with his head on one side, till his prey stirs visibly; then he pounces on him from above, making a short excursion each time, and returning to rest on his accustomed position. When he catches a bird, and eats it at once, he begins by spitting it on a thorn: then he attacks the skull first, breaking it through and eating the brain, which is his favourite tit-bit. He also makes raids on the nests of other birds, and carries off the nestlings.

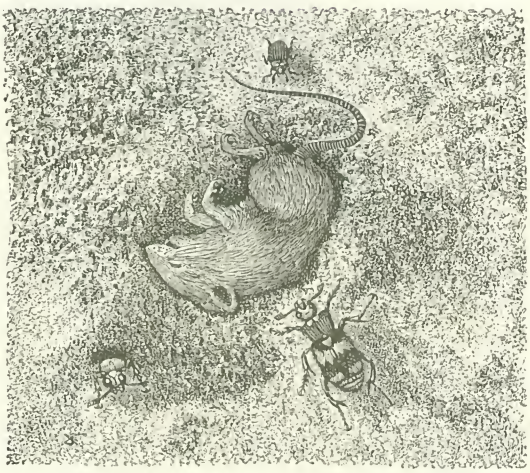
4. — THE BUTCHER-BIRD'S WIFE IMPALING A HARVEST-MOUSE.

If you open the crop of a butcher-bird, the contents will show you that, in England at least, its main articles of diet consist of bees and flies, but especially of beetles. It is full of their hard wing-cases. Now, ornithologists have long noticed that the distribution of butcher-birds in the land is very capricious; in one district they will be fairly numerous (though, at best, they are rare birds), and in another, close by, they will be very uncommon or quite unknown. It is probable that this relative frequency or scarcity depends upon the distribution of their proper food-insects. Indeed, just as we all know that an "army fights upon its stomach," so we are beginning to know now that commissariat lies at the bottom of most problems of animal life. I used to wonder on the Riviera why trap-door spiders, with their long tubular nests, were abundant in certain deep red clay-banks, but wholly wanting in others, just as sunny, just as soft, just as easy to tunnel; till one day it struck me that the spiderless banks were exposed now and then to the cold wind, the *mistral*, and hence were naturally almost flyless. As a matter of course, the spiders went where the flies were to be found; and these open banks, though sunny and warm, were from the spider's point of view mere Klondykes or Saharas.

It is just the same with the butcher-birds. Beetles and bees frequent for the most part warm, crumbling soils; they are infrequent on damp clays and chilly, marshy places. Sandstone and chalk attract them; on London clay or the damp flats of the Weald they are few and far between. Hence, where the beetles are, there will the shrikes be gathered together. They abound (comparatively) in the warm sandstone hills of Surrey, but are almost unknown in chilly clay districts. Not that they mind the cold as such; it is the question of food that really affects them. So, too, with the swallows and other long-winged insect-hawkers. The swift flies very high, and lives on summer insects, which come out in July and August only; so he arrives here late, and goes away again sometimes as early as the date of grouse-shooting. The house-

martin, on the other hand, subsists on low-flying midges which surround houses; he therefore comes first of all his group, and goes away latest. The night-jar flits over fern-clad or heather-clad moors, and feeds almost entirely on certain night-flying beetles and moths; hence he arrives when they hatch out from the cocoon, and flaps southward again on his big, overlapping wings as soon as they have disappeared or been mostly eaten. It is all a question of commissariat. Our early English Kings had manors of their own in many parts of the country, in all of which supplies were laid up throughout the year for the royal table; in due time, the King arrived with all his court, stopped a month or six weeks, ate up all that was provided for him, and then rode on with his hungry horde to the next royal manor. It is just the same with the birds; they come and go as supplies are assured them. The shrike stops in England while bees and beetles last; when provender fails, he is off on his own strong wings to Rhodesia.

No. 5 introduces us to another strange scene in the eternal epic of prey and slaughter. It shows us how beetle proposes, but shrike disposes. Here, parental feeling wars against parental feeling. A busy group of burying-beetles have lighted upon a dead field-mouse — itself hawked at, perhaps, and wounded by "a mousing owl," but not quite killed at the time, and now abandoned on the open. The burying-beetles, all agog, proceed to cover it with a layer of earth —not, indeed, out of such instinctive piety as that which induced the robin-redbreast and the wren in the story to cover the Babes in the Wood with mouldering leaves, but for a much more prosaic and practical, though none the less praiseworthy, motive. They want to lay their eggs in it, so that the maggots may have plenty to eat when they hatch out — for these burying-beetles are carrion-feeders, whose larvæ thrive on dead and decaying animals; and they desire to bury the corpse in order to keep it intact for their own brood, without interference on the part of other and more powerful carrion-eaters. When successful, they cover the mouse entirely with mould, and thus leave their young supplied with a liberal diet.



5.—BURYING-BEETLES AND FIELD-MOUSE. BEETLE PROPOSES, BUT SHRIKE DISPOSES.

But hidden among the greenery of a tree overhead, a cynical butcher-bird is calmly watching those insect sextons from the corner of his eye. As soon as enough of them have collected on the spot, he will swoop down upon their bodies unseen from above, and will carry them off to spike them on his own pet thorns for the benefit of his struggling young family. Thus does parental affection war unconsciously against parental affection. Each kind fights only for its own hand, and regards only the young of its own species. For as Tennyson says well in "Maud":—

> Nature is one with rapine, a harm no preacher can heal;
> The Mayfly is torn by the swallow, the sparrow speared by the shrike,
> And the whole little wood where I sit is a world of plunder and prey.

No. 6 shows us one member of the butcher-bird's young family, just hatched and fledged, in his streaky grey plumage, and beginning to go out upon the world for himself. He is trying to catch an insect on a thorn above him. It also suggests to us the appropriate moral that if you train up a butcher-bird in the way he should go, when he is old he will not depart from it. Lessons of cruelty are here imbibed—I cannot truthfully say, "with his mother's milk," but at least from his father's and mother's example. While the mother-bird sits upon her nest (as you see her in No. 7), the little chicks are fed "by hand," so to speak, with captured insects. But as soon as they can fly a little, they come out and perch upon the twigs of the larder,

that they may learn fly-catching by helping themselves to insects spitted on the thorns, where parental affection, however misguided, has placed them for that purpose. Thus they imbibe a taste for living food from their earliest moments As Prior long ago put it:—

> Was ever Tartar fierce and cruel
> Upon the strength of water gruel?
> But how restrain his rage and force
> When first he kills, then eats, his horse?

What the butcher-bird requires in his place of residence, then, is, above all things, easy access to warm sandstone or limestone tracts, with plenty of insects, lizards, mice, and small birds; he also needs an open common to hunt over, bushes and trees on which to perch at watch, and clumps of thorn-bearing shrubs to provide him with a larder. There he builds his rude nest, one of the roughest and most inartistic I know; and there the mother brings up her young in her own wicked fashion, training them first to snatch flies from a thorn overhead, and later to pounce down upon the hapless insects from a twig or a telegraph wire. But though a rather shy bird, the shrike does not wholly fear or shun civilization; for the rich insect population of our gardens often attracts the wicked pair; and in July and August, when flies are rife among the fruit-trees, they will bring their young brood into the currant and gooseberry beds, and teach the young idea how to shoot in the manner proper to so carnivorous a species.

6.—THE NAUGHTY BUTCHER-BIRD—"I WANT THAT FLY!"

As a matter of evolution, the shrike's position is a very interesting one. For he is not exactly a bird of prey—certainly he does not belong to the hawk and eagle order. His near relations are all mere insect-eating birds; but he has gone a little beyond them in his carnivorous habits, by adding mice, birds, and lizards to his diet. His great discovery, however, is his cruel device of using thorns for his larder; this ingenious but hateful invention it is which has secured him a place in the struggle for existence. It is curious to note, too, how the habit has reacted on the bird's structure and appearance. He has acquired the quick eye and nervous alertness of a bird of prey, and has even grown like that higher group to some small extent in his beak and talons. He is a wonderfully plucky little fighter, too, both against his own kind and against other species.

Have you ever reflected how wonderfully varied and eventful is the life of such a migratory bird as this cruel butcher? We human beings, who can only travel south in one of the crawling expresses misnamed *trains-de-luxe*, have little conception of the freedom and variety which every mere shrike can claim as its birthright. Let us follow one out briefly through its marvellous life-cycle.

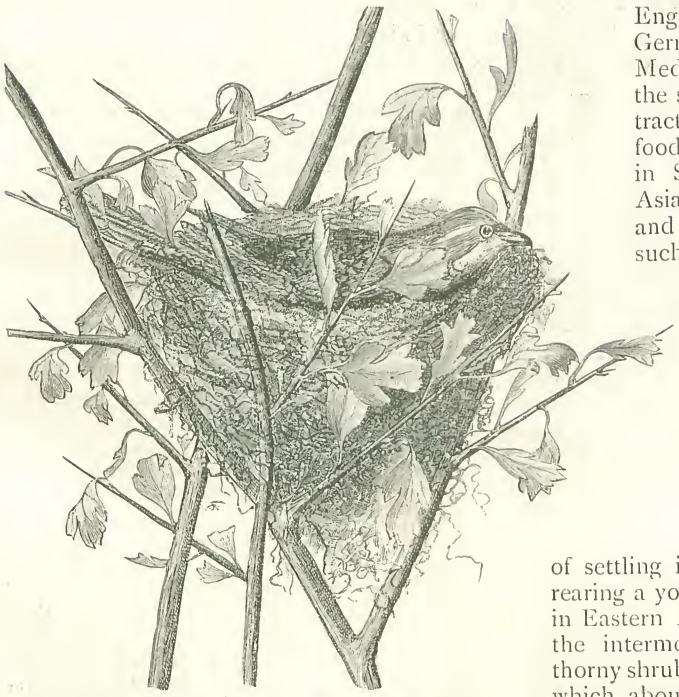
It is hatched from a creamy-coloured and dappled egg in a nest in England. From four to six brothers or sisters occupy the home, and, indeed, to be strictly accurate, more than fill it. Everybody knows the old conundrum, "Why do birds in their little nests agree?" with its quaintly sensible answer, "Because, if they didn't, they would fall out." Well, with the butcher-birds, that remark is literally accurate. The nest is a ragged and rickety structure, hardly big enough to hold the young as soon as they are fledged. It is built in the boughs of a thorn bush, and near it stands the well-stocked parental larder. The young butcher-bird, as soon as he can fly, is taught to eat insects from the family hoard, and later on to pick

them up for himself on the wing in the open. He is usually hatched about the beginning of June; by the middle of July, his mamma and papa take him on the insect hunt into neighbouring gardens. In his early plumage, he takes after his mamma, but already shows some signs of the white tips and black markings which will distinguish him as a male bird in his adult existence.

Once abroad in the world, he grows apace; and this is necessary, because, about September, he will have to fly off with his affectionate parents on a long, forced journey to warmer winter quarters. Not, of course, that he minds the winter in itself; but in England, he says plaintively, there's nothing to eat between October and April. The flies and beetles are gone; their sole representatives are now the eggs and chrysalids; mice and lizards have retired into winter quarters; no small birds are about in the unfledged condition where one gets a fair chance with them; and altogether there is nothing for it but to travel south and find more plentiful support in some warmer country.

So southward the family flits, when partridge shooting begins, first over Channel to France, and then on to the Mediterranean. But food is scarce even in Provence and Italy during the winter months; so our wise young shrike and his parents do not loiter about with the invalids and *flâneurs* at Cannes or Naples; they strike right across sea, *viâ* Sicily and Tunis, to the Nile Valley. Thence, anticipating Mr. Cecil Rhodes and disregardful of railways, they keep straight on, with glorious views of sea and mountain, past the Mahdi's land, till they arrive at the great lakes and British South Africa. At least, that is the course pursued by the greater number, though a few more original families (mostly Russian by birth) trend eastward towards the Persian Gulf, and winter, after the now fashionable manner, in India.

During his absence in the south, our shrike grows adult, and also puts on his fine spring colours (which are his courtship suit, intended to charm his prospective mate), just before his return in May to England, or rather to Europe; for of course I do not mean to say that he necessarily comes back to his native country; though there is reason to believe that most migratory birds do really return year after year to the same quarters. They have a summer residence, so to speak, in France or England, and a winter one by the banks of the Zambesi or the Indus. Most butcher-birds that visit Europe in the spring come fairly far north, nesting in Northern France, Southern England, Belgium, Holland, or Germany. Few nest on the Mediterranean, probably because the summer droughts in that arid tract are unfavourable to their food-insects; those that remain in Southern Europe or Western Asia choose, as a rule, the cooler and moister mountain regions, such as the Balkans, the Greek hills, Armenia, and the Caucasus. The English residents fly back from their African home (where they now enjoy the blessings of British rule quite as fully as in Britain) well fattened on juicy southern insects, dressed in their courting dress, and ready for the serious business of settling in life, choosing a mate, and rearing a young family. Indeed, observers in Eastern Africa have noted them during the intermediate period, sitting on the thorny shrubs, such as the Egyptian acacia, which abound in that region, and already



7.—THE BUTCHER-BIRD'S WIFE SITTING ON HER NEST.

adorned in their brilliant breeding plumage in anticipation of their return to their northern quarters.

Some people say that the shrike even makes two nests a year (as the swallow certainly does), one in the north and one in Africa; but this is unlikely, and Dr. Sharpe, of the British Museum, will have nothing to say to it.

Arrived in England, about May-day, our young butcher-bird chooses himself a mate for the season, by displaying his charms and his nice new plumage, in emulation of his fellows, before the eyes of the ladies of his species. Probably, also, he fights for his wife with his rivals. As soon as he has succeeded, by his beauty and prowess combined, in attracting the attention of some demure young spinster, they select a nice convenient thorn bush, in dry sandy or chalky soil, where insects abound, and begin weaving their rough nest of twigs and roots, lined more softly inside with moss, wool, and grasses. Then the mother of the future family lays her five or six eggs, and sits upon them assiduously; while the father, keeping a sharp look-out from his leafy covert or his perch on the telegraph wires, begins to stock the larder with bees, flies, lizards, mice, and young birds for the use of his wife and his unhatched children. By the time the tiny chicks emerge upon the world, he has amply provided for their immediate wants by a nice supply of fresh meat, all alive, oh!—but at the cost of what unspeakable misery and long, thirsty suffering to how many other inoffensive creatures!

It is at this season especially that you have a chance, if ever, of catching sight of the butcher-bird himself, seated, all eagerness, on his look-out tower; and enjoying life with the calm begotten of that fine old recipe—a bad heart and a good digestion. He sits and utters his amatory feelings now and again in an abrupt little "chuck, chuck," which is whipped out suddenly, with a jerk of the head sideways as an appropriate accompaniment. About the same time, too—say the beginning of June—you stand the best chance of coming upon one of the larders, all stocked with fresh meat; for later in the year, when the young are well fledged, the shrike gives up its murderous practices a little, and takes its young on the prowl for themselves in orchards and gardens, in order to accustom them to the habit of catching prey. But I suspect my evil friend of often murdering for mere murder's sake, as generally happens with predatory animals; they acquire a certain love for the chase as such, and even seem, as one may observe in cats, to delight in cruelty for the sensuous pleasure of inflicting pain on others.

So, year after year, the shrike divides his time, like a fashionable gentleman, between his estate in England and his wintering place in the south. He has change of air and scene in abundance. Each autumn he sails off to his African hunting grounds; each spring he returns in a fine new suit, and with his youth renewed, to choose a fresh partner for the season's nesting. And, like most bad people, he seems to have on the whole a very jolly time of it; for he has few enemies, and he can choose from so wide a range of food that scarcity must be rare with him. He sees the world, and enjoys it, like a masterful and imperial animal. The difference between his mode of travelling, alone, and ours must be the difference between a railway train and a pleasant bicycle trip, increased a hundred-fold; for while the bicycle is shut in by hedges and confined to dusty roads, the shrike's path lies slantwise through the open air, with the landscape spread abroad like a panorama beneath him. Woods, fields, and lakes, and towered cities of men unroll before his eyes. It is an easy, a cruel, and a sensuous existence, with all the joys of the hunter and the excitement of the arena combined—a Spanish bullfight superimposed upon the sport of the grouse-moor and the deer-forest. Above all, your shrike has no inkling of a conscience. He does wrong boldly, with sublime indifference; and believes himself to the end to be a model father, a tender husband, an ornament to society, and a useful citizen.

# *The White Kitten.*

By James Workman.

THE dragoons rode here and there, shouting and cursing, and thrusting with their long swords into every bush that seemed dense enough to hide the body of a man. The memory of Prestonpans and Falkirk still rankled in their minds, and though the blood shed at Culloden and amid the grim scenes which followed that tragic death-struggle might well have satiated their lust of slaughter, they hunted rather to kill than to capture, and a dead Jacobite was ever a more grateful sight to them than a living one.

Once or twice they had caught sight of their quarry, and the hill-side had rung with shouts, the jingling of harness, the thud of hoofs, and the cracking of pistols. But the man they hunted was on familiar ground, the estate of his father, a gentleman of Cumberland, and being quick-witted, agile, and fleet of foot, he threw them off the scent again and again, and vanished among the rocks and bushes as though the earth had literally swallowed him up.

The troopers began to despair, to find something almost supernatural about the amazing activity and resource of the fugitive who had for hours contrived to evade them. Many of them had dismounted, and explored with dogged persistency every bush and cranny and clump of bracken; but their efforts proved fruitless, and they wandered about the hill-side helpless and bewildered, and filled with admiration at the craft and speed, the quick shifts and tricks, of the invisible rebel.

Had anyone seen him, admiration would have been the last feeling suggested by his appearance. Hunted like a wild beast, with death threatening him on every hand, he was reduced to that condition of panic-terror into which the bravest may fall when the odds against them are so great as to leave no hope of escape. With ashy face and bloodshot eyes, with bleeding hands, and clothes torn by rocks and brambles, he ran and crawled and crouched, gasping for breath and aching in every limb.

At length by a sudden rush, which by its very audacity passed unnoticed by the troopers, he succeeded in crossing an open space and gaining the shelter of a thick fringe of trees and bushes that bordered the

"ONCE OR TWICE THEY CAUGHT SIGHT OF THEIR QUARRY."

side of a stream. Sheltered by the trees, he ran swiftly down the hill-side in the direction of an ivy-clad ruin, for which he had been making ever since the dragoons first sighted him. It was an old Priory, and contained a hiding-place which he had discovered as a boy. It consisted of a niche in one of the high stone walls which had once held a statue. The niche was some six or seven feet from the ground, and was completely hidden by a thick growth of ivy. If he could contrive to clamber up, force his body through the ivy, and stand in the niche without being observed, he believed it would be impossible for the dragoons to discover him.

Another quick rush across the open brought him to the ruins, but as he scrambled among the loose heaps of stones he started back with a groan of despair. A little, fair-haired, blue-eyed girl was sitting on a stone at the foot of the wall, just beneath the very spot where the niche was situated. She was laughing gleefully at the antics of a tiny white kitten, that was pursuing a piece of string which she trailed before it on the grass. Now, with quivering limbs and waving tail, it crouched behind a stone or a tuft of grass till little more than the tips of its ears were visible, then sprang swift as a flash of light on its prey, only to dart away again with tail erect, frisking and gambolling back to its shelter.

The child's happy laughter, the merry tricks of the frolicsome little creature at her feet, beguiled the panting, white-faced fugitive, crouching like a hunted beast among the stones, into a moment's forgetfulness. They made so pretty a picture against the background of the ivy-covered ruins slumbering peacefully in the afternoon sunshine, that his frantic flight from the bullets and sabres of the dragoons seemed like a hideous nightmare from which he had suddenly awakened.

But a fresh outburst of shouts from behind, as though a pack of hounds had recovered a lost scent, brought him face to face with the grim fact that in a few more seconds his pursuers would be upon him. What was he to do? He could fly no farther. As he reached the ruins, his limbs had sunk beneath him, and, choking for breath, with his heart beating like a flail, he had been forced to crawl forward on his hands and knees. The hiding-place in the wall offered the only chance of safety, and it would be impossible to gain it unobserved if he wasted a moment.

He knew the child well enough by sight. Her name was Jessie Waters, and she was the daughter of a poor gentlewoman, whose husband, a naval officer, had been killed in an engagement with the French. Still, he feared that in his present ragged and dishevelled condition she might fail to recognise him, and by a scream of terror or a panic-stricken flight attract the attention of the dragoons.

He rose painfully to his feet and staggered forward. Terrified at the sight of this ragged, hatless man, with his haggard face and bloodshot eyes, the child leapt to her feet with a cry of fear, instinctively caught up the kitten, and was darting away when he clutched her by the arm.

"Let me go," she exclaimed, struggling frantically to get free, and sobbing with fright. "Oh, let me go!"

"Jessie," he said, desperately, "for Heaven's sake, listen to me, child. Look at me! Don't you know me? Don't you remember me?"

As she looked up at him the terror died out of her eyes, and she half smiled through her tears.

"I'm Walter Neville," he continued, "the squire's son. Yes, I see you remember me now. Well, do you hear those men shouting?"

"Yes," she answered, timidly, looking up at him with the kitten purring and blinking in her arms.

"They're looking for me, and if they find me they'll kill me. I'm going to hide in a hole in the wall up there among the ivy. You won't tell them you know where I'm hiding, will you, Jessie?"

"N—no," she faltered; "but I'm frightened, and I—I want to go home."

"It's too late," he exclaimed; "you mustn't go home. They'll see you running away, and catch you, and bring you back, and make you tell them where I'm hiding—and then they'll kill me. Sit down on the stone and play with the kitten, and they'll think you haven't seen me, and they won't look here at all."

The thud of the horses' hoofs and the jingling of spurs and bridles were now so close that he turned despairingly away from the bewildered child, and, clutching the thick stems of the ivy, he put forth in one last desperate effort the remains of his strength, and scrambling upward, forced himself through the clustering leaves and branches into the niche. Peering out he saw her gazing upward with round, wondering eyes. If the troopers found her in that attitude it would mean certain discovery.

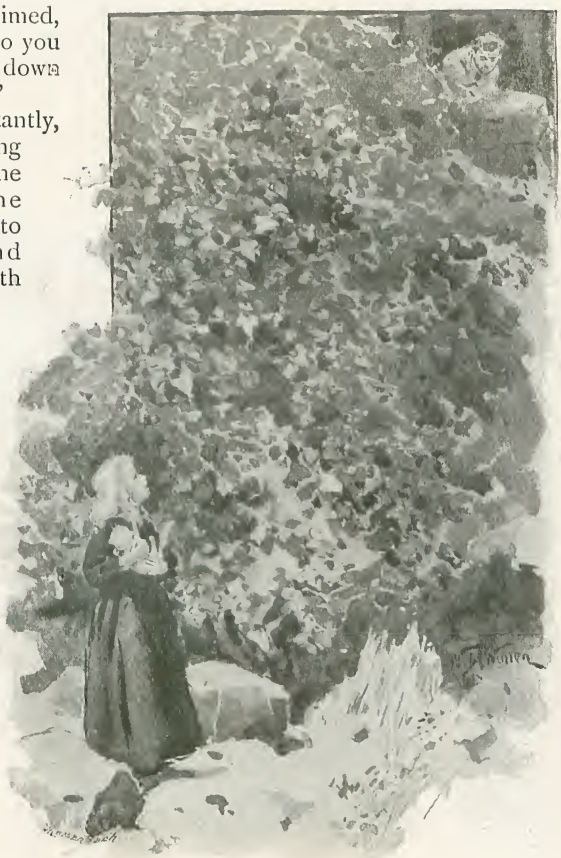
"Sit down," he whispered, "sit down on

the stone and play with the kitten. They won't hurt you. You needn't be frightened. But you mustn't look up here or tell them where I am, or they'll be sure to kill me."

She still stood glancing up at him with a pale face and tear-filled eyes, and then looked wistfully in the direction of her home that lay a quarter of a mile away beyond the stream. It was evident that she was more than half inclined to run away in spite of his appeals.

"Sit down," he exclaimed, almost angrily. "Do you hear me, child? Sit down and do as I bid you."

Slowly and reluctantly, and with a last lingering glance homewards, she sat down, and the kitten climbed on to her shoulder, and played gleefully with her curly hair. He crouched back with a sigh of relief.



"'SIT DOWN,' HE EXCLAIMED, ALMOST ANGRILY."

It was a strangely peaceful scene. The sunshine flooded the old, grey, ivy-clad ruin; a rabbit popped its head out of a cranny, and watched the child and her little playmate suspiciously; starlings, gay with speckled plumage, strutted superciliously on the grassy plots between the walls, or chattered shrilly among the ivy.

His mind was filled with pictures of the past, in strange contrast with the scene before him. He saw Prince Charlie marching with fluttering kilts and plaid into Manchester, the white rose in his bonnet, a flush of triumph on his handsome face. He fought again at Falkirk, where these same dragoons had fled like deer; and again he seemed to hear the skirl of the pipes, and see the flash of the Highland broadswords as the clansmen poured like a torrent against the rock-like lines of steel and flame in their last wild charge at Culloden. Since then he had lived the life of a hunted beast, flying over endless moors, or scrambling among mist-enshrouded hills, scorched with the sun, drenched with rain, ill, exhausted, tortured with hunger and thirst, and with death ever at his heels.

To think that after all these exertions, all his clever shifts, and happy devices, and a score of hairbreadth escapes, he should be run to earth in sight of his own home, the goal he had been striving for, where he might expect sympathy and assistance, food and money, and the means to escape to France, was enough to break the stoutest heart. Glancing through the leaves, he could see the smoke rising from the chimneys of Moor Hall, his old home, endeared to him by a thousand kindly memories, where loving hearts were mourning for him as one lost beyond hope. He shut his lips tight to stifle a groan of despair, for at that moment the rabbit disappeared in its burrow, the starlings took flight, and the troopers came galloping up to the ruins, confident that they had at last run their quarry to earth.

But instead of playing with the kitten as Walter had hoped she would do, in order that the dragoons might ride on without troubling to question her, the child crouched back among the ivy, staring with a white, frightened face at the bronzed, fierce-looking men who came bursting in among the quiet old ruins, with a clatter of steel-shod hoofs and the loud jingling of spurs and scabbards. Most of them, indeed, seeing no sign of a possible hiding-place, passed by with an indifferent side-glance at the terrified little creature; but the last of all, a big, fleshy

man, with a pale, puffy face and small, cruel eyes, asked roughly if she had seen a man go past, and, receiving no answer, swung off his horse and approached her.

"Do you hear me, you brat?" he exclaimed. "Did you see a man go by?"

The child rose to her feet, and gazed up at him with tear-filled eyes and twitching lips, but made no answer.

"Haven't you a tongue in your head, or are you deaf?" he growled, angrily.

Another of the troopers had drawn rein, and half turning in his saddle was curiously watching the scene.

"Leave the child alone, Dan," said he.

He raised his hand as if to strike her, and she shrank back in alarm.

"Did you?"

He took a step forward.

"Did you?"

Terror-stricken at his grim face and threatening hand, she cowered trembling against the wall.

"Yes," she almost screamed.

Walter's blood ran cold. What madness could have possessed him to allow the child to see him enter the hiding-place? Nothing could save him now.

The dragoon looked round complacently at his comrade.

"HE RAISED HIS HAND AS IF TO STRIKE HER."

"If she'd seen the fellow skulking about she'd have gone screeching home to her mother."

"Hold your tongue, you dull fool," answered Dan. "Do you think I don't know what I'm about? He may have seen her and threatened to eat her alive if she told us where he was hiding. But she'll soon find that's nothing to what she'll get from me if she doesn't speak out. Come, you cursed little rebel, do you want me to twist your ears off? Have you seen a strange man about here? Speak at once, or——"

"What did I tell you, Dick?" he said. "We shall get at the truth now. I wager the fellow has some hiding-place here for which he has been making ever since we first sighted him. Now, then, you imp of Satan, will you tell us where the man went to?"

Walter drew a pistol from his pocket, the only weapon he had left, and looked to the priming, determined to sell his life dearly. He had no longer a glimmer of hope. How could the poor child keep the secret when threatened and perhaps tortured by this

brutal, swaggering bully? He had half a mind to send a ball through the fellow's head, and so put an end to the child's terror and his own agonizing suspense. There would be a sudden rush, a short, sharp struggle, and then a bullet or a sabre thrust would go home, and all would be over.

Jessie's white, despairing little face—as, still holding her tiny playmate in her arms, she shrank back from the trooper's upraised hand, might have touched the heart of anyone but the callous ruffian before her. But the brutal nature of the man was now thoroughly aroused by her stubborn silence. He thrust his evil, bloated face, flushed with anger, close to her own.

"Come, find your tongue, will you?" he exclaimed, savagely.

She began to sob helplessly.

"Oh, I'm frightened," she cried, pitifully. "I want to go home—I want to go home."

"You shall go home when I've done with you, and not before," he growled, wrenching a thick branch from a willow bush that grew near. He stripped off the leaves, and advanced threateningly towards her.

"Do you see this?" he asked, brutally. "Well, as sure as you're standing there, I'll break it across your back if you don't speak out at once."

But his companion, a brawny fellow, with a square, resolute face and keen grey eyes, sprang from his saddle and stepped before him.

"None of that," said he, "or you'll deal with me, Dan Rothwell, and you know yourself whether you're like to have the best of it. I've stood by and seen you do many a cursed, cruel thing—more's the shame to me—but lay your hand on that child, and I'll lay my hand on you as you'll find to your cost."

"Stand back, will you?" snarled Dan, with a savage scowl, trying to thrust him aside and strike at the whimpering child, who was clinging desperately to her protector.

"Not I. Keep your distance, I tell you. I've a little maid of my own, the living image of this one, and I'll wring your neck before you shall lay a finger on her."

Then he thrust his hand in his pocket, and pulled out a slender gold chain, which was probably one of his spoils of war.

"Come, little one," said he, "tell us where you saw the man hide, and you shall have this pretty toy for yourself."

Walter saw Jessie's tear-filled eyes dwell longingly on the glittering ornament, and his heart sank within him. But she shook her head and turned away, and Dick thrust the chain back into his pocket with a sour smile.

"Oh, well," said he, "I'll not ask you twice if that's all the thanks I get for my pains. No—keep your distance, Dan. I'll not have her mishandled."

"This will serve my purpose," said Dan, and dropping the switch he made a swift grab at the kitten, and catching it by the back of the neck twitched it out of the child's arms, and held it sprawling in the air.

Then he drew his sword from the scabbard and flourished it over his head.

"Tell us where the man's hidden," he cried, triumphantly. "Out with it, you obstinate little jade, or I'll cut the cursed little brute in two."

The terrified kitten mewed and writhed and twisted and made vigorous efforts to scratch and bite its captor. Its futile cries and struggles goaded its little mistress into a paroxysm of childish wrath.

"Let it alone," she cried, passionately. "How dare you take it from me? It's mine, and you sha'n't kill it."

Dan laughed sneeringly as he held it above her outstretched hands.

"Will you tell us where the man's hidden?" he exclaimed. "Come, will you, or won't you?"

"No, I won't," she cried, stamping her foot on the ground, and facing him with flashing eyes, "I won't, I won't, I won't!"

Then, suddenly realizing her own helplessness, she broke into sobs, and clung despairingly to Dick's arm.

"Oh, make him give it back to me," she cried, piteously. "Don't let him kill it. Oh, don't let him kill it."

Dick turned angrily on his comrade.

"Come," said he, sternly, "that's enough. Give it back to her, I tell you."

"Not I," retorted Dan; "I'm no milk-hearted fool like you. She shall have it back when I've done with it."

But at that moment, in its frantic efforts to escape, the kitten contrived to dig its sharp claws into his hand, and he dropped it, with an oath. Jessie darted forward to pick it up, but he thrust her violently on one side, and with a blow of his sword stretched it on the grass, twitching and writhing in the agonies of death. He was about to strike at it again when Dick's fist came like a sledge-hammer on the side of his head, and sent him staggering half-a-dozen yards away.

"You hulking blackguard," shouted Dick; "you cowardly brute, will you never have done with your dirty tricks? 'Tis such as you

"DICK'S FIST SENT HIM STAGGERING."

that make us stink in the nostrils of the people. Begone, or as sure as there is a God in Heaven I'll drive my sword through your black heart."

The other eyed him with a venomous look, but no doubt Dick was the better swordsman, for with a string of muttered curses he slunk away.

In the meantime Jessie had thrown herself on her knees by the side of her little companion, a moment ago so full of happy life, now a mutilated, bleeding corpse. She lifted it with trembling fingers, and placed it tenderly in her lap.

"Oh," she sobbed, piteously, "it's dead, it's dead, and it'll never play with me again."

Dick glanced at her compassionately, and once more drew the chain from his pocket.

"Come, little one, don't cry," he said, gently. "Look, here's the pretty chain for you. Cheer up, and be a brave little maid."

But she only shook her head, and bent sobbing over the dead kitten. He patted her on the shoulder with rough kindliness, put the chain on the ground beside her, and mounting his horse rode away. The rest of the troopers, having found no trace of the fugitive, were already some distance ahead.

As soon as he was convinced that they were out of sight, Walter scrambled down from the niche to comfort the child, who was still sobbing over the body of her little playmate. But she refused to be comforted, and, regarding him as the cause of the kitten's death, repulsed his awkward attempts at consolation with angry impatience.

"Ah, well," said he, "perhaps you'll forgive me in time, Jessie. You're a brave little maid, and I'll never forget that you saved my life this day. You and I will be good friends yet."

To judge from the imperious manner in which she ordered him to go away, she quite declined to share this hopeful view of their future relations; but when he returned from France ten years later, having obtained a free pardon, they became very good friends indeed.

If you ever pay a visit to Moor Hall, to which the public can readily gain admittance when the family is from home, the housekeeper is almost certain to show you the portrait of a beautiful girl in bridal costume, with a slender gold chain round her white neck, who became mistress of the Hall in 1755; and—if you do not appear to be a hopelessly unromantic sort of person—to tell you, far more effectively than I have done, the story of the white kitten.

*From a]* AGE 3. *[Painting.*

## MR. COMMISSIONER KERR.

BORN 1821.

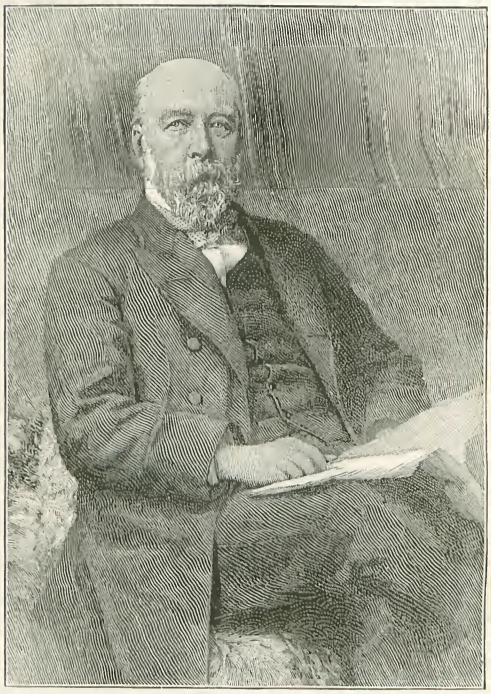
ROBERT MALCOLM KERR, D.L., J.P., LL.D., was called to the Scottish Bar in 1843, and at Lincoln's Inn in 1848. Commissioner Kerr, as judge of the City of London Court since 1859, has rendered much valuable service to his fellow-citizens and others during a remarkable career of thirty-seven years' work on the

*From a]* AGE 23. *[Miniature.*

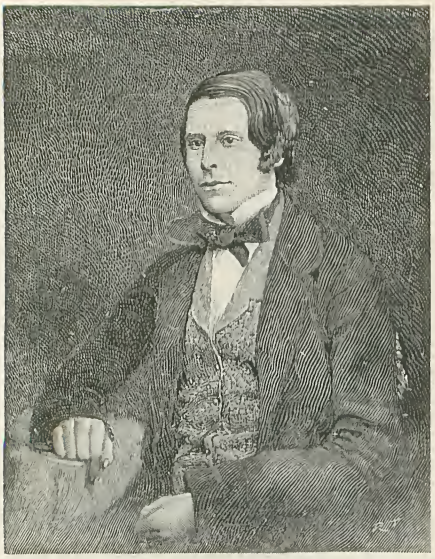
Bench. He is especially well known and much respected for his just administration of the law for the protection of the victims

*From a]* AGE 43. *[Painting.*

of unscrupulous usurers. Mr. Kerr has edited several valuable legal works, and has twice unsuccessfully contested Kilmarnock in the Liberal interest.



PRESENT DAY.
*From a Photo. by D. Skillman, Uxbridge Road.*



*From a]* AGE 18. *[Daguerreotype.*

two years previously acted as secretary to the London Diocesan Home Mission, and had identified himself very closely with the work of the Church in the poorer districts. Dr.

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 57. *[Elliott & Fry.*

## THE BISHOP OF BRISTOL.

BORN 1833.

THE RIGHT REV. GEORGE FORREST BROWNE, D.D., was educated at St. Peter's School, York, and at St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, graduating in 1856. He was successively Chaplain and Lecturer at St. Catharine's College; Theological Tutor at Trinity College, Glenalmond; Bell Lecturer in Scottish Episcopal Church; Member of the Council of Senate at Cambridge, and for five years he filled the chair of Disney Professor of

AGE 31.
*From a Photo. by Mayland, Cambridge.*

Browne is a powerful preacher, and his sermons are noted for their depth of thought and kindliness of tone. He is the author of several weighty works, the most noted of which are "The Venerable Bede" and "Lessons from Early English Church History." Much satisfaction has been felt by his present appointment to the revived See of Bristol, which has been separated from that of Gloucester.

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 44. *[W. Farren, Cambridge.*

Archæology. Although Dr. Browne had not had much parochial experience when he was appointed Bishop of Stepney on the resignation of Bishop Billing in 1895, he had for

*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[Russell & Sons.*

*From a Drawing by]* AGE 3. *[Frank Williams.*

## MISS ANNA WILLIAMS.

MISS ANNA WILLIAMS is the youngest child of the late William Smith Williams, whose powerful though quiet influence in the world of books will long be remembered in literary circles. Miss Williams was called upon at an early age to test the acoustic properties of the Royal Albert Hall (when barely finished) by singing, unaccompanied, before the Queen. The presentation afterwards of a gold watch and chain, by the committee of the hall, may possibly have inspired the young amateur to compete for the soprano prize offered at a national musical competition, by the Crystal Palace Company. This she gained, and it was then decided that she should proceed to Naples to study, seriously, for the musical profession. On her return from Italy she speedily took a prominent position (maintained for over twenty years) as one of the leading oratorio singers of the day. Notwithstanding the fact that her magnificent voice is as full and powerful as ever, she has announced her withdrawal from the concert platform in order to devote herself exclusively to teaching, which she considers to be peculiarly her forte. Her farewell concert will take place at the Royal Albert Hall, on October 13th, under the patronage of Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

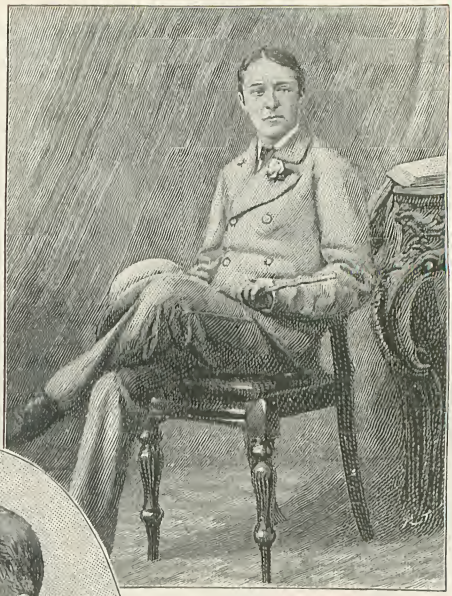
*From a Photo. by]* AGE 20. *[Byrne & Co., Richmond.*

AGE 17.
*From a Photo. by Dickinson.*

*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[George Hadley & Son, Lincoln.*

AGE 25.
*From a Photo. by Alex. Bassano.*

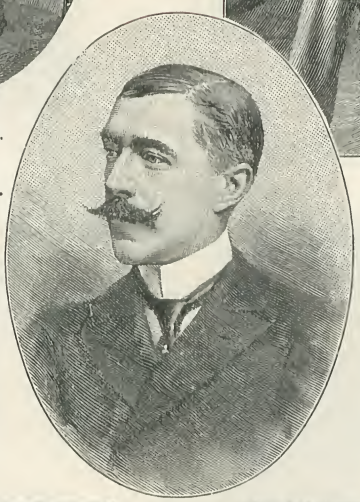
AGE 4.
*Photo. by Verneuil, Boulogne.*



AGE 16.
*Photo. by T. Wardill, Thornton.*

## MR. HARRY DE WINDT.

BORN 1856.



AGE 35.
*From a Photo. by Rose & Co., Denver.*

MR. HARRY DE WINDT, who forms the subject of an extremely interesting interview in this issue, was born in Paris. His experiences as a traveller and explorer are such as have fallen to the lot of but very few men in their whole lifetime, yet Mr. De Windt has only just reached the prime of life, and his further achievements in the future will no doubt be as welcome as they are promising.

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 10. *[Ghemar Frères, Brussels.*

*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[The London Stereoscopic Co*

# *The New El-Dorado on the Klondike.*

## An Interview With Mr. Harry de Windt.

By William G. FitzGerald.

CAN it be possible that in these prosaic days a real Tom Tiddler's ground has been found? A region 192,000 square miles in extent, where even the humblest may pick up pans full of gold? Yes, it is absolutely true. All you have to do is to get there, and then it is your own fault if you don't return a millionaire. No doubt exists in competent minds that Klondike and the Yukon district generally is the richest gold "strike" the world has ever known. We were, therefore, fortunate in securing an interview with Mr. Harry de Windt, the famous explorer, whose life has been one long pilgrimage over the face of this planet.

Mr. De Windt has taken a ride to India, through Persia and Beluchistan. He made the amazing journey from Pekin to Calais by land. He knows the prisons of Siberia almost as well as his own cosy flat in the Champs Elysées; and he all but succeeded in the virtually impossible journey *overland* from New York to Paris. This last nearly cost him his life, but it also caused him to pass through the gold-bearing regions of Alaska and the North-West Territories. The "present-day" portrait on the opposite page shows the explorer in the quaint dress he wore whilst journeying from Juneau City to the mouth of the Yukon, in Behring Sea.

"The Klondike gold fever is raging everywhere," remarked Mr. De Windt, "especially in America. In Seattle and other handy ports, the very policemen have gone off to the gold-fields. Husbands are deserting their wives. Clerks, lawyers, doctors, merchants, shop-keepers, and others are selling all they possess to pay the high passage rates, and then have enough left for outfit and provisions. Clever fellows with no money are 'minstreling' their way to the Klondike—playing and singing as they go along. Victoria (B.C.)," continued the explorer, "may be called the British starting-point. The big shops in Government Street are advertising every imaginable requisite, from guns, boots, and gold-pans to Yukon boats. 'If there are dollars in it for us,' plead the leading grocers, 'there may be thousands in it for you.'"

The photo. here reproduced shows a number of miners leaving San Francisco for the New El-Dorado. The enthusiasm of the immense crowd is well shown. The voyagers

"OFF TO THE KLONDIKE."
*From a Photo. by Charles Weidner, San Francisco.*

will probably sail 2,500 miles to St. Michael's, the seaport near the mouth of the Yukon, and then travel up the river by a smaller steamer. "'Cute fellows, those 'Friscans," remarked Mr. De Windt. "Know pretty well everything there is to be known about mining. I don't suppose a single man in that crowd forgets the return, in July last, of a band of successful miners from the Upper Yukon. There was nothing peculiar about their outfit, except the sacks they carried. Those sacks were of canvas, deer-hide, and buckskin, and every one of them was crammed with gold. There were nuggets as big as hazel-nuts, gold in grains, and fine gold, like sand or dust. The Mint had closed for the day when the *Excelsior* arrived. The gold was therefore taken to Selby's smelting-works, where it was poured out in great heaps on the counter and scooped up like sugar with big copper scoops. The miners' supply of sacks had given out, and some of the men carried jelly-jars and fruit-cans in their pockets, full of the precious dust, and carefully secured with twine and paper. But the queerest receptacle for Yukon gold was the hide of a favourite dog that had died."

Mr. De Windt is the delightfullest of companions—a mine of anecdote and adventure. Himself a born journalist and *littérateur*, he has at his fingers' ends the details which interest.

"The cranks have put in an appearance already," he said, airily. "They tell me that a physician of St. Louis, Dr. Rufus G. Wells, proposes to get to Klondike by balloon. The venture is a big thing in many ways. It is to be a passenger balloon, carrying *fifty men*, each of whom will pay £60 for his passage. Another adventurer—a lady this time—is going to the Klondike to start the first newspaper. She is a Chicago woman, Mrs. Caroline Westcott Romney, and she is taking a small hand-press with her. Cyclists? Oh, yes; any number!"

Mr. De Windt left New York in May, 1896, his preparations having taken quite a year. He travelled to Montreal by rail, and from there to Vancouver by the C.P.R. The trip from Vancouver to Victoria, B.C., was made in a little steamer, and then there was a two days' voyage to Juneau, the metropolis of Alaska. "The traveller's first introduction to Alaska," remarked Mr. De Windt, "is inconceivably grand. Let me show you a photo. of the Muir Glacier, which will give you a capital idea of the rugged grandeur of the country."

*From a Photo. by]* THE MUIR GLACIER, SEEN FROM A HEIGHT OF 1,800FT. *[La Roche, Seattle, Wash.*

This stupendous glacier enters the sea

with a front a mile wide, and from 200ft. to 300ft. high, probably extending twice as far below the water. From this wonderful wall of blue and white ice, huge masses frequently break off and fall into the bay with a reverberating roar, throwing up clouds of spray, and creating waves that rock big steamers like row-boats. The glacier occupies a vast amphitheatre thirty or forty miles across, and it is two miles wide where it breaks through the mountains to descend to the sea. The seaward end is so corrugated and seamed with crevasses as to be quite inaccessible. On the left side of the glacier rises a stony conical mountain, 3,000ft. high. So the journey to the Yukon gold-fields is a big undertaking. "I've made the trip over 800 miles of snow-fields and glaciers," one of the "failures" wrote home, "and all I'm bringing back is scurvy."

Juneau City is the starting-point for the Yukon miners, and here they provide themselves with all requisites. Here is Mr. De Windt's description of Juneau, taken from his diary :—

"Juneau contains about 3,000 people. It consists of wooden houses, laid out with regularity, but the streets are generally knee-deep in mud during the summer, on account of the incessant rainfall. A busy place, with two hotels. Good shops (especially fur shops); a theatre, and electric light everywhere. Miners fit out here for the Yukon region, and houses are springing up everywhere to accommodate them. Crime is rare, and evil-doers are summarily dealt with. Juneau is a blaze of light from dusk till dawn, and there are plenty of sharks of both sexes to fleece the lucky digger on his way back from the diggings. The city lies on a pretty level strip between the sea and a precipitous, snow-seamed mountain, 3,300ft. high."

Mr. De Windt also notes: "Saw no carts. Porterage done by the Thlinkit Indians. My hotel not bad; made of wood; kept by a German; food rough, but decent—sixteen shillings a day."

"When you leave Juneau," Mr. De Windt said, "there is no more food for 800 miles, and gold won't buy it. Why, I heard of miners stretched on the ground dying of starvation in the camps, with a sack of gold-dust for their pillow! It is madness to think of starting, say, from England, with less than £300 capital. You've got to get yourself and perhaps half a ton of stores over thousands of miles of awful country—snow mountains, stormy lakes, and raging rapids.

"The route which I chose," pursued the explorer, "has been adopted by fully 90 per cent. of the gold-seekers. I left Juneau in June, the best season for travelling. A filthy steam launch, built to carry twenty-five, but which took fifty-seven passengers, landed me at Dyea, 100 miles distant. Dyea consists of a rude log store and a movable town of tents, occupied by diggers bound for the gold-fields. A delay of several days occurs here, while Indians are procured to carry tents and

*From a Photo. by]* JUNEAU CITY, THE STARTING-POINT OF THE YUKON MINERS *[Winter & Pond.*

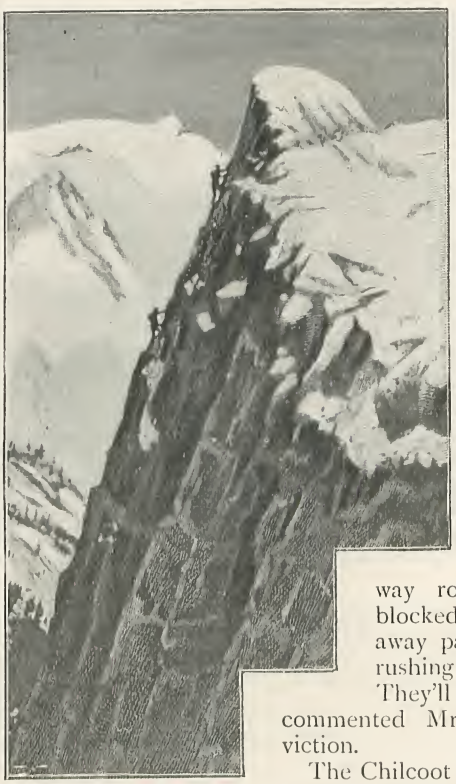
*From a Photo. by]* MINER ASCENDING THE CHILCOOT PASS. *[Winter & Pond.*

baggage to the Lakes, twenty-four miles distant over the Chilcoot Pass. By the way, the Indian packers, or porters, usually carry 100lb., and the cost of such a pack over the Chilcoot trail for miners used to be from nine to twelve dollars."

Dogs and sleighs are bought at Dyea. In the next photo. we see a miner and his dog team near Stone House, the first halting-place up the Chilcoot Pass. A good dog team is valued at 300 dollars. Bought singly, the dogs fetch seventy-five dollars each. They are of a greyish colour, with hair like that of a seal.

The difficulties may be said to commence at Dyea. When Mr. De Windt arrived, a bad anchorage compelled him and his fellow-passengers to wade ashore a full mile through a rough sea, much to the detriment of the bacon and beans.

"Things won't be quite so bad in the spring of '98," remarked Mr. De Windt, "for then the recently discovered White Pass will be open. Travelling by the White Pass route, you go to Skagway Bay, at the head of the Lynn Canal. The total distance by this route from Victoria (B.C.) to the Klondike River is 1,400 miles, as against 4,000 miles by the sea route to St. Michael's. Besides, the latter is only available for three months of the year, while the White Pass is open for nine months. However, all those who have already made their fortunes on the Klondike, or are still making them, have travelled over the Chilcoot, as I did. I see, by the way, that a United States official reports: 'There are nearly 1,800 persons in the Dyea and Skagway routes. Both trails are blocked. People are throwing away packs and provisions, and rushing headlong to the mines.' They'll never get there alive," commented Mr. De Windt, with conviction.



MR. DE WINDT CLIMBING THE CHILCOOT PASS.
*From a Photograph.*

The Chilcoot Pass—the gateway of the new El-Dorado—is seen in the next illustration. It lies about midway between

Dyea and the chain of lakes. Here is Mr. De Windt's thrilling narrative of his passage of the Chilcoot, which, by the way, is 4,0coft. high :—

"The tramp from Dyea to Sheep Camp, at the foot of the pass, can be avoided by riding, but the trail is terribly rough. At Sheep Camp we stopped four days, the Indians having struck for higher wages, which we were compelled to give them. Here we passed three parties of miners who were returning to Juneau, having failed through lack of provisions to reach the Lakes. A stiff climb of two hours from Sheep Camp brought us to Stone House, the limit of the tree line; and from here the hard work commenced in grim earnest. For the first few hours, the way lay over a succession of snowy 'plateaus,' which, broken away beneath by numberless water-courses, formed a kind of crust, 15ft. to 20ft. above the ground. The travelling here was extremely dangerous. There was absolutely no path or trail to guide one; and huge crevasses, where the snow had fallen in upon some roaring torrent, appeared here and there. There are seven or eight of these 'plateaus,' which increased in steepness until, midway up the last one, we were scrambling painfully up the slippery ice-slope on our hands and knees. Here a dense mist overtook us, and we lay shivering (at a very uncomfortable angle) for three hours, until it cleared away and disclosed the rocky, precipitous peak of the Chilcoot towering another thousand feet above us. The cold was intense, and we were not sorry to resume our journey. The last part of the ascent was terribly hard—in places literally perpendicular. There is no path of any kind, nor would it be possible to make one, for the rocks are loose and insecure, and the passage of a man will often dislodge a huge boulder, and send it crashing down, to the deadly peril of those below. The ascent of the peak occupied nearly three hours. There were two or three places where a slip must have meant certain death, notably one about thirty yards from the summit, which we reached at about 5 a.m."

The photo. here reproduced shows Mr. De Windt and his companions on the summit of the Chilcoot Pass. All the party are wearing "goggles" to prevent snow-blindness.

MR. DE WINDT AND HIS PARTY ON THE SUMMIT OF THE CHILCOOT PASS.
*From a Photo. by Winter & Pond.*

"I have roughed it," said the explorer to me, "for the past fifteen years in Siberia, in Borneo, and in Chinese Tartary, but I can safely describe that climb over the Chilcoot as the severest physical experience of my life. A blinding snowstorm barred our way for nearly an hour, and we then descended a steep ice-slope of about 500ft., which brought us to Crater Lake. From here, at 7 a.m., began an exhausting tramp through deep snow-drifts, gradually thawing to half-frozen slush, knee-deep, as we gained the lower ground. A rocky ridge of hills and three small streams were then crossed. One of the latter, swollen by recent rains, carried one of our party off his feet, but he was, with some difficulty, rescued. From 10 a.m. till midday, heavy and incessant rain fell, but by 2 p.m. we stood dead-beat, bleeding and exhausted (but safe), on the shores of Lake Lindemann, the journey having occupied nearly fifteen hours. Then we had to wait ten hours longer, drenched with rain and perspiration, and sick with hunger, until the Indians came up with provisions."

The photo. next shown depicts the miners (Mr. De Windt in the foreground) descending to the lakes.

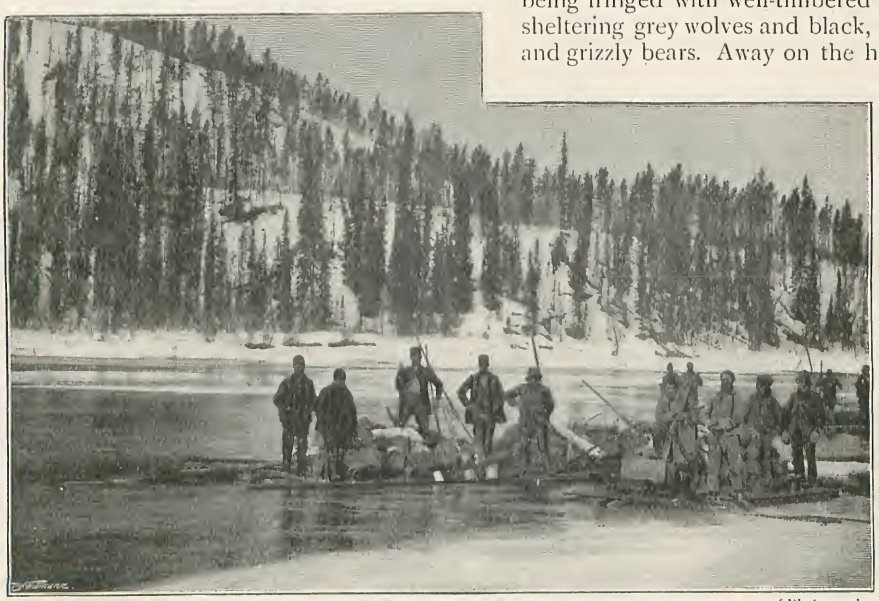
The head of Lake Lindemann, the first of a chain of five lakes, is about nine miles from the summit of the pass. If you think that, having regard to what you have already endured, all will now be plain sailing, you are

grievously mistaken. You must build a boat here, capable of carrying yourself and your stores hundreds of miles across lakes and through rapids. It doesn't matter if you know nothing of boat-building; you *must* build some sort of boat or raft, or else turn back over the awful Chilcoot. "Where is the wood?" you ask, in dismay. You have *to fell the trees for it*—aye, and travel miles to find a tree, so disafforested has this spot been by hundreds of eager gold-seekers. In your baggage should be not merely the tools for tree-felling and plank-sawing, but even the very pitch which is to caulk the seams of your crazy craft.

*From a]* DESCENDING TO THE LAKES. *[Photograph.*

The distance across Lake Lindemann is 5½ miles. Next comes Lake Bennett, 26½ miles long. Here is reproduced a photo. showing Lake Bennett in spring, with a number of miners on their way to Klondike in craft of queer construction. "When I was last there the shores of this lake resembled a big shipyard, with scores of miners at work on their boats." A woful number of these boats and rafts, built by "tenderfeet"—*i.e.*, greenhorns—merely carry their passengers to a watery grave in the rapids below.

"The journey down the Lakes," said Mr. De Windt, "occupied ten days, four of which were passed on Lake Bennett. All these Alaskan lakes are dangerous, by reason of the sudden storms that spring up. In winter, Lake Bennett is crossed on sleighs. The scenery is wild and beautiful, the shores being fringed with well-timbered slopes, sheltering grey wolves and black, brown, and grizzly bears. Away on the horizon,



*From a]* LAKE BENNETT, IN SPRING—MINERS BOUND FOR THE KLONDIKE. *[Photograph.*

snowy peaks glitter on every side, and form a picturesque background to a panorama of sunlit desolation. One could scarcely realize that a few short weeks would convert this summery landscape into an awful ice-bound waste, with the thermometer at 70deg. or 80deg. below zero."

Of course, miners who remain in these regions through the winter adopt the dress of the natives. This consists of high boots, made of seal or walrus skin; trousers of fawn or marmot, and an upper garment with a hood, which is also made of marmot, and is trimmed with long fur to protect the face.

LORD LONSDALE IN ALASKAN DRESS.
*From a Photo. by Faber, San Francisco.*

Among the very few Englishmen who have thoroughly explored Alaska and the Yukon may be mentioned the Earl of Lonsdale, whose portrait in full travelling dress is here reproduced. "His was a magnificent journey," remarked Mr. De Windt, "from the Mackenzie River right across Alaska to the Aleutian Islands, a distance of more than 1,000 miles."

Lord Lonsdale was kind enough to lend me two interesting photos. for reproduction in this article. The first shows the noble explorer's halt on the Nelson River, and is an admirable illustration of travel in these regions. The second photo. Lord Lonsdale calls "My camp, close to Katmai, near Cook's Inlet." Everybody is bustling about to get a meal ready. This is by far the best photograph of a camp in Alaska that the writer has yet seen.

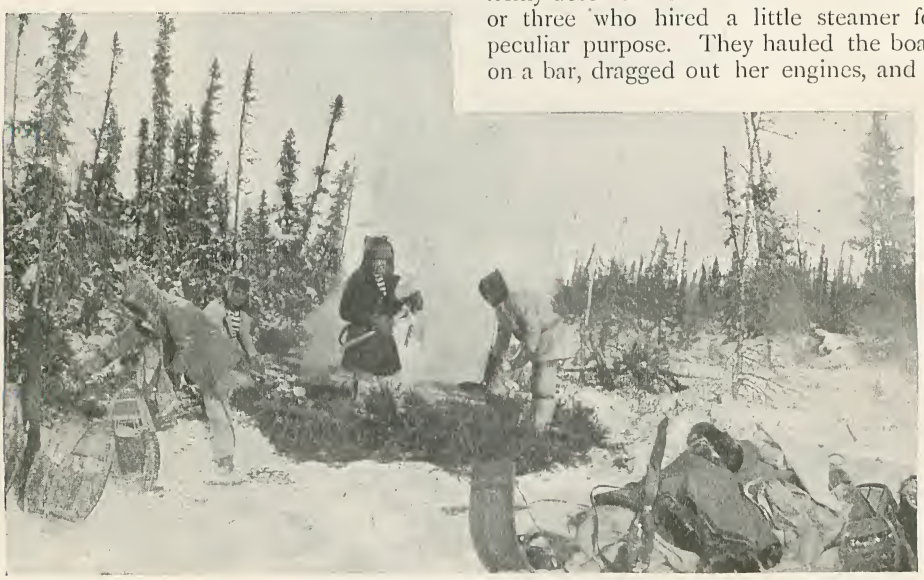
At the present moment there are thousands of fortune-hunters on their way to the new El-Dorado. Stories of fabulous wealth have fired the imagination of all classes, and the actual sight of it in America has driven people almost frantic.

In July the steamer *Portland* arrived at Seattle (Wash.) with the first party of successful miners. Astounding as it may seem, the vessel brought *more than a ton of gold*, valued at a million and a quarter dollars. This vast treasure was the property of sixty-eight miners, each of whom less than a year previously had been a new prospector in the Klondike region. The men proudly carried their gold down the gang-plank of the *Portland* in bags, valises, blankets, baskets, and boxes. No wonder that when the steamer sailed

[*From a*] LORD LONSDALE'S PARTY HALTING ON A FROZEN RIVER. [*Photograph.*

again she took on board men who had been waiting on the quay all night long lest the vessel should leave without them.

I asked Mr. De Windt what was the beginning of all this. "The region has been known to be auriferous for many years," he replied, "and a good few men have been at work there. The moment an exceptionally rich 'strike' was made a 'rush' followed. Men who had been working a 'grub-stake'



*From a]* LORD LONSDALE'S CAMP IN ALASKA. *[Photograph.*

—one that barely paid—made a dash for their boats, throwing in their drunken companions *as ballast*, and then heading for the new creek. But the big boom commenced in September, 1896, when one George Cormack found gold in large quantities. Then came the inevitable rush. In the following spring, when water was available, gold was washed out in pounds' weight. Four pans went as high as 200 dollars. The washing-pan, by the way, about which one hears so much, is an ordinary sheet-iron thing for which one pays three dollars at Juneau. It is 18in. in circumference and 4in. or 5in. deep. Some men made money at the rate of 17 dollars *per minute;* and fortunes of 100,000 dollars were made in less than two months, although the miners had only just commenced to work their claims.

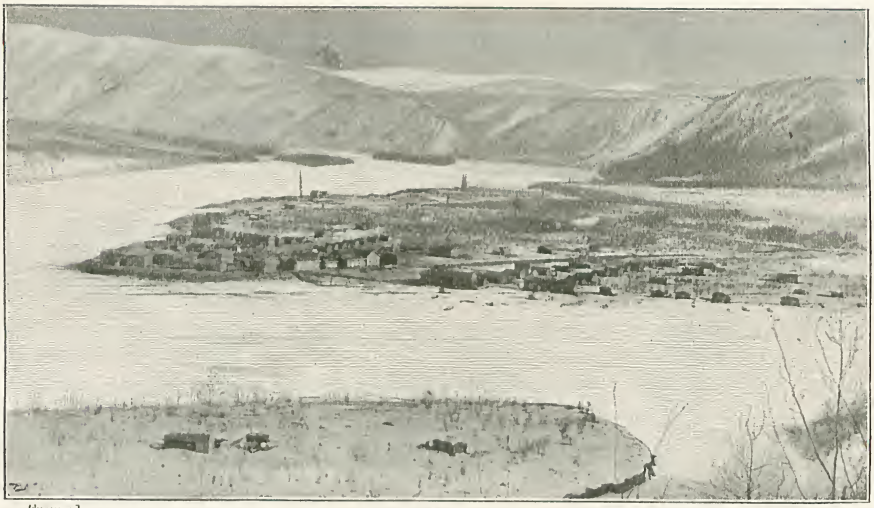
"Last year," pursued the explorer, "I stayed with Mr. Ogilvie, the Dominion Surveyor. He assured me that he knew of 204 dollars' worth of gold being washed out of one pan; and he mentioned that hired miners commanded £3 to £5 a day. How then can any city, within a thousand miles of such astounding wealth, hope to keep its firemen, its postmen, or other officials? Why, I know a stoker on a Yukon steamer who last year was only earning eight dollars a month and his board, but who went to the diggings and returned with a fortune of 170,000 dollars.

"So ingenious are the miners that they richly deserve their success. I heard of two or three who hired a little steamer for a peculiar purpose. They hauled the boat up on a bar, dragged out her engines, and then made them work a set of pumps which supplied the sluicing boxes. With this crude machinery the fellows each cleared 1,000 dollars a month."

"Now let us return to the journey up the Yukon," I suggested. "We had negotiated Lake Bennett."

"Very well. Leaving the Lakes on June 26th, we entered the Lewes River, and next day reached the Grand Cañon Rapid, which is nearly a mile long, and dashes through perpendicular walls of rock from 50ft. to 100ft. high. The fall is 100ft. wide, and so swift, that the stream is 4ft. higher in the centre than at the sides!

"Next we dashed down a perfect mill-race for six miles to the White Horse Rapids—a place so fatal as to have received the name of the 'Miner's Grave.' Not a day passed that we did not see a cairn, or a rude wooden cross, marking the last resting-place of some drowned pilgrim to the land of gold. At Fort Selkirk, the Lewes River down which we journeyed from the Lakes unites with the



*From a]* FORTY MILE CITY. *[Photograph.*

Pelly, and the two together form the giant Yukon, which has a course of 2,044 miles.

"On the twenty-fifth day out from Juneau we reached Forty Mile City, one of two settlements on the Yukon that have sprung into existence since the gold rush; and there we beached for the last time the tiny craft that carried us safely for over 600 miles."

Forty Mile City is the central point of the new El-Dorado. It is in British territory. It was in Forty Mile Creek that the first "coarse" gold was found. "Any visions of civilized comforts inspired by the name," said Mr. De Windt, "were rudely dispelled. Forty Mile is (or was, a few months ago) a collection of eighty or ninety dismal log huts, scattered about anyhow, the marshy intervening spaces being littered with wood-shavings, empty tins, and other rubbish. Numerous tree-stumps testify to the mushroom growth of the camp. Huge placards, bearing the words 'Hotel Saloon,' and even 'Opera House' (a 'dive' of the lowest kind), adorn some of the larger buildings. Though bread is often scarce, whisky is never lacking, and yet the place is a miracle of law and order. A detachment of the Canadian Mounted Police, under Inspector Constantine, have their barracks here, but could well be dispensed with.

"The spring of '98 will see *the* great rush," said Mr. De Windt, "but there's plenty of room. A hundred thousand miners might go prospecting in the Yukon Valley and be lost to one another. My impression is that there are streams richer even than the Klondike—the Pelly, the Lewes, the Porcupine, the Big Salmon, the Tanana, the White, the Hootalinqua, and the Stewart rivers, for example—especially the last-named. All are navigable tributaries of the Yukon."

The mode of travel in winter on the frozen

*From a]* RIVER TRAVEL OVER THE FROZEN YUKON. *[Photograph.*

Yukon River is shown in the next photo., which was taken near Forty Mile City. Mr. De Windt tells a tragic story in this connection. The sledge-dogs are not controlled by reins; and so intense is the cold in winter that when travellers are gliding across the frozen rivers the sledge has to be stopped at intervals, or the wind created would freeze the passengers to death. "A tenderfoot was one night travelling in a sledge with an Indian, when he (the tenderfoot) dropped his pipe. The sledge was stopped as soon as possible, and the Indian sent back about a hundred yards to recover the lost 'comfort.' While he was gone, the dogs started off on their own account. Mile after mile they sped on, and when at length they pulled up outside Joe Leduc's house, at Dawson, their solitary passenger was stiff and stark, his sightless eyes gazing straight ahead."

In addition to all the terrible hardships and dangers encountered on the journey, it seems that there is one other overwhelming curse at the Klondike and other Yukon mines. I allude to the mosquitoes, which swarm in summer.

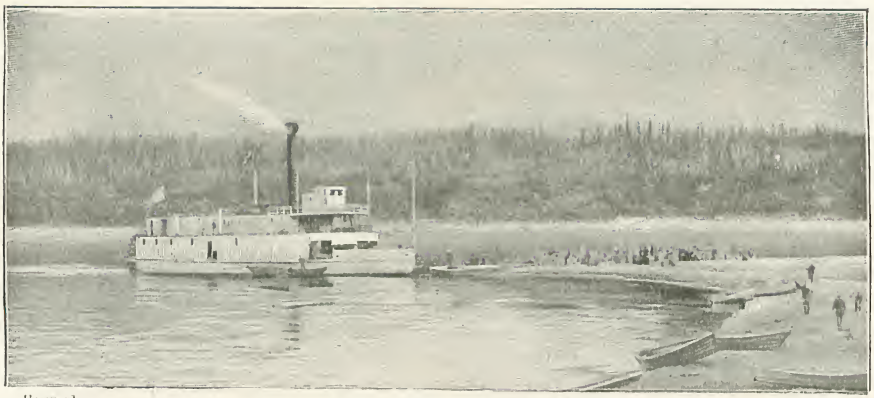
"Life is made unbearable," said Mr. De Windt. "For the first few days on the Yukon, conversation, sleep, and even eating are almost out of the question. I have camped out after a hard day's work, famished with hunger, and yet unable to raise a mouthful to my lips, owing to the persistent onslaughts of those awful mosquitoes. Dogs are tortured to death by them; deer and bear are driven into the rivers. The incessant irritation caused by the bites brings on positive illness. I shall never forget seeing ungloved and veilless 'tenderfeet,' whose faces and hands were mere masses of bleeding flesh."

*From a]* MR. JOE LEDUC'S CABIN AT DAWSON CITY. *[Photograph.*

We here reproduce a photograph of the Klondike cabin of Mr. Joe Leduc, one of the most persistent and successful of all the Yukon miners. As long ago as 1883, when Lieut. Schwatka, of the United States Army, was conducting his military reconnaisance from the Chilcoot Inlet to Fort Selkirk, he made the acquaintance of Joe Leduc, who was then "digging holes perseveringly and finding precious little in them." Mr. Leduc, however, was the virtual creator of Dawson City, on the Klondike River, and is now a multi-millionaire. He will doubtless soon exchange his rough wooden cabin for a palace on Fifth Avenue.

When you reach the gold-fields, you seek out Inspector Constantine, the Government official in charge, and apply for a claim, before even commencing to prospect. "You get what is called a 'free miner's certificate.' It's called that because it isn't free; you pay five dollars a year for it, and there are several other charges. If you commence without this paper you are fined twenty-five dollars and all costs. The next step is the locating and recording of the claim you would like to work. The entry fee is twenty-five dollars for the first year, with an annual fee of 100 dollars. Dry diggings are, as nearly as possible, rectangular (100ft. square) and marked by four legal posts at the corners. Red tape is even here, you see. It is written: 'Posts must be at least 4in. square'—as if that mattered. On one post must be written all sorts of particulars—names, dates, and the like. Creek and river claims are 500ft. long, by the way. If you leave your claim for more than seventy-two hours on end, anyone may come in and take possession of it. There are quite a number of other regulations about tunnels, drains, water rights, and so forth." The miners have no great love for the Government officials, whom they do their best to baffle. The diggers are also very reticent about their earnings.

Thus there is the appalling journey, the awful cold of winter, the terrible mosquitoes in summer, and a scarcity of decent food at all times. Transportation companies are being formed, however, and doubtless things will be different next spring, when, among other things, the British Yukon Co. will place twenty stern-wheel steamers on the great river, and probably construct a narrow-gauge railway over the White Pass. But that there will be much suffering among the gold-seekers, no one doubts. When you hear of thousands of inexperienced persons, who wouldn't know iron pyrites from gold quartz,



*From a]* YUKON STEAMER TAKING SUPPLIES TO MINERS. *[Photograph.*

leaving all things and dashing for the formidable Chilcoot, with hundreds of tons of stores, you may be sure that many will perish on the way. The ignorance of some of the gold pilgrims is manifested in a private letter Mr. De Windt showed me. "You'd think they were off to a land flowing with milk and honey. Among their impedimenta are horses, ploughs, coops of chickens, and *mowing-machines!*"

The Alaska Commercial Company's steamer *Alice* is seen bringing her first cargo of the season to Forty Mile City, in the next illustration.

"During the summer season," Mr. De Windt told me, "one of the A. C. Co.'s steamers visits Forty Mile two or three times, on her way from St. Michael's. This is the sole fixed communication that exists between Forty Mile City and the outer world. From October till June the Yukon settlements are completely isolated by climatic conditions. The first up-river steamer, which arrives in July, after the break-up of the ice, generally finds them in a state of semi-starvation. 'For months we had a slim diet of salmon and cranberries,' wrote one American miner."

The break-up of the ice on the Yukon River is shown in the photo. here reproduced. The great sheet of ice is in places more than *thirteen feet* thick.

"Nothing will deter the gold-seekers," said Mr. De Windt. "The regular steamers can't hold all that want to go, so special ships are being chartered, and the building-yards are overwhelmed with orders. The *Humboldt* was chartered by an astute individual, at 'Frisco, for 25,000 dollars, plus another 10,000 dollars for general expenses; but the speculator who hired the ship will receive at least 100,000 dollars from his passengers, his net profit on the transaction being 65,000 dollars. So, you see, the gold 'rush' brings money to adventurers other than miners."

Mr. De Windt, it is interesting to note, has been approached whilst in London by all classes seeking information about the Yukon diggings. "A titled lady wanted to set up a store at Forty Mile; and an aged clergyman said he'd like to send his sons out if there was a railway and a post-office nice and handy in the district. Letters poured in upon me at the rate of seventy a day, and when at length I protested, and said I would

*From a]* BREAK-UP OF ICE ON THE YUKON. *[Photograph.*

reply to no more without payment, cheques came along by every post. Truly, the gold fever is at our own doors."

Circle City was Mr. De Windt's next stopping-place. "Last year," remarked Mr. De Windt, "Circle City contained 1,100 inhabitants, but that population might be doubled in a week. This being American territory, 'Stars and Stripes' of various sizes wave from many of the dingy camp dwellings, the drinking saloons being distinguished by banners of enormous size. The highest and lowest recorded temperature in the year here are respectively 98° in the shade and 80° below zero. I attended a ball at one of the saloons. It was a melancholy function. The long, low apartment was festooned with flags, and there was a bar at one end. The orchestra consisted of a violin and a guitar; it was almost drowned by the din at the bar and the stamping of heavy feet. Wrangles and fights took place at intervals. It was past midnight, but some guttering candles still struggled faintly with the Arctic twilight. The guests numbered sixty, and quite a score of dogs had strayed in through the open doorway. These latter seemed to excite no surprise or even remark, until the M.C., a giant in shirt-sleeves, proceeded to walk round and sprinkle the boards with powdered resin. He was quite unconscious of the fact that one of the hungry curs followed him closely and greedily devoured every atom as it fell! The dogs, by the way, are fed on fish, chiefly salmon. When this fails, bacon, at perhaps 5s. a pound, has literally to be 'thrown to the dogs.' A gambling saloon opened out of the ball-room, and was in full swing, poker, roulette, and faro being the favourite games. Most of the players staked little bags of gold-dust—a recognised form of currency on the Yukon, which fetches seventeen dollars an ounce."

Shortly after leaving Circle City, the Yukon widens into a huge lake over 100 miles in circumference, and covered with innumerable islands, which render navigation dangerous and difficult. The outlook when the river narrows again is not cheerful. A few huts line the low banks. Away to the horizon roll the vast plains of grey tundra, or moss; and on the southern bank will be noticed the dense smoke from the "Burning Mine," which was accidentally ignited by prospectors seven years ago, and has gone on burning ever since.

The mouth of the Yukon River (which is extraordinarily shallow) is reached at St. Michael's, a view whereof is here reproduced. St. Michael's is now an important place, owing to its position, and millions of dollars' worth of gold has already been shipped from it.

St. Michael's is on the island of the same name, which is separated from the mainland of Alaska by a narrow strait. "It is a bright, clean little place," said Mr. De Windt, "contrasting with the slipshod 'cities' of the interior. The low, green hills around are dotted with the white tents of the Esquimaux, who travel here with furs. The inhabitants of St. Michael's are practically prisoners for nine months out of the year, November seeing the blue waters of Norton Sound converted into an icy desert. It was from here, in August, 1879, that the ill-fated *Jeannette* set out on a voyage destined to furnish a record of suffering unparalleled even in Arctic records.

"Of course," Mr. De Windt said, presently, "I ought to mention that the success of my

*From a]* ST. MICHAEL'S, AT THE MOUTH OF THE YUKON. *[Photograph.*

overland journey from New York to Paris virtually received its *coup de grâce* at St. Michael's, where I realized for the first time the impossibility of crossing Behring Straits on the ice. The American and Asiatic shores, however, are here only forty miles apart."

At length Mr. De Windt crossed to the Siberian coast in the U.S. Revenue cutter *Bear*, the notable vessel which rescued the Greeley Expedition. The explorer was "dumped down" at an awful place, called Oumwaidjik, a thousand miles north of Kamchatka, and peopled by the Tchuktchis —probably the most unspeakably filthy race on this earth. Here he landed on the morning of the 8th of September, 1895.

The photo. next reproduced shows the Tchuktchi hut in which Mr. De Windt lived. "There being no wood, this hut consisted of a frame-work of whale-ribs, covered with walrus hide. It was 18ft. in diameter and 10ft. high. The perpetual darkness was dimly lit by a saucer of seal-oil, which diffuses a disgusting odour."

The moment the U.S. cutter *Bear* disappeared, the Tchuktchis virtually made Mr. De Windt a prisoner, and the wonder is he escaped with his life through the many orgies indulged in by his captors. "There was nothing to be done," he told me, "but to hoist my little Union Jack on a whale-rib on the beach and hope for the best. The old folks," pursued Mr. De Windt, cheerily, "are strangled with a walrus thong, and the dogs come in for their bodies. The ceremony is enlivened with 'music' from a fish-skin tamboureen, beaten with a seal-bone."

Mr. De Windt was furnished by the Geographical Society with some hand-bills respecting Herr Andrée and his balloon. He gave the Tchuktchis some of these, and asked one of the chiefs, out of curiosity, what he would do if Andrée's balloon suddenly appeared in the sky. "Shoot it!" was the immediate reply, which cannot fail to interest the R.G.S.

Of these and many other interesting things connected with Alaska and the North-West Territories did Mr. De Windt speak; and truly the adventures of this remarkable man would fill a library. "As to the great Klondike 'rush' next spring," he said, in conclusion, "there is no doubt it will alter the face of the entire region, the climate notwithstanding. Railways and steamships and telegraphs will soon be established. Fortunes will be made, and the unlucky forced to the wall. Sensational reports may be expected daily, for the place is a real Tom Tiddler's ground, honeycombed by rivers and creeks with sands of gold. There is plenty of room for all between the Klondike to the Cassiar. Let the gold-seekers take their time and make prudent preparations. The ultimate result will doubtless be that a little-known region will be dotted with thriving cities; and the shouts of triumph from the fortunate few will drown the dying wails of the many who will fail."

MR. DE WINDT'S HUT OF WHALE-RIBS AND WALRUS HIDE.
*From a Photo. by Mr. Harry de Windt.*

# *Professional Opportunities.*

By Neil Wynn Williams.

*Author of "The Bayonet that Came Home," etc.*

I.

DR. FYNE had finished his lunch. As he still sat at table, the afternoon lay blankly before him. A clock in his consulting-room struck two. The tonic determination of the clock determined the doctor to a course of action. And he rose to his feet. "I'll do a little work with the microscope," he muttered to himself. He carried his resolution with him into the consulting-room, and drew a large microscope from its wooden case.

At this period in Dr. Fyne's life, the afternoons were always tediously long of passing. A while back he had established himself in the small village of Kliffen, with the intention of building up a country practice. The process was of necessity a slow one, though the doctor assisted it to the best of his ability. A passivity of patient waiting was required, which was trying, very trying, to his active temperament.

It was a summer's day. The air was close. The doctor peered languidly at the erratic motions of some imprisoned bacteria. The silence of the old-fashioned house which the doctor rented was occasionally broken by the clink of glass against a tray, by the piling together of plates. Presently a door banged to with a soft thud suggestive of baize. The doctor's housekeeper had carried away the remnants of his lunch. And he was alone for the afternoon.

It might have been the heat, or it might have been his mood. But the doctor's attention very shortly left the bacteria. And though he continued to gaze at them, his thoughts turned in upon himself and his circumstances. Professionally, he was not advancing so fast as he would have wished. Patients were few and far between. The reason was patent to him. He laboured under a serious disadvantage. He was a bachelor. And people do not like to call in young bachelors to attend upon their wives, their daughters. But the doctor faced the situation. He *ought* to marry. The prospect depressed him. He was a man of an extreme fastidiousness where women were concerned. An absolutely mercenary marriage would have been an impossibility to him, no matter how great the temptation. There was a strain of refinement, or, glanced at from another ground, a high sensuality, in his nature, which demanded from woman as woman a certain standard of *attractive* beauty. He was not a man who could simulate love, who could flirt, who could kiss where he did not admire. Sexually speaking, he was either repelled or, very rarely, attracted. And even a promise of this rare attraction he was failing to find in Kliffen. Yet—he ought to marry.

He strode languidly in front of the looking-glass that was framed above the red marble mantelpiece of the consulting-room. There he eyed and noted curiously the expression of his presentment.

"YET—HE OUGHT TO MARRY."

Would he have been called, not handsome, but good-looking? The ruddy complexion, the neatly-pointed brown moustache, the red curve of the full underlip, the white and regular teeth—were prepossessing; and the oval type of the face with its high forehead made for a delicacy of refinement. The eye, too, was good, with its blue depth. But the nose! Its powerful thrust was absolutely

prosaic, its fleshy and somewhat expansive nostrils were destructive of all beauty save that which must ever accompany such health as the doctor possessed.

Dr. Fyne sought for, and lighted, a cigarette. He was smoking, when a heavy footstep dashed hurriedly past the window. There was a stumble and an oath at the three stone steps which led to the doctor's hall-door. Then the bell-handle was grasped, its rusty rod grated with fierce harshness, and a violent peal burst clangingly through the drowsy silence of the house. A sudden fire came into the doctor's eye. He made a movement as if to go to the door. But he checked himself, when he heard the slippered feet of his housekeeper patter hastily over the oil-cloth of the hall passage.

There was a little pause of expectation as the pealing bell hushed fretfully into silence, as the hall-door opened. Then a rough voice spoke clamorously from the street. Immediately afterwards it entered the doctor's hall, and mouthing louder and louder, came with a heavy stamping of hob-nail boots to the door of the consulting-room. There was a knock. "Come in," said Dr. Fyne, sharply, as he stood with a waiting eye.

The door stuck — then opened widely with a jerk — and a navvy entered. His face was aflame with excitement, was encrimsoned with swiftly-tiding blood to the whites of his staring eyes. Beads of sweat were trickling down his forehead, were hanging to the roughly shaved skin of his upper lip. The flannel shirt over his broad breast was rising and falling to his hurried breath. He gasped, "There's been a accident. By Gawd! A orful accident!"

"Where?" the doctor asked. And his voice rang clearly to the tone of a professional strenuousness.

A sudden weakness seemed to take the navvy. He staggered slightly upon his bandy legs. He clutched at the back of a chair. "On the line," he answered, hoarsely.

Dr. Fyne swept the room with a glance. He ran to a cabinet, and commenced to open its drawers with strong pulls. He took out instruments, bandages, lint. But while his hands were at work, he was rapidly questioning the navvy. The latter's mind moved sluggishly under the recollection of the scene that had been savagely borne in upon it. He was willing to inform, but it was difficult. The doctor plied him with question and cross-question. Presently instruments, bandages, and lint were in the doctor's bag; and he was ready. "Come," he said to the navvy, and they left with a rush the room—the house.

The information which the doctor had hastily extracted in the consulting-room had been sufficient to his purpose of immediate action. An express had run off the line at Cow Bridge, ten minutes' walk from Kliffen. Several passengers were seriously injured. A doctor was badly wanted.

But now that Dr. Fyne found himself en route for the scene, he sought the more unimportant detail from the navvy by his side. It was not to be obtained. The man's mind spent itself in repetitions, in asides, in a quaking at a pool of blood that he had seen. As they left the last house of the village behind them, the doctor ceased to

"THERE'S BEEN A ACCIDENT—A ORFUL ACCIDENT!"

question. And the two men ran silently forth into the open country across the peace of whose green meadows was staining an indefinable rumour before which cattle fled and birds flew. It was now that the doctor braced his nervous system to the high pitch that ever accompanied his answer to the call of grave professional responsibility. He was still young.

The road bent strongly to the right. Its hedges sank into ragged stumps. And naught but a wooden fence and a little ditch separated it from the level of the railway, which ran with a curve towards the mask of a thicket.

"'U'll be best to take to the line 'ere, dorctor," panted the navvy.

"Where does the train lie?" asked Dr. Fyne, quickly.

"'Tother side o' yon thicket," answered the man.

Dr Fyne brought his left shoulder round with a swing. He placed his hands on the topmost bar of the fence. His black bag gave a rattle against the hard wood. In a second he was over the fence, and running along by the side of the gleaming rails.

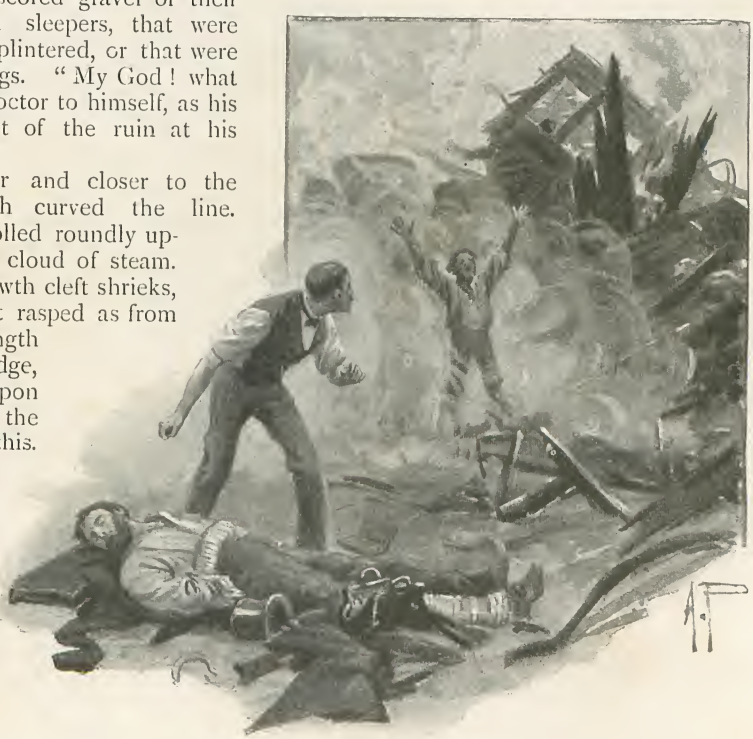
A while, and the doctor ran slow. The metals lay across his path in coils like drowsy snakes. The deeply scored gravel of their bed was strewn with sleepers, that were whole, or that were splintered, or that were tattered into ragged tags. "My God! what force," muttered the doctor to himself, as his eye roved in and out of the ruin at his trampling feet.

So—he came closer and closer to the thicket, around which curved the line. Above its still trees rolled roundly upwards an ever-forming cloud of steam. Through its green growth cleft shrieks, groans, and oaths that rasped as from breasts in hell. At length his eyes skimmed its edge, and rested roughly upon the piled confusion of the wrecked train. He saw this. Then he saw a group of men carry from midst the timbers of a crumpled carriage a limp-armed, limp-legged body. They placed it by the side of the line. Straight as an arrow to its target, the doctor urged there. And taking off his coat, rolling up the white sleeves of his shirt, he bent to the wounded man. A glance told him the serious injury. Dr. Fyne opened his bag. He drew forth a keen knife. The knife and the man before him—that was what Dr. Fyne now saw. To the rest he was dead for the present.

Dr. Fyne grew pleasantly conscious of his neatness of execution, of his economy of time. He worked on, at high pressure, but with a tiding confidence. He would have finished the first case before they should bring him the second.

"There! You'll do," said Dr. Fyne, cheerfully. And he slipped a handy sleeper under his patient's head. He looked up; it was the briefest pause of inaction. A cry arose near to the engine.

"Help! Help! The train is on fire!" It was taken up by twenty voices. A rush in the direction of the engine was made by those who had been able to disentangle themselves from the twisted mass of wood and ironwork. The doctor recognised the gravity of the alarm, its awful threat to those who were still tangled like flies in the web of splintered wood. And he quitted the patient whom he had just succoured, he ran forcefully towards the engine. A pair of carriage



"HELP! HELP! THE TRAIN IS ON FIRE!"

wheels, with their massive iron axle twisted like a stick of barley-sugar, opposed his passage. He leaped them. The roof of a carriage lay flatly splintered in his path—it glittered with broken glass. He crashed over it, as a boy will boldly run over cats'-ice. Then he came to the high tilt of the first and second coaches, as they lay telescoped upon the tender of the engine.

A crowd of men, with women intermingled, stood about the lower end of the telescoped coaches. The first thing that caught the doctor's eye, as he looked over their heads, was a sinuous thread of smoke. It was rising stealthily from the upper end of the wrecked carriages, and showed itself of a sinister blue against the background of white steam clouds that were whirling furiously from the engine. The roar of this steam was deafening. It appeared to have appalled the crowd, who stood in a weak inaction. The doctor shouldered his way amongst them. Suddenly he shouted violently to the men around him, "My God! But what are you standing for?" He had just caught sight of a middle-aged lady jammed in the wreckage at the lower end of the carriages; and a little higher up, a little closer to the wreathing smoke, a young girl pinned in her perilous position by a heavy beam across the chest.

An incapacity of terror at the sight was upon the crowd. A man shouted, with working face, as he wrung his hands, "We have no buckets—we can do nothing, sir."

"Curse you for a fool," answered Dr. Fyne, as he turned fiercely upon him. "Get to work! Work! Get them out." Dr. Fyne rushed forward. He grappled up the tilt of the sloping carriages. The crowd understood. They awoke from their lethargy. With a cheer they fell upon the wrecked carriages, and commenced to tear at the timbers like dogs at a fallen quarry.

The doctor's panting breath fell gustily upon the pale face of the girl beneath him. Her brown eyes pleaded pitifully. Her lips fluttered with hasty prayer. He strained at the heavy beam. He maddened to the agony of his muscular effort.

There was a yielding; but it was not the beam—it was his back.

He ground his teeth; and again and again gathered his muscles together in furious endeavour, whilst those others worked to rescue the woman below.

A sob escaped the doctor. His throat grew too small for his labouring breath. The pleading of the brown eyes was dreadful to his soul. He gazed above. The smoke was wreathing more quickly forth. He looked below, over the bowed backs of the stirring men, over the ragged wreck. "Stay!" he said, caressingly, to the prostrate girl; "I will return in a second."

An idea had come to the doctor. From a compartment of the carriage next to the two telescoped coaches, a pile of luggage had been crushed forth upon the line, like pips from a squeezed orange. Amongst it, he had seen some leather hat-boxes. He ran to these latter: there were three, four, half-a-dozen of them. He burst off their lids. He shook forth their contents. Some men came to his side. He pointed to the shallow ditch that bordered the line. "Quick!" he shouted. And he ran thither with his improvised bucket.

Again the crowd understood. Again they cheered a weird accompaniment to the strident roar of the steam. And they formed a line. With clutching hands they passed the muddy water, along and along, till it was plashed upon the fuming terror as it hotly writhed and wreathed.

There was a crackling. There was a denser purge of smoke. The hearts of all were in a balance, which rose and fell. Till burst there forth a tongue of pallid flame, to scorch the very juices of their hope. "If we had axes," groaned a man. And he looked above. He looked below. He looked beneath the highly surging clouds of steam. And saw—a trolley speeding o'er the unwrecked line to the spurning kicks of a many legs. "The navvies are coming," he shouted. "Hurrah!"

Up, up to the engine they came with their steam-muffled clatter and throb. There were axes, crowbars, heaped upon their trolley. They were rough men, but they were strong; they were clever to their work. And their hearts were softly tender to the waiting women. "Gawd's truth!" they shuddered, hoarsely, as they saw the wages of the work before them. Then they clenched their teeth. They crashed with keen axes into the redly varnished panels of the coaches. They drew forth the women. They crushed out the fire.

At some twenty paces distance from the line stood a red-tiled shed in a field. It faced away from the scene of the accident. Dr. Fyne at once ordered the removal of the elder lady thither. She was shrieking with terror and pain. Before making an examination, he wished to soothe, by withdrawing her from the crash and fury immediately

around. "And you?" he said, interrogatively, to the younger lady, who had risen to her feet, pale and trembling, where the navvies had laid her.

"I will walk," she answered. "I am not hurt. The beam did not crush me."

She shuddered at the recollection of her narrow escape, and added, "I am only frightened."

Dr. Fyne gave a quick sigh of relief. He glanced keenly at the slim figure of the girl who stood before him. She was perhaps twenty years of age. But having lost her hat in the accident, and her brown hair having come undone upon her shoulders, she might be older. "A pretty girl!" thought the doctor. She showed no trace of injury, save a broad rent in the skirt of her blue serge dress. "As you will," said Dr. Fyne.

The navvies bore the elder lady carefully to the shed. Dr. Fyne and the young lady walked by their side. They laid her down upon some straw, and returned hastily to the wrecked train, to continue the work of extricating the wounded.

"Where do you feel pain?" asked Dr. Fyne, stooping.

"The—left—leg. Above—the—ankle. Dreadful—dreadful pain."

Dr. Fyne examined the injured limb, which had sustained a compound fracture above the ankle. He made no remark, but commenced to construct a rough splint.

"Allow me," said the young lady; and she lent him a willing hand in attending to his elderly patient.

"Been through an ambulance course," thought the doctor to himself. "Thank you," he answered, aloud.

Dr. Fyne worked with celerity. From moment to moment he expected another summons to the wrecked train. Suddenly it came. They had just recovered some more wounded who were losing blood with dangerous rapidity. "We will leave it so," he said, with an unconscious confidence to the girl by his side, and he finished off roughly the bandage which he was engaged upon.

"It will be best," she answered, quietly. "You can return and finish later."

Dr. Fyne took up his bag. He said, with an abrupt interrogation, "You have been through a course of first-aid to the injured?"

"I am a certificated nurse," she answered, simply. And guessing the secret of his searching glance, she added, "I will accompany you to the train; I may be of use."

"Thank you!" responded Dr. Fyne, heartily. "Let us go! I will send one of the women to take care of this lady during our absence."

They quitted the shed together.

Dr. Fyne was a man of decision. As he stood by the side of a row of wounded men, whose number was being rapidly increased by groups of navvies who came staggering thither with fresh burdens, he divorced himself in spirit from the clamour around him; and dulling a naturally tender heart to the piteous appeals of the relatives of the wounded, he sought but one object—the most urgent case. That found, he went to work with his utmost skill of hand and mind. There was no pause, no cessation in his activity. Life depended upon it. His brief orders were given fiercely. He accepted the aid of the young nurse by his side without comment, without visible appreciation or notice. Time was not, except in so far as it was measured by the requirements of the wounded men.

And she! Her face was pale. But her eyes did not flinch, her helping hand did not tremble. "By heavens!" exclaimed a strong man who stood in the crowd. "What nerve she has." And a dark mist came before his eyes—he staggered, he turned sickly away.

So—they worked: he and she.

A red sun sank, till its rays of piercing fire brushed the great green fields. A gloom of heavy clouds pressed downwards.

Soon there was naught but a ragged line of fire at the horizon. And the great green fields turned sadly grey, grew small and smaller to a tiding shadow.

Still they worked: he and she. To them they brought the yellow light of lamps; whilst swept around the draughty lights of great fires, piled redly here, and redly there.

At length the doctor straightened his back, and stood up. The groans of the wounded had paled to choking sighs. The hissing engine had hushed. He glanced at his work as it lay recumbent in the trembling lights. A navvy came to his side, he came from a shadow beyond a blazing fire, where there was a crash of timbers that rent before the breakdown gang. This navvy said, "A relief train has arrived, doctor. It is there, beyond the engine."

Dr. Fyne made a list of the wounded. Opposite to each man's name he wrote the nature of his injury. It was quickly done. Afterwards he explained that there was a cottage near to the line, where the more seriously injured could be accommodated.

"STILL THEY WORKED: HE AND SHE."

Several said that they preferred to go there; others said, "We will continue our journey." The entrainment of these latter was entered upon under the superintendence of the doctor. It was a work of time. Eventually a guard came to him. "Will that be all, sir?" he asked.

"Wait!" answered Dr. Fyne. "There is a lady. She may perhaps wish to go on."

The doctor looked around. A light came into his eye. "Ah! there you are, nurse," he exclaimed; "I was forgetting you."

"You have had much to think of," she answered, softly.

The doctor grasped her hand impulsively. "You have behaved *nobly*," he said. "But, come! We must see to the lady. And at once."

The warmth of the doctor's praise, and his manner, brought colour to the girl's pale cheeks. She did not reply, but, turning, walked with the doctor in the direction of the shed.

Dr. Fyne explained to Mrs. De Fearns that a train was now in waiting to convey passengers to their destinations. A violent fit of trembling seized the unfortunate lady; she became completely unnerved. "I cannot travel again to-night," she said. "I will not," she shrieked, hysterically.

"Well, well," said Dr. Fyne, patting her hand gently. "Calm yourself, there is nothing to be frightened of now."

"Is there no hotel where I can be moved to?" moaned Mrs. De Fearns. "I am wealthy. I would pay anything, anything, rather than enter another train to-night."

"The nearest village is Kliffen, ten minutes' walk from here. There is nothing but a small inn there, with but the roughest accommodation. I could scarcely recommend it," answered Dr. Fyne.

Mrs. De Fearns commenced to sob.

The doctor reflected. He saw that his patient had received a severe nervous shock; that in her present condition she was unfit to travel. To instal her in the cottage near the line was not advisable. "Perhaps," he said, hesitatingly, "you would like to come to my house at Kliffen? I have spare rooms, I——"

"Oh! Yes," interrupted Mrs. De Fearns, imploringly. "I should be so grateful." And she rose to a sitting posture in her anxiety.

"The only thing is——" commenced the doctor.

"Please, please, don't say 'No,'" entreated Mrs. De Fearns, strenuously.

"The only thing is," repeated the doctor, "I have but a solitary housekeeper to wait upon me. I am afraid you would want attendance."

Mrs. De Fearns clasped her hands, and turned to Miss Dent. "I heard you say that you were a nurse. You will come? You will, won't you? Your terms, they shall be no obstacle. They shall be what you like." Overcome by her nervous excitement, Mrs. De Fearns fell backwards, almost fainting.

"PLEASE, DON'T SAY 'NO.'"

Miss Dent looked at Dr. Fyne. "I *could* come," she said. "And, strangely enough, I was actually on my way to London to inquire after a post."

The doctor experienced a glow of pleasure, as he looked at the pretty face before him. It pleased him to think of its entering his house. But he did not analyze his sensations. He said, simply, "It will be a very good arrangement. The best possible under the circumstances." Then he added to Mrs. De Fearns, "I will make arrangements for your removal to my house at once."

He bowed, and quitted the shed.

## II.

UPON receiving Mrs. De Fearns and Miss Dent into his house, Dr. Fyne found himself called upon to play the double *rôle* of host and doctor. His instincts were at all times sensitively generous. To be placed in the position of host—even to "paying" guests, was to confront his conscience with stern duties. "Now, do make yourself at home," he said to the two ladies. And he proceeded to show them the way with an almost morbid anxiety. They were to have the best room. They were to do precisely as they liked. They were to ask for whatever they might want. This without afterthought, this with no qualification grafted upon it save that unselfishness proceeding from the professional side of his character. The doctor was still young, and unspoilt of greater experience.

The morning after the accident, Dr. Fyne mounted the short flight of stairs that led to the second story of his house. He was going to visit Mrs. De Fearns, to whom he had given up his own bedroom. Miss Dent met him at its threshold with a pleasant smile. They shook hands heartily. They exchanged greetings with a peculiar confidence and familiarity born of the stirring scene which they had passed through side by side. Though the doctor was feeling the heavy strain of the previous day, it was a real pleasure that he experienced upon greeting Miss Dent. He commenced to inquire whether she was thoroughly comfortable in her room next the invalid's. Miss Dent responded gratefully. Nevertheless, there was a tone of reserve which drew his attention more strongly upon her face. It was pale. At that moment a querulous voice within the bedroom summoned him with a somewhat more than invalid's fretfulness. The lightest of shadows passed over Dr. Fyne's countenance as he hastened forward to Mrs. De Fearns's side.

The expression of her face, as he now saw it in the full daylight, was peevish. The doctor discounted the facial effect of pain and severe nervous shock. And yet he was not altogether pleased with the clench of the thin lips, with the pride of the eye. "Good morning, Mrs. De Fearns. And how are

you, to-day?" he said, with a slight effort of cheerfulness

Mrs. De Fearns did not stand on ceremony. She commenced to string a list of complaints. Dr. Fyne listened. He recognised her as an invalid, as unquestionably injured. But the hospitable part of the man shrank before her veiled suggestions of present discomfort; his pride quivered to the vulgar word-painting of her wealth. Therefore, the speech of the doctor, when it came, divided itself into two parts. There was that which accompanied his professional examination. It was short, sharp, and decisive — even more so than usual. And that which endeavoured to come to the relief of his jarred sensitive fibre by adding hospitable to hospitable concession. The colour of the curtains! He would have them changed. The noisy fowls behind the house! They should be removed. The draughts! He was truly sorry, but the house was old—he would provide a screen.

The doctor waited in expectation. He was not mercenary, but he wished to receive an acknowledgment of thanks, to justify his hospitality to his colder reason. It did not come. Mrs. De Fearns closed her eyes languidly. An expression of selfish content stole over her fat face. She considered the interview at an end. And later, she would pay for it in hard coin of the realm.

Dr. Fyne turned to Miss Dent. A warm flush had risen to her cheeks, an embarrassment was visible in her eyes. She was a lady. "I hope that you will join me at breakfast below," he said, kindly. "It will be ready almost directly. And my housekeeper shall bring up Mrs. De Fearns's."

"Thank you," she said, in a doubtful tone of voice, with a side glance at the invalid. But the latter raised no objection. The matter was beneath her notice.

Ivy Lodge, the doctor's residence, was an old-fashioned house. Its corridors rambled, its ceilings were low. The dining-room had a southern aspect. "What a cheerful room!" exclaimed Miss Dent, as, after some little wandering, she entered its gay sunshine in which stood the doctor.

"Yes," he answered; "it is the best room in the house. But come, sit down, do! Will you take coffee or tea?"

"Oh, coffee, please," said Miss Dent. "It smells delicious. And I am so hungry," she added, frankly.

It was a pleasant meal, that breakfast. There was not wanting to it a piquant sense of strangeness. The conversation was by turns chatty and grave. It wandered through the French window to the gay flowers in the garden, it returned to the dreadful experiences of the previous day. "I feel as if I had known you for ages," exclaimed Dr. Fyne, impulsively. Miss Dent rippled a laugh which showed a row of white teeth. Afterwards came confidences, initiated naturally, not by the one in contradistinction to the other, but by both. Mrs. De Fearns! Well, she would be—Yes! a *little* troublesome. She was—Yes! a little vulgar, a *little* exacting.

A clock struck ten. "Dear me!" exclaimed Miss Dent, pushing her chair from the table, and making a little grimace of horror at the doctor. "I must go at once. It has just struck ten. Mrs. De Fearns will want me."

She tripped lightly to the door.

"I shall expect you here to lunch and dinner," called the doctor after her.

A fortnight had passed since the two ladies had entered Ivy Lodge. Then the message came to Dr. Fyne: Mrs. De Fearns wished to see him for a moment in private. "I thought it was bound to come," he muttered. And with a sigh and a frown, he quitted his consulting-room, and tramped irritably upstairs. He found the invalid alone, and sitting up in bed. She addressed him immediately:—

"Close the door, doctor, please; I wish to speak to you."

He bowed stiffly, closed the door fast, and advanced to her side.

"Dr. Fyne, I am better. You tell me that I am recovering rapidly."

"Yes," he assented, with a half smile.

"Now, *can* you tell me, Dr. Fyne," Mrs. De Fearns asked, very slowly, "how is it that I don't improve *still* more rapidly?"

"Your injury was severe," he remarked; "to induce a compound fracture to mend requires both time and patience."

Mrs. De Fearns shook her head angrily. "It is not only that," she said. "I am *convinced* that I should get on faster if I were better nursed. I have made up my mind: Nurse Dent must go. I require more attention. I can pay for it, and I'll have it. Nurse is lazy — positively, I might say cruelly, lazy. And slow! But you must have observed her slowness, doctor?"

Dr. Fyne shook his head, gravely.

"Excuse me, Mrs. De Fearns," he replied, "but I don't think you quite make allowance for circumstances. It is possible that Nurse Dent *is* a little slow, or, I would rather say, languid. But you must remember one thing."

"What?" interrupted Mrs. De Fearns, abruptly, and with a toss of the head.

"And I trust that you will take it into serious account before deciding to discharge her," continued the doctor, with great earnestness. "I mean, that she is feeling an after-effect of the accident. I feel sure that she is suffering under a slight shock to the nervous system."

The expression of Mrs. De Fearns's face showed that she was about to disagree. Dr. Fyne resumed, hastily:—

"There is another fact which, I think, will induce you to make a patient allowance. Miss Dent, I understand, is in very straitened circumstances. She has a widowed mother dependent upon her. The engagement is a great consideration to her from a financial point of view, and——"

Mrs. De Fearns held up a hand, impatiently. She would listen no longer. "And am *I* not to be considered?" she asked, sarcastically. "Really, doctor, in remembering the nurse, you appear to forget the patient."

Dr. Fyne flushed warmly.

"No," continued Mrs. De Fearns, stridently. "If I *pay* for a nurse, I expect to be served with attention. And I insist upon your seeing that I receive it."

Dr. Fyne cleared his throat of a huskiness. "You wish me to dismiss Nurse Dent?" he said, simply.

"*Most* decidedly, I do," was the reply.

Dr. Fyne left the room, and with an impetuous motion of his arms, descended to his consulting-room. There, he presently rang a bell. His housekeeper appeared. "Where is Nurse Dent?" he asked.

"She is carrying some beef-tea upstairs, sir."

"Ask her to step this way, please."

The doctor drummed with his fingers upon a window. A minute passed. Then he turned, with a heavy frown.

"You asked for me," said a soft voice.

Dr. Fyne gazed with fierce eyes at the pale face before him. His breast heaved. But he said nothing.

A delicate crimson tided into the oval cheeks. The eyes grew large and moist with alarm. "H—Have I offended you?" she stammered.

"No. Why do you ask?"

"But I am sure I have displeased you. You look so—so——"

She hesitated and added, persuasively:—

"'AND AM I NOT TO BE CONSIDERED?' SHE ASKED."

"Do tell me, Dr. Fyne. I'm truly sorry if I've done anything wrong."

He could spare her the pain no longer. He explained.

There was a silence. She grew very white. Presently she spoke, with a sad regret:—

"If my head had only been better!"

"It would have been the same," he said, bitterly.

She swayed slightly. "Poor mother. I had written to her. She was so pleased. And now——"

Suddenly she met his gaze, and her lips trembled. At that moment, the clock of the consulting-room began to strike twelve with hard, metallic determination. With its final stroke, the doctor had her in his arms. Then there was a silence, across which drew a kiss.

And that was how the doctor won his wife.

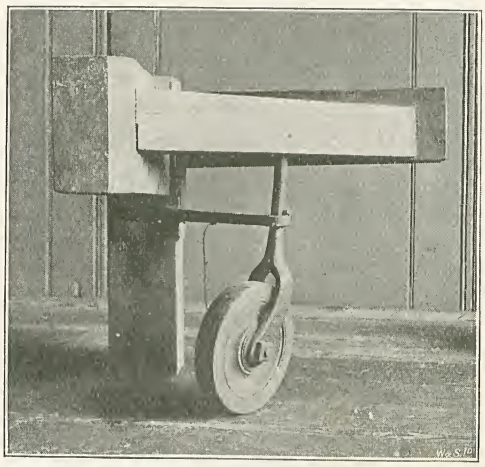
# *Some Peculiar Wills.*

By L. S. Lewis.

[*From Photographs specially taken by George Newnes, Ltd.*]

MOST people are interested in wills, directly or indirectly. If one has no "expectations" oneself, one has probably often followed some elusive document through three acts of a play or three volumes of a story. Goodness only knows what novelists and dramatists would do without wills. And everybody is aware that Somerset House is the headquarters of these things; are not the "searchers" one of the sights of the town—a race apart, comparable only to the curious wildfowl met with in the British Museum?

Thanks to the courtesy of Sir Francis Jeune, the writer was enabled to explore the vast vaults and strong-rooms beneath the Probate Registry in which the millions of originals are stored. To these wonderful vaults no one ordinarily has access, but, then, the whole world knows that Somerset House is always open to the "Strand."



LEG OF BEDSTEAD IN WHICH A NOBLEMAN'S WILL WAS CONCEALED.

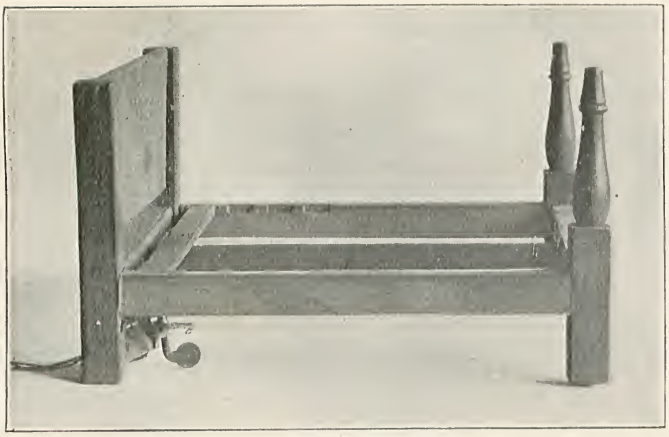
In spite of the ever-present gloom and dust, the spirit of romance pervades the great subterranean chambers we are considering. Millions of wills, going right down through the ages! The system of arrangement is absolutely perfect. Shakespeare's will is as readily produced as is that of the lowly Cockney who died the other day.

The oddities and curiosities among this stupendous collection are, as might be supposed, both extensive and peculiar. There is even quite a little museum of more or less romantic objects connected with litigation about wills; and these have at one time or another been produced as evidence in court. The courteous Record-keeper, Mr. Rodman, and his assistant, Mr. Stevens, do not exactly view these things with boundless enthusiasm, but of the interest attaching to the objects there can be no question. Just look at the leg of an old-fashioned "four-poster" bedstead, which is seen in the accompanying illustration. It was photographed by our own artist, in the strong-rooms or vaults of Somerset House, and with the other curiosities it now appears for the very first time.

Briefly, this is the story. The Earl of S—— was an eccentric peer, a morose, reserved man, who apparently suspected everybody of sinister motives. He used to hide things. Important deeds and letters, and bank-notes for huge amounts, he bundled into damp cellars, with disastrous results. He would rip open chair-cushions and secrete things *there;* and in short he had treasure of greater or less value in every hole and corner.

After Lord S——'s death, the will and first codicil were readily forthcoming, mainly because they were in safer keeping than his lordship's. The second and most important codicil, however, took no less than three years to find! After the Earl's death the bed on which he slept was unceremoniously pitched into the lumber-room, and it was by the merest accident that a servant at length discovered the long-lost codicil, cunningly tied to the bar of the bedstead leg. In the photo. we see the very string that held the will in position. The paper was found folded neatly, and resting on the ledge formed by the bar where it meets the bed-post. As his lordship lay in bed, it was his delight to withdraw the will from its hiding-place (he could do so easily), and either dwell with satisfaction on its contents, or else make any slight alterations that pleased him. It was the poor man's only hobby.

As the missing codicil contained legacies and bequests to a very large amount, its ultimate production caused a great deal of excitement. And therefore, in order that the whole romantic story might readily be demonstrated before the Probate Court, a complete model of the entire bedstead was

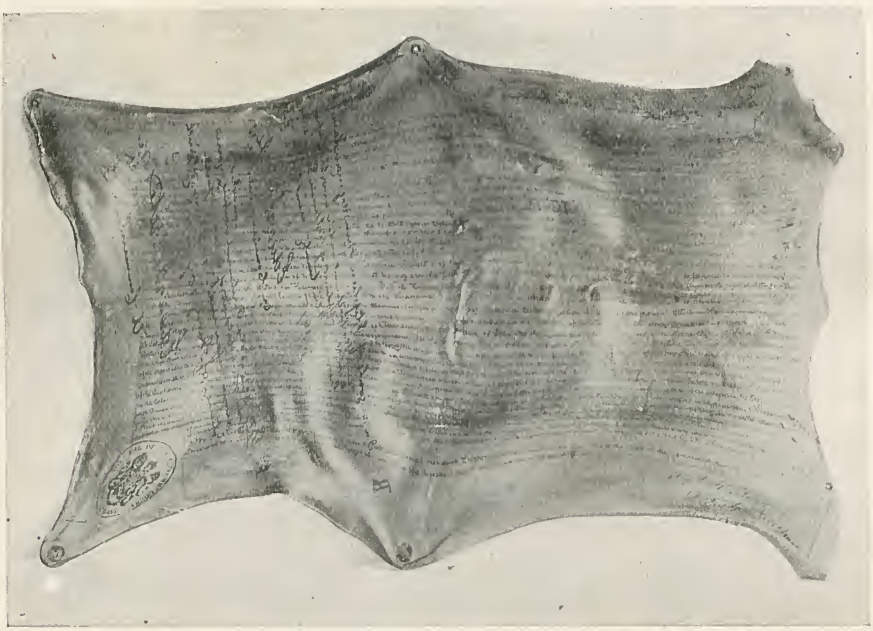


MODEL OF BEDSTEAD PRODUCED IN COURT.

made on the scale of one inch to a foot. Our next illustration is a photograph of that model, which is still preserved in the strong-room at Somerset House. The case was a *cause célèbre* in its day. The Prerogative Court of Canterbury had the whole business well in hand, when it was served with an inhibition from the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council to transmit all proceedings to them. Somerset House, by the way, has not always been the head-quarters of what may be styled the "will trade." Previous to 1858 all testamentary business was in the hands of the Church, and the old Prerogative Court of Canterbury was located at Doctors' Commons.

When the Government took over the business (if one may say so without disrespect) a big "moving" job had to be negotiated. Doctors' Commons contained wills dating back to 1484, and all these had to be transferred to their new quarters. The office was closed for a fortnight. The thousands of wills were shot into baskets and conveyed to Somerset House in strongly guarded vans. They were then classified — a labour that might well have horrified Hercules himself.

The will next seen is not a decorative object, but it has an interesting history. The testator was a labourer who died at Sunnyside, Canterbury, New Zealand, on June 11th, 1868. He left all he had—some £300 in the British Post Office—to his wife, who lived at Rye, in Sussex. The will was rather an elaborate affair, engrossed at prodigious length on parchment, and adorned with the Seal of the Supreme Court of New Zealand in the bottom left-hand corner. The solicitor responsible for the document was proud of his work. He was Mr. William H.



NEW ZEALAND WILL RECOVERED FROM THE SEA.

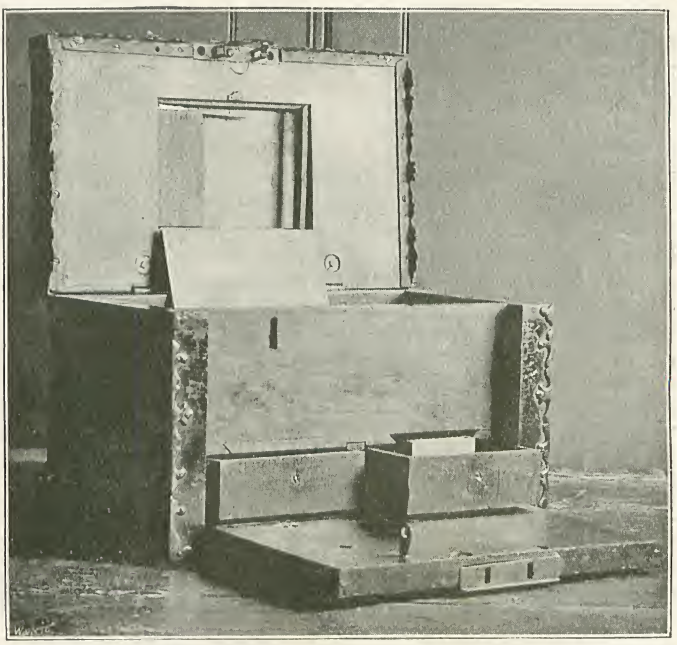
Kissling, of Auckland, N.Z. In due time Mr. Kissling dispatched the will to a brother professional in London, but, alas for human hopes! the ship conveying the will was dashed to pieces in a hurricane off the Scilly Islands, and out "on the face of the waters" went the will, with the crew and cargo.

Some time after this tragic occurrence one of the Cornish fishermen was mending his nets on the beach when he saw a packet washed ashore. It was that Antipodean will. The fisherman made inquiries as to the best course to pursue, and he at length sent on the packet to London.

In his affidavit the solicitor to whom the will was addressed gives some quaint details. He received it in an envelope from the G.P.O. on May 18th, 1875. On the envelope was written "*Ex Schiller*"—the name of the ill-fated vessel. "The will," says the lawyer, "was sent with other documents by Mr. William Henry Kissling, solicitor, of Auckland, New Zealand, to me, to enable me to take out Letters of Administration of the estate and effects in England belonging to the deceased. That the said parchment writing, and the letters and papers which accompanied it, and the envelope from Mr. Kissling which inclosed them were perfectly wet and saturated, and formed altogether a confused packet, like pulp. It was only by using the greatest care that the said parchment writing was separated and stretched out, as the same now appears. I have no doubt whatever that the said packet came to England in the mail steamer called the *Schiller*, which was wrecked on the Scilly Islands on Friday, the 7th May, 1875."

The will stories buried away in the dark vaults of Somerset House would enable novelists to turn out stories until the Greek Kalends. Only one has to do one's own delving in this extraordinary place—as Miss Braddon frequently does, by the way.

The secret cabinet next depicted is in accordance with the most hoary traditions of the penny novelette. It is a massive, brass-bound affair, with any number of sliding panels within sliding panels, and secret drawers within secret drawers. Many of these our photographer has endeavoured to show. This is one of the relics that came from Doctors' Commons. The casket, or chest, belonged to a wealthy physician who lived at the beginning of last century. He had an astonishing number of relations, and as he advanced in years their attentions became intolerable. They all wanted to know how the old fellow was going to dispose of his money and property. They wrangled and fought with him, and they wrangled and fought among themselves. The old doctor had a plan of his own. He just made his will definitely, and then made a place of safe-keeping for it. In other words, he set to work and made this secret cabinet with his own hands, taking the utmost delight in devising the many panels and drawers. And when once the will was deposited in the cabinet, the latter never left the doctor's possession, even for a moment. He slept with it under his pillow, and he took it about with him from place to place.



SECRET CABINET IN WHICH A WILL WAS FOUND.

His "bedside manner" grew tenfold more serious when he was sitting on the cabinet; and he allowed the report to get abroad that he carried in the brass-bound box medicines of wondrous efficacy. His income increased to quite an enormous figure, but at length the time came when he had to relinquish his

beloved box, which, of course, fell into the eager hands of the relatives. In the photo. the will itself is seen in the hollow part of the lid just peeping above the secret sliding panel in which it was found.

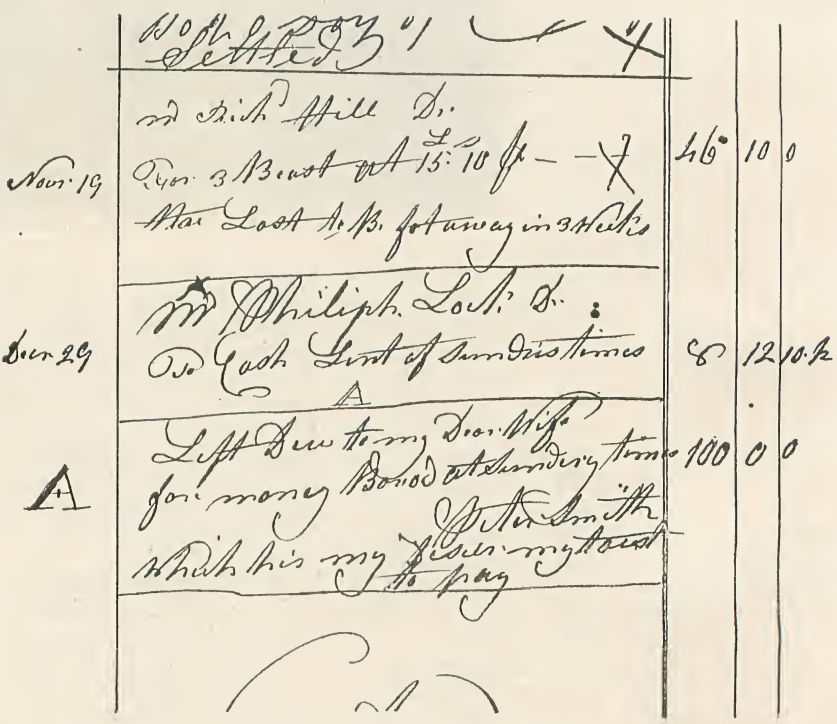
As might be imagined, the moment the contents of the will were made known, there was a frighful outcry, followed by prolonged litigation. However, matters were eventually arranged exactly as the astute old doctor had desired, a poor married niece coming in for nearly the whole of an immense fortune. Altogether a curious realization of hackneyed fiction.

Wills are often found in strange places, from weather-cocks to picture-frames, but there is surely but one instance of a will being found in a business day-book. There is a day-book treasured carefully at Somerset House, because a will has been made in it. It is a long, narrow book, of a well-known kind, and on the outside is written, "Peter Smith, March, 1807. Day-book for the Park." Peter was apparently an overseer or steward on some big estate. As the Probate people are only concerned with the one folio, the remainder of the leaves are fastened together, so that the book immediately opens at the required place. The entry which is really the will has been marked "A," and here we read, "Left due to my dear wife, £100 os. od." Above is an entry debiting "Mr. Richard Hill" with "3 Beasts @ £15 10s. od." Certainly an unconventional will, this.

A punning will is doubly painful, particularly when much of it has reference to the "mode of my burial." A Kentish gentleman who left personal estate worth £10,091 os. 10d. wrote as follows in this connection: "The coffin is to be of red fir. I *pine* for nothing better. Even this may be thought a *deal* too good, though certainly not very *spruce*" —and so on.

There are in the Registry many ancient wills of a highly decorative kind. They contain elaborate drawings and sketches, mainly illustrative of the trade or occupation of the testator. For instance, the initial letter of a certain baker's will takes the form of a sheaf of golden corn. Most of the wills up to comparatively recent times had something distinctive about them. Isaac Walton's is sealed with a curious device, showing the Saviour crucified on an anchor. Other wills in the great collection contain long sermons; and others, again, abuse of a peculiarly vituperative sort. "I leave," shrieks a barrister, who really *ought* to have known better, "to Herbert L——, his wife, and Frances Elizabeth, my sister, the happy assurance that their greed, jealousy, folly, plots, schemes, and vile lies have succeeded in making life a burden to me."

"Many times," wailed a Manchester man who was disinheriting his wife, "she wished I was stiff"—a curious saying, but sufficiently



WILL MADE IN A BUSINESS DAY-BOOK.

expressive of the lady's weariness of her stricken spouse.

The will next seen came from Egypt preserved in a bottle of spirit for fear of the plague. The testator was apothecary to His Majesty's forces in Aboukir Bay, and he sent his will in the form of a letter to the surgeon on board the flagship. This is the cheerful way in which the will commenced :—

"Aboukir,

"July 1st, 1801.

"My dear——

"Being now aflickted with the Plague, the Scourge of Mankind, which will probably soon terminate my existence . . ." etc., etc.

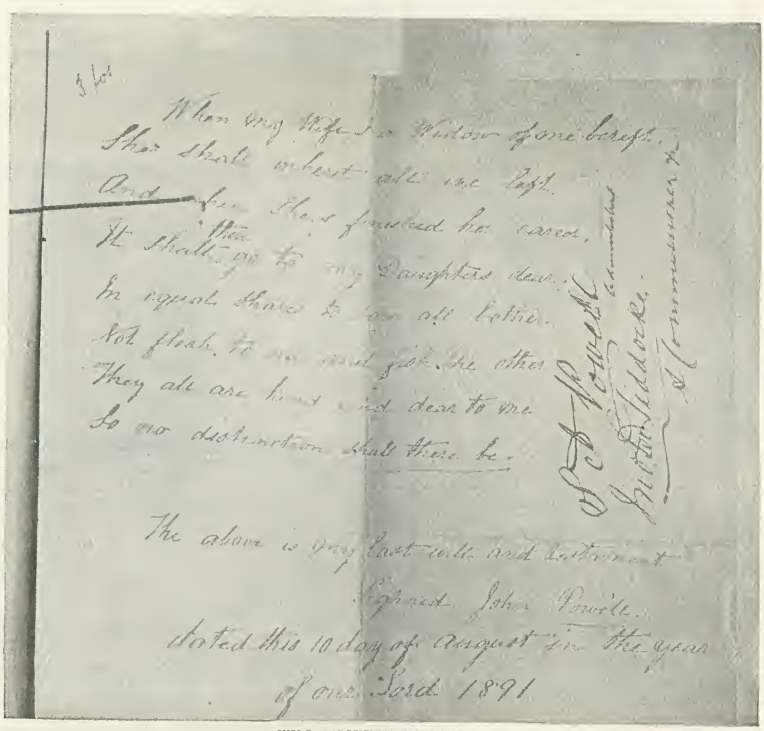
WILL PRESERVED IN SPIRIT FOR FEAR OF THE PLAGUE.

On receiving this strange will-epistle, the surgeon grew alarmed for his own safety. Fearing that the paper was infected, and dreading to put it with his other papers lest the contagion should spread, he instantly made a copy of it, and then carefully compared that copy with the original. This done, the surgeon placed the original in the bottle of spirit, and brought it home to England with him. When the bottle was opened, *no trace of writing could be found on the paper*, it having been completely absorbed by the strong spirit. Then, of course, the copy had to be produced and proved.

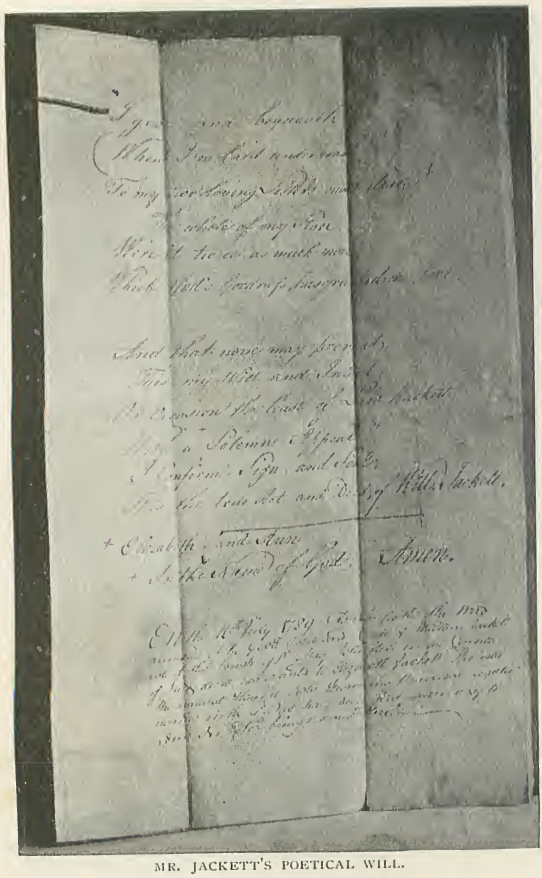
Of rhyming wills there are not many examples. Mr. Powell's "last will and testament," with its magnificent impartiality and high moral tone, is a good specimen. That it may be easily read, we print it here :—

When my Wife's a Widow of me bereft,
She shall inherit all I've left ;
And when she's finished her career,
It shall then go to my Daughters dear.
In equal Shares to save all bother,
Not flesh to one and fish the other.
They are all kind and dear to me,
So no distinction shall there be.

There is practically no end to the curious and interesting wills in the Probate Registry. There is, for example, a little pocket-book of Nelson's which seems to have escaped the notice of even Captain Mahan. In it the hero makes a strange kind of will. He bequeaths Lady Hamilton to his King and country, and relates in sonorous prose how she helped him to win certain victories. He also rambles on about some letters she stole for him. This extraordinary will is dated "In sight of the 'Allied Fleets.'"



WILL WRITTEN IN POETRY.



MR. JACKETT'S POETICAL WILL.

The officials at Somerset House haven't much time to take notice of the queer names of testators, but "Time Of Day" was a regular staggerer! The unfortunate man's family name, it seems, was Day, and his people had the monumental fatuity to christen him "Time Of," in order to round off an outlandish phrase-name. The notion is full of ghastly potentialities.

The rhyming will of Mr. Will Jackett, seen in the next reproduction, goes with the lilt and swing of a ballad by Kipling or Colonel Hay. Notice how ingeniously the testator has found a rhyme for his own name —entirely without the aid of a rhyming dictionary, but merely out of his own fears respecting dissension after his death. Jackett's writing is so legible that it is unnecessary to print the will-poem.

There is on record only one will made in shorthand, and here it is. The paper lies in a glass case set in a box made to resemble a bound book, so that the moment you lift up the cover you behold this most curious of wills. On the outside is the name, "H. Worthington, February, 1815."

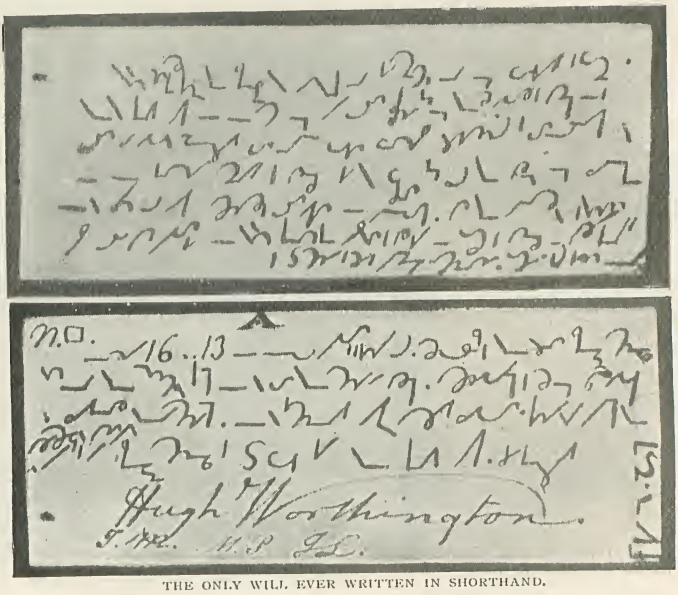
The Rev. Hugh Worthington was formerly of Highbury Place, Islington. His unique will reads:—

"Northampton Square, June 16th, 1813. I, Hugh Worthington, give and bequeath to my dear Eliza Price, who is my adopted child, all I do or may possess, real and personal, to be at her sole and entire disposal; and I do appoint William Kent, Esq., of London Wall, my respected friend, with the said Eliza Price to execute this my last will and testament.

—HUGH WORTHINGTON."

The other side of the queer little box also opens, and here we read:—

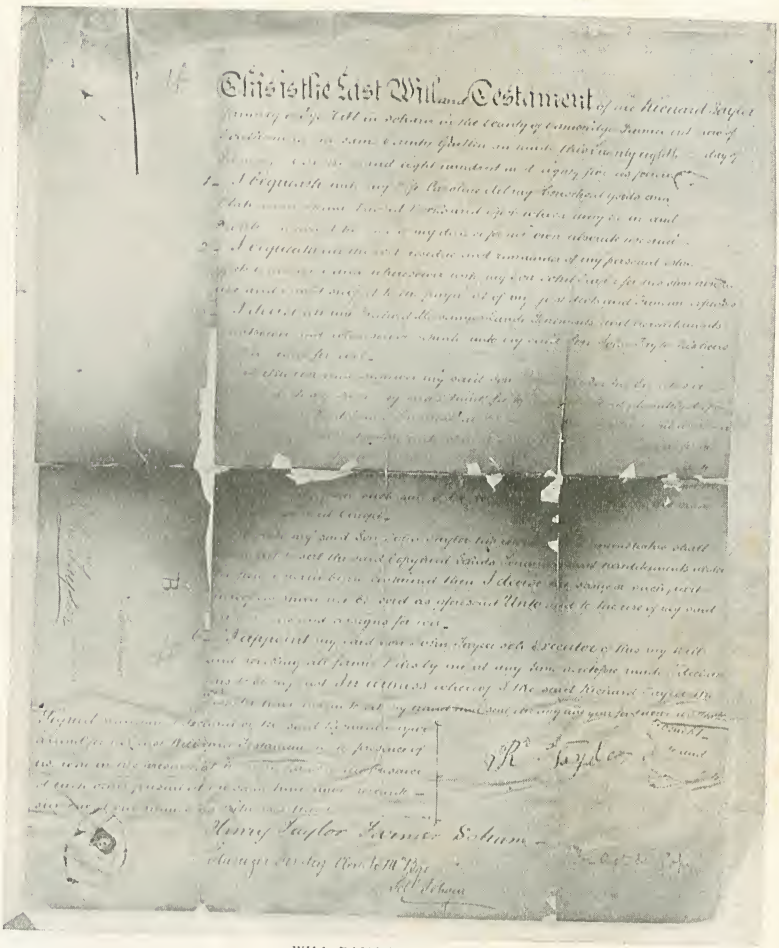
"Most dearly beloved, my Eliza. Very small as this letter is, it contains the copy of my very last will. I have put it with your letters, that it may be sure to fall into your hands. Should accident or any other cause destroy the original, I have taken pains to write this very clearly, that you may read it easily. I do know you will perfect yourself in shorthand



THE ONLY WILL EVER WRITTEN IN SHORTHAND.

for my sake. To-morrow we go for Worthing, I most likely never to return. I hope to write a few lines to express the best wishes, and prayers, and hopes of thy true, HUGH WORTHINGTON."

All sorts of queer accidents happen to wills. They get burnt or thrown into the water; torn up, eaten by rats, and the like. One will in the great Registry is preserved in cotton-wool in a big box. If the document itself were touched it would crumble to pieces. It is the will of a rich baker, and somehow it got into a big oven, where it remained for months. The original is never disturbed now, a copy being kept for reference.



WILL DAMAGED IN A FIRE.

Here is a will that has been damaged by fire. It is the will of a Mr. Richard Taylor, who lived in Cambridgeshire, and it was prepared by a local solicitor. Taylor himself called and signed the engrossment in the presence of two witnesses, and he then took the document away with him. The will did not again come into the solicitor's hands until about four years later, and then it was in the condition in which we see it—badly damaged by fire. Mr. Taylor died about a year after he had made the will, and his son took possession of the document, together with certain other title-deeds and accounts. Then came the great fire at the house of young Mr. Taylor, who declares in his affadavit that all kinds of valuable papers were "destroyed or rendered illegible by the flames." Fortunately, this will was saved from the burning building, with no more damage than we see in the photograph. The original, however, is very liable to crumble on being handled.

Perhaps the queerest will on record was that of a very prominent citizen in the United States. The trustees were directed to pay the widow every year *her own weight in gold!* The weighing took place more or less in public, and needless to remark, it was an interesting ceremony, particularly to the lady herself. By this curious will the widow was always pretty sure of about 1,161 troy ounces of the precious metal, which at £4 an ounce works out at quite a handsome income. We understand she did *not* diet herself so as to increase her weight; she merely charged a fee to the public who wished to be present at the weighing ceremony; and in this way indemnified herself against possible loss.

# *In Birchy Copse.*

By Geoffrey Mortimer.

THE trackway was steep and rutty, with hollows here and there, and the heather that covered the down grew in patches of purple on the band of sward, which descended from the old coach road, and was lost among the green of summer bracken in the birch copse. A boy and girl, walking slowly by a donkey and cart, came down the rough woodman's road in the quivering glare of the July noon. They stood a little higher than the old shaggy donkey; the lad was twelve, and the girl two years younger than her brother. Their clothes were much tattered and soiled; for they had been worn day and night, on highway and through by-way, through more than one rude winter. A tawny tangle of hair fell to the girl's shoulders from the faded red cotton handkerchief twisted about the crown of her head. Both of the little vagrants were as sturdy, unkempt, and wild by nature as the moorland pony colts that watched them from a dip in the common. The rose-red dye of sun and wind was on their cheeks, and their eyes were keen, alert, and long-sighted.

"Yon's it," said Timothy, in a solemn, mysterious tone, pointing to the copse that stretched down towards the Tivvy Valley.

"BOTH OF THE LITTLE VAGRANTS WERE STURDY, UNKEMPT, AND WILD."

Suke spread her hand horizontally before her eyes, and looked for a moment towards the vale. The cart went down on a tortuous course in and out of the ruts, leaving two curving wheel-lines on the grass, and bumping and creaking over little mounds, while the donkey threw his weight into the breeching, and cross-footed cautiously among the wiry heath stems. As the children neared the wood, they heard the drone of the myriad insect wings in the hush of the sun-flecked glades, and smelt the moist fragrance of mouldering leaves and aromatic mosses in the swamps, where the cotton grass showed a few white tufts. Deep in the umbrage, a ringdove cooed alone; and a cock-pheasant ran to shelter in a thicket of butcher's broom. Timothy led the donkey into the shade of a beech, growing from the dark peaty soil of the bank skirting the copse. When he had undone the belly-band and straps, he freed the donkey from the shafts and let him go in search of moist grass. Suke sat down on the bank, whisking a spray of fern to chase the flies from her face. Her eyes followed Timothy as he scrambled up the turf wall, and gazed into the ditch on the other side.

"Was that the place?" she asked.

"Yes, just down along here, about a hundred yards from the gapway. That's where mother was born."

"You're certain as that's right?"

"Sure on it. She p'inted out the 'xact spot last summer, when we comed here to git firewood."

"Then we'd best begin," said Suke.

"'Tis softish there, and it won't take long. Mebbe if we was two men, we'd soon finish it."

The boy threw his ragged jacket into the cart, and took out an old, rusty spade.

"I'll have first turn," he said, climbing

over the bank; "when my arms aches you can have a dig."

Baring his sinewy little brown arms, and spitting on his palms, he gripped the spade, and began to scrape away the beech leaves from the rich, light mould. The earth had a fungoid smell as he pitched spadeful after spadeful on to the grass. Presently, he reached a stratum of stones, upon which the blade clinked and rang. Jack, the donkey, browsed in the shade, twitching his long ears and waving his tail, as he moved along the strip of grass between the heather of the down and the tall bracken fringing the covert. The purple slope of the common met the intense, cloudless blue of the sky at the ridge, and Suke, with her elbows on her knees and her chin resting on the palms of her rough hands, gazed at a martin skimming low over the feeding-places of the heath poults.

When she turned to watch her brother, she saw him stand to wipe the drops from his forehead, while he straightened his tired back.

"Let me have a turn," she said, taking the spade, and forcing the blade down with her foot.

"I reckon another foot will be deep enough," Timothy said. "By good rights we ought to a-borrowed a pick. It's hard to dig among them stones."

He threw himself flat upon his stomach under a birch.

"Tim," said Suke, "it mustn't be afore eight o'clock, must it?"

"No; but we can only tell the time by the sun. That's where it sinks—behind the wood, yonder."

"S'pose we was copped?" said Suke, after another spell at digging.

"I was thinking about that. We must kivver it all over with leaves, and mind an' put the dryest 'uns atop. Nobody won't guess nothing then, will 'em?"

"Shall us bide hereabouts to-night?" asked Suke.

"May as well. Why not? There's a sight o' firin' wood round about, and there's a kittle and some tommy in the cart. I reckon we've got plenty deep enough now."

"What 'ud you make the time, Tim?" she said.

"About six, as the sun stands now. Shall us make some tea?"

"I don't want nowt to eat. I feel as it ain't no good to do anything now. Oh, Tim, you and me's all alone."

She dropped the spade wearily, and, sinking to the ground, began to sob. A great tear trickled down the boy's cheek, leaving a streak on the red; then, drawing the back of his hand across his moistened eyelashes, he went to Suke and put his arm around her neck.

"Ain't it dreadful to think on?" he muttered. "Just as we'd got enough money for to have new fellies put to the wheels, mother died. An', in the summer-time, too, when there's a chanst to earn a bit."

"She don't know nothing about what we're doin', does she, Tim?" asked Suke, in a hoarse whisper, glancing at the cart.

"No," he answered, shaking his head.

They sat silently staring at the grand sweep of moorland, through the delicate greenery of the birches.

"I feel as if I'd better be doin' somethink," said Timothy.

He went to the cart, and returned with an armful of willow sticks, and, taking a knife from his pocket, he began to cut the peeled shoots into six-inch lengths, and to shape them into clothes' pegs. He whittled deftly

"HE RETURNED WITH AN ARMFUL OF WILLOW STICKS."

and with rapidity, littering the ground around him with white chips.

The declining sun sent straight rays through the boscage, tinting the silver stems of the birches with pink, and throwing every bough and frond of fern into sharp relief. In the denser thickets, the light was already dimming, though the down was bathed in a golden effulgency. A swarthy cluster of Scotch firs stood out distinctly before the sapphire sky on the highest undulation of the common. One twilight tremor of the air made a faint sigh in the glade, and brought the warm, odorous breath of heather and bracken from the hill-side.

"It must be gone eight o'clock," whispered Suke.

Her large eyes glowed strangely, and a pallor had spread over the red-brown of her face. Without speaking, the children went to the cart, and let down the tail-board. Timothy tilted the shafts high, and a long bundle, like a mummy in shape, slid gently on to the grass. Suke began to sob and choke, and in a sudden paroxysm she threw herself upon the corpse, crying :—

"Mother, mother!"

A black company of rooks flew slowly over the trees, cawing low as they alighted on the boughs of some sombre firs overtopping the birch trees.

Then the boy and girl lifted the burden, and bore it with difficulty to the gap in the bank, where they set it down for a moment while they rested. The weird crepuscular stillness of the wood seemed to have grown suddenly more profound. They could hear a mouse rustling in the crisp leaves near the grave, and the hum of homeward-journeying bees was a sweet, sad dirge. The little chiding scream of a squirrel made the children start as they laid the body in the grave. Timothy's face was white and set when he took up the spade.

"Not yet," said Suke, taking the spade from his hand. She went to a hollow, rife with tall fox-gloves and yellow mulleins ; and, plucking a great bunch of them, she returned to scatter them on the drab figure in the pit.

When the corpse was completely covered with flowers, Timothy began to shovel in the dark soil, while Suke, with her back turned to the grave, sat moaning, with her hands to her face.

Even to the uncouth imagination of these little vagabonds, there seemed to be a beautiful fitness in this primitive burial. It was here in the chaste company of the lady-birches, and the birth songs of happy thrushes, that their mother had come into the world. It was here that she had wished to rest after death. Vaguely, the elemental wonders of birth and death perplexed their minds, as they sat in the gathering shadows of the hushed coppice. The air was solemn, so suggestive of the silence of the dead, that they shuddered and huddled closer together when the stars bejewelled the great dome that curved upwards from the sleeping down. A fern-owl flitted with the noiseless flight of a moth in the one pallid rift of light from the west ; and on a knoll three young rabbits chased each other round and round, joyously forgetful of the terrible lurking vixen-fox that had seized upon one of their brothers on the previous night. Fatigue and hunger, combined with the mysterious solemnity of the burial and vigil, set the children's nerves in sensitive attune to the awe of their surroundings, and the slightest sound made them start and grip each other tightly.

"What was that?" murmured Suke, at the noise of some creature stirring in the brush-wood behind them.

"A fox or badger, maybe," said Timothy.

But as he spoke, they heard a whistle, and a liver-and-white spaniel bounded up the bank, and stood looking for his master.

"It's a keeper," whispered Timothy.

A black figure passed slowly along the turf-wall, and coming into the copse through the gap, moved towards the crouching children. Their hearts began to throb loudly, and they held their breath in apprehension, as the dog threaded its way through the bracken, sniffing on the trail which they had left between the cart and the grave. As the gamekeeper strode by them, his nailed boots rang on the blade of the spade which lay upon the grass.

"Halloa!" he said, giving the spade a kick. "A donkey loose on the down, a cart at the bottom, and a spade in the wood! Humph! there's some o' them gyps about, or my name ain't what it is."

He faced around and looked for more traces of the trespassers. Suddenly he saw a bit of white stuff near the ditch. When he touched it with the point of his ash-plant, it yielded and shrank from him.

"A boy and gal, eh?" he exclaimed. "And what's your game here? Stand up, and let's 'ave a look at ye."

The frightened children rose, and stood trembling, hand-in-hand.

"Please, sir, we ain't poachin'," said Timothy.

The gamekeeper turned them round and drew his hand from their shoulders to their knees, patting them back and front.

"Got any rabbit wires about ye?" he asked.

"No, sir, true's I'm alive," answered Timothy.

"Then what's your game? What 'ave 'e bin up to wi' that spade?"

The children looked at each other in silence.

"Eh? Speak up," continued the man.

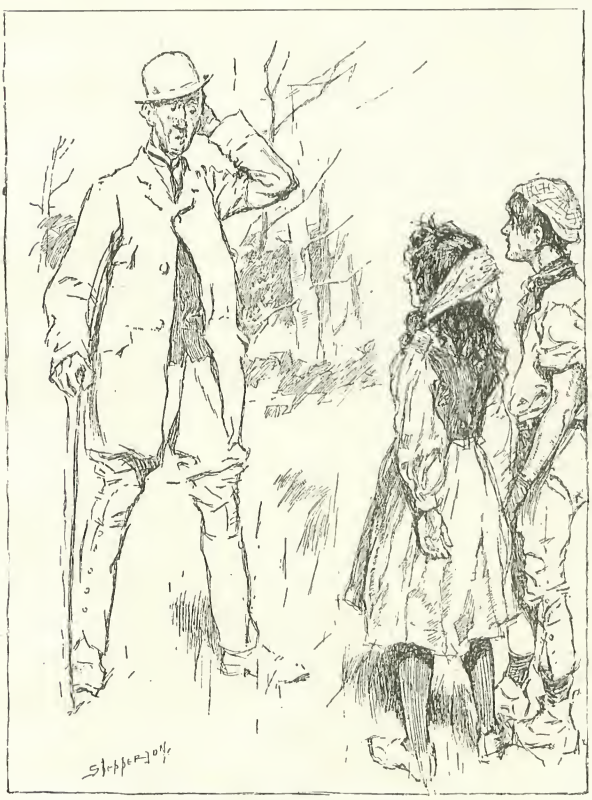
"Please, we've been a-buryin' mother, sir," said Suke.

"Buryin' what?" cried the gamekeeper.

"Our mother, sir; Liza Hopper, sir, that was her name," explained Tim.

The keeper rubbed the back of his head, and stared at the pair in wonderment.

"Where 'ave 'e put her?" he asked



"'WHERE 'AVE 'E PUT HER?' HE ASKED."

"Just over there by the bank, sir," said Suke.

"Look'e here, my young artful," the keeper said, grasping Timothy's shoulder, "you don't stuff me wi' a cock-and-bull yarn like that. You've lost a ferret hereabouts, in a burrow, and you've bin diggin' for to find 'un. Buryin' yer mother, indeed! Well, I never heard the likes!"

"Oh, sir, it's true," sobbed Suke.

"Yes, it's true," whimpered Timothy, with his coat-sleeve to his eyes. "We ain't got no ferret, sir."

"How come you to bring your mother here, then?" asked the keeper. "It's a mighty queer story for to expect me to b'lieve! Why didn't the parson bury her decent?"

"We brought her all the way from Yeovil," said Suke.

"From Yeovil? That's handy forty miles from here. Well, I'll be shot! I've never heard the likes! Come along o' me, both of ye; I'll take you afore the squire."

"Oh, please, he won't send us to prison!" whined Timothy.

"Come along o' me. I never heard the likes! I must tell the squire o' this job. I've never heard nothink like this in a newspaper, nor yet in a book. It's a knocker—that's what it is! Beats all I've heard holler."

Muttering in this way, the keeper led the children up the trackway to the high road, and towards the light from a lodge window. They went along a dark avenue through a fir plantation, and in a few minutes they stood on the broad steps of Ashleycroft Manor-house.

Sir Robert Ingres was in his study when the children were brought to him. He was a little, bent-backed man, with a bald patch at the back of his head, fierce black eyebrows touched with grey, and a pink, smooth-shaven face. On the table at which he was seated were several entomological setting-boards, a cardboard-box full of snippets of card and thin pins, and an oval collecting case, in which about a dozen fresh-captured butterflies were impaled to the cork lining. Sir Robert impatiently crammed some bird's-eye into a short briar pipe, and looked up frowning at the intruders.

"Well, Sanders, well?" he asked, striking a vesta. "Who have you got there? Who are these young tatterdemalions?"

"If you please, Sir Robert, it's a rum story," began Sanders.

"Rum, rum! Ah, modern English argot

phrase — never thought to look for its derivation. Well, let me hear this 'rum story.' Go ahead, Sanders."

"These youngsters, Sir Robert, 'ave bin and buried their mother in Birchy Copse. They've brought her from Yeovil, and comin' up the common they told me that she was born in the 'xact spot where they've buried her. It beats all I've ever heard, Sir Robert."

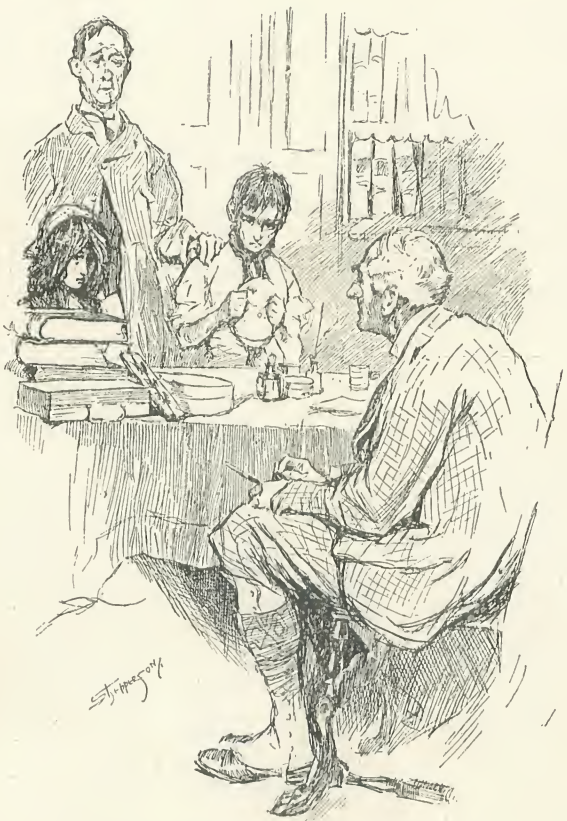
The baronet's black eyebrows met each other, and his forehead puckered into perpendicular furrows.

"Just repeat that again, Sanders," he said.

The keeper retold the story word for word, without any embellishment.

"The deuce! Well, I never! Bless my soul!" muttered Sir Robert, staring at the two quivering children.

"Boy," he said, "come here and tell me why you've buried your mother in my copse! Come on, come on, I don't bite."



"WELL, SANDERS, WHO HAVE YOU GOT THERE?"

With shaking knees and twitching eyelids Timothy approached the old baronet.

"Please, your honour, sir, mother's name was Liza Hopper, and her mother used to tramp about the country——"

"Well?"

"An' mother was born one day down in Birchy Copse. She told me about that; and we and father and her lived in a tent, and made clothes' pegs and birch besoms, and father took ill when I was five and Suke was three; and he was buried by the parish at Circester, and mother and us went on earnin' the livin' till mother got ulsters on the lungs, and died; and she says to us a long time back, 'I'd like to lie where I was born, in Birchy Copse, out by Sir Robert's, at Ashleycroft.' So we done as she arst us; and, please, Sir Robert, you won't send Suke and me to prison, sir. We never knew as there was any harm in it. Please, you won't send us to prison, Sir Robert."

The Squire of Ashleycroft, despite his brusqueness, was one of the tenderest-hearted of men.

"No, by gad! I'll not send you to prison, my lad," he said, slapping his thigh. "You've broken the law of burial, and you have trespassed on my land; but you and your sister are the pluckiest little scamps I've ever seen or heard of, by George! Sanders, I'll see what can be done in this matter. If possible, the body shall not be disturbed; but there may be a lot of fuss about it. A Pagan interment in my wood! It's an interesting bit of romance, in this grinding, dusty, materialized, vulgarized age. Take these remarkable children to the lodge, and see that they have supper and comfortable beds. I'll get them into the County Orphanage. For the present, they shall stay here. Yes, by George, they're a couple of grand little wild Britons!"

# *Skin Writing.*

By Jeremy Broome.

THE human skin possesses great pictorial possibilities, as tattooing shows. But this article has nothing to do with tattooing. I have seen a man with a map of Bulgaria on his back; another with the tortuous Danube printed as plainly between his shoulders as it is in an atlas; and still another with his name on the roof of his mouth. But there was no tattooing about it. Beautiful women have been known to have back the stigma of a hated name. One shudders at the thought of a respectable person going through the world with such a mark, even though clothes are worn over it. But it is not a permanent mark, and it was made purely for purposes of experiment. Such effects can be obtained by the simple contact of certain skins with any blunt instrument—a pencil, the end of a pen, the tip of a finger-nail, or, indeed, with a broken match. The pressure varies, of course, in different cases, and the durability

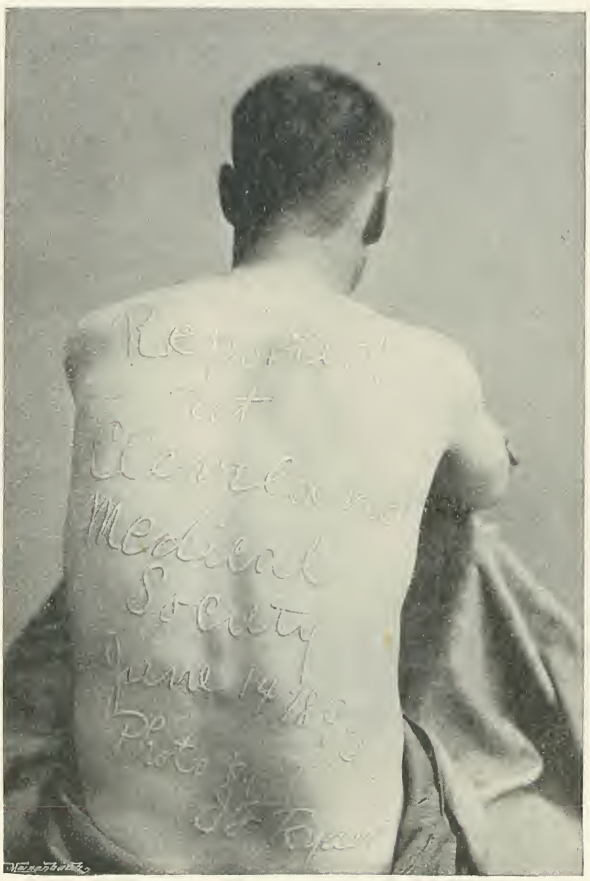
*From a Photo. by]* INSCRIPTION ON THE HUMAN BACK. *[F. Meheux, Paris.*

the mark of the cross or the imprint of a hand upon them—signs that in the olden time would have placed them amongst the chosen of God or the slaves of the devil. Yet, no witchcraft. The method by which it was done was simplicity itself, and, granted a proper epidermis and a specially susceptible nervous system, you will be able to make upon your own or somebody else's body any signs, inscriptions, or marks which caprice or imagination may suggest.

Look, for a moment, at the peaceful woman on this page, who carries on her of the mark is relative. In the majority of cases, the phenomenon lasts for about half an hour, so that the photographer has plenty of time to get a permanent record of the inscription. Sometimes the marks last for two or three hours, and there have been cases where slight traces have been visible at the end of twenty-four hours.

These marks do not appear the moment the instrument touches the skin. A noteworthy case of "dermographism"—a term that explains itself, although the lexicographers define it in long and heavy Latin

words — was reported at the Cleveland Medical Society on June 14th, 1895, and it was several minutes before the inscription began to appear. The man's back, as may be seen from the illustration, was too short to tell the whole story of the experiment. A wooden match was used and lightly laid on. A few minutes after the tracing was made, a distinct swelling was noticeable, caused, it was reported, by the undue excitement in the tiny nerves which control the capillary supply of blood to the skin. The skin soon turned red, and a white welt appeared where the match had made its path, the red holding its colour on each side of the ridge. In about ten minutes after the tracing was done, a photograph was taken, and the inscription soon began to subside and fade away. Other inscriptions were made on the back, also on the breast and arms, the writing standing out as plainly as on a sheet of paper. For a time the subject, whose name was John Miller, attracted considerable attention amongst the medical fraternity, and was locally known as "the man with the autographic skin."



JOHN MILLER, "THE AUTOGRAPHIC SKIN MAN."
*From a Photo. by J. F. Ryder, Cleveland, Ohio.*

All parts of the body are not equally susceptible to the touch of the marking instrument. The favourite spots for experiments are the breast and between the shoulders. Then comes the abdomen, then the face and arms. Such is the rule, but one experimenter has reported a case in which the writing was more pronounced on the face than on the rest of the body. I have already mentioned the man whose name was written on the roof of his mouth—a case remarkable in itself, but, for certain reasons, unadapted for illustration in this article.

It is evident that such a phenomenon is nothing more or less than a cutaneous affection—which accounts for the attention given to it by medical men. One of the greatest authorities on the subject is Doctor Toussaint Barthélemy, of the Saint Lazare Prison in Paris, to whom we are indebted for the use of our illustrations. Dr. Barthélemy has made hundreds of experiments on all sorts and conditions of men and women, and has reached the conclusion that no social condition is free from cases of dermographism. Hysterical persons are particularly sensitive, and upon them some of the best results have been obtained.

Strange to say, although "skin writing" has not become widely known to the public, there are a few people who turn their knowledge of it to a mean end. The French call these people "*simulateurs*," which is only another name for "fakirs." The fakirs, knowing that they possess the ability of exciting their own skins in the manner already described, try to deceive the doctors in order to get free entry to the hospitals, and a delightful rest in bed. They have also tried to palm themselves off as "wonders," "mysterious skin men," etc., etc. But the doctors are now too clever to allow themselves to be deceived by any such means. Dr. Barthélemy told me of a case in which a "sick man" had come to grief, after having deceived several hospitals. By means

of the open end of a penholder and the end of a key he had been able to simulate several cutaneous diseases, and was so sharp at the practice that he knew in every case the best instrument with which to imitate the special symptoms of certain diseases. In fact, he ran the gamut of eruptions in order to get into the hospital beds, and when he was found out the doctors utilized him for experiments. Thus was evil turned into good.

To return, however, to your own skin. If you cannot write upon that, it is very probable that you will be able to do it on your horse. Hysteria, so the doctors say, is common amongst members of the animal kingdom, particularly horses, dogs, cats, hares, deer, etc. An interesting experiment took place on a horse in 1892. A horse was chosen possessing a smooth skin and short hair. A finely meshed whip was snapped against his breast, and five minutes later a heavy mark, about the width of the thumb, was noticeable—a mark that could not be confounded with the veins of the animal. The word "Satan"—a favourite inscription, the reason of which will be shown later—was inscribed on the horse's flank. In nine minutes the inscription began to appear, and in forty minutes it had attained its intensity. The word "bar" was then inscribed on the other flank, as shown in the illustration on this page. It took ten minutes for the mark to appear, and it lasted for half an hour. Nothing could more clearly show the reality of dermographism among horses than this photograph, although it was taken during a rain-storm.

The most remarkable thing, however, about "skin writing" is its analogy to the so-called "stigmatization" of the Middle Ages. This is a term applied to marks tattooed or branded on the person, and it is used with special reference to the infliction of wounds like those of Christ. We are all familiar with the story of St. Francis of Assisi, who, while meditating on the sufferings of our Saviour, was marked by Him with the five wounds. St. Catherine of Siena, who was subject to hystero epileptic attacks, was likewise stigmatized. She was said to have received from Christ Himself the mark of the Divine wounds, and on her forehead was the imprint of the crown of thorns. Since her time, more than ninety cases of stigmatization have been reported, the indispensable condition of such phenomena being, it seems, a profound penetration into the sufferings of Christ.

*From a Photo. by]* ON A HORSE. *[Dr. H. Cain, Paris.*

These stigmatizations are now explained by

hypnotic suggestion. Charcot and others in Paris have obtained by means of suggestion the effect of burning on the skin of hypnotic subjects, and it is no longer open to doubt that the severe mental sufferings which the devotees of religion passed through in olden days brought about these "miraculous" skin phenomena. The study of dermographism has also brought about a remarkable change in our knowledge of the sorcery marks of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It was then supposed that our hated enemy, the devil, was able to mark his own, and that the sign of the devil ("*sigillum diaboli*") was a sufficient reason for pitiless condemnation to the stake. One looks back with horror at the number of poor suffering mortals who met violent death in this way. The mark of the devil was usually a hand, and from an old book on the subject we reproduce a cut of such a hand, with a cross beneath. Exorcists sprang up, who were supposed to have power to combat the devil's work and to drive away the hated symbols of satanic possession. Sometimes, however, the exorcists laboured in vain, and the afflicted one was put to death.

THE HAND OF THE DEVIL AND THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

To-day it is easy for any hypnotist to make the devil's stigma on the skin. You yourself may try it on your brother. Strike him on the back between his shoulders with the palm and open fingers of the hand. It needs a sharp, strong slap, and it may hurt. But in a few minutes, under dermographic conditions, the mark of the hand will be beautifully shown. It was by such methods that the remarkable photograph with which we close this article was made possible.

*From a Photo. by*] THE SIGN OF THE DEVIL. [*F. Meheux, Paris.*

# *Queer Conveyances.*

MANY people who have been round the world have made a practice of writing up a diary every evening, and in these private journals, almost without exception, there will always be found remarks and comments on the various peculiar conveyances—passenger and otherwise—characteristic of each country visited. Now, many of these conveyances do not differ greatly from our own hansom cab; and, in regard to the drivers, there seems to be a family resemblance between them all over the globe. The Paris *cocher* will drive you from the Nord Station to the Madeleine, and when at length you put to him the important query, "*Combien?*" he will probably reply with equal brevity, and the air of a martyr, "*Quatre francs, cinquante*"—at least twice the proper fare.

Every traveller knows that the drivers of public vehicles in all quarters of the globe are noted, more or less, for the following characteristics: (1) Extortion on all possible occasions, and (2), an amazingly quick perception of the stranger and the "greenhorn."

Now, it occurred to the present writer that a collection of photographs of many of the most picturesque conveyances of the world would prove interesting alike to the traveller and the "stay-at-home." For this purpose he put himself in communication with Her Majesty's Consuls in various parts of the world; and as there does not exist a more courteous or more energetic body of men, he was quickly enabled to get together the unique set of photographs reproduced in this article.

The very first illustration shows us what may virtually be termed the national conveyance of Japan, *i.e.*, the jinricksha. It will be seen that, as in many other countries, the motive power is a man—just an ordinary man. In this particular instance, however, the "locomotive" has an extraordinary uniform, if uniform it may be termed. On his head he wears an immense straw hat, somewhat like an inverted basin, and on his shoulders is seen a curious kind of cape, made of rough plaited straw.

The human "moke" is a thing that imagination boggles at—particularly the imagination of the untravelled. The coolies, however, who draw the jinrickshas in Yokohama, Kobé, Kioto, and other large Japanese cities, need no pity. They are as well up to

*From a*] THE JAPANESE JINRICKSHA. [*Photograph.*

their work and as used to it as any "thick-set cob" ever advertised in the *Daily Chronicle*. The specimen seen in the foregoing photograph could comfortably do his twenty miles on end with the couple in his 'ricksha. This vehicle, as one can see for oneself, is virtually a large edition of a child's go-cart. The passengers usually carry gay sunshades; but there is, besides, a movable hood somewhat like the hood of a dog-cart.

The next peculiar conveyance to be

*From a]* PUBLIC CHAIR OF HONG KONG. *[Photograph.*

represented is the public chair as used in Hong Kong. This is simply a kind of box made of pieces of bamboo, and slung from two long slender poles. Inside is a bamboo and cane chair, and a light awning is supported over all. This is a particularly luxurious mode of travel, because the coolies get at the extreme end of the poles, thereby reducing the jolting to an extent almost unknown in any other form of transport.

We next come to the "push-push," which is the ordinary street conveyance in Pondicherry. There are some things provided with a name which in itself is eloquently descriptive; and the push-push is one of these. The vehicle is a kind of hybrid between a park-phaeton and an invalid-carriage. The passenger himself is entirely responsible for the steering. The two coolies expend all their energies on the propulsion of the vehicle. This is a strikingly picturesque mode of conveyance, and there is nothing quite like it anywhere else. This photograph was taken by Messrs. Bourne and Sheppard, a firm of photographers whose fame extends throughout British India.

The Pondicherry push-push has this advantage: that the stranger may steer himself wherever he pleases, instead of being passively driven by an extortionate hireling; and if his two coolies are well versed in the topography of the district, they may deliver descriptive and explanatory lectures over the passenger's shoulder.

We now pass to Madeira, which is represented by two kinds of conveyances—the

*From a Photo. by]* THE PONDICHERRY "PUSH-PUSH." *[Bourne & Sheppard.*

*From a]* BULLOCK CARRO—MADEIRA. *[Photograph.*

bullock *carro* and the running *carro*. The first of these is depicted in the accompanying reproduction. Wheeled vehicles, it should be said here, are practically unknown in the island. The bullock *carro*, which is the mode of conveyance ordinarily used on the more level roads, consists of a kind of basket-carriage body, mounted on light runners, and fitted with Cee-springs. There is an overhead canopy, besides curtains at the back and front. As a general rule, no great speed may ever be looked for where bullocks are the beasts of burden. There are, however, a hundred reasons why they are to be preferred before horses, mules, or asses in a semi-tropical and extremely hilly island like Madeira. Both of the photographs we reproduce were taken in Funchal, the beautiful capital. On the right-hand side in the first photograph is seen the entrance to one of the principal hotels.

The second photo. depicts for us the running *carro*, whose appearance at once suggests the sledge or the toboggan. The building with the two cupolas which is seen over the trees in this photograph is the Mount Road Church, at Funchal. The tourist may walk up the hill if he wishes, or go up in a bullock *carro*, similar to the one seen in the preceding photograph. The conveyance used in the descent, however, is the one here shown.

Madeira being a Portuguese island, the coinage is decidedly peculiar; and it would surely stagger even the most hardened London cabman to learn that the fare for a ride down the hill in a running *carro* is about 2,500 reis, a coin of infinitesimal value.

Most of the roads in Funchal are composed of cobble stones, which the iron-shod runners of the various conveyances have worn quite flat and smooth. For this reason the running *carros* come down the hills at a perfectly appalling rate, but they are steered by the

*From a]* RUNNING CARRO—MADEIRA. *[Photograph.*

*From a Photo. by]* TURKISH SEDAN-CHAIR. *[P. Sébah.*

men inside with such dexterity—even round the sharpest corners—that the passengers need have no fear.

A Turkish sedan-chair, such as is used in Constantinople, is depicted in the next illustration. This is a much weightier affair than the public chair of Hong Kong; but, then, the porters of Constantinople are far more capable of dealing with heavy weights than the Chinese coolies. The present writer once saw two Turkish porters negotiating an immense cottage piano on the Galata Bridge over the Bosphorus; and their performance was evidently considered such an ordinary matter that nobody took any notice of it. In the case of this sedan-chair, it will be noticed that the bearers grasp the poles as close to the chair itself as they possibly can. Probably they consider that this lightens the load. Anyone who stands near the arsenal at Tophané will see one after another of these sedan-chairs arrive with French or English passengers, only to be turned away by suspicious officials. The bearers, of course, would never dream of telling the passenger that it is all but impossible to get into the arsenal. It must not be supposed, by the way, that these Turkish sedan-bearers are without any ingenious aid to assist them in longish journeys. Notice the straps depending from the men's shoulders. These straps are made fast to the poles when a "fare" is inside, and in this way the strain upon the porters' arms is very considerably lightened.

The next photograph we reproduce takes us to the Land of a Thousand Lakes — Finland. This photograph was specially taken in Helsingfors for our article. The pony, harness, and driver suggest Russia — as is but natural, seeing that Finland is one of the Muscovite Grand Duchies. The vehicle itself, however, is very like a Paris *fiacre*. There is one feature peculiar to the Finnish drosky, and that is a curious stay which stretches from the axle of the front wheel halfway up the shaft. "Cab" fares in Helsingfors are astonishingly low, but then living and everything else is very cheap all over Finland. This country, by the way, is being exploited by certain tourist agencies, and, no doubt, the time is not far distant when a trip to Abo and Helsingfors will be at least as common as a visit to Bergen or Stavanger.

*From a Photo. by]* DROSKY, AS USED IN FINLAND. *[Daniel Nyblin, Helsingfors.*

*From a]* A RUSSIAN SLEIGH. *[Photograph.*

Next is seen a typical Russian sleigh, than which there is no more delightful conveyance in the world. This is the unanimous opinion of all who have ever glided swiftly along the ice-covered Nevski Prospekt, St. Petersburg. In summer time getting from place to place in the Russian capital is not a pleasant experience. The roads in many parts of the city are inconceivably bad, consisting mainly, apparently, of holes, hillocks, and ruts. Besides, the ordinary drosky-driver may be awarded the palm for wild and reckless driving, even over the heads of his London and Paris brethren. When winter comes, however, Nature forms beautiful roads of her own—one vast expanse of hard, smooth, frozen snow, over which the sleighs glide at very high speed, the sense of exhilaration being further heightened by the keen, pure air and the jangle of innumerable bells upon the horses' harness.

There has been in the past, and is yet likely to be for some time, much talk about Cuba; therefore the photograph of a Havana *volante*, which we are enabled to reproduce here, will probably be considered of especial interest. We are greatly indebted for the photo. to Mr. Cecil Gosling, Her Britannic Majesty's Consul in the Cuban capital. The *volante* is a kind of dog-cart, mounted upon a pair of wheels placed very widely apart; this arrangement doubtless prevents the capsizing of the conveyance when sharp corners are being negotiated at high speed. One, two, or three horses are used, abreast or tandem, according to the nature of the country to be covered. The wealthy planter, or Spanish grandee, who lolls at his ease in the *volante* need not trouble himself about the driving, even though he holds the reins. This is always seen to by the picturesque coolie who rides the leader.

Another quarter of the world which lately came in for much attention is British Guiana,

*From a]* THE "VOLANTE" OF HAVANA. *[Photograph.*

*From a]* CARRIAGE USED IN BRITISH GUIANA. *[Photograph.*

are suggested by the photograph of a Sicilian cart which lies before us as we write, and which is here reproduced. This is a springless vehicle, drawn by an elegant donkey. Three men (who ought to know better) and seven more or less picturesque children, of various ages, are behind this same donkey—a crowd which, at first glance, causes one to overlook the curious and elaborate decorations on the panels of the cart. Not the cart only, but also the wheels come in for their share of decoration; even the fellies and axle are carved, so as to harmonize with the body of the cart. It is difficult to imagine anything more picturesque than a long line of these beautifully decorated carts, filled with oranges or lemons, filing slowly through the streets of Palermo or Messina.

and we here reproduce a photograph of the national conveyance of that place. There is something about the light build of this vehicle which suggests the American trotting sulky; and, altogether, the turn-out is far more luxurious than one would expect to find in remote Georgetown. Somewhat similar conveyances are found in Limon, Caracas, and other cities throughout the Central American Republics. In all cases the sun awning and blinds form a very important part in the construction of the vehicle; but for the greater part of the year there is no earthly need for splash-boards.

It has frequently been noticed that the bigger and more powerful an animal between the shafts may be, the less likely is that animal to have a large number of passengers behind him. We have all noticed magnificent cart-horses, such as would delight the soul of Sir Walter Gilbey, drawing an empty cart containing but one man, and he their driver. We have likewise noticed diminutive costers' "mokes" coming across Waterloo Bridge with a load of humanity and vegetables that would give a plough-horse the staggers.

These reflections

Next is reproduced a local omnibus which plies between the suburbs of Lisbon. All things considered, this is a pretty good second, in the way of disproportionate load, to the Sicilian cart just described.

The Portuguese, and many other peoples, do not use the horse-collar in their harness, considering (and very rightly) that this dis-

*From a]* A SICILIAN CART. *[Photograph.*

*From a]* OMNIBUS USED IN SUBURBS OF LISBON. *[Photograph.*

figures the animal, especially about the shoulders. It will be seen that in the case of the local omnibus depicted in our photograph the breast-strap only is used. Stranger still, no bit is used, the rein being fastened to the strap which encircles the horse's nose. This omnibus is a good stout vehicle, not unlike our two-wheeled brewers' carts, but provided with folding steps, and some good substantial springs. The shafts, it will be noticed, are curiously short, the horse being, in fact, half-way out of them. Of course, with such a load as this, the unfortunate animal can only go at the veriest crawl.

The natives of India are exceedingly conservative in the matter of customs, and it is on this account that we find so many primitive and picturesque conveyances throughout that empire. The native Indian cart, depicted in the illustration here given, is just such a one as might be looked for in a museum of anthropology. It is apparently of the crudest home manufacture, even to the harness; and it exists to-day precisely as it existed in the days of the Mogul Emperors. This primitive cart is constructed of rough wood, bamboo, and hide; and there is, of course, the inevitable canopy, in addition to a screen at the back which prevents the fierce rays of a torrid sun from injuring the passengers' spines. The driver and his companion are as picturesque a couple as it would be possible to find in India; and altogether the turn-out suggests an effort of an artist's imagination rather than a matter-of-fact photograph taken from life. So quaint, indeed, are many of these native vehicles, that wealthy travellers, retired Civil servants, and others have been known to actually bring them over to England from India and place them in their country houses among the ordinary curios and *bric-à-brac*.

Almost every province in India has its own particular kind of conveyance, ranging

*From a Photo. by]* NATIVE INDIAN CART. *[Bourne & Sheppard.*

*From a Photo. by]* DOUBLE BULLOCK "RAIKLA" OF MADRAS. *[Bourne & Sheppard.*

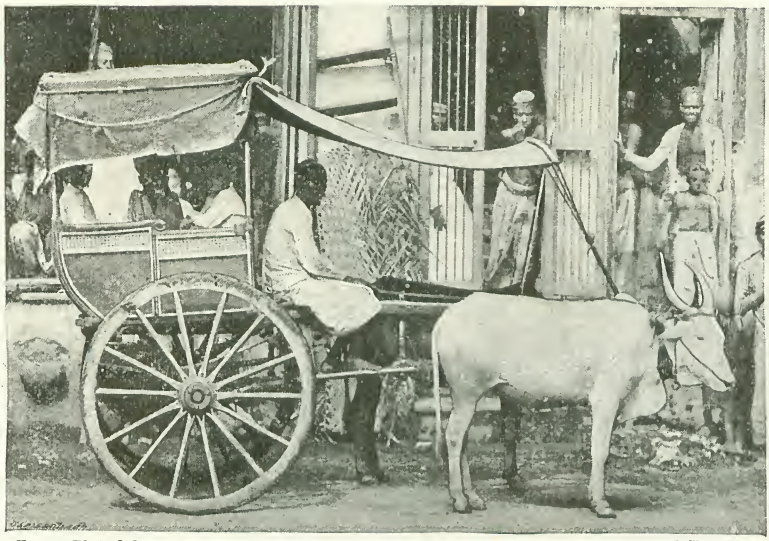
from the somewhat ordinary but luxurious equipage of the Lieutenant-Governor (to say nothing about the Viceroy) right down to the tiny vehicle drawn by pairs of zebus, or sacred dwarf oxen.

The peculiar vehicle which next appears is known as the double bullock raikla of Madras. The vehicle resembles nothing so much as one of those trotting-traps which were seen very frequently at Alexandra Park some years ago. That the bullocks come in for a good deal of flagellation is evident from the general demeanour of the driver; and it will be seen that the off-side animal has part of the rein passing through his nose. This same raikla is a good deal faster than the average bullock-cart one sees on the Continent of Europe; in fact, the driver of the raikla is very frequently used as a kind of express messenger, on which occasion he and his bullocks are something of a menace to life and limb. At such times the man is seen balancing himself on the pole, *more* Blondin, and flogging both animals, with magnificent impartiality, into a wild gallop. Altogether the turn-out is as different as possible from the vehicle that figures in the next illustration. This may be termed an Indian carriage and pair.

Now, this carriage at once suggests the travelling menagerie. Who has not seen those huge cages of birds and beasts, lumbering along the country roads in England? In this case, however, the "menagerie" consists mainly of the driver's womenkind and children. The bullocks, yoked together, and driven by the nose, rather resemble those immense sleepy brutes one sees in the streets of Lucerne. As a rule, they are capable of little more than a steady walk. All round the caravan shown in the illustration are sun-blinds, which are let down in the heat of the day, but may be drawn up when required.

*From a Photo. by]* AN INDIAN CARRIAGE AND PAIR. *[Bourne & Sheppard.*

Yet another raikla or native Indian cart is shown in the photograph next reproduced. A very different breed of oxen is now seen; and a notable feature of this cart is the



*From a Photo. by]* ANOTHER INDIAN BULLOCK CART. *[Bourne & Sheppard.*

shelter provided for the driver against the sun. It will also be seen that this is a passenger-cart, a fact demonstrated by the presence of springs. The oxen in this instance can trot at a respectable pace, but are seldom called upon to do so, for the excellent reason that the roads are not exactly like Regent Street or the Champs Elysées, nor is the internal economy of the cart such as would find favour in Long Acre. In other words, the passengers would be jolted intolerably were the oxen called upon to break into a gallop.

A truly gorgeous equipage next bursts upon our sight. This is a Turkish bullock-cart of a highly ornate description, and it is conveying a number of veiled women to the cemetery in one of the country districts. The high body of the carriage is mounted upon four rough wheels, after the manner of our own springless timber waggons. Furthermore, it will be noticed that the vehicle is not driven, but merely led by a young Turk. The absence of reins will immediately be detected by the observant. Practically, this very picturesque carriage may be termed a Turkish mourning carriage; notice the black panels with their foliated decorations, and the extraordinary number of tassels suspended over the backs of the bullocks. The doleful Turk walking beside the carriage might well pass for one of the mutes.

*From a]* MOURNING CARRIAGE USED IN COUNTRY PARTS OF TURKEY. *[Photograph.*

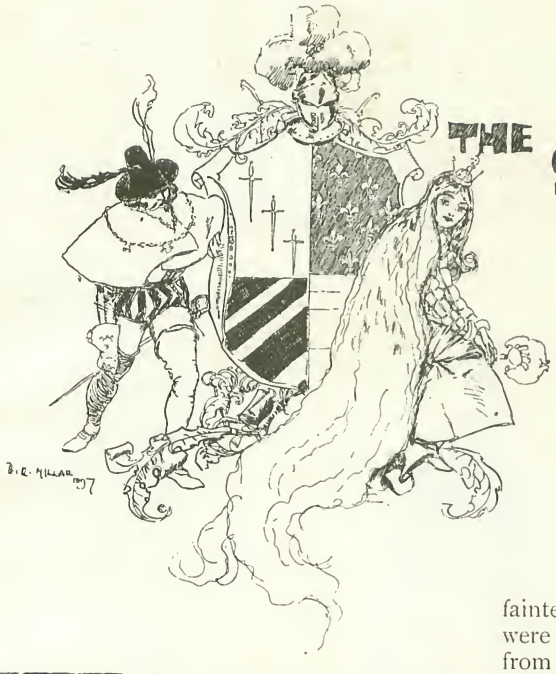
A decidedly peculiar and striking equipage is the Indian camel-carriage shown in our next reproduction. The carriage itself is a quaint kind of brougham, which, one imagines, is exceedingly dark inside. The utility of the footman behind is not particularly obvious; but one is utterly at a loss to know why there should be a coachman mounted on the box, when

*From a Photo. by]* A CAMEL-BROUGHAM. *[Bourne & Shepperd.*

each camel has a driver of its own, who looks as if he would stand no nonsense from the most "cussed" beast in creation. This conveyance, of course, makes excellent speed, and maintains it for very long distances. The harness is certainly a little bit involved and complex; and altogether one marvels that the British "Raj." should not be able to procure a more likely vehicle than this to take him round the country.

But if the camel-brougham is an imposing vehicle, what shall be said of the State carriage of the Begum of Bhopal, which forms a worthy conclusion to this article? Cut off the four camels and their lifeguardsmen-like postilions, and you have a vehicle resembling the ordinary covered *char-à-bancs* that ply between Camberwell and Epping Forest. The venerable gentleman who stands at the camels' heads, and the attendant at the side of the carriage—(who suggests one of the Queen's Highland attendants)—these lend a distinctive air to the equipage, and add materially to the imposing effect produced by the four immense camels and their outriders. Many Indian officials will doubtless remember this carriage, which was probably sent to meet them at the nearest railway station on the occasion of their visit to the Begum. Certainly one of the most extraordinary sights conceivable is this *char-à-bancs*, as it sweeps along the dusty roads at ten miles an hour, each driver or postilion having his hands exceedingly full with the management of his own particular camel.

*From a Photo. by]* STATE CARRIAGE OF THE BEGUM OF BHOPAL. *[Lala Deen Dyal, Indore.*



# THE SHY PRINCESS.

A Story for Children.

By Flora Schmals.

ONCE upon a time, a King and Queen had a daughter, who was the shyest Princess that ever lived. She could not look at anyone without blushing, and if anyone spoke to her, she began to cry.

Her father and mother tried every remedy to cure her, but instead of improving, she seemed to grow gradually worse. The people called her shyness the Princess's unfortunate infirmity, and said she must have been bewitched at her birth.

The unhappy maiden took no pleasure in her life; indeed, every day it became a greater punishment to her. If such a thing had been permitted, she would have shut herself up in a dark room, so that no one could behold her blushes. Truly, the most ardent wish that she had on earth was to hide herself away from her fellow-creatures.

Yet it must not be imagined, from what has been said, that the Princess Bashful was not pleasant to look upon. So far was this from being the case, that even the critical Court ladies were sometimes heard to admit that their Princess was not without beauty, of a certain kind.

Bashful's face was like a flower of apple-blossom, that has newly opened, and which still retains its dewy paleness, with the faintest tinge of pink. Her eyes, when they were not lowered, shone like violet-blue stars from out a cloud of glistening golden hair. And with this wonderful hair, which rippled down until it reached the ground, she had been known, on more than one occasion, to veil her blushes.

It was a face that all men must have admired, had they been lucky enough to obtain a glimpse of it. But the Princess could never be persuaded to show herself at any of the high Court functions, and if a courtier happened to be anywhere about, she would invariably run away at his approach. This was one reason why the ladies thought so highly of her good sense; for, if the Princess had chosen, she might have thrown them all completely into the shade.

When her twenty-first birthday drew near, the King and the Queen, and the whole Court, decided that it was quite time for the Princess to marry. Therefore a Cabinet Council was held, in order to discuss the important question, from which every one came away with a severe headache. But as a result, the King issued a proclamation, on the following day, that the Prince who succeeded in curing his daughter of her shyness should, without fail, become her husband.

So soon as Bashful heard of what had taken place, she withdrew into still stricter retirement, and spent her days and nights in continual weeping.

"By crying, I shall grow as ugly as possible," she said to herself; "and then, no one will care to marry me."

Meanwhile the King's edict travelled far and wide, and a rumour soon spread that no fewer than five Princes had at once set out for the palace. Each of these Princes ruled over a large kingdom, and was considered altogether suitable to mate with the Princess. So there were great preparations made on every side, in order to receive the illustrious visitors with due honour. But the courtiers, each of whom secretly adored the miserable Princess, were already consumed with jealousy; while the ladies, who hoped that the rejected Princes might console themselves by choosing one of them instead, whispered to each other that they were dying of curiosity.

"'CHEER UP!' SHRIEKED THE PARROT. 'DON'T FRET!'"

On the day following the arrival of the Princes the Princess Bashful would come of age, when each Prince would be required, successively, to come forward and put his method to the test. Whichever of them could then prevail on the Princess to speak to him should be granted another trial.

Every sort of argument was used to induce the Princess to be present at her birthday reception. But it was not until the actual morning had dawned that she agreed to survey the Princes, upon the condition that she herself might remain in concealment.

Alas! how swollen were poor Bashful's eyes! And as for her throat, it had become parched and burning, owing to the salt brine from her tears.

The only creature the lonely maiden ever confided in was a handsome Brazilian parrot, whose cage hung in her room. This bird was over a hundred years old, but still enjoyed perfect health; for he had never been allowed to touch a morsel of parsley, and his food was always cold, not hot.

"Oh, dear me! I feel worse than ever I did before," sighed the Princess, as she stood in her turret chamber, with the parrot perched upon her finger.

"Cheer up!" shrieked the parrot. "Don't fret!"

But though he did his best to console his beloved mistress, she knew perfectly well that however bitterly she might repent of her promise, yet a born Princess is bound to keep her word.

At mid-day the King and Queen were seated on their thrones in the Hall of Audience, and the Court had mustered in full force. The Princess was also on the daïs, though hidden from view by a large screen of the finest Japanese workmanship.

Then a trumpet was blown, loud and long, and the first Prince advanced with a bold and confident air.

"The following is my suggestion," he stated, arrogantly. "Let the Princess be informed that the handsomest man in the world has come to woo her. This will immediately inspire her with the wish to look upon me. She will then admire me, to such an extent, that she will certainly speak to me. So shall I win my suit."

"The Princess Bashful has already seen you," replied the King, somewhat haughtily; "if she feels tempted to speak to the handsomest man in the world, she will doubtless come forth."

A dead silence reigned throughout the hall, so that you might have heard a pin drop. But the Princess gave no sign.

"It is enough," was the King's verdict. "If that is your plan, sire, it has failed. Let the next competitor be summoned."

The Prince who now appeared was of a

cheerful and merry cast of countenance. The idea of possible failure had evidently never entered his head.

"We must have music," he said, gaily, "so that I may dance before the Princess. My dancing is considered a most admirable performance. When the Princess watches me, she will soon be seized with a longing to join me. While we are dancing together, I shall speak to her, and you can make your minds easy that she will answer me."

"The Princess is observing you at present," was the King's ready rejoinder. "Therefore, let the musicians strike up."

So the music began, and the Prince danced. He went on, and on, until his legs seemed to be flying off, in all directions, and his head grew dizzy with spinning round. Everyone was thoroughly worn out with watching the extraordinary capers that he cut. But the Princess took no notice of him whatsoever.

"Stop!" cried the King, at length. "Stop at once, or we shall all go mad. The Princess will not bestow her favour upon a mountebank."

Thus the second Prince was forced to confess himself beaten. But he quitted the hall, whistling audibly, as if to prove to the company that he did not care a jot.

Now, the third aspirant was a man of maturer aspect, with a shrewd expression and a dignified carriage.

"My scheme," he informed them, "cannot possibly admit of failure. Only, before I reveal it, the Princess must permit me to take a look at her. If she is behind that screen, as I suppose, will you kindly remove it? Or better still, allow me for a moment to peep behind the screen."

But here there came a distinct rustle of silken draperies. It was evident that the Princess Bashful had fled by the door near which she had stationed herself, in case of any sudden alarm.

"EXTRAORDINARY CAPERS."

"No such stipulation was in the contract," returned the King, and his tones expressed considerable annoyance. "If you cannot make up your mind to take the Princess on trust, you are not worthy of her. Consequently, sir, I must request you to withdraw."

So the third Prince stalked off, with a

majestic and injured manner. Upon which one of the Court ladies was dispatched at once to bring back the truant Princess.

It was the fourth Prince's turn to draw leisurely to the front, for this one had the pensive, abstracted bearing of a student.

"My proposal is," he began, in measured tones, "that the Princess should wear a mask. If no one can look at her, she will gain courage and independence. Slowly, but surely, she will become accustomed to mix with her fellow-creatures. Here is a mask which I have brought with me, for the purpose. If the Princess can be persuaded to put it on, I feel sure that she will answer me when I address her."

"Not so bad," remarked the King, more hopefully. "However, it is for the Princess to decide. If she will test the experiment let her give a cough, and the mask will be handed to her without delay."

But Bashful remained still silent, and no wonder! Had it been a beautiful mask, she might perhaps have complied with such a request. But how could she submit to transform her loveliness into ugliness?

Things were going very badly, thought the Queen. Her glance was full of sadness, and the King frowned ominously. For only one Prince was left to try his luck, and what likelihood did there seem that he would fare any better than the others had done?

He advanced very quietly to the front, and without any display of any kind. He appeared so brave, and yet so modest, it inspired one with confidence merely to look at him.

"Your Majesty," he began, with diffidence, "I should like to tell you a story, but in order not to weary you I will make it as short as possible. A Prince was once dreadfully in love with a Princess—only, for certain reasons, he was not able to declare his love. First of all, he had never seen her, nor was it at all probable that he would ever have the chance. It is true that he might have sent her a message, but then he loved her too dearly to run the risk of causing her tears to flow when she received it.

"So, for a long time, the Prince had to content himself with thinking and dreaming of the maiden, who, for him, was the only one in existence. He gave up the hunting, which was his favourite pastime. All night he lay awake, so that he might have more leisure to cherish her in his heart. Day after day he waited patiently, until at last the opportunity offered itself when he could travel to the palace where she lived.

"And now comes the strangest part of my story. The Princess was very beautiful—but that was not the reason why he loved her. This is a riddle, and you must all try to guess it. Why do I love the Princess?"

Here the King and Queen conversed together in low tones. The courtiers shook their heads to give vent to their displeasure; but the ladies giggled and cast admiring glances at the last competitor.

The Prince's eyes, however, were fixed

"THE LADIES GIGGLED."

upon the ground. His countenance had grown very pale and anxious.

Now, the Princess was watching him all the time through a small, round hole which had been pierced in the screen beforehand. She had been feeling very weary of the whole affair; but, upon perceiving the Prince's troubled mien, Bashful smiled to herself, while her cheeks were mantled with blushes.

"Do you give it up?" he asked, at length, after quite ten minutes had elapsed.

Then they were all obliged to own that the riddle was too deep for them.

"Why do I love the Princess?" repeated the Prince. "Because of her shyness."

No one spoke. Fear and trembling were written on every face, because it was forbidden at the palace that anyone should refer to the Princess's unfortunate infirmity. But, suddenly, they were startled beyond measure by a delicious peal of low, rippling, girlish laughter. It came from behind the screen, and it was curious, the expression of relief that immediately spread over the countenances of all present. For, strange as it may sound, this was absolutely the first occasion on which the Princess Bashful had ever been known to laugh.

But still greater was the sense of relief that stole over the maiden herself. All at once it seemed as if her shyness had ceased to become a bugbear to her. Nay, it was even something to be loved for. What a new and delightful idea!

"That is good to hear," said the Prince, in his most cheery voice. "Can't you do it again?"

At this request, Bashful was so indescribably tickled, that she actually gave another laugh, louder and longer than the first. And, oh! what an inestimable amount of good it did her! The cobwebs seemed to be clearing away from her brain, in the same way as the mists are dispelled by the rising of the sun. She had never felt so light-hearted in her life.

Carried away by his excitement, the King started up from his throne.

"She has laughed," he pronounced, with gladness, "and laughter is surely a part of speech. Let the Prince return hither to-morrow at the same hour; and may his efforts be crowned with success!"

So the Court was adjourned until the following day, the courtiers dispersing in a most unenviable frame of mind. "Why could we not have thought of this remedy ourselves?" they asked one another, sourly.

The Princess hied to her chamber as fast as her legs would carry her, for she felt utterly bewildered at the change that was rapidly taking place in her constitution.

As the hour of trial approached, the Prince grew terribly nervous. When the Court had assembled in the Hall of Audience, and the trumpet sounded as usual, he walked boldly enough to the front. But his face was deadly pale, and it was quite easy to perceive that the matter now at stake had become for him a question of life or death.

The Princess had already taken up her position behind the screen, and everyone was on the alert.

"We are now ready," the King declared, "to hear what Prince Valiant has to say for himself."

"Your Majesty," stammered the Prince, "it consists of another riddle." And notwithstanding all his efforts to the contrary, the poor youth presented a picture of most pitiable dejection.

"Proceed!" commanded the King, though in more kindly accents.

"How can I succeed in winning the Princess?"

The Prince now spoke clearly, and held himself very erect, having indeed resolved to meet failure itself in the way that a brave knight should do.

Of course, no one made any attempt to solve the riddle. It touched, just as the first had done, upon much too delicate ground.

"We give it up," said the King, at length, acting as spokesman for the rest.

"The Princess will tell you the answer herself," murmured the Prince, doffing his hat, and falling on one knee.

This was a turn in the tide of events which caused universal disappointment. The King's brow swiftly clouded over again. Tears rushed into the Queen's eyes, and a sob rose in her throat. Yesterday all had promised to go so well, but now there seemed to have come an end to everything.

So spoke the Prince, and continued kneeling, until the King was on the point of bidding him rise and go forth. But just as he began to despair a wonderful thing happened. There was a movement behind the screen which caused it to shake slightly. Another moment, and out stepped the Princess Bashful, who looked enchantingly fair and sweetly gracious.

She was clad in a robe of wondrous blue-green that shimmered like the waves of the sea. Her bright eyes sparkled like dew-drops through their tears, and her hair fell round her in a golden shower.

The Prince bent still lower before her, shading his eyes with his hand, as if the vision of so much beauty had dazzled them.

But a white hand was outstretched to raise him from the ground. Then, as everybody remained speechless with surprise, it was the Princess Bashful who addressed him first.

"Prince Valiant," she said, and her voice resembled the sound of the evening breeze when it plays over the surface of the running water, "I have been told of all the great and generous deeds you have performed. I have been assured that you love me truly. But how can that be, when you had never seen me?"

"It was because in my own land," said the Prince, "I had been told how shy you were."

Whereupon the Princess laughed right merrily. And though her blushes rose fast and furious, they no longer distressed her as of old, and the Prince came forward and kissed both her hands.

Then the King gave out that as the Princess Bashful was cured of her shyness, the marriage should take place on the morrow.

# *An Educated Monkey.*

SCIENTISTS call him an arboreal anthropoid ape, but the people call him Joe. He is not a particularly handsome insect, and at times there is a slight Celtic suggestiveness about his mouth, but he is immensely popular, and thousands of American school children who have been invited to his receptions, to say nothing of the learned college professors who have studied him in the interests of science from his head to his prehensile appendage, think there never was a monkey that could touch him. He can, in fact, do almost anything that a human being can do except talk, and there are people who think that this, in itself, is a veritable virtue.

JOE.
*From a Photo. by Browning, Portland, Oregon.*

A full account of Joe's daily doings would be a mere catalogue of all the things that other gentlemen do. He sleeps in bed just like any human being, and, in the poetical language of one of his friends, he "dreams of the days when he pulled the tail-feathers out of the multi-coloured parrots in the land of his birth." He knows when to sleep on his back and when to turn over on his right or left side. When awake he stretches and yawns, and then, like lots of others, he pleads mutely for "just a second more," and drops off quickly into his "beauty sleep." Finally, he leaves his couch, discards his pyjamas, and takes his morning bath. He does it all himself, and spurns assistance offered by any interfering mortal. These are but a few of his accomplishments, as our pictures show, and they have been acquired simply by imitation. Monkeys have always been a subject of serious study by learned men, from Darwin down, and their imitative faculty has been a source of constant surprise. A short time ago Joe was invited by Professor William James, of Harvard University, to give an exhibition of his intelligence before a few invited guests, among whom were a professor of fine arts, a philosopher, a theologian, and a professor of Christian morals. The exhibition was a huge success. When Professor James whistled, Joe puckered-up his lips and made a rude attempt to produce the sound. Then a toy snake was wriggled in front of him, and Joe exhibited great terror, throwing himself frantically into the arms of his keeper. To ascertain whether he really recognised the object as a snake, a piece of rubber hose of the same size and flexibility was displayed before him, but this he regarded with the utmost composure, and, baby-like, tried to put it in his mouth.

The professors then tried Joe with an electric bell, rung by pressing a button. The monkey was seated on a small table and the bell was placed on the floor, just out of his sight. Then a small board with the button attached was placed before him and the bell was rung. Joe was immediately interested. He listened to the sound and watched the button with grave curiosity, but his primitive brain could not at once grasp the relation of cause and effect, the perception of which is generally supposed to be an attribute of man alone. After several demonstrations, however, Joe began to see vaguely that the button had something to do with the noise under the table. He now tried to pull the button out, then he twisted it, and finally pressed it. The bell

JOE AT BREAKFAST.
*From a Photo. by Jones & Kennett, San Francisco.*

rang out, and Joe nearly fell off the table in his anxiety to see the sound beneath. A plaster cast of one of his species was then put before him. Joe recognised it, fondled it lovingly, and then tasted one of its ears, as if in proof of his affection.

When Joe finishes his morning ablutions, he puts on his trousers, a flannel undershirt, and a coat. Then, with a knowing air, he puts on his shoes, laces them with able fingers, and is ready to appear in public. This operation takes some time, of course, for Joe has a way of stopping to admire himself in his Sunday togs, and of curiously examining the materials of which his raiment is made, which sometimes exasperates his long-suffering keeper.

His preliminary toilet being finished, Joe orders in his breakfast. He now shines effulgent. Every bit a gentleman, he has a serviette regularly provided, and he wields his knife and fork as if Dame Nature had never given him claws. Indeed, he never so far forgets himself as to use his hands, except when eating nuts or certain kinds of fruit,

ON THE DOWNWARD PATH.
*From a Photo. by Browning, Portland, Oregon.*

and the books on etiquette graciously allow such a privilege, even to monkeys.

When Joe writes, he does it with the superfluity of troubled thought and manual effort characteristic of a spring poet. He seats himself at the table, with the ink-pad before him, and arranges the virgin sheet with a precision that convulses his audience.

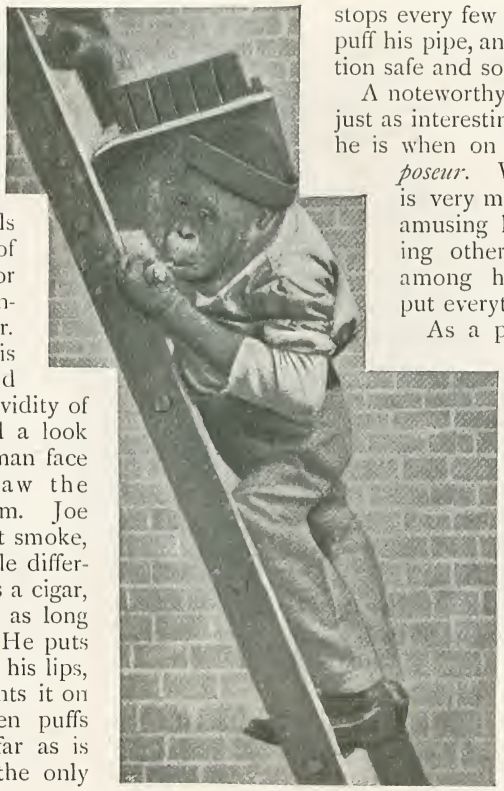
"Write me a letter," says the keeper, and Joe laboriously sets to work. The result is a curious collection of Simian hieroglyphics which may be understood in the forests of Borneo, but not in ignorant America. When the letter is finished, the keeper tells Joe to sign his name, which Joe does in big black letters. "Now dot your i's," adds the keeper, and the monkey, by a clever stroke, drops a huge blot of ink above the middle

JOE WRITES A LETTER.
*From a Photo. by Browning, Portland, Oregon.*

letter of his name with the satisfied air of a sign-painter, to the intense delight of the children in the audience.

With his meals he takes a glass of beer or whisky, or a cocktail, and enjoys his appetizer. He clutches his bottle of "Old Crow" with the avidity of an old toper, and a look on his almost human face as if he foresaw the drunkard's doom. Joe also enjoys a quiet smoke, and it makes little difference whether it is a cigar, pipe, or cigarette, as long as it is tobacco. He puts the cigar between his lips, takes a match, lights it on the box, and then puffs with relish. So far as is known, Joe is the only monkey able to light a match and put it to its proper use.

One of the cleverest of Joe's accomplishments is his make-up as a bricklayer's helper. With gorgeous pink whiskers, which he adjusts himself, his trusty pipe, and his workman's costume, he looks the typical labourer. Joe then grasps his hod, loads it with miniature bricks, and ascends a ladder with astonishing naturalness and slowness, just as if he were paid to do it by a contractor. He stops every few minutes to look round and puff his pipe, and finally reaches his destination safe and sound.



*From a]* JOE AS A HOD-CARRIER. *[Photo.*

A noteworthy quality in Joe is that he is just as interesting in his leisure moments as he is when on exhibition. He is no stage *poseur*. When not on exhibition he is very much like a child, and, while amusing himself, he is always amusing others. He sits on the floor among his playthings, and tries to put everything in his mouth.

As a policeman Joe is not a picturesque success, but he dearly loves to put on the familiar helmet and uniform of the American "bobby." If truth must be told, there are at least half-a-dozen policemen in New York City who would be easily mistaken for Joe, if it were not that they manage their arms and legs better than Joe does.

This celebrated monkey gives his keeper little trouble, although at times his obstinacy is equal to that of his cousin-german—the mule. He seems to realize that his keeper's financial success and his own welfare depend on his own behaviour, and, except when other animals approach him with hostile intent, he is very mild and gentle. His travels through the United States have been extensive, reaching from San Francisco to Boston. In the latter city he was lately exhibited for some months, and nearly every child in the city made his acquaintance at the "Zoo"—a

JOE, THE BOBBY.
*From a Photo. by Elmer Chickering, Boston.*

well-known "dime museum."

Joe finds recreation on the wheel, in accordance with the dictates of fashion. He rides well, and never was known to "scorch." Of course, his bicycling performances are confined to the museum, for if he got out on the street, he would be run in with celerity by the conscientious police. It was some time before Joe got accustomed to the brake on his wheel, and the bell still bothers him. No one would deny—and our illustration supports the statement—that Joe is a picture of grace on the wheel; and it is said that the lady-monkeys of the United States have one and all lost their hearts to him since they first saw him on his nickel "mount."

JOE ON HIS WHEEL.
*From a Photo. by Jones & Kennett, San Francisco.*

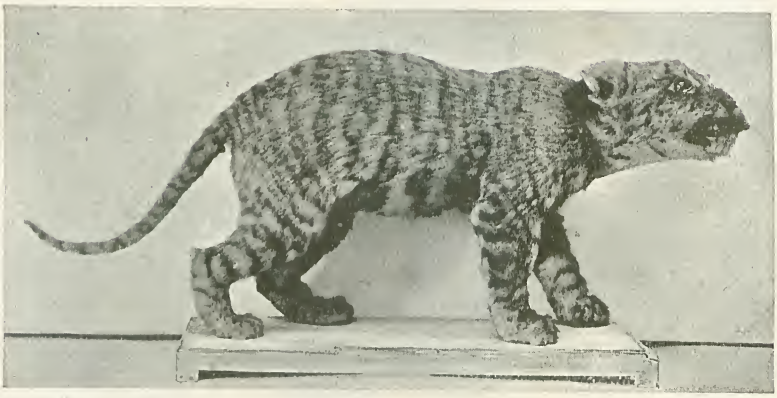
When night comes, Joe is tired. Exhibitions are all very well in their way, but no conscientious monkey can stand it for twenty-four hours. Accordingly, Joe longs for his bed after a hard day's work. He has a quiet smoke and takes a little "night-cap" in the manner of man, and rapidly dons his pyjamas. His bed is a small iron contrivance with the mattress close to the floor. Repeated use, and a slight ignorance of the proper treatment which should be accorded to a bed, have made the framework a little shaky. Joe guards against accident by clutching the head-piece with his brawny, hairy hand, and, with his pipe in the other, prepares for a night of peace.

*From a Photo. by]* JOE IN BED. *[Elmer Chickering, Boston.*

# *Curiosities.*

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

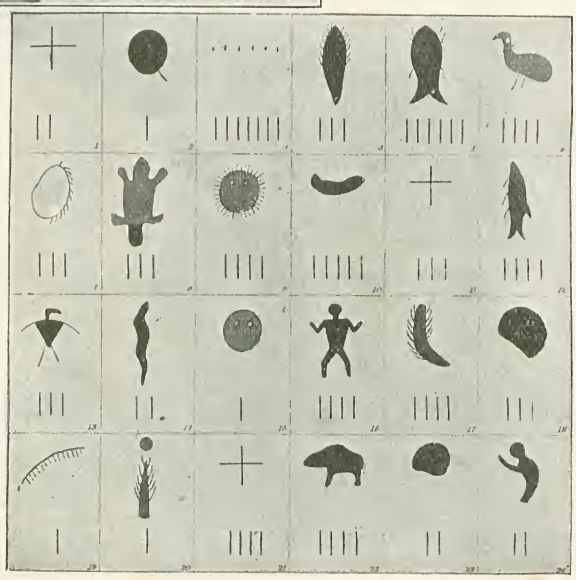
A LION-TIGER.



This is the only lion-tiger ever known. It was born in a menagerie at Tirlemont, near Louvain, on its way from Germany to Brussels. The mother was a tigress. It only lived a few days, and it is thought the mother killed it. Its eyes were open at birth, a peculiarity of lion-cubs. The lion-tiger resembles neither of its parents, but seems to be a species apart. It was brought dead to the Museum of the University of Louvain ; and the photo. was sent us by M. Gustave Gilson, Director of the Zoological Institute at Louvain University. Dr. Gilson wishes to sell this unique specimen for not less than £50, which sum would provide articles more necessary to an academic institution than curiosities. The lion-tiger is forty centimètres long from nose to root of tail.

IVORY CURIOS.

Photo. sent in by the well-known firm of Messrs. Staight and Co., of Feltham, Middlesex. On the left is seen a spear-head embedded in part of a tusk. This now belongs to Dulwich College. A native rarely sends his spear more than ¼in. into a tusk. This spear, however, hit the tusk high up in the hollow where it is thin, and then glancing against the other side, slid down the nerve and wedged itself in the "solid." Messrs. Staight consider that "to form this curious disease," the spear must have been in the tusk at least fifty years—while the elephant was alive. Externally, the tusk was so perfect, that a Sheffield firm bought it. The next specimen shows bullet marks. The bullets must have been in the tusk some fifteen years before the elephant's death. They were probably nickel-coated, and fired from a modern weapon. Ordinary lead bullets "spread" and do not penetrate far. Messrs. Staight have heard of gold and silver bullets found in tusks. These have been fired by native kings, the idea being that bullets of precious metal cannot miss their aim. The objects seen on the right are lumps of lead, stone, rubber, etc., which the wily natives stuff into hollow tusks in order to increase the weight.



AN INDIAN CENSUS PAPER.

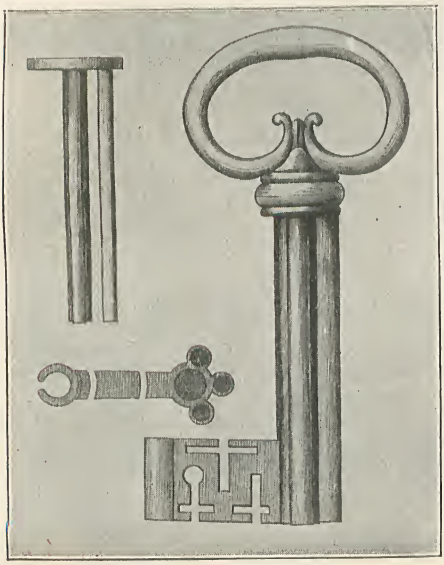
This symbolical census paper of an Indian band was drawn and given in to an agent by Nago-nabe, a Chippewa Indian, during the progress of the annuity payment in 1849. It represents in pictographic characters each family in the band by its name and numbers. Thus Fig. 2 denotes a man shooting at a mark ; No. 5, a catfish ; No. 8, a beaver skin ; No. 9, the sun ; No. 13, an eagle ; No. 14, a snake ; No. 22, a buffalo, and so on. The marks in each division indicate the number of persons in each family.

THE SMALLEST CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

Within an easy walk of Ventnor, and close to the Royal National Cottage Hospital for Consumptives, is the quaint little Church of St. Lawrence, depicted in the accompanying illustration. It was restored by the late Lord Yarborough, who enlarged the chancel by 10ft., and added a new porch and bell-turret. The present dimensions are: length, 30ft.; height to the eaves, 6ft.; and breadth, 12ft. A new parish church built from the designs of Sir Gilbert Scott is now used for public service.

KEY OF LOCH LEVEN CASTLE.

Found in the lake, and supposed to have been the one thrown in by the young Douglas when Mary Queen of Scots made her escape. The key was originally in the possession of William Hamper, Esq., who presented it to Sir Walter Scott, having first had an engraving made of it. The Castle of Loch Leven is situated on an island of about two acres, near the north-west extremity of the lake. Queen Mary, when she dismissed Bothwell on Carberry Hill, and joined the insurgents, was carried captive into Edinburgh, and on the following day committed to Loch Leven Castle. On the 25th of March, 1567-8, she attempted to escape from thence in the disguise of a laundress, but was frustrated. On Monday, May 2nd, 1568, however, while the family were at supper, the boy, Wm. Douglas, secured the keys of the castle, and gave egress to the Queen and her maid from the stronghold; then, locking the gates behind them to prevent pursuit, he placed the fugitives in a boat that lay near at hand, and rowed them to the appointed landing-place on the north side of the lake.



THE TAMEST ZEBRA EVER TRAINED.

Liverpool boasts one of the biggest wild beast emporiums—if not *the* biggest—in the world. It is the famous house of Cross. Mr. William Cross, of Liverpool, is known at the ends of the earth. He always has some queer argosies on the sea consigned to him—perhaps a ship-load of reptiles, a dozen elephants, or a few thousand parrots. The above photo. represents some of Mr. Cross's marvellous ability in training animals. The zebra is notoriously hard to tame, yet here is one that will actually carry a lady through the crowded streets of a great city, obedient to the slightest touch of the rein—for all the world like a pony that has been "used to children"—to quote the familiar words of an advertisement. It must, indeed, be a novelty to take one's rides abroad on the brilliant back of a real live zebra, and quite apart from being a capital "ad." for Mr. Cross's wonderful establishment, this docile specimen is something of an achievement, representing as it does many weary months of patient and unremitting labour. At first, the appearance of this lady, mounted, caused some excitement, but the novelty soon wore off. The animal will actually lie down and get up at the word of command.

LORD MAYOR'S BANQUETING HOUSE IN 1686.

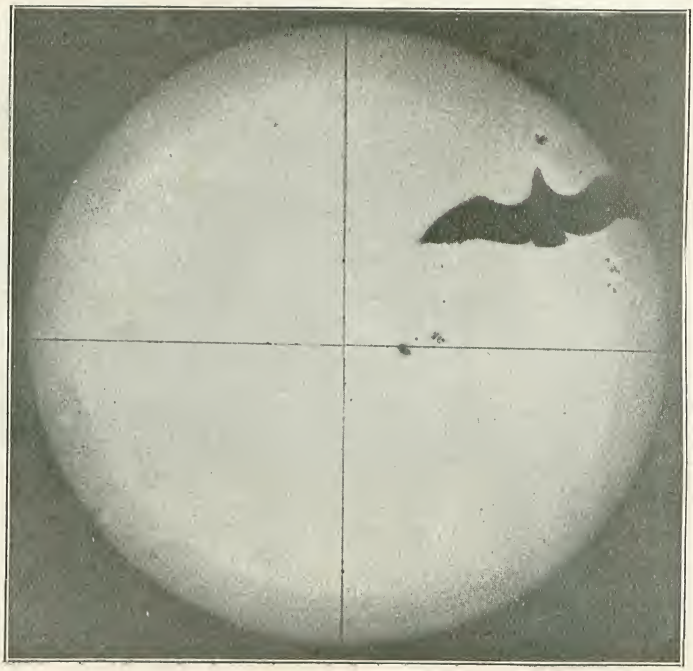
It stood on the site of Stratford Place on the north side of Oxford Street. We are told how: "The Lord Mayor and his brethren of the City used to repair on horseback to the building, attended by their ladies in waggons, to inspect the conduits and then partake of their banquet." At this period the open space to the north of Oxford Street was country, with fields and hedges, the only buildings seen between the village of St. Giles and Primrose Hill being the old churches of St. Pancras and St. Mary-le-Bone.

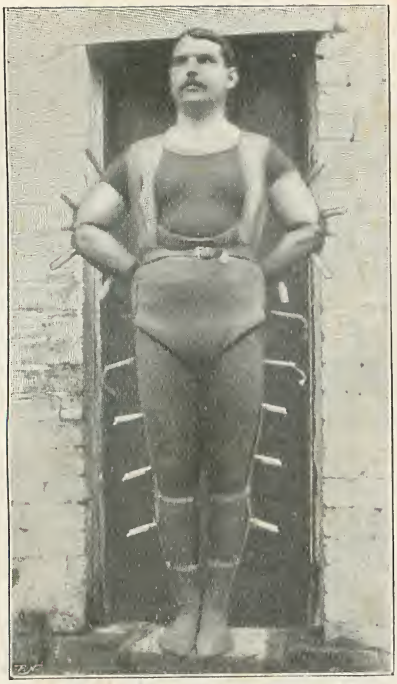
MYSTERIOUS SHIP IN A BOTTLE.

Here we see an elegant little model of a full-rigged ship which has, in some mysterious way, been placed inside an empty spirit-bottle. These things are frequently prepared and sold in the precincts of docks by more or less deserving sailors. The explanation of the seeming miracle is simple enough. The masts, yards, and rigging of the little vessel at first lie flat on the long, narrow hull, and when this latter has been inserted, masts, yards, and rigging are simply pulled into position by the means of a piece of cotton, attached beforehand. We are indebted for this curiosity to Mr. H. F. Davey, of Cornwall House, St. Julian's Farm Road, West Norwood.

A CURIOUS "SUN-SPOT" PHOTO.

In celestial photography curiosities are occasionally met with. It is customary to keep a record of the daily appearance of the solar disc, and with this intention the English Government has observatories both at home and in India, where the sun is photographed every day when the weather permits. In this way a continuous record is obtained. The accompanying photograph is one of these. Not only are the sun-spots visible, but the image of a kite is also seen. This bird had evidently just come into the line of sight, and so was taken in by the camera. That the outlines of the wings and body are so distinct is owing to the fact that the bird was at a very great altitude, and, therefore, nearly in the focus of the telescope. We are indebted for the use of the photo. to Dr. William J. S. Lockyer, M.A., Ph.D., 16, Penywern Road, S.W.



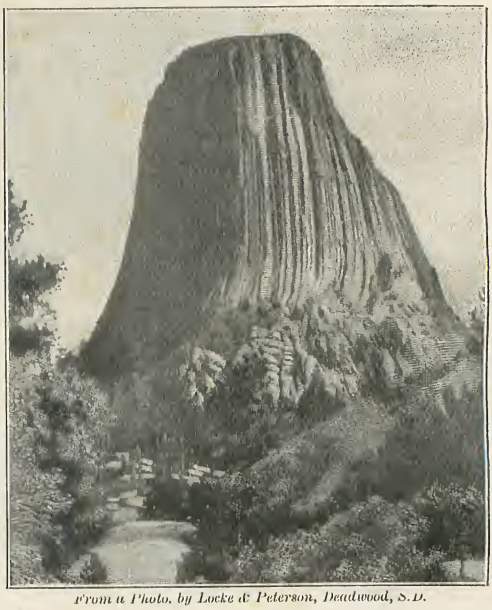


A DIVE ENVELOPED IN FLAMES.

This is Professor T. Heaton, the well-known diver. The photo. shows him about to take his marvellous dive of 50ft. into only 42in. of water. Each of the tubes seen on either side of Mr. Heaton is a golden rain cartridge, which spurts bright dropping fire for rather more than a quarter of a minute. This fiery dive is, as one may imagine, a very effective performance. Among the professor's more remarkable feats may be mentioned a race against the ferry steamer from Liverpool to New Brighton ; and a leap of 101ft. into 7ft. of water.

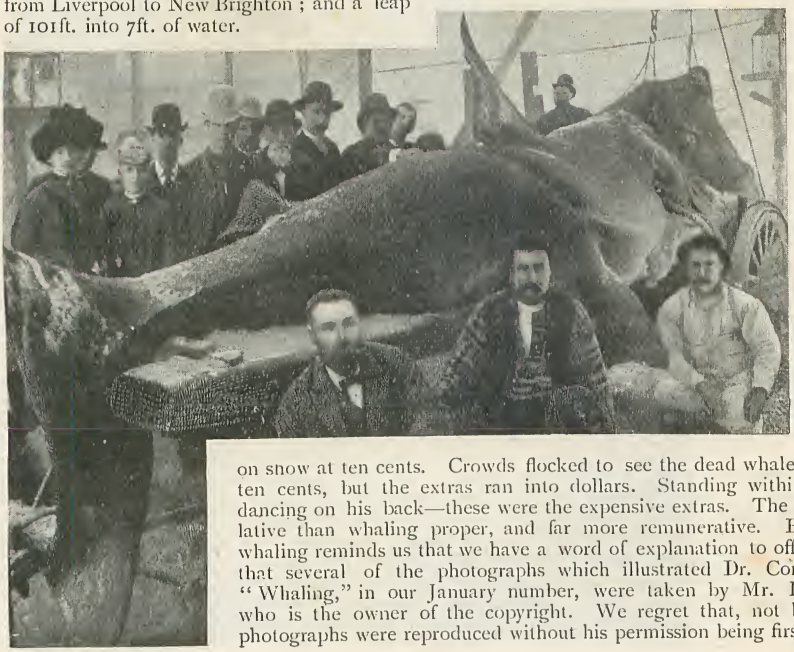
A REMARKABLE FREAK OF NATURE.

The Devil's Tower in North-Eastern Wyoming (U.S.A.) is quite unique. It is believed to be the cone of an extinct volcano. At a distance it looks like a huge cask, made of gigantic timbers, the sides being roughly furrowed with crystals of trachyte. Its



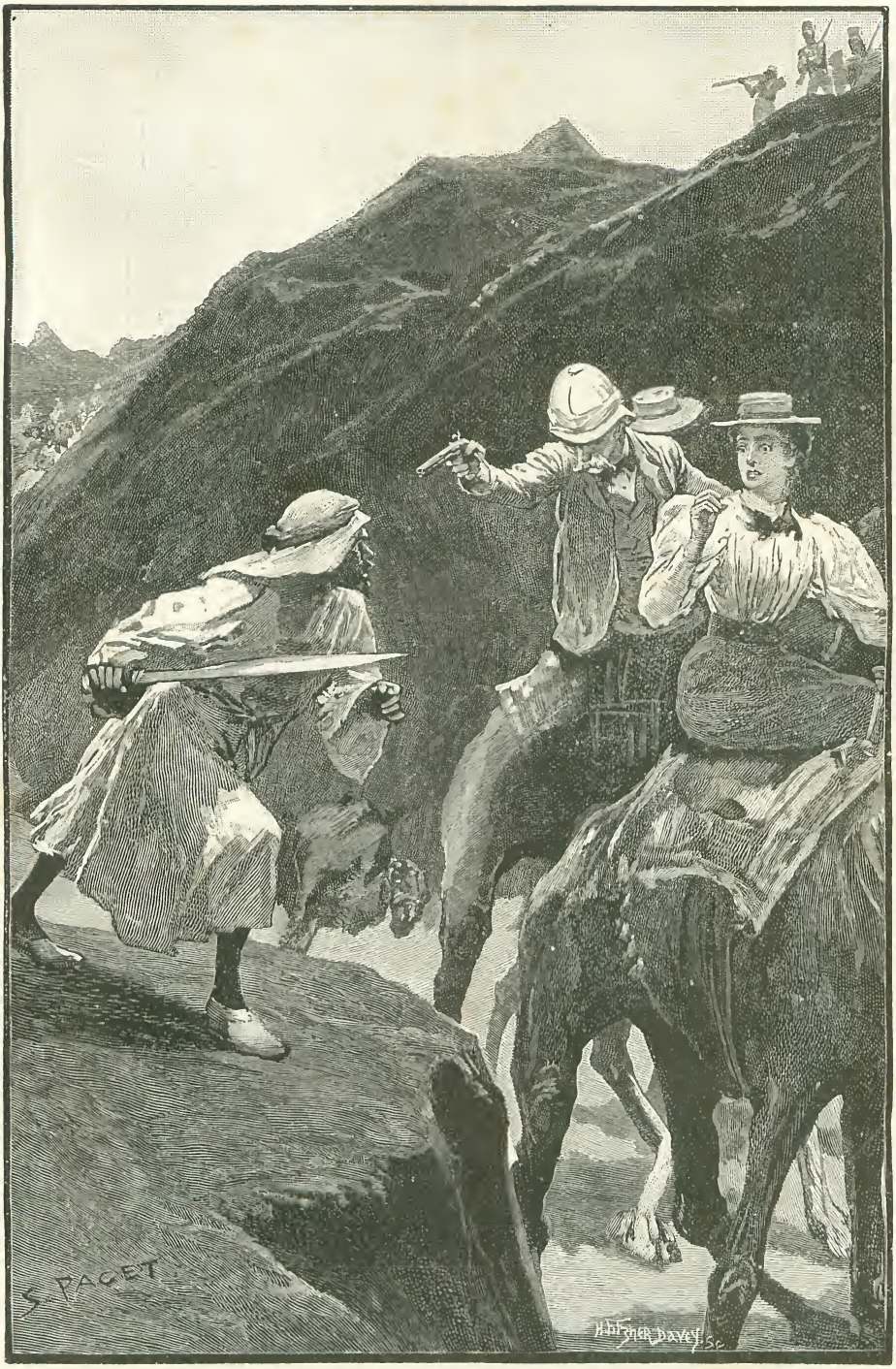
*From a Photo. by Locke & Peterson, Deadwood, S.D.*

height is 1,200ft. So steep are the sides, that the only persons who have ever stood on the top are a man and his wife, named Rogers, who ascended the face of this awful precipice by driving iron spikes into the rock. Thousands were present to see the perilous feat, and if the plucky climbers had lost their hold, or had one of the iron pins given way, they must infallibly have been dashed to pieces on the jagged rocks below.



A WHALE ON SHOW.

This photo. illustrates a peculiar feature of American enterprise. The whale seen here was stranded near San Francisco, and at once annexed by a strenuous gentleman who had expectations as big as his find. The stranded giant was embalmed without delay — a costly process—and then put on show at ten cents. Crowds flocked to see the dead whale. Mere admission cost ten cents, but the extras ran into dollars. Standing within the leviathan's jaws, dancing on his back—these were the expensive extras. The venture was less speculative than whaling proper, and far more remunerative. By the way, mention of whaling reminds us that we have a word of explanation to offer. We wish to state that several of the photographs which illustrated Dr. Conan Doyle's article on "Whaling," in our January number, were taken by Mr. Livingstone-Learmouth, who is the owner of the copyright. We regret that, not being aware of this, the photographs were reproduced without his permission being first obtained.




"THE COLONEL LEANED FORWARD WITH HIS PISTOL."

(*See page* 488.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xiv. NOVEMBER, 1897. No. 83.

# *The Tragedy of the Korosko.*

By A. Conan Doyle.

## CHAPTER VIII.

AS none of the three could understand Arabic, the order of the Emir would have been unintelligible to them had it not been for the conduct of Mansoor. The unfortunate dragoman, after all his treachery and all his subservience, found his worst fears realized when the Dervish leader gave his curt command. With a shriek of fear the poor wretch threw himself forward upon his face, and clutched at the edge of the Arab's jibbeh. The Emir tugged to free himself, and then, finding that he was still held by that convulsive grip, he turned and kicked at Mansoor with the vicious impatience with which one drives off a pestering cur. The dragoman's high red tarboosh flew up into the air, and he lay groaning upon his face where the stunning blow of the Arab's horny foot had left him.

All was bustle and movement now, for the old Emir had mounted his camel, and some of his party were already beginning to follow their companions. The squat lieutenant, the Moolah, and about a dozen Dervishes surrounded the prisoners. They had not mounted their camels, for they were the ministers of death. The three men understood as they looked upon their faces that the sand was running very low in the glass of their lives. Their hands were still bound, but their guards had ceased to hold them. They turned round, all three, and said good-bye to the women upon the camels.

"All up now, Norah," said Belmont. "It's hard luck when there was a chance of a rescue, but we've done our best."

For the first time his wife had broken down. She was sobbing convulsively, with her face between her hands.

"Don't cry, little woman! Give my love to all friends at Bray! Remember me to Amy McCarthy and to the Blessingtons. You'll find there is enough and to spare, but I would take Rogers's advice about the investments. Mind that!"

"Oh, John, I won't live without you!" Sorrow for her sorrow broke the strong man down, and he buried his face in the hairy side of her camel. The two of them sobbed helplessly together.

Stephens meanwhile had pushed his way to Sadie's beast. She saw his worn, earnest face looking up at her through the dim light.

"Don't be afraid for your aunt and for yourself," said he. "I am sure that you will escape. Colonel Cochrane will look after you. The Egyptians cannot be far behind. I do hope you will have a good drink before you leave the wells."

He spoke quite quietly, like a man who is arranging the details of a picnic. A sudden glow of admiration for this quietly consistent man warmed her impulsive heart.

"How unselfish you are!" she cried. "I never saw anyone like you. Talk about saints! There you stand in the very presence of death, and you think only of us."

"I want to say a last word to you, Sadie, if you don't mind. I would die so much happier. I have often wanted to speak to you, but I thought that perhaps you would laugh, for you never took anything very seriously, did you? That was quite natural, of course, with your high spirits, but still it was very serious to me. But now I am really a dead man, so it does not matter very much what I say."

"Oh, don't, Mr. Stephens!" cried the girl.

"It was only to tell you how I loved you. I always loved you. From the first I was a different man when I was with you. But of course it was absurd, I knew that well enough. I never said anything, and I tried not to make myself ridiculous. But I just want you to know about it now that it can't matter one way or the other. You'll understand that I really do love you when I tell you that, if it was not that I knew you were frightened and unhappy, these last two days in which we have been always together would have been infinitely the happiest of my life."



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"GOOD-BYE, LITTLE SADIE."

The girl sat pale and silent, looking down with wondering eyes at his upturned face. She did not know what to do or say in the solemn presence of this love which burned so brightly under the shadow of death. To her child's heart it seemed incomprehensible—and yet she understood that it was sweet and beautiful also.

"I won't say any more," said he; "I can see that it only bothers you. But I wanted you to know. Good-bye, little Sadie! I can't put my hand up. Will you put yours down?"

She did so and Stephens kissed it. Then he turned and took his place once more between Belmont and Fardet. In his whole life of struggle and success he had never felt such a glow of quiet contentment as suffused him at that instant when the grip of death was closing upon him. There is no arguing about love. It is the innermost fact of life—the one which obscures and changes all the others. Pain is pleasure, and want is comfort, and death is sweetness when once that golden mist is round it. So it was that Stephens could have sung with joy as he faced his murderers. He really had not time to think about them. The important, all-engrossing, delightful thing was that she could not look upon him as a casual acquaintance any more. Through all her life she would think of him—she would know.

Colonel Cochrane's camel was at one side, and the old soldier, whose wrists had been freed, had been looking down upon the scene, and wondering in his tenacious way whether all hope must really be abandoned. It was evident that the Arabs who were grouped round the victims were to remain behind with them, while the others who were mounted would guard the three women and himself. He could not understand why the throats of his companions had not been already cut, unless it were that with an Eastern refinement of cruelty this rear-guard would wait until the Egyptians were close to them, so that the warm bodies of their victims might be an insult to the pursuers. No doubt that was the right explanation. The Colonel had heard of such a trick before.

But in that case there would not be more than twelve Arabs with the prisoners. Were there any of the friendly ones among them? If Tippy Tilly and six of his men were there, and if Belmont could get his arms free and his hand upon his revolver, they might come through yet. The Colonel craned his neck and groaned in his disappointment. He could see the faces of the guards in the fire-light. They were all Baggara Arabs, men who were beyond either pity or bribery. Tippy Tilly and the others must have gone on with the advance. For the first time the stiff old soldier abandoned hope.

"Good-bye, you fellows! God bless you!" he cried, as a negro pulled at his camel's nose-ring and made him follow the others. The women came after him, in a misery too deep for words. Their departure was a relief to the three men who were left.

"I am glad they are gone," said Stephens, from his heart.

"Yes, yes, it is better," cried Fardet. "How long are we to wait?"

"Not very long now," said Belmont, grimly, as the Arabs closed in around them.

The Colonel and the three women gave one backward glance when they came to the edge of the oasis. Between the straight stems of the palms they saw the gleam of the fire, and above the group of Arabs they caught a last glimpse of the three white sun-hats. An instant later, the camels began to trot, and when they looked back once more the palm grove was only a black clump with the vague twinkle of a light somewhere in the heart of it. As with yearning eyes they gazed at that throbbing red point in the darkness, they passed over the edge of the depression, and in an instant the huge, silent, moonlit desert was round them without a sign of the oasis which they had left. On every side the velvet, blue-black sky, with its blazing stars, sloped downwards to the vast, dun-coloured plain. The two were blurred into one at their point of junction.

The women had sat in the silence of despair, and the Colonel had been silent also—for what could he say?—but suddenly all four started in their saddles, and Sadie gave a sharp cry of dismay. In the hush of the night there had come from behind them the sharp, petulant crack of a rifle, then another, then several together, and then, after an interval, one more.

"It may be the rescuers! It may be the Egyptians!" cried Mrs. Belmont, with a sudden flicker of hope. "Colonel Cochrane, don't you think it may be the Egyptians?"

The Colonel had listened expectantly, but all was silent again. Now he took his hat off with a reverent gesture.

"There is no use deceiving ourselves, Mrs. Belmont," said he; "we may as well face the truth."

"But why should they fire their guns? They had . . . they had spears."

"That is true," said the Colonel. "I would not for the world take away any real grounds of hope which you may have; but on the other hand, there is no use deceiving ourselves. If we had been listening to an attack we should have heard some reply. No doubt it *is*, as you say, a little strange that they should have wasted their cartridges—by Jove, look at that!"

He was pointing over the Eastern desert. Two figures were moving swiftly across its expanse. They saw them dimly, dipping and rising over the broken ground. They were flying away from the Arabs. And then, suddenly they halted upon the summit of a sand-hill, and the prisoners could see them plainly. They were camel-men, but they sat their camels astride as a horseman sits his horse.

"Gippy camel corps!" cried the Colonel.

"Two men," said Miss Adams, in a voice of despair.

"Only a vedette, ma'am! Throwing feelers out all over the desert. This is one of them. Main body ten miles off, as likely as not. There they go giving the alarm! Good old camel corps!"

The self-contained, methodical soldier had suddenly turned almost inarticulate with his

"THEY HALTED UPON THE SUMMIT OF A SAND-HILL."

excitement. There was a flash upon the top of the sand-hill, and then another, followed by the crack of the rifles. Then with a whisk the two figures were gone.

The Arabs had halted for an instant, as if uncertain whether they should pursue them or not. There was nothing left to pursue now, for amid the undulations of the sand-drift the vedettes might have gone in any direction. The Emir galloped back along the line, with exhortations and orders. Then the camels began to trot, and the hopes of the prisoners were drowned in the agonies of the terrible jolt. Mile after mile, and mile after mile they sped onwards over that vast expanse, the women clinging as best they might to the pommels, the Colonel almost as spent as they, but still keenly on the look-out for any sign of the pursuers.

"I think . . . I think," cried Mrs. Belmont, "that something is moving in front of us."

The Colonel raised himself upon his saddle, and screened his eyes from the moonshine.

"By Jove, you're right there, ma'am. There are men over yonder."

They could all see them now, a straggling line of riders far ahead of them in the desert.

"They are going in the same direction as we," cried Mrs. Belmont, whose eyes were very much better than the Colonel's.

Cochrane muttered an oath into his moustache.

"Look at the tracks there," said he; "of course, it's our own vanguard who left the palm grove before us. The chief keeps us at this infernal pace in order to close up with them."

As they drew closer they could see plainly that it was indeed the other body of Arabs, and presently the Emir Wad Ibrahim came trotting back to take counsel with the Emir Abderrahman. They pointed in the direction in which the vedettes had appeared. Then the raiders joined into one long, straggling line, and the whole body trotted steadily on towards the Southern Cross, which was twinkling just over the sky-line in front of them. Hour after hour the dreadful trot continued, while the fainting ladies clung on convulsively, and Cochrane, worn out but indomitable, encouraged them to hold out, and peered backwards through the darkness for the first glad signs of their pursuers. The blood throbbed in his temples, and he cried that he heard the roll of drums coming out of the darkness. In his feverish delirium he saw clouds of pursuers at their very heels, and during the long night he was for ever crying glad tidings which ended in disappointment and heartache. The rise of the sun showed the desert stretching away around them with nothing moving upon its monstrous face except themselves.

It was shocking to the ladies to look at their companion and to think of the spruce, hale old soldier who had been their fellow-passenger from Cairo. As in the case of Miss Adams, old age seemed to have pounced upon him in one spring. His hair, which had grizzled hour by hour during his privations, was now of a silvery white. White stubble, too, had obscured the firm, clean line of his chin and throat. The veins of his face were injected and his features were shot with heavy wrinkles. He rode with his back arched and his chin sunk upon his breast, for the old, time-rotted body was worn out, but in his bright, alert eyes there was always a trace of the gallant tenant who lived in the shattered house. Delirious, spent, and dying, he preserved his chivalrous, protecting air as he turned to the ladies, shot little scraps of advice and encouragement at them, and peered back continually for the help which never came.

An hour after sunrise the raiders called a halt, and food and water were served out to all. Then at a more moderate pace they pursued their southern journey, their long, straggling line trailing out over a quarter of a mile of desert. From their more careless bearing and the way in which they chatted as they rode, it was clear that they thought that they had shaken off their pursuers. Their direction now was east as well as south, and it was evidently their intention after this long detour to strike the Nile again at some point far above the Egyptian outposts. Already the character of the scenery was changing, and they were losing the long levels of the pebbly desert, and coming once more upon those fantastic, sunburned, black rocks and that rich orange sand through which they had already passed. On every side of them rose the scaly, conical hills with their loose, slag-like débris, and jagged-edged khors, with sinuous streams of sand running like water-courses down their centre. The camels followed each other, twisting in and out among the boulders, and scrambling with their adhesive, spongy feet over places which would have been impossible for horses. Among the broken rocks those behind could sometimes only see the long, undulating, darting necks of the creatures in front, as if it were some night-mare procession of serpents. Indeed, it had much the effect of a dream upon the prisoners, for there was

no sound, save the soft, dull padding and shuffling of the feet. The strange, wild frieze moved slowly and silently onwards amid a setting of black stone and yellow sand, with the one arch of vivid blue spanning the rugged edges of the ravine.

The four had been riding in silence for some little time, when the Colonel clapped his hand to his brow with a gesture of dismay.

"Good heavens!" he cried, "I am going off my head."

Again and again they had seen it during the night, but he had seemed quite rational since daybreak. They were shocked at this sudden outbreak, and tried to calm him with soothing words.

"Mad as a hatter!" he shouted. "Whatever do you think I saw?"

"Don't trouble about it, whatever it was," said Mrs. Belmont, laying her hand upon his as the camels closed together. "It is no wonder that you are overdone. You have thought for all of us so long. We shall halt presently, and a few hours' sleep will quite restore you."

But the Colonel looked up again, and again he cried out in his agitation.

"I never saw anything plainer in my life," he groaned. "It is on the point of rock on our right front — poor old Stuart with my red cummerbund round his head just the same as we left him."

The ladies had followed the direction of the Colonel's frightened gaze, and in an instant they were all screaming together.

There was a black, bulging ridge like a bastion upon the right side of this terrible khor. At one point it rose into a small pinnacle. On this pinnacle stood a solitary, motionless figure clad entirely in black, save for a brilliant dash of scarlet upon his head. There could not surely be two such short, sturdy figures or such large, colourless faces in the Libyan Desert. His shoulders were stooping forward, and he seemed to be

"ON THE PINNACLE STOOD A SOLITARY, MOTIONLESS FIGURE."

staring intently down into the ravine. His pose and outline were like a caricature of the great Napoleon.

"Can it possibly be he?"

"It must be. It is!" cried the ladies.

"Good heavens! They'll shoot him! Get down, you fool, or you'll be shot!" roared the Colonel. But his dry throat would only emit a discordant croaking.

Several of the Dervishes had seen the singular apparition upon the hill, and had unslung their Remingtons, but a long arm suddenly shot up behind the figure of the Birmingham clergyman, and he disappeared with a snap. Higher up the pass appeared the tall figure of the Emir Abderrahman. He had sprung upon a boulder, and was shouting and waving his arms, but the shouts were drowned in a long, rippling roar of musketry from each side of the khor. The bastion-like cliff was lined with gun-barrels, with red tarbooshes drooping over the triggers. From the other lip also came the long spurts of flame and the angry clatter of the rifles. The raiders were caught in an ambuscade. Again the Emir was up and waving. There was a splotch of blood upon his long, white beard. He kept pointing and gesticulating, but his scattered followers could not understand what he wanted. Some of them came tearing down the pass, and some from behind were pushing to the front. A few dismounted and tried to climb up sword in hand to that deadly line of muzzles, but one by one they were hit, and came rolling from rock to rock to the bottom of the ravine. The shooting was not very good. One negro made his way unharmed up the whole side, only to have his brains dashed out with the butt-end of a Martini at the top. The Emir had fallen off his rock and lay in a crumpled heap, like a brown and white patchwork quilt, at the bottom of it. And then when half of them were down it became evident, even to those exalted fanatical souls, that there was no chance for them, and that they must get out of these fatal rocks and into the desert again. They galloped down the pass, and it is a frightful thing to see a camel galloping over broken ground. The beast's own terror, his ungainly bounds, the sprawl of his four legs all in the air together, his hideous cries, and the yells of his rider who is bucked high from his saddle with every spring, make a picture which is not to be forgotten. The women screamed as this mad torrent of frenzied creatures came pouring past them, but the Colonel edged his camel and theirs further and further in among the rocks and away from the retreating Arabs. The air was full of whistling bullets, and they could hear them smacking loudly against the stones all round them.

"Keep quiet, and they'll pass us," whispered the Colonel, who was all himself again now that the hour for action had arrived. "I wish to Heaven I could see Tippy Tilly or any of his friends. Now is the time for them to help us." He watched the mad stream of fugitives as they flew past upon their shambling, squattering, loose-jointed beasts, but the black face of the Egyptian gunner was not among them.

And now it really did seem as if the whole body of them, in their haste to get clear of the ravine, had not a thought to spend upon the prisoners. The rush was past, and only stragglers were running the gauntlet of the fierce fire which poured upon them from above. The last of all, a young Baggara with a black moustache and pointed beard, looked up as he passed and shook his sword in impotent passion at the Egyptian riflemen. At the same instant a bullet struck his camel, and the creature collapsed, all neck and legs, upon the ground. The young Arab sprang off its back, and, seizing its nose-ring, he beat it with the flat of his sword to make it stand up. But the dim, glazing eye told its own tale, and in desert warfare the death of the beast is the death of the rider. The Baggara glared round like a lion at bay, his dark eyes flashing murderously from under his red turban. A crimson spot, and then another, sprang out upon his dark skin, but he never winced at the bullet wounds. His fierce gaze had fallen upon the prisoners, and with an exultant shriek he was dashing towards them, his broad-bladed sword gleaming above his head. Miss Adams was the nearest to him, but at the sight of the rushing figure and the maniac face she threw herself off the camel upon the far side. The Arab bounded on to a rock and aimed a thrust at Mrs. Belmont, but before the point could reach her the Colonel leaned forward with his pistol and blew the man's head in. Yet with a concentrated rage, which was superior even to the agony of death, the fellow lay kicking and striking, bounding about among the loose stones like a fish upon the shingle.

"Don't be frightened, ladies," cried the Colonel. "He is quite dead, I assure you. I am so sorry to have done this in your presence, but the fellow was dangerous. I had a little score of my own to settle with him, for he was the man who tried to break

my ribs with his Remington. I hope you are not hurt, Miss Adams! One instant, and I will come down to you."

But the old Boston lady was by no means hurt, for the rocks had been so high that she had a very short distance to fall. Sadie, Mrs. Belmont, and Colonel Cochrane had all descended by slipping on to the boulders and climbing down from them. But they found Miss Adams on her feet, and waving the remains of her green veil in triumph.

"Hurrah, Sadie! Hurrah, my own darling Sadie," she was shrieking. "We are saved, my girl, we are saved, after all."

"By George, so we are!" cried the Colonel, and they all shouted in an ecstasy together.

But Sadie had learned to think more about others during those terrible days of schooling. Her arms were round Mrs. Belmont, and her cheek against hers.

"You dear, sweet angel," she cried. "how can we have the heart to be glad when you — when you——"

"But I don't believe it is so," cried the brave Irishwoman. "No, I'll never believe it until I see John's body lying before me. And when I see that, I trust that I may never live to see anything more."

The last living Dervish had clattered down the khor, and now above them on either cliff they could see the Egyptians — tall, thin, square-shouldered figures, looking, when outlined against the blue sky, wonderfully like the warriors in the ancient bas-reliefs. Their camels were in the background, and they were hurrying to join them. At the same time others began to ride down from the further end of the ravine, their dark faces flushed and their eyes shining with the excitement of victory and pursuit. A very small Englishman, with a straw-coloured moustache and a weary manner, was riding at the head of them. He halted his camel beside the fugitives and saluted the ladies. He wore brown boots and brown belts with steel buckles, which looked

"YOU HAVEN'T GOT SUCH A THING AS A CIGAR?"

trim and workmanlike against his kharki uniform.

"Had 'em that time—had 'em properly!" said he. "Very glad to have been of any assistance, I'm shaw."

"You're from Halfa, I suppose?" asked the Colonel.

"No, we're from the other show. We're the Sarras crowd, you know. We met in the desert, and we headed them off, and the other Johnnies herded 'em behind. We've got 'em on toast, I tell you. Get up on that rock, and you'll see things happen."

"Any other Englishmen with you?"

"Archer is with the flanking party. He'll have to come past, for I don't think there is any other way down. We've got one of your chaps up there—a funny old bird, with a red top-knot. See you later, I hope!" He struck his camel and shot on after his men.

"We can't do better than stay where we are until they are all past," said the Colonel, for it was evident now that the men from above would all have to come round. In a broken single file they went past, black men and brown, Soudanese and fellaheen, but all of the best, for the camel corps is the *corps d'élite* of the Egyptian Army. Each had a brown bandolier over his chest and his rifle held across his thigh. A large man with a drooping black moustache and a pair of binoculars in his hand was riding at the side of them.

"Halloa, Archer!" croaked the Colonel.

The officer looked at him with the vacant, unresponsive eye of a complete stranger.

"I'm Cochrane, you know! We travelled up together."

"Excuse me, sir, but you have the advantage of me," said the officer. "I knew a Colonel Cochrane Cochrane, but you are not the man. He was three inches taller than you, with black hair and——"

"That's all right," cried the Colonel, testily. "You try a few days with the Dervishes, and see if your friends will recognise you!"

"Good heavens, Cochrane, is it really you? I could not have believed it. Great Scot, what you must have been through! I've heard before of fellows going grey in a night, but, by Jov. ——"

"Quite so," said the Colonel, flushing. "Allow me to hint to you, Archer, that if you could get some food and drink for these ladies, instead of discussing my personal appearance, it would be much more practical."

"That's all right," said Captain Archer. "Your friend Stuart knows that you are here, and he is bringing some stuff round for you. Poor fare, ladies, but the best we have! You're an old soldier, Cochrane. Get up on the rocks presently, and you'll see a lovely hooroosh. It's a perfect knock-out this time. Anything I can do before I go?"

"You haven't got such a thing as a cigar?" asked the Colonel, wistfully.

Archer drew a thick, satisfying partaga from his case and handed it down, with half-a-dozen wax vestas. Then he cantered after his men, and the old soldier leaned back against the rock and drew in the fragrant smoke. It was then that his jangled nerves knew the full virtue of tobacco, the gentle anodyne which stays the failing strength and soothes the worrying brain. He watched the dim, blue reek swirling up from him, and he felt the pleasant, aromatic bite upon his palate, while a restful languor crept over his weary and harassed body. The three ladies sat together upon a flat rock.

"Good land, what a sight you are, Sadie!" cried Miss Adams, suddenly, and it was the first reappearance of her old self. "What *would* your mother say if she saw you? Why, sakes alive, your hair is full of straw and your frock clean crazy!"

"I guess we all want some setting to rights," said Sadie, in a voice which was much more subdued than that of the Sadie of old. "Mrs. Belmont, you look just too perfectly sweet anyhow, but if you'll allow me I'll fix your gown for you."

But Mrs. Belmont's eyes were far away, and she shook her head sadly as she gently put the girl's hands aside.

"I do not care how I look. I cannot think of it," said she; "could *you*, if you had left the man you loved behind you, as I have mine?"

"I'm begin—beginning to think I have," sobbed poor Sadie, and buried her hot face in Mrs. Belmont's motherly bosom.

*(To be concluded.)*

# *The Amphibious Boat.*

By James Walter Smith.

THIS might be called the crocodile of boats, for she seems as much at home on land as in water. She comes up out of the water, as shown in our first illustration, crosses a narrow strip of land on a little railway, and descends into the water again with utmost grace of motion. During her short career of three summers she has safely carried over forty thousand people, most of whom have been intensely attracted by the novelty of the thing. For the *Swan* is, I believe, the only boat of her kind in the world.

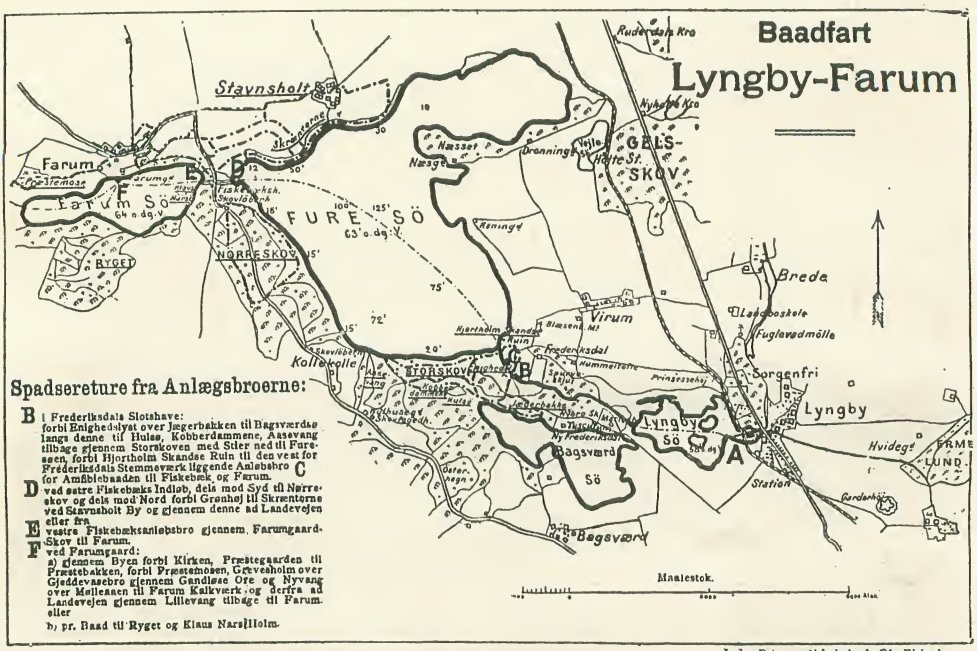
THE "SWAN" COMING OUT OF THE WATER.
*From a Photo. by A. Th. Collin, Lyngby, Denmark.*

To see her, you must go to Denmark. A half-hour by rail northward from Copenhagen will bring you to a little village named Lyngby, which lies on the edge of one of three beautiful lakes. These are greatly beloved by the Copenhagenites, who use them for recreation, as we use Father Thames. The likeness is even more evident after you have boarded one of the little steam launches which ply from Lyngby to Frederiksdal across Lake Lyngby, for this launch, sometimes with two or three crowded and stocky barges in tow, soon enters a pretty little creek, which winds and twists like the upper reaches of the Thames. The trip to Frederiksdal takes about half an hour, and costs half a kroner—slightly more than sixpence.

The curious little map, which we reproduce on the next page from one of the green handbills distributed by the steamboat company, will show, in a moment, the extent and direction of the trip. Near A is the railway station at Lyngby, and at A is to be found the small steam launch which carries passengers to Frederiksdal. The black line, beginning at Lake Lyngby and extending to B, represents the narrow and winding creek just mentioned. The boat discharges its passengers at B, and, on foot, they cross to C, where the *Swan* lies at a landing-stage, ready for the trip to Farum, which may be seen at F, in the upper left-hand corner of the map. This trip takes about an hour and a half, costs 1S. for the return ticket, and is broken at Fiskebæk (denoted by D) where the railway begins. Before the amphibious boat came into being, the passengers were compelled to alight at this point and cross the Fiskebæk on foot—a short walk, it is true, but one that the passengers rarely relished.

Even now, when the traffic cannot be accommodated by the *Swan*, and barges are called into requisition, to be towed by the *Swan* to Fiskebæk, the passengers in the barges make the trip over the isthmus by means of "Shanks's mare," and launch intermittent execrations at the lucky ones in the *Swan*. But the beauty of the Farum Sö, stretching out in front of the *Swan* as she dips down for the boat is now on her way across Lake Fure—or, as the Danish call it, the Fure Sö—and it will be over an hour before she rides on the railway at Fiskebæk.

The boat, then, is 46ft. long, 9ft. 6in. beam, and draws 3ft. to 3½ft. of water, according to the load. Seventy passengers can be comfortably carried, and, at a pinch, she will take eighty-four. With a full load


Baadfart
Lyngby-Farum
Spadsereture fra Anlægsbroerne:
B I Frederiksdals Slothave:
forbi Enighedshyt over Jegerbakken til Bagsværdsø
langs denne til Hulsø, Kobberdammene, Aasevang
tilbage gjennem Storskoven med Stier ned til Fure-
søen, forbi Hjortholm Skandse Ruin til den vest for
Frederiksdals Stemmeværk liggende Anlebsbro C
D for Amfibiebaaden til Fiskebæk og Farum.
ved søstre Fiskebæks Indløb, dels mod Syd til Nørre-
skov og dels mod Nord forbi Granhøj til Skrenterne
ved Skovnæbolt By og gjennem denne ad Landevejen
E eller fra
vestre Fiskebæksanlebsbro gjennem Farumgaard-
F Skov til Farum.
ved Farumgaard:
a) gjennem Byen forbi Kirken, Præstegaarden til
Præstebakken, forbi Præstemosen, Grevesholm over
Gjeddevaasbro gjennem Gandløse Ore og Nyvang
over Mølleaaen til Farum Kalkværk og derfra ad
Landevejen gjennem Lillevang tilbage til Farum.
eller
b) pr. Baad til Ryget og Klaus Narsillolm.
Maalestok.
Lndv. Petersen, Admiralgade 31, Kjøbenhavn.

MAP OF THE LAKES NEAR COPENHAGEN, SHOWING THE ROUTE TAKEN BY THE "SWAN."
*From a Print.*

from the rails into water, appeases them, and by the time Farum is reached impatience is forgotten.

As the amphibious boat lies by the landing-stage at Frederiksdal ready to take her passengers on board, she looks much the same as other boats. If, for a moment, we may call attention to the last illustration in this article, which shows the *Swan* discharging her passengers at Frederiksdal, we may note this similarity, except that the *Swan* is slightly broader, with her lines full fore and aft, in order to allow a framework for the wheels. Wheels? Yes, most certainly, for how else could she go over the rails on the Fiskebæk, out of the water and in again? It is in regard to the double use of wheels and propeller that the *Swan* is unique, and if a little technical language is pardoned, the construction may be easily explained. There is plenty of time to do it, she weighs 15 tons, and when empty 11½ tons. Parallel with the propeller shaft is another shaft, one end of which runs to within 10ft. of the bow, and these two shafts are connected with each other by chain gearing, like the two wheels of a bicycle. The end of the second shaft is connected near the bow by bevel gears, to a little shaft at right angles, and on this shaft are keyed the two little wheels which carry the boat across the rails. Another pair of wheels is to be found at a like distance from the stern, but these are not driven. These are used to keep the boat on the rails, and, with the help of a brake, from going into the water too quickly. The wheels are about 18in. in diameter, and carry two flanges, the bearing surface being a little wider than the rails upon which they run.

So much for heavy description. It is, however, always necessary, although I dare

say that two-thirds of the 40,000 people who have sailed in the *Swan* have thought of little else except the mere fact that they were sailing in a boat on wheels. The interest of the passengers in this "mere fact" is always shown as the *Swan* approaches the end of her trip across the Fure Sö. They crowd to the bow, expecting every moment to see the bow rising out of the water, as if it were a whale that had suddenly decided to come to the surface. But the trick is not done with sky-rocket quickness; instead, the boat gradually nears the shore, where a little dock has been constructed of piles, rammed down into the mud. It is a V-shaped arrangement tapered down until it is only 2in. wider than the boat at its widest part. That is to say, there remains but 1in. on each side of the parallel cleats or fillets which run along the side of the boat.

As the boat fits tightly, there is no chance for it to wobble, and passengers are much safer on it than they would be on a 'bus or an electric car. When the narrowest part of this V-shaped dock is reached, the *Swan* enters a small parallel dock of equal width, and moves onward slowly until the front wheels on the keel touch the rails, which, for this purpose, have been extended some distance at a gradient of 1 in 30 below the water. All this time, of course, the propeller has been at work shoving the boat onward, and it keeps throwing out a circular column of beautiful spray until the boat is completely out of the water, and has begun its trip across the Fiskebæk. To see the screw whirling around in the air like a Holland windmill always tickles the crowd on board, who, at the risk of losing their precious noses, put their heads over the stern of the boat to see the circus underneath. The rear wheels find their way naturally to the rails, and the *Swan* rests as steadily and prettily on the land as a real swan rests on water.

The illustration on this page shows the *Swan* resting gracefully on the rails. Most readers will be surprised, as I was, to see such small wheels; but it is the principle of the thing, and not the size of the wheels, which makes the boat interesting. When the boat stops to be photographed, or through any other cause, the curiously-minded turn to this part of the hull with unerring energy, and closely examine it. The wheels are supported, as it were, by a steel frame-work, riveted to the hull, and resembling a patch on the side of a shoe. The faint outlines of this steel patch may be noted in the illustration, as well as fulness of the hull, already mentioned.

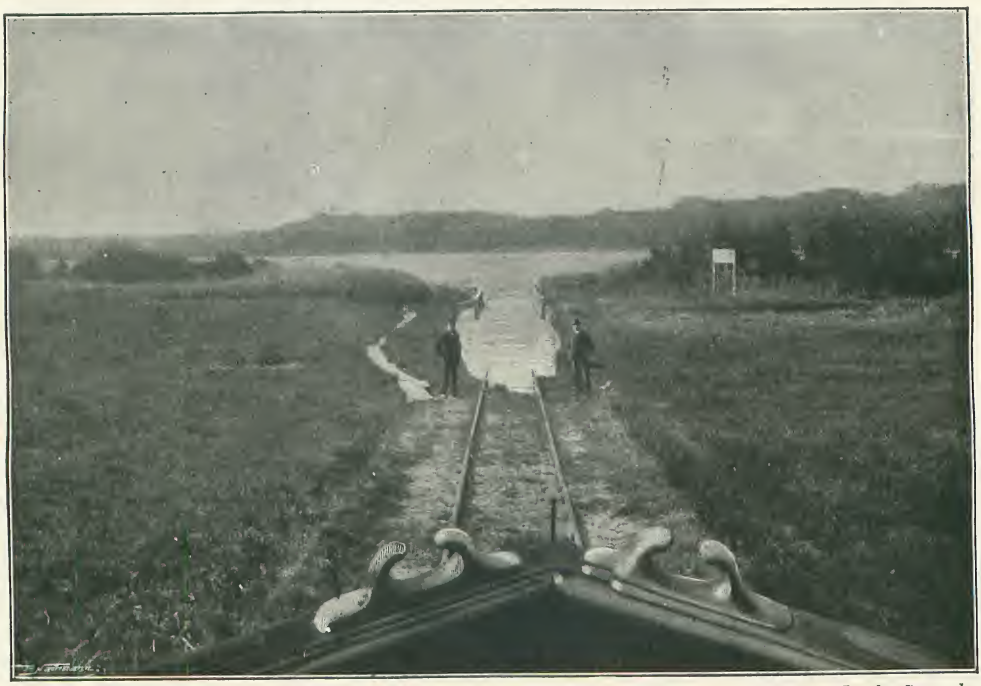
THE "SWAN" ON LAND, SHOWING THE WHEELS AND THE RAILWAY ACROSS THE FISKEBÆK.
*From a Photo. by A. Th. Collin, Lyngby, Denmark.*

A word or two now about the railway. This was constructed by Herr F. A. Velschow, a noted civil engineer of Copenhagen, and great difficulty has been experienced with it on account of the soft, peaty ground. Yet no accidents have taken place, and the boat has made its half-dozen

*From a Photo. by]* THE "SWAN" AND ITS PASSENGERS. *[A. Th. Collin, Lyngby, Denmark.*

return trips daily with great success. The isthmus, over which the rails are laid, is between 800ft. and 900ft. in width, and the boat crosses in three to four minutes, going a little faster than a man's walk. Two hand levers control the boat while on this land journey, the one to put in motion the wheel shaft, by means of a common shifting clutch, and the other to press the brake on the back wheels.

The history of the *Swan* is rather interesting. Designed by a Swede named Magnell, and constructed by Ljunggreen, of Christiansbad, in Sweden, the boat was intended for use in Boras, a little town of 10,000 people, where a narrow bit of land separating two



*From a Photo. by* THE "SWAN" DESCENDING INTO THE WATER. *A. Th. Collin, Lyngby, Denmark.*

# Baadfart Lyngby-Farum

## Fartplan.

Hverdage:

Lyngby til Frederiksdal . . . . . Kl **7, 10**[15], **11**[40], **12**[50], **3**[10], **4**[05], **5**[15]. **7, 8,**
Frederiksdal via Fiskebæk til Farum — **10**[45], **1**[30], **4**[30],
Farum via Fiskebæk til Frederiksdal — **12**[30], **3**[30], **6**[30],
Frederiksdal til Lyngby. . . . . — **7**[30], **10**[45], **12**[20], **2**[40], **3**[35], **5**, **0**, **7**[30], **8**[30],

Sondage

**afgaa desuden hyppigt extra Baade med særligt Hensyn til Togtiderne paa Nordbanen.**

Ved at afgaa fra **Nordbanestationen** f. E. Kl. **9**[37], **11**[58] eller **3**[37] vil man kunne være tilbage i **Kjøbenhavn** Kl. **4, 6** og **9** for en samlet Bane- og Dampbaadstakst af **Kr. 1,10** til Frederiksdal og **Kr. 2,30** til Farum pr. Amfibiebaaden.

## Takster.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Fra Lyngby til Frederiksdal . . . . | Tur **30** Øre. | Tur & Retour **50** Øre. | |
| - Frederiksdal til Fiskebæk . . . | — **50** — | — | **80** — |
| - Fiskebæk til Farum . . . . . | — **25** — | — | **40** — |
| - Frederiksdal til Farum. . . . . | — **60** — | — | **1,00** — |

**Børn og Cycler det Halve.**

Banetog afgaa fra Kjøbenhavn Kl. **6**[55], **7**[50], **9**[37], **11**[03], **11**[58], **2**[37], **3**[37], **4**[38], **5**[37], **6**[33], **8**[25], **9**[57], **11**[25].
— — - Lyngby - **7, 8**[10], **9**[09], **9**[48], **10**[45], **12**[10], **1**[34], **3**[19], **6, 7**[27], **8**[34], **9**[25], **10**[59].
Søndage: Extratog fra Kjøbenhavn Kl. **9**[10], **11**[50]. Fra Lyngby Kl. **8**[06].

**Selskaber paa over 25 Personer gaa om Hverdagene til halv Pris, naar de bestille Pladser Dagen forud. Abonnementsbilletter, Maaneds- og Saisonkort til modererede Taxter, faaes ved Henvendelse til**

**„Dampbaadskontoret" i Lyngby**
Telefon Lyngby 52.
**Dansk Touristforening**
**Ny Østergade 7.**
eller **Cook's Reisebureau,** Ny Havn 49.

TIME-TABLE OF THE LYNGBY-FARUM STEAMBOAT COMPANY.
*From a Print.*

bodies of water, and occupied by a water-mill, had to be crossed on foot. While the *Swan* was being constructed, however, a railway stepped in, built a line in direct competition with the little steamboat company, and effectually ruined the boat traffic. There was now no need for the *Swan*, and she was bought up by the Copenhagen people for 11,000 kroner—over £550—and brought by steam ferry to Elsinore, whence she was carried by rail to Lyngby. It was a remarkably successful investment, for the fame of the "amfibiebaaden" spread through Denmark with great celerity, and the managers found it almost impossible to cope with the traffic.

The idea of taking a boat across land on wheels is not new, although the Scandinavians are the first to put the idea into practice. Several years ago, Captain J. B. Eads, one of the best-known American engineers, proposed a plan for a ship-railway across Tehuantepec, in Central America, but the plan was never realized. Perhaps the seeming difficulties in the way discouraged other inventors. At all events, when the amphibious boat was first talked about the old sea-dogs shook their heads, refusing to believe in the possibility of the enterprise, and describing it as imaginary and of no practical utility. The world, however, moves.

Those who know Danish will have a happy half-hour reading the accompanying time-table; but for those who can make neither head nor tail of it, we extract the salient points. On week-days, the boat makes three trips each way, and on Sundays it runs uninterruptedly in order to accommodate the Sunday pleasure-seekers. Whole families—this, of course, is not in the time-table—start

from Copenhagen for the day, take the trip on the lakes, spend two or three hours on the shore of Farum, or at other points, and, returning by the boat, take the eleven o'clock train back to Copenhagen. Cycles and children are carried for half-price, and the prices for single and return tickets to each of the various stopping places on the lakes are given under the heading "Takster." Information is also given to the effect that parties of over twenty-five persons are taken at half-price, providing notice is given beforehand—an offer that will

THE "SWAN" DISCHARGING HER PASSENGERS AT FREDERIKSDAL.
*From a Photo. by A. Th. Collin, Lyngby, Denmark.*

probably be snapped up by our readers when the *Swan* again goes into commission. With the 1st of October her trips for this year were over, and she will not run again till next June or July.

The descent of the boat into the water is not less effective than the ascent. It is much like tobogganing, except that the *Swan* goes slowly and surely, being retarded at the right moments by the brakes on the hind wheels. In a few seconds the bow touches the water—it dips deeper and deeper as it runs along the rails extended into the lake, and then launches itself with a little splash.

Our last photograph shows the *Swan* discharging her passengers at Frederiksdal, the ticket-collector standing near the bow, and the well-filled barge, which has been towed across the lake, coming up to the landing stage. The stream in which the boats lie joins the Fure Sö, near the small hill in the distance.

A word might be added as to the future of amphibious boats. It is evident that for passenger and cargo traffic on rivers with rapids, such boats would be of great advantage. The British Colonies and the United States are full of such rivers, and great expense is incurred by the unloading and reloading of cargoes. Passengers, moreover, object strongly to shift from one boat to another. The solution of the difficulty is a boat on the lines of the *Swan* and the construction of a railway. The expense is not heavy, and the venture would quickly pay for itself, as has been the case in Denmark, by additional passenger traffic attracted by something new.

# A ROMANCE OF FOUR WHEELS

By Catherine Adams.

MISS ANASTASIA WELSH was seated within her neat, up-to-date little office. The hour at which she usually began work was some minutes past, yet she sat idle. A pile of MSS. waiting to be typed lay on the table before her, and a letter from Messrs. Jones and Robinson containing an order for the typing of several thousand circulars was waiting her attention. Still the young lady tarried.

"It's altogether too vexatious!' she remarked, pettishly. "After all the arrangements have been made, to be thrown over like this." She re-read the letter she held in her hand. It ran as follows:—

"Darling Stasia,—I do not know *what* you will say, but it's quite impossible for me to accompany you on the biking tour we had arranged. The fact is, I've just got engaged, and he—Fred, I mean—does not care to lose sight of me so soon. As he has only just come off a voyage, you will understand," etc., etc.

"Oh, hang Fred!" said Miss Welsh. Then she smiled, and it was an astonishing thing to see how that smile altered the whole of her face, for she was not a pretty girl. She had a good, honest, healthily-coloured face, but her nose was *retroussé*; at least, people who liked her called it so; but people who did not like her called the feature in question a *snub*. Her fine, grey eyes, however, redeemed her face from homeliness, and when these smiled, in company with the good-tempered mouth, Miss Welsh, despite her nose, was not far from being handsome.

"How ridiculous I am," she thought; "I'm actually jealous of Milly's sweetheart. Well, well, I must not be nasty, even if my plans are upset. It's too late to get a substitute; besides, I'm not an easy person to suit in the matter of company, so I'll only take my own. I have been looking forward to this little tour so much that I can't afford to have it spoilt by uncongenial companionship. I need the holiday, and I'll go alone."

Then putting holidays, bicycle tours, and all things pertaining to pleasure aside, she resolutely attacked the MSS., and the typewriter began to click under her skilful fingers.

Two days later, Miss Welsh started forth on her travels. By the aid of a cycling-map, she had mapped out a very out-of-the-way tour, which she called "Far from the Madding Crowd Route."

Perhaps April is a risky month to choose for an outing, and its undependable weather is apt to be trying to cyclists. Fortunately for Anastasia, the especial week which she had chosen for her holiday was blessed with ideal weather. The showers in the early part of the month had settled the March dust, and the roads were in admirable condition. As she sped blithely along, farther and farther away from the suburb in which

she had her home, Anastasia congratulated herself upon the acumen that had led her to choose such a time.

Her journey for the first day was drawing to a close, and she was thankful to dismount at the little inn where she had engaged rooms. There was a bicycle in the porch. Anastasia looked at it suspiciously.

"Ah!" said the landlady, noticing the look, "that's your friend's bicycle, miss. Jim! come and take these bicycles round to the shed. I think you'll like your rooms, miss. The gentleman's been here a good half-hour; he is gone to look at the church: it's very old, so the vicar says—perhaps you'd like to look——"

But here Anastasia broke in upon the good woman's volubility.

"My friend has not come. I am alone."

"Oh, but the gentleman, I thought——"

"I don't care what you thought," said Miss Welsh, sharply; "I know nothing about him."

"Well, to be sure, and yet he seemed quite pleased about the rooms. You see, miss, my mistake was natural—cyclists don't come this way much."

"When I wrote to engage the rooms," said Anastasia, severely, "they were for the use of myself and a lady friend."

"Dear, dear," said the landlady, "I have muddled it. I've as good as told the gentleman he could have that sitting-room. But he'll be off first thing to-morrow, miss."

"No doubt," said Anastasia, drily, "and so shall I."

It was altogether too annoying.

"I suppose I can have my meals served here?" she asked, as she was shown into her bedroom.

"I'll beg you to do no such thing, miss. The gentleman won't be back for a good hour. There will be plenty of time for you to have your dinner downstairs before he gets back."

So Miss Welsh rather unwillingly complied with this Box and Cox arrangement. Her meal ended, she went upstairs to get her hat, preparatory to a stroll. As she descended the narrow staircase, a sudden turn brought her face to face with a gentleman. He bowed, and stood close to the wall to let her pass. The light was not good, and she could only distinguish a tall figure clad in cycling tweeds. "So that is the man who has ousted me from my sitting-room," she thought, as she went out into the village.

With commendable diplomacy next morning, Anastasia waited upstairs until the gentleman had departed. Peeping from behind the dimity curtains, she had a good view of him as he stood talking to the landlord. His age she thought might be about forty, possibly a little less, and his face, she decided, was an intellectual one; furthermore, she thought he looked a bit run down, and had real need of the holiday he was taking. "Well, sir, good-bye to you. May you be miles out of my way before I start. It's horribly selfish, but I would like this tour to myself."

At breakfast she questioned her landlady as to the direction taken by her other guest. "'Deed, miss, I don't know, but I think he said something about Clayton."

"Horrors!" thought Anastasia, "that is my next stopping-place." And she devoutly hoped that the landlady had misunderstood him.

The enjoyment she derived from the pretty scenery through which she was presently riding caused her to forget the obnoxious cyclist. But she was rudely awakened to the fact of his existence by suddenly coming upon him round a corner.

"Oh, bother the man!" she thought, angrily. "I know what to expect now. First I shall overtake him, and then *vice-versâ*. But he sha'n't. I'm off, and let who can catch me!"

She shot past the offending cyclist, who was resting by the road-side, without noticing that he had doffed his cap to her. For the best part of the next hour Anastasia put on her best form. She was now only a few miles distant from her next halting-place, Wrayburn, but she was getting terribly hot and exhausted with her strenuous efforts to push ahead.

The ways of cycles are strange. One may ride for weeks, sometimes months, without so much as a puncture. While Miss Welsh was endeavouring to get up a steep incline, without dismounting, her right pedal fell off. Here was a sorry plight.

"Thank Heaven, I was not coming *down* the hill," she ejaculated.

The damage was not much. Anastasia found the screw which had caused the mischance, and tried to screw the pedal on again But something was evidently wrong—the screw had got worn and would not hold. She was still hopelessly blundering with it when she heard the swish of wheels from below the hill.

"That man!" she said. "This is too provoking."

He dismounted when half-way up the

"SHE SHOT PAST THE OFFENDING CYCLIST."

ascent. Anastasia kept her back turned to the road and busied herself with the refractory pedal. The cyclist stopped. "An accident?" he inquired, pleasantly. "Can I be of any use?" And he wheeled his machine alongside of Anastasia's.

She would infinitely have preferred that he should have gone on. Still, she could not be downright rude and refuse his help.

"Thank you," she said. "The pedal has come off, and the screw won't hold. But, please, don't trouble; I daresay I can manage."

"I am quite sure that you cannot, so please let me be of use." Before she could say "No" he had taken the pedal from her. "Your screw is of no use; I believe I have one in my bag that will fit." In a few minutes he had adjusted the pedal to his satisfaction.

"There, I think it will be all right now, only I advise you to have it properly overhauled as soon as you can."

"Thank you, very much," said Anastasia; "it was awfully good of you to stop and trouble."

How she wished he would proceed! But he seemed to have no intention of doing so, and chatted on for some minutes.

"I don't suppose our ways lie much farther together," he said, presently.

"Oh, no, I hope not—I mean, I don't know," said the girl, hastily. "I have mapped out such an out-of-the-way route, that I should not think it possible for anyone else to be going the same way."

He looked at her quizzically.

"Ah! you like solitude? Well, so do I—sometimes." Then, as if to show that he had divined her meaning, he bade her good morning, and was soon out of sight.

"That was abominable of me," thought Anastasia. "I as good as told him to move on out of my way. Well, I always was noted for my brusquerie."

Passing, a mile farther on, a sign-post which pointed the way to a large town a few miles off, Anastasia decided that the cyclist had probably turned off there. Indeed, she fancied she could see the top of a hat similar to his over a distant hedgerow, where the road to the town ran parallel for some distance with the one she was traversing.

"There he goes!" she said, with a triumphant smile; "I don't suppose I shall ever see him again."

Wrayburn was a sweet little village nestling at the foot of well-wooded hills. Miss Welsh was so charmed with it that she felt quite sorry that she had arranged to go on to Clayton for the night. She loitered in the pretty porch of the cottage where she had lunched and rested, and later, had had tea.

"I should like to live here, it is so peaceful."

"Yes, miss, it is that," said the woman, who had entertained her, "but it's fearful lonesome at times. Now, I've no wish to hurry you, but there's tramps to be met with on these roads, and I wouldn't be too late in starting. Ah! there goes a gentleman on a bicycle; now, if I was you, miss, I'd hurry and keep close behind him until you get to Clayton. 'Twould be safer like."

With a heightened colour Anastasia had recognised the gentleman who had assisted her in the morning.

"Again!" she said, half aloud, "I seem doomed to jostle elbows with him. I am not afraid of tramps," she said to the woman.

After purposely delaying her departure for some time, she at length started on her road to Clayton. She wheeled steadily along, keeping a keen eye on the road before her. All at once she heard a rustling and cracking

of branches from a little copse which bordered one side of the road. Anastasia had pretty good nerves, but she started when she saw the form of a man moving quickly through the undergrowth. What was he doing? What was the meaning of his haste? Miss Welsh was as quick-witted as she was keen sighted. As the man turned and made for a corner of the wood, she instantly divined his purpose. The road took a sudden turn to the right. The point for which the man was making was evidently a short cut to it. In all probability he would reach the spot before she could.

Horrid visions of tramps and their iniquitous ways assailed her, for there had been some cases in the papers of late of assaults on lady cyclists. She felt horribly uncomfortable; cycling *à seul* certainly had its disadvantages. Oh, for a glimpse of the broad back of the friendly cyclist of the morning!

Anastasia put on all the speed that she and her machine were capable of. Faster and yet faster she flew along, and all the while the man was drawing nearer to that gap she could see in the hedge. Her breath came short. If she could but get there first, she would defy him to overtake her. She was sweeping past the spot like a whirlwind, when crash — bang! Her machine was violently overthrown.

A confused mass of objects rose before her as she essayed to rise. She was shaken, but not much hurt. A small branch off a tree lay across the road, and the tramp stood near.

"'Twas a near shave, that," he said. "You almost gave me the slip. But time's precious; hand over your purse, and you can go."

"You coward!" said Anastasia, wrathfully.

"Oh, come, that'll do." He advanced, threateningly.

Anastasia looked round. If only someone *would* come round the bend of the road!

The tramp's quick ear caught a sound.

"Now, then, quick with it." He seized her shoulder roughly.

"You beastly scoundrel!" called a voice, breathlessly, and there was Anastasia's cyclist come to the rescue. As he sprang from his cycle, the tramp bolted into the copse.

"Umph," said the new-comer, "he knows the ins and outs of the wood, and I don't; so it is of no use to follow. I hope he has not hurt you?" he asked, anxiously. "Ah!" looking at the fallen bicycle, "did he throw you? The villain!" and he would have gone in pursuit.

"Oh, please, don't," said Anastasia, clutching at his arm. "Please let him go, and indeed, I don't like being left." This was a remarkable admission for Miss Welsh to make, but her nerves had received a shock.

"Poor child! you have had a bad fright."

Anastasia stared. She had been grown up so long, or thought she had, that it seemed strange to be so addressed. But perhaps the stranger was older than she had imagined.

"What about the sweets of solitary cycling now?" he asked.

Anastasia was obliged to smile, and smiling showed her at her best. The stranger looked at her admiringly; then she told him the reason of her being alone on this tour.

"Well," he said, "don't try another cycling tour like this without a companion. This route is altogether too lonely to be safe."

"Ah! I shall not give it up now," said

"HE SEIZED HER SHOULDER ROUGHLY."

Miss Welsh, decidedly, "and really I rather enjoy it."

"What, the tramps?" he asked, quizzically.

"No; the loneliness."

"Then it would be useless, I suppose, to offer myself as your escort, in case of accidents?"

"Oh, no," said the girl, uncomfortably, "I could not allow that; besides, it would be taking you out of your way."

"I am not so sure of that." Then he took from his pocket a map of the district, and showed her, underlined with blue pencil, the identical route she had chosen.

"How extraordinary!" she said. There was a pause. She broke it to say: "Please accept my best thanks for the service you have rendered me, and—good-bye."

He looked quite crestfallen. "You will allow me to keep you in sight, at any rate?"

"Just as you please," she replied, loftily.

"Now," he said, bravely, "let us put a good face on it, and understand one another plainly. I should be very sorry to inflict my company where it is not wanted; but, being on the same route, we are bound to meet continually. Don't you think it would be more sociable to ride together, sometimes? At any time when you felt inclined for solitude, I could go forward or lag behind, just as you wished, or——" seeing the disapprobation in her face, "if you *would* prefer to go on your way alone and court the society of tramps, why, say the word, and I'll alter my route forthwith."

"Oh, no," she said, impetuously, "I could not allow such a proceeding. If I am the one to object to your company, why, then it is I who ought to change my route."

"No," he said, decisively; "rather than cost you any annoyance by turning up at odd corners, I will re-arrange my plans."

Anastasia felt desperate. Yesterday she would have annihilated anyone for daring to propose to accompany her; but to-day—well, it seemed different, and he *had* rendered her an immense service.

"Well," he said, noticing her changing face, "suppose we leave things as they are—leave it to chance? I will not harass you by my unexpected company more than I can help. By starting earlier or later than you, I can keep out of your way; and if one of us should come to grief, well, the other will eventually turn up to pick up the pieces."

Anastasia was obliged to laugh.

"Yes," she said, "I agree. And will you please start first to-morrow, as after this shaking I shall require an extra rest?"

"I will go directly after the post comes in. I must wait for that, as I am expecting letters; I am expecting to hear from my——" He broke off suddenly.

"Umph!" thought Anastasia, as she wheeled away from him, "I expect he was going to say—*from my wife.* I verily believe he wants to get up a little flirtation to beguile the tedium of his tour. Of all beings to be cordially detested, commend me to the married male flirt. Anyhow, he won't get me to pose as the flirtee in this case!"

And this opinion determined her action next day, when, in order to give the cyclist a good start, she delayed her departure until two hours after the time he had appointed.

"No chance of overtaking his lordship to-day," she thought.

But one can never be sure of anything in this world. Least of all of a cycle. This axiom was fully justified on this morning.

Anastasia presently overtook the man she was so anxious to avoid. He and his machine lay on a grassy bank by the roadside.

"Ah!" she said, reproachfully, as she slackened speed.

"It's not my fault this time," he cried. "I warned you that the one who came last would have to pick up the pieces. I've got a horrid puncture—look!" And he held up a flabby, windless tyre. "It's eight miles from anywhere, and I suppose I must tramp it."

Anastasia was not devoid of gratitude. This man had rendered her a great service yesterday, and it was only fair that she should requite it if possible.

"I wonder if *I* could repair it," she said.

"It's a very big rent," he said, dolefully.

"All the better. It's those horrid, tiny punctures that are so difficult to repair. If this is a good-sized hole there will be no need of the water test."

"Now, all of this is just so much double-distilled Dutch to me."

"You don't mean to say that you cannot mend a tyre? How very dependent of you!"

"Ah, we leave all the independence to the ladies," he mocked.

But Miss Welsh was busy initiating him in the mysteries of puncture-repairing. Finally, when the rent had been skilfully covered, he thanked her gratefully.

"Very clever of you, and most kind!" he said. "I hope you will give me another

lesson soon. I see that it is a very necessary accomplishment."

"Now," said Anastasia, "which of us is to move on first?"

"We are going to ride together," he said, decidedly. "I really think you need a companion to-day, and I—well, I am not in the mood for solitude."

"THE MYSTERIES OF PUNCTURE-REPAIRING."

He brought his face to a level with hers, and looked at her earnestly.

Anastasia coloured slightly, and then felt as if she could have slapped herself for such unseemly behaviour. What business had she to colour like that because a mere stranger looked at her?

"I believe," she said, very loftily, "that we agreed yesterday upon our plan of action, and I prefer to keep to the agreement."

"Very well," he replied, humbly; then he added, significantly, "But to-day is not yesterday."

Then this self-contained, independent young woman did a most untoward thing. She changed her mind suddenly.

"If it will give you any pleasure," she said, quite meekly, "I don't object to ride with you as far as Darlton; but remember," she added, with emphasis, "when to-morrow comes, it will not be to-day!"

"By this I suppose you mean that this concession is for this occasion only? However, I am thankful for small mercies."

To Miss Welsh's great astonishment, she soon found herself talking without reserve. He was altogether an extraordinary, well-informed man, she told herself, and it was quite a pleasure to hear him talk. After a few miles had been passed, she felt as if she had known him for a long time. She forgot her normal stand-offishness, and as he adroitly led her to talk of herself, marvelled to find how she was expanding under his genial companionship. Presently their talk reverted to books. Here Anastasia was in her element, for she was an ardent lover of literature.

"Favourite authors?" he said, in answer to her query. "Oh! I have so many. And you?"

"I change mine, sometimes," said the girl, frankly. "My present love is rather a new author, Charles Jerman. Do you admire him?"

He looked at her sharply.

"Well," he hesitated, "I cannot say that I do."

"Possibly you have not read many of his books?"

"Yes, I have studied every one."

"And you don't admire his style? Why, I almost love that man," she went on enthusiastically; "he has opened up so many fresh fields of thought. I can't tell you of all the enjoyment I derive from his writings. I would give, oh! I would give a great deal to know him, to be able to call him my friend."

"Would you, indeed?" he remarked, drily.

Anastasia looked at him observantly.

"Do *you* know him?" she asked, suddenly.

He started. "Well, yes; I've a sort of acquaintance with him."

"How I envy you! What is he like? Is he not as I said, as good as his books?"

"Now, that is a difficult question. I should say that he might be a great deal better than his books; and, again, I might say that perhaps his books are the best part of him."

"I am quite convinced, despite your lukewarmness, that he is a man to admire, to reverence almost, because of his noble thoughts. A man must be noble to have such thoughts. If only he belonged to me in some way I should be so proud of him; if I were his sister——"

"Ah! you would like to be his sister?"

"I should simply worship him," said Anastasia, with enthusiasm.

But as she bade her companion good-bye when they reached Darlton, she fell back into her ordinary manner.

"I believe I have been talking a great deal of nonsense," she said, shyly; "please forget it."

"I cannot promise you that," he answered, looking at her queerly; "in fact, I rather liked your nonsense, as you call it."

Anastasia took herself terribly to task as she thought over the events of the day. "I have been just as forward to-day as I was rude before. Why cannot I strike a happy medium? Whatever *could* he have thought of me?"

So it had come to this. Yesterday she had not cared a jot for his thoughts, but to-day—well, it was as he had said, to-day was not yesterday.

Nevertheless, she would not lay herself open to another such experience, and she resolved to be up with the lark and reverse the order of things by starting unwontedly early.

"He shall not catch *me* up," she thought, ironically. "I don't wait by the roadside to be overtaken."

So she plodded on vigorously all the next morning, got a hasty lunch at a wayside public-house, and resumed her journey early in the afternoon. There was not a sign of her companion of the day before, and she tried to congratulate herself upon this fact, but the congratulations seemed rather flat, and failed to elicit so much satisfaction as expected. So far, the day appeared dreary, and she had missed the excitement of the *rencontres* of the preceding days.

"Rather an uneventful day," she decided, purposely refraining from seeking the reason. But she was destined to modify this opinion before the afternoon was much older.

It is really a wonderful thing to see how great a commotion may sometimes be caused by a very insignificant object. She was cautiously riding down a long, steep hill, when the same pedal that had before served her badly came to grief. The hill became steeper; Anastasia completely lost the control of her bicycle, and it went careering down the hill at a break-neck pace. She tried to put on the brake, but she was thoroughly frightened, and the appliance failed to answer to its requirements. She almost lost her seat as the machine jolted and bumped down the hill, and it was all she could manage to keep her balance, and steer as straight as she could. The bicycle gathered additional impetus every moment, the pace was simply terrific, and, horror! but a little distance ahead was another bicyclist.

Anastasia strove to shout a warning, but her lips seemed glued together; she had a bell, but she was in such a deadly fright she quite forgot it.

Faster and yet faster rushed the runaway bicycle, and nearer and nearer loomed the figure on the machine in front. Anastasia's eyes were growing dim, her capability for steering clear of a collision seemed questionable.

The next moment there was a terrific crash, the two bicycles and their riders were shot high in the air, and then subsided in a heap on the ground.

When Anastasia opened her eyes she was conscious that she formed part of a strange, confused mass of wheels, legs, and arms. She opined that there *might* be bodies, but at present was too stunned to be sure of it. As she presently extricated herself with some difficulty, she was made painfully aware of the fact that she was severely bruised. The man she had run into lay underneath both machines, and Anastasia could only conclude that she too had helped to swell the amount of pressure which had been thrown on his long-suffering body. She pulled the machines away, and considered him anxiously.

Heavens! it was the friendly cyclist! He must have started before her after all. She was overcome with remorse. He looked up at her comically. Thank goodness, he could not be hurt much, if joking was possible.

"There are plenty of pieces to be picked up this time," he said.

"Oh, don't!" said the girl. "I shall never, *never* forgive myself. Are you hurt much?"

"Only a little bit damaged, I believe; but what of yourself?"

"I am only bruised; don't worry about me. Can I help you? Oh, I believe you are hurt," she exclaimed, as he attempted to rise.

"I don't think it is anything to be alarmed at. By an odd conjunction of opposites, I appear to have sprained my left ankle and my right hand."

Anastasia helped him to the bank. "I shall never forgive myself," she said. "Now, what more can I do? You can't walk, and as for our bikes, I don't suppose they have come out of this scot-free."

She examined them. Her own was so much bent and damaged as to be utterly useless; but the other was, strangely enough, practically unhurt.

"Yours is all right. I am so glad. Now, what I think I had best do is to borrow your machine and ride for help. There must be a house somewhere near, where, perhaps, I can get a vehicle of some sort for you."

"But you can't ride my machine, can you?"

"Well," said Miss Welsh, blushingly, "I daresay it will be rather awkward, but it is 'needs must' in this case."

Anastasia led the machine to a bend of the road, whence her operations could not be seen. Here she quickly tucked up her cycling skirt, arranging it into a kind of polonaise over her knickerbockers.

"THERE WAS A TERRIFIC CRASH."

"What a fearful guy I must look!" she said, as she proceeded to mount her new iron steed. This was not an easy feat, and she had to make several attempts before she finally got under way.

In less than twenty minutes she returned. Alighting at the spot whence she had started, she quickly dropped down her skirt and appeared before the sufferer.

"I have been quite lucky. There's a house not ten minutes away from here, and the people there are coming with a cart. It's a rough concern; I hope it won't shake you much. If it does, you must stay at the house while they send to the town for a fly; and, oh! here is some brandy. You look so white, I'm sure you'll be glad of some."

As he offered no opposition, the girl was thankful she had thought of it. "I believe you were faint, only you would not say so," she said, anxiously.

"Nonsense; I had a broken arm once; sprains are not of much account." But he had to own later that they were of account. The springs of the cart were none too easy, and he was thankful to alight and rest at the little inn whence Anastasia had fetched help. With characteristic firmness, Miss Welsh took the matter into her own hands.

"You must stay here; it would never do to risk a longer ride in that dreadful cart. Shall I send to Penshott for a fly?"

He looked round the bright little room into which they had assisted him.

"It all looks very nice and clean, the sofa is very comfortable, and there is a charming prospect from the window. If I could be accommodated with a bedroom, I should prefer to stay here. The doctor, I suppose, would come out to me, and I could get my letters sent out from Penshott?"

So he decided to remain.

Later the doctor came, pronounced both sprains to be of small consequence, but necessitating complete rest. He was a kindly little man, and offered to send out books and magazines to his patient.

"Thank you very much," said the latter. "I shall be glad of them to-morrow. For the present I have plenty of occupation." And he pointed to some letters and a parcel which had arrived from Penshott.

"But, my good sir, you must not write."

"No, I suppose not. It is very unfortunate—can you recommend an amanuensis?"

"Surely," said the doctor, "the young lady who——"

"Oh, of course!" said the other, and he brightened considerably. "She might possibly oblige me."

Now, Anastasia was standing outside in the porch. She was in a deadly dilemma, and was trying to puzzle her way out of it.

By all the laws of humanity she ought to offer to stay and nurse the man she had so miraculously been saved from precipitating into another world. But by all the laws of Mrs. Grundy—who, if a detestable lady, is yet a personage to be feared—she ought, after politely offering her apologies, to take her leave of him.

She was in the middle of adjusting this nice point when the doctor appeared. He soon made her acquainted with his patient's requirements. Mrs. Grundy was relegated to the background at once.

"Of course," said Anastasia, "I will do anything I can to oblige him. Considering how very nearly I came to killing him, it is the least that I can do for him, is it not?"

"Undoubtedly," replied the doctor. "It will set his mind at rest, and that will go a long way towards recovery."

And so, shocking as it may seem to the votaries of the before-mentioned immaculate matron, Anastasia stayed.

She secured a lodging at a little house about a half-mile away, and by this propitiatory act at the shrine of propriety sought to assuage her own doubts of the matter.

When she timidly tapped at the door and was requested to "Come in!" she almost fled back precipitately.

"It's awfully good of you," he said, as she begged to be told what she could do for him. "I am in great haste to catch to-night's post. The rural postman calls here about eight, I hear, so there is none too much time. Will you kindly untie that parcel? Thanks! I suppose you do not understand the mysteries of proof-sheet corrections, so if you will bring those proof-sheets to me, I will explain."

Anastasia had been staring at the sheets before her in dumb consternation. Now she looked up.

"I understand them perfectly," she said. "I am a typist. I have typed scores of authors' MSS."

"Really! What a delightful discovery for me. By-the-bye, I do not know your name." She told him, but he offered no information regarding his own, and she scarcely liked to ask him.

Anastasia proceeded to read aloud from the proof-sheets, stopping often to correct as he dictated. As sheet after sheet was laid aside an awful conviction began to take root in the girl's mind.

To whose writings did the work she was correcting bear such a startling resemblance? Full well she knew the style of diction. Every dainty little conceit—the crisp and sparkling dialogue—the fine thoughts rendered yet more beautiful by their poetical wrappings—were surely attributable to the author whose books she had read with so much delight.

She grew more and more uneasy as she went on with the corrections, for suspicion was growing into conviction. At last her companion said the task was at an end.

"Thank you very much—that is all for to-day. The publisher will be glad to get so much. If you are still willing to help me, we will attack the rest to-morrow."

But Anastasia had a question to ask.

"Excuse me, but are you an editor?"

"No," he answered, "I am not even a sub-editor. Are you disappointed?"

Anastasia blushed painfully, and her voice trembled as she put her next question.

"I don't quite understand. I suppose this is your writing? You are an author?"

"I have that honour," he said, gravely, but there was a merry twinkling in the keen blue eyes.

Anastasia saw nothing. She kept her face turned resolutely away from him.

"Would it be a great impertinence if I were to ask the name you write under?" she hazarded.

"Of course not. I am Charles Jerman."

Anastasia was distinctly thankful for the growing twilight. The remembrance of her confidences to him respecting this same Charles Jerman burnt like a hundred fires, and was reflected on her agitated face.

"I think I will say good-bye, now," she at length said, in stifled tones, and making for the door.

"No," he said, abruptly. "Come back. You *must* come back!"

Anastasia was turning the handle.

"If you will not do as I ask," he threatened, "I will get up from the sofa, and you know what the doctor said would happen if I did chance to put my injured foot to the ground!"

The threat had the desired effect. Miss Welsh left the vicinity of the door and drew near to the sofa.

"Please come where I can see you," he said, almost irritably. "I dislike talking to people without faces. I always like to see what they think."

Now Anastasia had a great objection to having her thoughts read just then, but she turned and faced him rather defiantly.

"Please don't annihilate me completely," he murmured; "really, I could not survive it a second time in one day."

Miss Welsh was obliged to smile. As has been said, her smile made her almost handsome.

"Miss Welsh," said this distinguished author, quite humbly, "you said yesterday that you would like me for a brother. If you have no objection, I should be delighted to have you for a relation, but I could not possibly put up with you as my sister." There was a pause, then he added, softly, "I want you to be my wife."

It was very sudden, altogether too precipitate, as Miss Welsh very decidedly told him.

But he was a romancist, he told her, and he held a solid belief in love at first sight. And in the end she accepted his belief — for had she not undisputable authority for a similar theory, born from her own experience in a like matter?

# *The Champion Jumper of the World.*

By Oswald North.

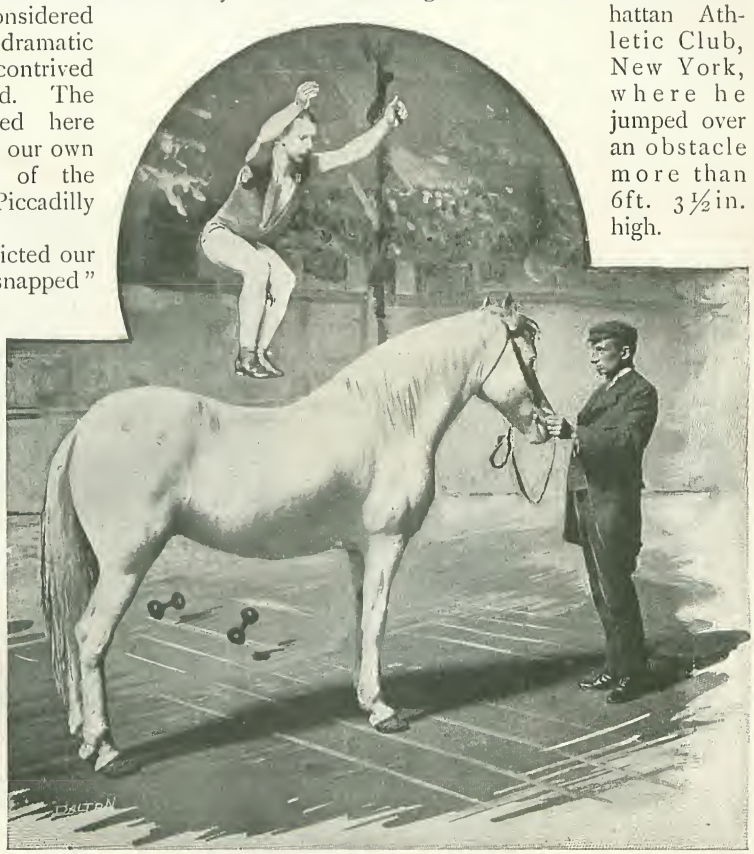
IN many ways it is distinctly advantageous to be a successful professional jumper, but the business has its drawbacks. Foremost among these is the joker who seizes upon the obvious. Mr. John Higgins, the wonderful man whose feats are depicted in these pages, at one time kept an account of the witty fellows who assured him he was "born to rise in the world"; but he soon gave up in despair, so great was the number of these would-be wits.

The curious thing about Mr. Higgins is that he is considerably below medium stature, being but 5ft. 3¾in. in height. He is not yet twenty-six years of age, and comes from Blackburn—a district famous for the number and variety of athletes it has produced. Higgins's various feats are truly remarkable, whether considered merely as jumps, or as dramatic spectacles, ingeniously contrived and brilliantly executed. The photographs reproduced here were specially taken by our own artist on the stage of the Pavilion Theatre, in Piccadilly Circus.

In the first feat depicted our artist has successfully "snapped" Higgins in the very act of leaping over a horse sixteen hands high. It will be noticed that the athlete has several inches to spare. "There are horses *and* horses," remarked Mr. Higgins to the writer. "Some are so quiet that I really believe they would stand there without any attendant at their head. Others, however, are a real source of danger to me. Perhaps just as I am 'taking off,' the brute will rear high into the air; something like this once laid me up for weeks in Los Angeles, California."

As a rule, Mr. Higgins tests his horse nightly. He takes a run, but does not jump, merely bringing his feet down sharply close up to the animal, and dropping his dumb-bells precisely as he does in flight. In this way he sees how the horse takes it, and acts accordingly.

But this is a magnificent jump, as will be evident to anyone who realizes the great height and broad back of a sixteen-hand horse. And yet Higgins asks no consideration for his own lack of inches. He announces himself ready to meet all comers who challenge his right to the proud title of Champion Jumper of the World. One of his longest jumps, by the way, was performed at his native place in 1895; it measured 14ft. 11½in. One of his highest was done at the Manhattan Athletic Club, New York, where he jumped over an obstacle more than 6ft. 3½in. high.



JUMPING OVER A HORSE SIXTEEN HANDS HIGH.

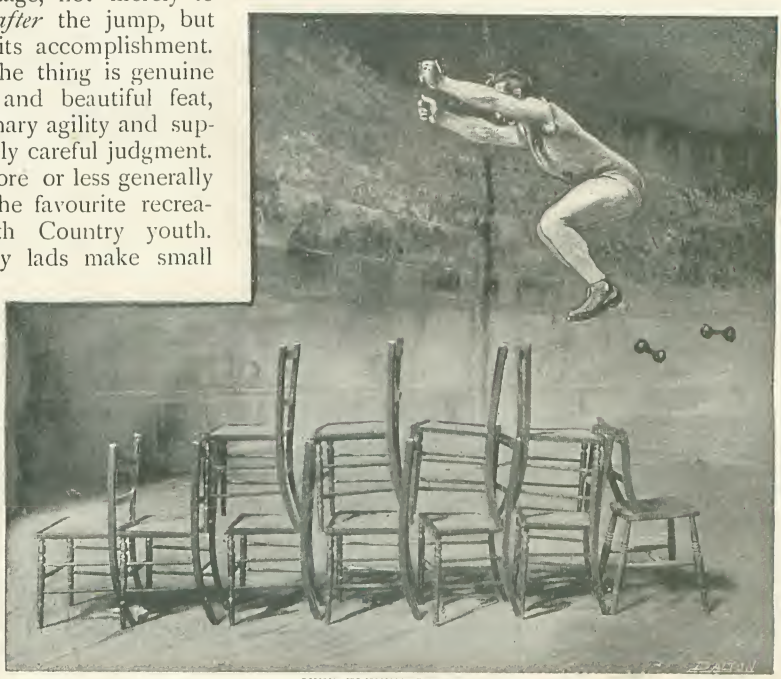
The next feat which Mr. Higgins is seen performing is one of a number of very extraordinary trick jumps. Clutching his dumb-bells as usual, the wonderful little man gives a few kangaroo-like leaps, and then rises into the air and alights right in the middle of a case of eggs! And yet not an egg is cracked, although the athlete is seen to linger in their midst for a moment and then rise gracefully over the back of the chair. We asked him how this was done. He said he couldn't tell; it was partly an effort of will. When he alighted for that fraction of a second on the eggs, he did not, of course, exercise a single ounce of his weight, but completed the jump by certain strenuous movements of his shoulders and the upper part of his body generally.

INTO A CASE OF EGGS WITHOUT BREAKING ANY.

Often people in the audience have doubted that the eggs were real eggs. But such persons are always courteously invited on to the stage, not merely to examine the eggs *after* the jump, but before, and during its accomplishment. Beyond all doubt, the thing is genuine—a really graceful and beautiful feat, calling for extraordinary agility and suppleness, and extremely careful judgment.

Jumping, as is more or less generally known, is one of the favourite recreations of our North Country youth. Many of the factory lads make small wagers of a shilling or so, and decide them at jumping contests held after hours in the country lanes. When a recognised champion arises, he is backed for comparatively large sums against the amateur champion of a neighbouring district, the stakes being contributed by a weekly levy paid to a regularly constituted treasurer. The winner of several of these higher events, sooner or later, attracts the notice of sporting men, and the next stage is professionalism. One grieves to say that local publicans also get hold of likely lads and arrange a series of contests with the view of encouraging, not the spirit of healthy emulation or even the spirit of athleticism, but merely the consumption of other spirits—and beer.

A really tremendous jump is seen in the accompanying photograph. It is over eleven ordinary cane-bottomed chairs. In pointing out to me the difficulty of this jump, Mr. Higgins remarked that he had to rise about five feet and "travel" fourteen. The characteristic which is most forcibly borne in upon the spectator is the astonishing cleanness of action and lack of apparent effort that distinguish these feats. Higgins does *not* believe



OVER ELEVEN CHAIRS.

in overtaxing himself. His various jumps are well within his power, and he always has some inches to spare—a fact which shows that he could accomplish still more difficult feats if he chose.

I have before me Higgins's athletic record; it is virtually one long list of victories. After "little things" innumerable came the crushing defeat of Temple Jones. This gentleman, a kind of knight of the athletic world, bore on his crest the proud title of champion hopper of the world. Now, it must be a grand thing to be a champion hopper, and therefore one sympathizes with Mr. Temple Jones, who was one night forced to hop into comparative obscurity, ten inches behind the rising star.

Next, Mr. Higgins had the temerity to challenge the redoubtable Joe Darby, himself the greatest jumper of his day. Joe was a bit staggered, for he was mindful of his own immense reputation, hardly won and long held. Moreover, he had heard ominous rumours about the new athlete. However, he was pushed into a corner, and a match was arranged, to be brought off on the Moorfield Ground, Failsworth (!), on July 22nd, 1893. Here is the newspaper report about the match, which, by the way, was for £100 and the Championship of the World :—

INTO A TUB OF WATER AND OUT AGAIN WITHOUT TOUCHING THE BOTTOM.

"The most important jumping match of late years was brought to a satisfactory conclusion on Saturday afternoon, the contestants being Joe Darby, of Dudley, and John Higgins, of Blackburn. Both men had undergone a special preparation for the match, which turned out very much one-sided. Higgins won in his first jump by 2ft. ½in., and could easily have made it much more. The jump was a hop, two strides, and jump, and Higgins broke the world's record by 17in. This record had stood twenty-two years. Higgins thus fairly proved himself to be a long way in front of all other athletes at all-round jumping, and he is fairly entitled to the title of Champion Jumper of the World."

The next illustration shows another remarkably effective trick jump in the very act of being accomplished. Higgins is seen jumping over the back of a chair placed on a table, into a tub of water and out again without touching the bottom. That he does actually touch the surface of the water is evidenced by the splash. It will be noticed that merely to jump over the back of the chair is an extraordinary feat; and yet to this must be added the astonishing trick—performed in mid-air, be it remembered—of alighting on the water and then springing out again, without touching the bottom of the tub. No wonder this surprising jump should make a "splash," in more senses than one. Higgins has been all his life beating existing records and creating new ones. The first record that he made was at St. Helens, against John Larkin. This was "stand, hop-stride, cross-stride, and jump"; and Higgins covered 17yds. 10in.; then came two hops and jump, 38ft.; four hops and jump, 59ft.; two back jumps, 20ft. 7½in.; three standing jumps, 42ft. 2in.; and so on.

A very curious trick jump is seen in the reproduction next given. The subject is Mr. Frank Munro, of 104, Waterloo Road, Mr. Higgins's manager and agent, who, of course, does not usually "oblige" in this respect. The assistant, arrayed in a silk hat (and, of course, other things; only the silk hat is a *sine quâ non*), takes up his position firmly near a table. It would never do for him to wobble about erratically. Well, a lighted candle in a candle-stick is placed carefully on his hat, and, this done, the jumper

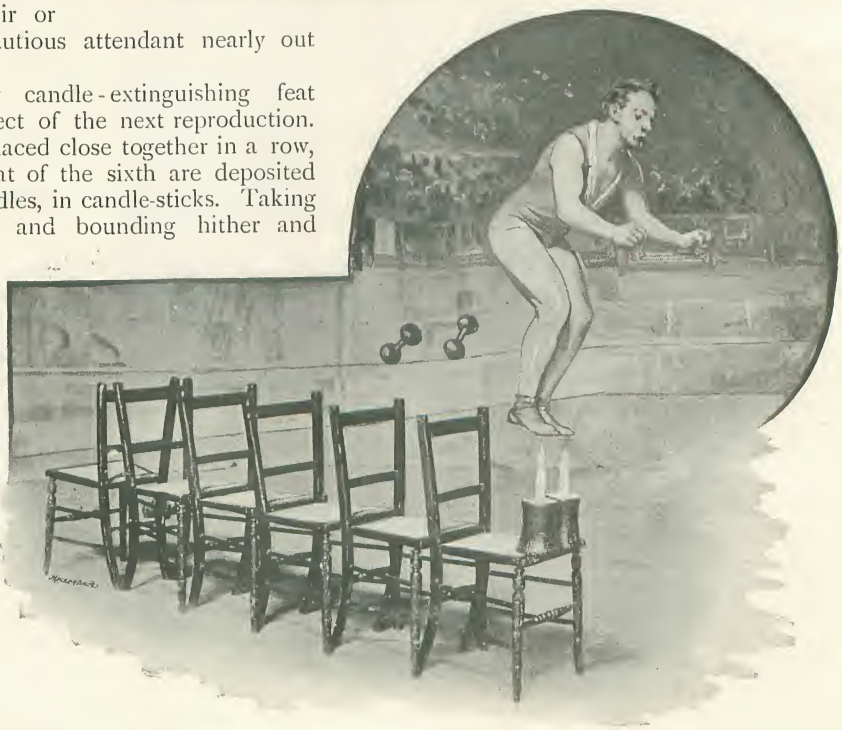
retires some distance to take measurements with his eye.

The reproduction of the photo. fully explains this remarkable performance. It is, indeed, a tremendous jump from the other side of the table right up on to the candle with both feet together. The flame is extinguished with a quick movement of the foot from the ankle, and then the athlete sails gracefully down on to the stage.

In the photo. one dumb-bell dropped by Higgins in his flight is just about to drop on to the table. And these missiles certainly do fall around with alarming promiscuity. The stage at the Pavilion was fairly corrugated with deep dents from them, and they often disabled a chair or scared an incautious attendant nearly out of his wits.

EXTINGUISHING A CANDLE ON A MAN'S HAT.

Yet another candle-extinguishing feat forms the subject of the next reproduction. Six chairs are placed close together in a row, and on the seat of the sixth are deposited two lighted candles, in candle-sticks. Taking his dumb-bells and bounding hither and thither like a veritable Spring-Heeled Jack (he does this to keep himself in form), Higgins stands well away from the chair most remote from the candles, and takes in the situation with his keen eye. He next gives a few more skittish frolics, and then one, two, and up over the chairs with indescribable *élan*. He passes through the air with curious slowness, and actually alights gingerly on the lighted candles, which he carefully extinguishes, one with each foot. Having successfully accomplished this, the jumper seems to rise *off the tips of the candles* and alights gracefully on the ground, bowing to his admiring audience. Of course, the whole of the jump takes only two or three seconds, but it calls for marvellous nicety of judgment and delicacy of movement. Now and then it happens that Higgins only extinguishes one candle. In such cases he always performs the feat over again.



ANOTHER CANDLE-EXTINGUISHING FEAT.

Quite as difficult is the next extraordinary jump, which, however, is invariably performed with the same ease of movement and certainty of judgment which characterize all the feats attempted by Mr. Higgins. This wonderful man stands bold upright on an ordinary fire-brick, dumb-bells in hand, as we see him in the photo. Very well. After a few swings of his muscular arms, he rises lightly and alights for a moment with both feet together on a small stand, which is placed about eight feet away. Almost instantly he rises again and takes another immense bound over a chair that stands rather more than another ten feet distant.

TWO LONG AND DELICATE JUMPS.

Obviously a useful accomplishment in cross-country races. Higgins has often taken part in these sports, clearing hedges and ditches and gates before which the boldest steeplechasers would shrink. And Mr. Higgins was once compelled to negotiate a six-foot paling at very short notice. As a matter of fact, an infuriated bull was the cause of this —and so ugly did that bull look, that Higgins declares to this day that he owes his life to his powers as a jumper.

Of course, Higgins went to the United States. Every individual who has made a great name in the entertainment world, here, does this. And Higgins's rivals even brought over a renowned American jumper who was to wrest the jumping crown—if there *is* a jumping crown—from the Englishman. The latter was challenged to try "three rises"—or hop, two strides, hop, two strides, and jump. His engagement list was full, however, and Higgins declined. The American sent letters to the sporting papers complaining about Higgins, and at last the latter met his trans-Atlantic rival. The match was, modestly enough, for £200 a side and "the championship of the planet." It was brought off at the Wellington Grounds, Bury, on September 29th, 1894, and Higgins won by 13½in.

Next we find the plucky little North Countryman carrying the war into his opponents' country. In other words, Higgins went off to the States again, travelled over 25,000 miles there, and defeated every athlete he met.

Mr. Higgins is next seen in the very act of ringing a bell in his flight—one of those bells you push down sharply. It is placed on a chair, which stands on a table, so that the mere jump, to say nothing about the bell-ringing, is worthy of notice. Of course, doubting Thomases have their say about this remarkably clever feat—"it is an electric bell, rung from the wings at the proper

moment," and so on. Nothing but a close examination of the bell *in situ* will convince such people. A curious thing is that Higgins never practises. He considers his evening's work before the public quite enough practice. Another remarkable thing is the way in which he has attained, after years of perseverance, his present position as champion all-round jumper. Fearlessly he has attacked professional and semi-professional men, who have made one particular kind of jump their speciality. For example, there was the match with Gregson, of Grimshaw Park, for £50 a side. The conditions were "stand, one cross, and four jumps." That Gregson was a specialist was evidenced by the betting, which was three to one *against* Higgins for the cross, and ten to one *on* him for the match. Higgins, however, won the cross by 1½in. and the jumps by *nine feet!*

RINGING A BELL IN FLIGHT.

In the photograph here reproduced we see Mr. Higgins taking a flying backward jump over a table and two chairs. The jumper stands several feet away from the chair, to which, of course, his back is turned. Swinging the dumb-bells, he throws his arms out behind him, and bounds backward to gain momentum. Resting for a second or so, he takes another terrific backward leap, and travels clean over the table and the other chair, having so calculated the distance and effort required as to be within, perhaps, a couple of inches of touching the seat of the farther chair as he descends.

This backward jump always appeals to an audience. "A forward jump, high or long," they seem to argue, "is all very well, no matter how big; but a leap backwards over a serious obstacle is a very different thing. A man may lose his nerve, or make an error of

A GREAT BACKWARD JUMP.

THE KANGAROO FEAT—OVER A RING OF CHAIRS.

judgment through not being able to see where he is going, and then there is a pretty bad fall before him—or rather behind him."

Even this wonderful "leap in the dark" is characterized by Higgins's neatness of style and ease of manner. He seems to rise from the stage with the elastic bound of an india-rubber ball, and he "travels" along in mid-air precisely as though he were gliding on an invisible wire. His legs are never sprawling apart, but always close together, and he smiles at all times as though he viewed his performance in the light of a mere pastime.

At Hull our champion jumper leaped over a horse 18 hands high; and at the Orpheum, San Francisco, he cleared two horses, each 17 hands. In November, 1895, he jumped over forty-five chairs in succession, placed in a ring, and each chair 10ft. from the other—a truly terrific feat of agility and endurance. The next photo. shows Mr. Higgins clearing a ring of chairs—a much smaller ring, of course, than the one just mentioned, or it would not have been photographable. The chairs are placed 10ft. apart, and Higgins braces himself for a great effort. The band plays a very slow march, and to keep time with the music the jumper regulates his prodigious bounds, the effect being peculiar in a very remarkable degree.

THE "HUMAN OBSTACLE."

What Mr. Higgins calls the "Human Obstacle Jump" is seen in the accompanying photo. We all know the Human Obstacle, but unfortunately we cannot all get clear of him with the ease and agility

OVER THE "HUMAN WALL."

displayed by Higgins. This is how the jump is arranged: Three gentlemen from the audience are invited upon the stage. Two take up positions about 5ft. apart, and the third extends himself rigidly crosswise, his head resting on the shoulders of one supporter, and his legs on the other. To maintain this position is a little trying. Few gentlemen are bursting to attempt it. Still, there is always someone thirsting for the fearful joy of a few moments' publicity.

The Human Wall is seen being negotiated in the next photo. reproduced here. This explains itself. Half-a-dozen gentlemen from the audience are brought on the stage and placed in a row. When the components of the "wall" appear to be a nervous lot, Higgins leaps over their heads from behind, but ordinarily he takes the jump with his men facing him. In the photo. it will be seen that the poor man over whose head the athlete is poised for a moment is shrinking half-unconsciously, lest a worse evil befall him. In this particular instance it may truly be said that "outsiders see most of the game." The men at each end know perfectly well that Higgins won't jump over *them*, so that they are really only ornamental adjuncts, and, as such, free to gaze at the jumper as much as they please.

This is a very effective feat. Sometimes it is varied by jumping over the wall endwise on, in which case it is extremely difficult to find a person willing to fill the onerous (and possibly dangerous) position occupied by the man at the end farthest from the jumper.

What may be called the athlete's most sensational jump is next shown. His victim for this occasion only was Mr. Frank Munro. As a rule, Higgins has to content himself with a paid underling as *corpus vile*,

ON TO A MAN'S FACE AND OFF AGAIN WITHOUT HURTING HIM.

unless there happens to be someone in the audience burning for distinction. A chair is placed on a table, and the assistant leans back with his elbows on the table and the back of his head resting on the seat of the chair.

When all is in readiness, and the audience suitably worked up, Higgins retires slowly to the other end of the stage. Here he dips his shoes into a preparation of lampblack and oil, so that "his mark" may be proof positive of successful accomplishment. Then giving the usual preliminary leaps, and carefully calculating distances with his eye, he bounds into the air, lingers for an infinitesimal period on his subject's face, and then descends to the stage on the other side. The ordeal past, the subject rises bashfully to take that share of the applause to which the big smuts on his nose and eyes entitle him.

The last illustration depicts Mr. Higgins's showiest feat—jumping over an ordinary brougham. There is a great fuss on the stage on the eve of this jump. Attendants run here and there. Some drag the brougham into its proper position, others spread an astonishing number of carpets, for the descent is very heavy.

OVER A FULL-SIZED BROUGHAM.

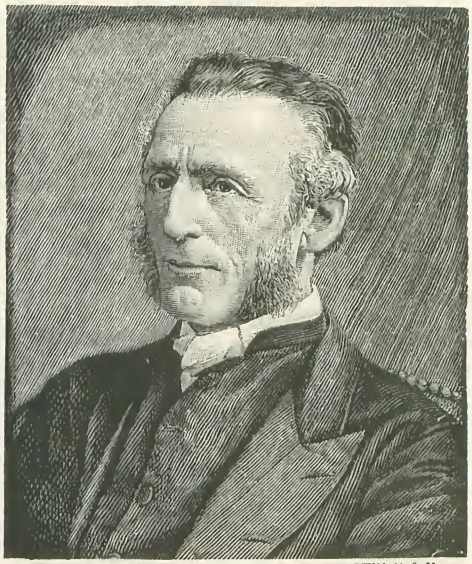
Of course, Higgins does not leap off the ground clean over the carriage; no human being could do that. Observe the small table 2ft. 3in. high, which is placed close to the near hind wheel. Taking as great a run as the stage will allow, Higgins springs lightly on to the table, pauses for a moment, and then rises with an extraordinary bound right over—*and across*—the top of the brougham. One opines that the value of the carriage deteriorates nightly, mainly on account of those dumb-bells which are discarded in flight. Often they fall on the carriage and knock it about. Or one will fall on a lamp, and batter it somewhat. But it is a grand feat this jumping "over a full-sized brougham"—splendidly engineered so as to bring down the house the moment the "Human Kangaroo" alights on the carpets placed on the other side. Of course, a stumble or miscalculation may entail a broken limb. Such mishaps are among the "drawbacks" mentioned at the outset.

*From a]* AGE 20. *[Daguerreotype.*

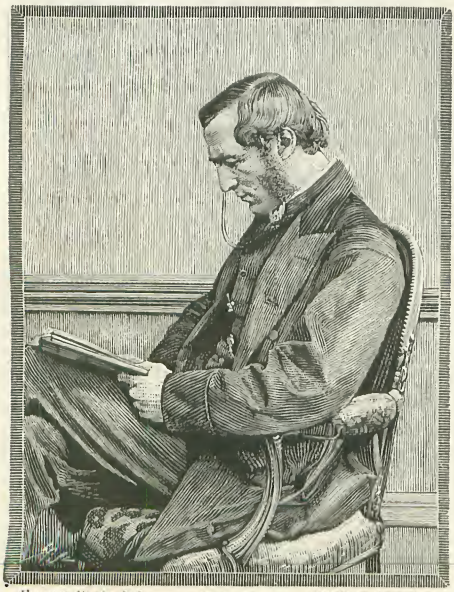
## THE BISHOP OF SOUTHWELL.

BORN 1828.

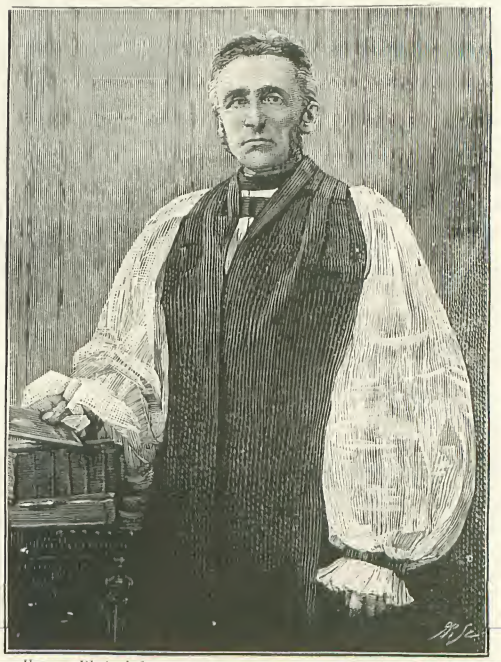
THE RIGHT REV. GEORGE RIDDING, D.D., Lord Bishop of Southwell, was educated at St. Mary's College, Winchester, and at Balliol College, Oxford. He was ordained deacon in 1854, and priest in 1856. He became successively a tutor of Exeter College and a junior proctor of Oxford University, and was on two occasions Select Preacher. He was appointed second master of Winchester College in 1863, and three years later Head Master. He was consecrated first Bishop of Southwell in 1884. Dr. Ridding is fond of outdoor recreations.



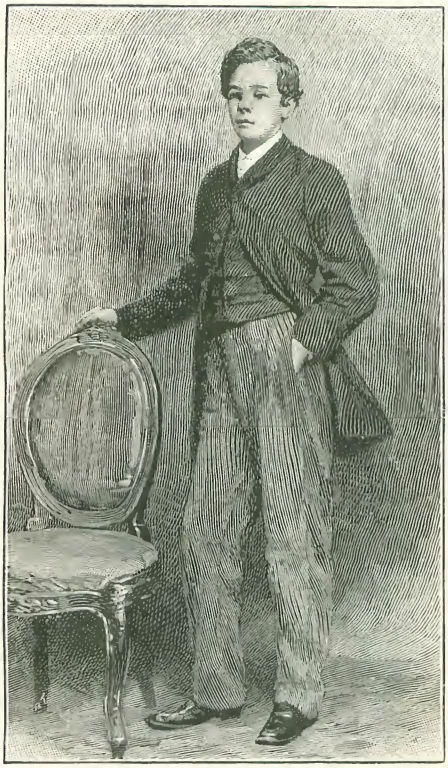
*From a Photo. by]* AGE 56. *[Elliott & Fry.*



*From a Photo. by]* AGE 32. *[Hills & Saunders.*



*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[Walker, Regent St.*



*From a Photo. by]* AGE 15. *[Davis.*

## LORD MONKSWELL.

BORN 1845.

LORD MONKSWELL, who succeeded Lord Sandhurst as Under-Secretary for War in the late Rosebery Administration, is best known to the public for his zeal in London County Council affairs, as member for the Haggerston Division of Shoreditch. A more ardent municipal reformer it would be difficult to find. Lord Monkswell was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he gained the First Class Law Tripos in 1866. He was made a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen in 1893, and is the author of various works, among which are "Collier on Contributaries" and "Kate Grenville," a novel.

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 40. *[Maull & Fox.*

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 28. *[L. Suscipj, Rome.*

*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[W. & D. Downey.*

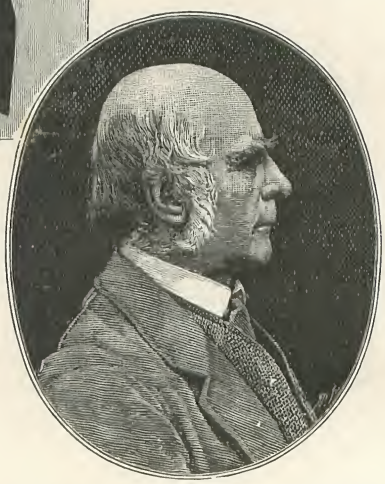
## FRANCIS GALTON, M.A., F.R.S.

BORN 1822.

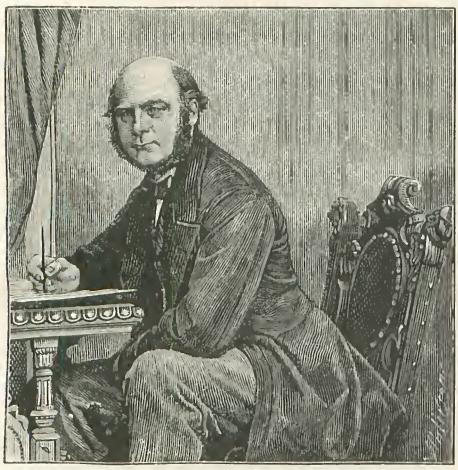
SCIENCE possesses a learned devotee in Mr. Francis Galton — a name made famous by research in the subjects of heredity, meteorology, anthropometry, and by successful scientific travel. Mr. Galton was born in 1822, and after studying medicine, graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge. For an exhaustive account of a journey in 1850 to the unknown Damara and Ovampo lands in South Africa, he received a gold medal from the Royal Geographical Society. His "Meteorographica," in 1863, resulted in establishing the theory and existence of anti-cyclones. In 1886 a gold medal came to him from the Royal Society. He has been President of the Anthropological Institute and Vice-President of the Royal and Royal Geographical Societies, and is now chairman of the committee in charge of the Royal Observatory at Kew. The present interest in finger-prints as a means of identification is almost wholly due to the writings of this indefatigable scientist.

AGE 12.
*From a Silhouette.*

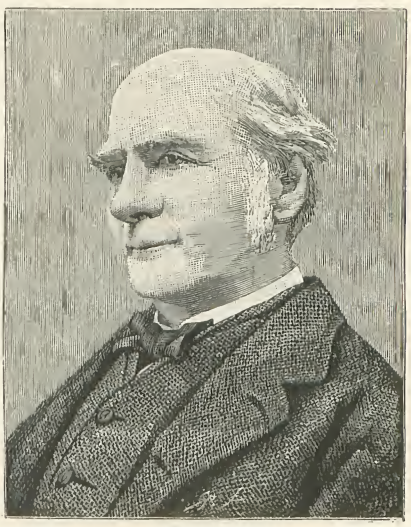
*From a* AGE 22. [*Photograph.*



*From a* AGE 66. [*Photograph.*



*From a Photo. by* AGE 42. [*Moira & Haigh.*



PRESENT DAY.
*From a Photo. by The Cameron Studio.*

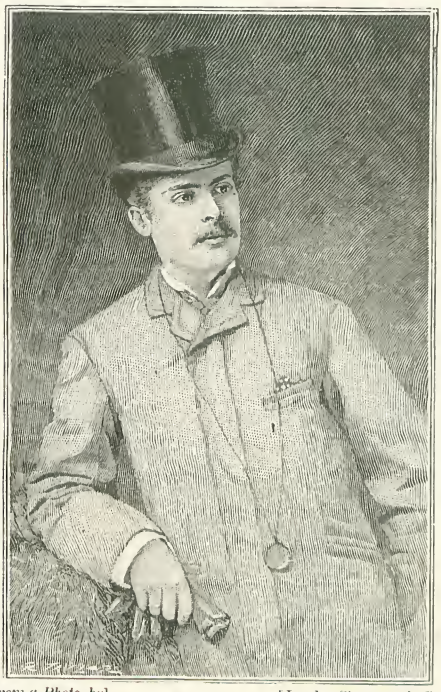
*From a Photo. by]* AGE 7. *[A. J. Melhuish.*

## MR. R. C. CARTON.

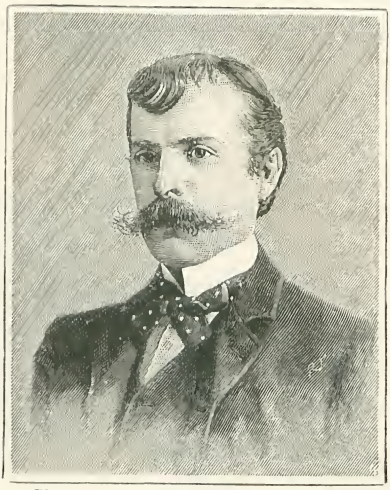
BORN 1856.

REPUTATION is often made with one fine play, and "Liberty Hall," produced at the St. James's Theatre, December 3rd, 1892, gave Mr. Carton an enviable position among dramatists. Mr. Carton was once an actor. In 1884, the success of "The Great Pink Pearl" encouraged him to adopt play-writing as a profession. "The Pointsman" followed. Then came "Liberty Hall," "The Home Secretary," "The Squire of Dames," "A White Elephant," and others. Mr. Carton's marriage with Miss Compton, the celebrated actress, was, as the dramatist himself writes, "the circumstance in my life of which I have most reason to feel proud." Mr. Carton's new piece, "The Tree of Knowledge," has been chosen by Mr. George Alexander for the re-opening of the St. James's Theatre after a successful tour in the provinces.

*From a]* AGE 29. *[Photograph.*



*From a Photo. by]* AGE 23. *[London Stereoscopic Co.*



*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[Lock & Whitfield.*

# *A Little Scrap of Melody.*

By Helen Boddington.

I.

"BRAVO, little 'un!"

The speaker was one of a group of the ordinary type of British workmen who were in the habit of spending their evenings in the room behind the bar of a small tavern designated the "Pig and Whistle," which was situated near the village of Craford, in Essex.

The "little 'un" addressed was a child, a girl of about eleven years, who, seated on a high stool at the far end of the room with a violin in her hand, had evidently just finished playing the piece which had called forth the applause. She was a delicate, fragile-looking little thing, with a thin, pale face, and great, wistful, brown eyes.

Suddenly the door opened, and a man entered the room; a stranger, apparently, for the men glanced at him curiously as he seated himself a little apart from them in a dusky corner.

"What shall I play?" asked the child, in a tired voice.

"Play ''Ome, sweet 'ome,'" said the man who had spoken last.

She raised the instrument and drew the bow caressingly across the strings, then broke into the old, familiar melody.

The stranger took a tobacco-pouch from his pocket, and slowly began to fill his pipe. Presently the pipe was laid down, and the man, with his elbow resting on the table and his chin in his hand, gazed thoughtfully at the little musician.

"Well done—very good, indeed," said a deep voice as the last chord echoed through the room, and the child lifted her eyes from her fiddle, and glanced across at the stranger. After a moment's hesitation, she began to play again, but this time it was something these men had never heard, something of which they did not even know the name, but the stranger knew it to be Mendelssohn's "Largo."

"Wonderful, wonderful—almost perfect," he muttered, as the sweet strains wailed through the room.

What a curious scene it was. The low-ceilinged, dingy room, filled with the smoke from the pipes of the smokers, all of whom had pint pots of beer within reach. An oil lamp hanging on the wall—the light of which flickered fitfully—shone on the faces of the men, and left in shadow the little violinist at one end of the room, and the stranger at the other. The child played tune after tune, urged on from time to time by the men, who, as the night grew apace, began to get boisterous in spite of the stranger.

The pint pots had all been refilled several times, two or three of the men had fallen asleep in their chairs, and still the tiny hand manipulated the bow, and never one dis-

"WILL YOU COME HOME NOW, FATHER?"

cordant note came forth from the instrument, although the little head was drooping and the eyes were heavy with sleep. At last the music ceased, and presently the stranger heard a sweet voice say :—

"Will you come home now, father? I am so tired."

Looking across the room he saw the child standing beside a chair in which was a sleeping man.

"Eh? What do you want?"

"She wants you to go home," said another man, with a leer, giving the sleeper a dig in the ribs.

"Go home yourself, you needn't bother about me," said the child's father. "Here, where's the hat? I want some more drink," rising in his chair, and stretching forth his hand.

"Not to-night, father; not to-night," answered the child, in trembling accents. "You shall have it in the morning, I promise," picking up an old, soft felt hat, which was on the floor, near the stool where she had been sitting, and which had been used as a collecting-bag.

The man rose to his feet with a curse, and, lurching in the direction of the child, snatched it from her hand.

"AH, POOR THING, HER DOES 'AVE A 'ARD LIFE OF IT."

"I'll teach you to disobey your father, miss; take that," and the brute was just bringing his hand down heavily on her shoulders, when his arm was arrested, and he was thrust back roughly into his seat, by the stranger.

"Go home, little one—you ought to have been asleep hours ago."

The great brown eyes, full of tears, looked confidingly up into the man's face, and with a softly spoken "Good night," she turned and left the room, with the violin under her arm.

The stranger followed into the bar, where the landlady sat dozing behind the counter. As he entered, the woman pulled herself together and furtively straightened her hair. The child had disappeared.

"I suppose my bedroom is ready?" he said, addressing the woman.

"Oh, yes, sir," with a respectful curtsy, "and what time should you like to be called, sir?"

Ignoring this question, he asked, "Who is the child that has been playing the violin all this evening?"

The landlady scented food for gossip, and, with a cough of satisfaction, said, "Ah; poor thing, her does 'ave a 'ard life of it. You see, sir, her father, William Raymond by name, at one time used to play the fiddle at one of the theatres in a big town—I forget where it was—and was a most respectable man till he took to the drink. They do say as his wife was quite a lady. She died about a year ago, just before the girl and her father came to these parts."

"I suppose he taught the child to play?"

"Yes, sir, and the fiddle was bought in their palmy days. She has to make good use of it now, poor mite; you saw how she played to-night, till she was half dead? Well, that goes on every night; not here, but at the different taverns in the district; we only get her here two nights in the week. Her father is a drunken wretch, and never does a stroke o' work, and she keeps him and herself too. She plays well, don't she, sir?"

"She is a genius," answered the man, and with a "Good night" he mounted the old-fashioned, rickety staircase to his bed-chamber. His thoughts ran on in this wise :—

"She is a born musician, a perfect marvel.

What wasted talent! If I could get the father to part with her, I would have her educated and later on bring her out. By Jove! I am judge enough to know that she would startle the musical world. I think I'll see the man in the morning and propose it to him. It would be a new interest in life for me."

Putting his hand into the breast-pocket of his coat, he drew forth a leather case, and if anyone had been there to see, they would have noticed that a change passed over his face, the look of interest vanished, and a hopeless expression took its place. Inside the case was a photograph, and at this he gazed long and earnestly. It was the face of a bewitching-looking young girl, dark as a gipsy, with mocking eyes and smiling lips.

"Oh, Madge, Madge, how could you have been so cruel to me?" muttered the man. "You would not if you had loved me half so well as I love you. After we had been engaged six months, to say that you had known all the time that we were not suited to each other, and that all must be over between us. And why?" he went on, talking to the pictured face as though it were flesh and blood. "Simply because I did not want you to make a friend of that girl. I knew she was not a fit companion for you, my darling. And, oh! what hard, bitter words you said to me. I shall remember them until my dying day."

The little violinist was forgotten, and everything else in the world save this one woman.

What fools men are where women are concerned! And Philip Dalesford was a bigger fool than most, with regard to this girl, Madge Fairfax, who in a fit of passion had spurned his honest love, and tossed it, so to speak, to the four winds of heaven. He was a rich man, and so—unlike the poor creature who has to earn his own living—he could travel about as fancy willed, trying to forget his disappointment in unfamiliar scenes.

II.

"May I come in?" asked Philip Dalesford, early the following morning, knocking at the door of the cottage which had been pointed out to him as the one in which the little violinist and her father lived.

"Oh, yes, please do," answered the child, looking at the stranger with wondering eyes.

Philip, glancing round, saw that the room was poorly furnished, but perfectly neat, and that the blue serge frock which the child wore was worn, yet clean. She had evidently been playing before he entered, for she was holding her violin in her hand, and did not lay it down.

"I came really to see your father, but perhaps he isn't at home?"

"No, not now, but he will be soon, I think."

"Ah, well, it does not matter. I can talk to you first," and sitting down he drew the child to his side. "You—are you fond of this?" putting his hand on the violin.

"Yes, I love it," she answered, with her great, dreamy eyes fixed expectantly on his face.

"Do you know that God has given you a great gift, little one?"

"That's what my mother used to tell me. How strange that you should tell me that too."

"Should you like to have lessons from a very clever master, and learn to play so well that hundreds of people would flock to hear you?"

"Oh, yes, yes," and a great, exultant light spread over the tiny features. "But," and the eyes became sad again, "that cannot be, we are so poor, and if I could ever make enough money, father would not let me use it for that."

"Suppose I could persuade your father to let you come home with me to London—to live at my mother's house I mean; and if I promised to pay for the lessons, would you be willing to come, could you trust yourself with me?"

"Oh, I think you are the very best man on earth," cried the child, her face working with emotion.

"You would not be afraid to come with me, then?"

"No, I should not be afraid." Then, thoughtfully, "You are a good man, I know you are a good man, for you have such a kind face; and then, I would go anywhere to have lessons to learn to play really well; besides, I am so unhappy here without my mother. I don't think father knows what he is doing sometimes, he is so unkind to me."

"Well, then, that's settled, and I will come again presently and see your father."

"Oh! suppose he will not let me go?"—with a look of anxiety.

"Never fear, leave it to me. I think I can manage it; and, let me see, what is your name?"

"Agnes Raymond."

"Ah, a very pretty name, too. Well, good-bye for the present, Agnes. I shall see you again soon."

"She is a dear little thing," mused the

man, "and anyone could see that she is the child of a gentlewoman. Poor mite! how eager she was. Will she be quite content, I wonder, in a new sphere—transplanted, as it were, from an unproductive to a fertile soil? The worst of it is, she looks delicate, fragile, as if a puff of wind would blow her away. However, what I do, I do for the best. Nothing can be worse for her than the life she is leading now."

Later in the day the father was interviewed, and for the substantial sum which Philip Dalesford offered, consented to give up his child. While Philip was talking to her father in the cottage, the child had wandered down the lane, waiting anxiously until the interview should be over. And presently he found her seated on a stile, her little face quivering with excitement, and the great, earnest eyes asking the question she dared not ask with her lips.

"THE FATHER WAS INTERVIEWED."

"Yes, you are my little girl now," said he, gently stroking the fair hair. "My little scrap of melody."

"Do you mean it? Will he let me go with you? Oh!" with a great sigh of satisfaction, "it seems too good to be true."

"But perhaps you will not be happy with me."

"Oh, yes," looking confidingly into his face, "I know I shall be happy. But this is what I have been thinking. Suppose, after you have been so good to me, I should disappoint you."

"I don't think there is any fear of that."

"Not willingly; oh, no! I promise I shall always do my very best to please you; but I can't think why you should take so much trouble to be so kind to a little girl like me. You are such a big man. I shall always love you for it, always, and perhaps some day, when I am quite grown up, I shall be able to do something for you." The sweet, soft voice of the trusting child was like healing balm to the man's sore spirit.

Putting his hand under her chin, and looking into her face, he said, quite earnestly, "Little children often do more for 'big men' than grown-up people could ever do. You," with a smile, "are going to do something for me from now: you are going to be 'my little scrap of melody.'"

The child did not quite understand what the man meant, but the first time she had looked into his face, she had guessed with a child's instinct that he was not quite happy, and with the sympathy awakened which is born with every woman, and which from tenderest years is part of her nature—the sensitive child, with a touch of romance in her composition, made a hero of the man who had aroused that sympathy.

## III.

MRS. DALESFORD, seated before the fire in her pretty drawing-room, reading, for the sixth time at least, the letter which she had received from her son that morning, looked up smilingly as the butler announced Miss Fairfax, and a vision of loveliness entered the room.

"Why, Madge, I am surprised to see you—I had no idea you were in town."

"We only came back this morning," answered the girl, imprinting a warm kiss on

Mrs. Dalesford's brow, "and," with a laugh, "the first opportunity I got, of course, I had to come to you. Isn't it strange, directly I get into London, I always feel that I must rush to you? I should not have come to-day though, but I guessed that—that—Philip would be away."

"Yes, he is away now, but this evening he is coming home, and," opening the letter which she held in her hand, "he is bringing a child with him."

"Philip bringing a child with him!" echoed Madge Fairfax.

"Yes, a girl. He says she plays the violin most wonderfully, and, from what I can understand, he evidently intends to adopt her. I hope he will not regret later on, but I am so glad he has found something to be interested in. He seems quite eager for me to see the child, and says he is sure I shall soon grow to love her, for she is a most winning little thing."

All the mother's thoughts were with her son, her only son, whose welfare was always her first thought. And as the girl looked at the grey-haired woman before her, for a moment the sparkling eyes became almost sad-looking, and the rosy lips quivered.

For in her heart Madge Fairfax was thinking what a great nature this woman had, for never once had she uttered one word of blame to the misguided girl who had caused her son so much unhappiness, but instead, pitied her because she was misguided and motherless. Suddenly Madge crossed the room, and knelt down beside Mrs. Dalesford's knee.

"You ought to hate me; you know it would be the proper thing to do. Why don't you hate me, I say?" with a touch of passion in her voice.

"Because, dear," taking the beautiful face between her two hands, "I know some day you will realize that you have made a mistake, and then your life will not be so unclouded as it is now."

"I verily believe you are a saint," said the girl, rising to her feet. Then, with a bitter laugh, "I shall be quite anxious to see this wonderful child," and Mrs. Dalesford noticed that the softened look had gone from her face, and was replaced by the old, mocking expression.

Madge Fairfax had not left Mrs. Dalesford many minutes before the latter heard sounds of confusion in the hall, footsteps on the stairs, and Philip entered, leading Agnes Raymond by the hand.

"My boy," said the mother, with extended hands, "I did not expect you yet"; then, as the tall man put an arm round her slight figure, and bent to kiss her, "but all the same, I am glad you have come."

"We came by an earlier train than I expected; I knew it would make no difference to you. Agnes," putting his hand on the child's shoulder, "this is my mother. I hope you two will soon be good friends."

Mrs. Dalesford drew the little one to her side, and looked earnestly into her face. She was evidently satisfied with her scrutiny, for she said, "I think we shall soon grow to love each other."

"Yes, I shall love you," said the child, looking at the gentle face. Then, quaintly, "I think I should be obliged to love you anyhow, because you are 'his' mother," with a glance at Philip.

"Ah, so that is how it is?" smiling. "Well, suppose you come with me now, and someone shall show you your bedroom—you must be tired."

The little one was handed over to a kindly housemaid, and Mrs. Dalesford returned to the drawing-room, where she learned from her son all he knew concerning the child.

"I am so glad you are willing to take in my little wayfarer, mother," he said.

"I am always willing to do anything that will add to your happiness, dear."

"Ah, mother mine," looking fondly at the sweet face, "you are too good to me; you always have spoilt me, you know. You shall hear her play to-morrow, and I intend asking Herr Müller to see her as soon as possible. I can imagine the little man rubbing his hands, gleefully, and saying, 'She has a musical soul, my friend.'"

As the days passed, the child, so accustomed to poverty, marvelled at the costliness of everything around her in her new home, and the London mansion seemed to her a very paradise of wonder. Already she looked a different being. Prettily made frocks of dainty materials had taken the place of the shabby blue serge. The old careworn look had vanished from the little face, but the dreamy brown eyes had not lost the sad, far-away expression so habitual to them—in all probability they never would.

"Agnes," said Philip one morning, about a fortnight after their arrival in London, "Herr Müller is coming this afternoon to hear you play, so will you be ready for him about three o'clock, dear?"

"Yes, I will be ready," answered the child, perching herself on his knee.

"And you will play your very best?"

"Yes, yes, of course, I will"; then, putting her little face caressingly against his, "Oh, Mr. Dalesford, I am so happy, so happy, but I wish—I wish," thoughtfully, "that you were quite happy too."

"Well, puss, and how do you know I am not 'quite happy'?"

"Oh, because your eyes are sad, and when you think nobody is looking at you, your face is so solemn."

"You are too observant by far for such a small person." Then drawing her to him, and kissing her fondly, "Keep your joy as long as you can, my 'little scrap of melody.' Sorrow may come with the years."

"I do like you to call me that, Mr. Dalesford; it has such a pretty sound."

"Do you, pet? Well, I don't like you to call me Mr. Dalesford; you may call me Philip from now."

"May I, really? Oh, I shall be so glad to call you Philip."

Early in the afternoon the great teacher came as arranged, and, as Philip expected, went into ecstasies over the child's playing.

"Wonderful, wonderful!" exclaimed the little German; "you led me to expect a good deal, my friend, but not this—not this. The world should hear her play now, while she is quite young. You must not hide her away; it would be a sin, I say, a sin. My boy," rubbing his hands together, excitedly, "let me give her a few lessons first. Then ask your mother to give a big reception—or whatever you English call it—and bring her out. She will be all the rage, I tell you; she will stagger the musical world; she will be the wonder of the age." And as Philip held back, and looked undecided, he continued: "Consent, my friend, consent, she can make her fortune easily; the child, a mere baby, can make her fortune, I say."

"I will not decide yet; I will think it over, and talk to her about it. I had no idea of bringing her out until she was grown up."

When he did question Agnes about playing before a crowd of people, she said, quite simply: "Oh, no, I would not mind playing to them; I shall be glad, if you wish it, Philip."

And thus it was settled—a big "at home" was arranged to take place in a month's time, at which the child was to make her first appearance.

In the meantime, the great master gave the little musician numerous lessons, and Philip and his mother often marvelled how the strains of melody, which floated through the house, could be earthly music.

One morning, about three weeks after Agnes Raymond had taken up her abode in her new home, she was practising in the morning-room when the door opened, and she heard a clear, sweet voice saying, "Tell your mistress not to hurry down, Parker; I will wait here for her." And the next moment the child, pausing with her bow in mid-air, stood transfixed at the sight which met her eyes.

"Ah!" said Madge Fairfax, "I did not know anyone was here." Then going nearer

"'WONDERFUL!' EXCLAIMED THE LITTLE GERMAN."

to her: "I suppose you are Philip's little musician?"

"I am Agnes Raymond. Are you a friend of Philip's?" raising her great, earnest eyes to the lovely face. The girl turned away, and seated herself near the window, for that steady gaze gave her an uneasy feeling, the innocent eyes seemed to look her through and through.

The child in her frank, simple way, still with her fiddle in her hand, went and stood in front of Madge Fairfax, waiting for the answer to her question.

"Are you a friend of Philip's?" she repeated.

"Yes—no—yes, I mean."

"Oh, that is all right then. I only asked because somehow I didn't think you liked him, by the way you said, 'I suppose you are Philip's little musician.'"

A look of wonder at the child's penetration crossed her face, but she only said, "Are you fond of your violin?"

"Yes, I love it."

"Which do you love best—Philip or the fiddle?"

"ARE YOU A FRIEND OF PHILIP'S?"

"I used to love my fiddle best, but now I love Philip better than anybody or anything in the world. Do you know what he calls me?"

"No."

"His 'little scrap of melody.' Ah," with a tender smile, "he is so good to me."

"I wonder if you could be my 'little scrap of melody,' too?" There was a break in the sweet voice and a droop of the mobile lip.

"Why," said the child, putting down her violin and coming to the girl's side again, "there are tears in your eyes. *You* are sad, and Philip is sad too. How strange that is! Philip would not tell me what is grieving him because I am only a little girl, you see; but when I am grown up I shall ask him, and perhaps he will tell me then. But why are you sad? You ought not to be, because," looking at her with admiring eyes, "you are so beautiful."

"Ah, little one," drawing her on to her knee and kissing the delicate cheek, "beauty does not always bring happiness."

"Agnes! Agnes!" called a man's voice, which Madge Fairfax knew so well.

"Yes, Philip, I'm coming," and in a second the child was in the hall.

"What do you want?" Madge heard her say.

"I want two little hands to do something for me. Do you think you could put a button on my glove?" holding it high above her head.

"Yes, yes," eagerly; "give it to me, please," rising on tip-toe, "and I will get a needle and cotton and sew it on." She took the glove and was just flying upstairs, when a thought occurred to her, and she came back to him, just as he was about to enter the morning-room, and said, in a mysterious whisper, "There is a lady in there. Oh, such a beautiful lady!"

This information given, she bounded away again. Philip entered the room unsuspectingly enough, and when he saw who its occupant was, said, in surprised tones, "Oh! it is you, is it?"

To the girl he seemed cold and unconcerned, but she could not know how his heart was beating.

"Yes, it is I," with an expression of cool indifference. Oh, that hateful pride. One repentant look from the woman would have brought the man to her feet instantly; two outstretched hands, one word "Forgive," and the two lives which were drifting far apart would have been reunited then. But pride, with its cruel visage, stepped in and barred the way.

For a few minutes they talked on ordinary topics, then the child came down with his glove, and laughingly put it on his great hand. This performance over, he rose from his seat, saying, "I suppose you will wait to see my mother?" and she nodding assent,

he said "Good morning," and passed out of the door, the little one clinging to his arm.

Then she heard a slight shuffle in the hall, and knew that the child was lifted up into his arms, and kissed fondly; the front door was opened, and the man's voice called back as he descended the steps, "Good-bye, darling. I shall see you at lunch-time. Don't forget that I am going to take you to see the pictures this afternoon." And looking out of the window she could see the wee figure standing on the top step, shading her eyes with her hand, as she watched Philip until he got to a bend in the road, and then she saw that he turned round and waved a last adieu.

When Agnes entered the room, she found Madge and Mrs. Dalesford in earnest conversation, so, quietly taking up her violin, she stole out again.

"SHE BEGAN TO PLAY."

Very often Philip took the little one to see the different places of interest in the City, and frequently in the evenings they would wander in one of the parks, her hand held firmly in his, and she looking up into his face and chattering to him in her quaint, winsome little way, telling him her childish thoughts and ideas. What a strange couple they were, the strongly-built man and the wee, fragile child!

"Are you tired, dear?" Mrs. Dalesford said, after one of these excursions, thinking that Agnes looked paler even than usual.

"Only just a little, thank you. I think I soon get tired."

Philip glanced anxiously at the little one. "We must not go so far another time, puss; or perhaps it would be best to give up our evening rambles."

"Oh, no, no; please don't. I do love to go with you, Philip."

"Ah; well, then, we must not go so far another time," kissing the eager face.

## IV.

It was the day of the grand reception, and a fashionable crowd had flocked into Mrs. Dalesford's mansion. There was a bewildering hum of voices as Philip and the little musician entered the room, but once the presence of the child was made known, an expectant hush fell upon the assembly. The little one was dressed in a simple white silk frock, and seemed quite unconscious of the many pairs of eyes resting on her. She stood up by the piano while she tuned her violin, talking to Philip and Herr Müller in the most unconcerned manner possible. This over, she placed herself at a little distance from the piano, smiled across at Philip, raised her violin into position, and then, without a note of music, began to play.

As the true, pure sounds wailed through the room some of the women held their breath; others, mothers mostly, furtively wiped a tear away. At the end of the first piece the applause was deafening, and, as she put down her violin, a feeling of gratified pride welled up in her heart, not because these people applauded her, but because she knew that Philip would be pleased.

"Will you play again, dear?" he said, when he found that the clapping showed no signs of abating, and she willingly took up her fiddle and played again.

Madge Fairfax caught the little musician's eyes fixed on her face several times that afternoon, and, in spite of herself, the tender strains of melody softened that proud spirit more than anything else had ever done.

There were other musicians to amuse the company that afternoon, songs were sung, and there were piano solos and harp solos, but the people took little heed of anything save the child violinist. When she was not playing she was being petted and made much of by the women, and talked to and flattered by the men. Numerous questions were put to her. How long had she learnt? How long did she practise? Was she fond of music? and so on. All of which she answered in her grave, sweet way.

When the music was all over, and the

people were beginning to take their departure, Philip, making his way through the crowd, caught the words: "Yes, you are right, she is a genius without doubt; but anyone can see that she isn't long for this world, poor little thing."

Philip started and bit his under-lip hard. "Good heavens; does the woman mean that she won't live long?" Then trying to put the thought from him, "Nonsense, she is well enough; it is only her delicate look which gives one that impression. Anyhow, I will let a doctor see her to-morrow."

Already the child had become a necessity to the man. Almost unconsciously he had grown to love her, perhaps partly owing to the wealth of love which she showered upon him. When the morrow came, to Philip's anxious eyes, Agnes looked more fragile than ever, and, as if to confirm his fears, she was listless and complained of headache.

This was an excuse to send for a doctor, and after consulting his mother, Philip called in their own medical man. When alone with him, after he had examined the child, Dr. Basset said:—

"Yes; the lungs are in a very delicate condition. Her whole system is thoroughly weakened by the life she has been leading, and, without doubt, even a slight chill would be fatal. It is loss of vitality; every organ in her body is out of order. But," continued the doctor, in a would-be cheering voice, "don't despair, she has the advantage of youth. My advice to you is, stop the practising at once, and let her have perfect rest."

There was a misty look in the kind old eyes as they rested on the face of the younger man.

"My boy, don't grieve," he said, in husky tones; "all may be well yet. I will do my best for her."

"Ah! he says that to cheer me," muttered Philip, as his old friend quitted the room. "Does it mean that you will be taken from me?—my wee darling, my little scrap of melody!"

In the days of weakness and prostration which followed, it was Madge Fairfax who was the child's most constant companion. The little one had taken a strange fancy to the girl, and liked to have her with her.

"Why don't you talk to Philip as you do to me?" she said one day as Madge was sitting beside her couch. "You are always so quiet when he comes in."

"If you had done something wrong, and Philip was very vexed and offended with you, would you ask him to forgive you?" looking questioningly at the child.

"Yes, of course I should, at once."

"And do you think he would forgive you?"

"Yes, I am sure of it." Then—"Ah! I see how it is, Philip is offended with you, and you do not ask him to forgive you."

"I dare not," breathed the girl.

Agnes was going to speak again, but a fit of coughing interrupted her, and then Philip entered the room. It was pathetic to see how she tried to do little services for him. She would smile and look bright when he came near her, and often drag herself from the couch, in order to prove to him that she was getting stronger. At such times she would take up the beloved violin, which was always beside her, and play some tender melody to him. And afterwards, especially if it happened to be evening, he would take her in his arms and gently soothe her to sleep, as a mother might have done her child.

Weeks passed, and slowly but surely medical skill was taking effect. The flame of life, which had burnt so low, grew brighter; strength was taking the place of weakness, and hope, joyous hope, shone in the faces of those to whom she had grown so dear.

Then, once again, hope was dashed to the ground with cruel hands. Suddenly—how they knew not—a chill was taken; congestion of the lungs followed, and for fourteen days those who watched beside the bed—while the fever raged high and the breath came in difficult gasps—felt that, now, hope was indeed over.

Madge had begged to be allowed to nurse her, and untiringly she ministered to the little sufferer; stilling the restless moan with soothing words and tender caresses. The child's unconscious cries were always for Madge and Philip, and in the intervals of consciousness her wan little face would brighten as her eyes rested on either of them.

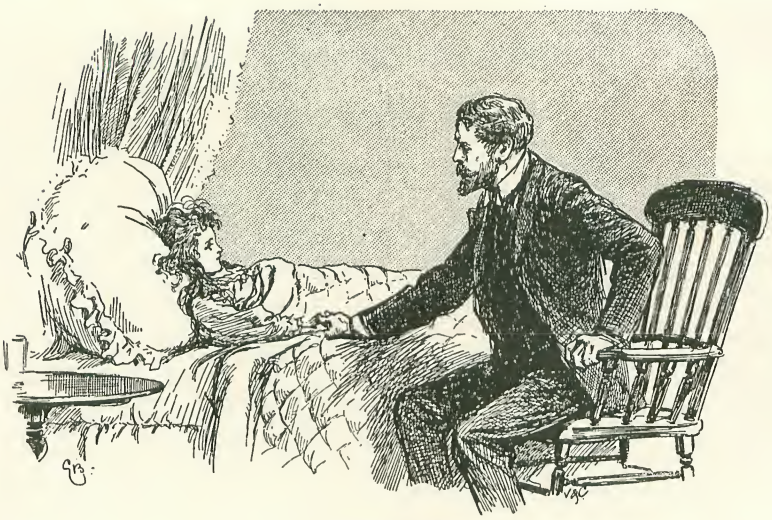
As for the two, they met often, but never spoke to each other, save on commonplace topics; the barrier had in no way been broken down.

It was evening. Philip stood by the bedside, looking anxiously—tenderly—at the little face; while the doctor on the other side had his finger on the child's pulse.

"Doctor, you must save her! You don't know how dear she is to me."

"Yes, I do know, but I dare not bid you hope; earthly aid can do nothing more—we must leave it to a Higher Power."

A heavy stupor had followed the delirium of the day, and the last half-hour the breathing had become easier. Suddenly, the eyes opened, the lips quivered.



"WHERE'S MADGE?"

"Philip," breathed the feeble voice.

"Yes, darling; I am here—I am with you."

"Where's Madge? I want Madge."

A few seconds more, and Madge was beside her.

"Ah! that is what I want"—a smile flickering round the mouth—"you and Philip together. Philip, put your arm round me; I want to ask you something. There! that's better," nestling her head on his shoulder, with a sigh of content. Then—"Philip, she is sorry—forgive her—say you will forgive her."

The man glanced at the woman who was kneeling by the bedside with tears streaming down her face.

"Yes, darling, I will forgive her because you ask me."

"And because I ask it too. Yes, Philip, say you forgive me because I ask it."

At last the proud spirit was crushed, and the woman's heart was laid bare before the man who loved her.

He looked at the lovely, pleading face, where shone love and penitence, and placing his hand on the bowed head, he said, softly, "It shall be as you wish."

Then he turned eagerly to the child, for she was speaking. "You will both be happy now. I am so glad—so glad. All the time I have been ill, Philip, I have wanted to tell you that she was sorry; but," with a weary sigh, "somehow I always seemed to forget what I wanted to say."

Then two little clinging arms encircled his neck, and the weak voice murmured, "My dear, dear Philip, I do love you. And Madge, too—always you and Madge. Don't move, don't take your arm away—I am so tired—so tired."

A few minutes of perfect silence, then the eyelids drooped, and the soft, regular breathing told them that the little one was asleep. When Madge had come into the room the doctor had moved away; now he came back and bent over the child.

"All is well; she will live," he said, turning a beaming face to the anxious watchers.

"My God, I thank Thee!" burst from Philip's lips.

"Lay her down gently—she will rest more comfortably on the pillow," said the doctor. "And take her away," pointing to Madge. "Perfect quiet means sleep; and sleep—life."

Philip, placing his arm round the girl, led her from the room; and when outside the closed door their lips met in one long, lingering kiss he said:—

"Oh! God, I thank Thee for sending to us a little peace-maker."

And so, the child-musician has not played her last note, her life's work is not finished yet. The old violin will be taken out of its case again; loving little hands will wield the bow once more, and Harmony, which has taken the place of Discord, will fill the air with strains of peace, because of "A Little Scrap of Melody."

# *Fireworks of the Past.*

By Alfred Whitman.

CONSIDERING the great developments that have taken place in almost all branches of scientific and chemical knowledge and discovery during the present century, we cannot help feeling that the advancement in pyrotechny has not been so rapid as it has been in other fields of science. In the present article we propose to describe and illustrate some of the public displays which, in bygone times, have served to demonstrate the popular sentiment on occasions of national rejoicing; and for spectacular effect these achievements of the past will be found to compare favourably with those of even our own day.

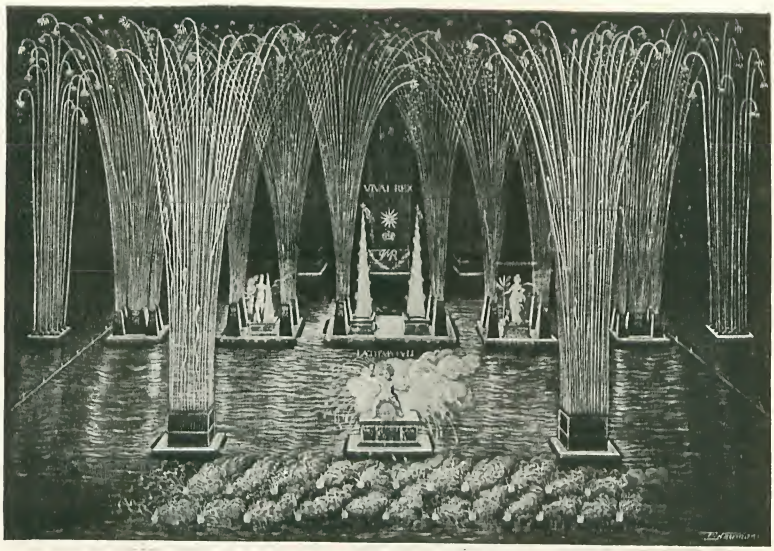
It will not surprise us to be told that the use of fireworks for the purposes of display was common in China in "very ancient times"; but we will confine our attention to English fireworks, and will begin with the later years of the seventeenth century.

The illustration No. 1 portrays the fireworks that were given on the Thames in honour of the coronation of James II., in April, 1685. The river was frequently chosen for these national displays, and the position could boast two distinct advantages: great crowds were able to obtain an uninterrupted view of the spectacle from the banks, and the reflection in the water considerably enhanced the effect. The contemporary records give very meagre descriptions of the fireworks on this occasion, but it would seem that at the coronation banquet, the guests or servers were not without exception of unimpeachable integrity; for when the cloth was removed, it was found that some of His Majesty's plate—including forks, spoons, and salt-cellars—was missing; and an advertisement in the *London Gazette* of April 27th finishes: "Whoever have found the aforesaid or any part of it, are desired to bring it to His Majesty's Pantry at Whitehall, and they shall be rewarded for their pains."

Three years later we have another "Firework on the Thames" to mark the rejoicings at the birth of a son to James II., known to fame first as the Prince of Wales and afterwards as the Old Pretender. The general thanksgiving lasted a fortnight, and on the evening of June 17th, 1688, "The publick Joy was expressed by the Conduits running with Wine, by Bonfires, Ringing of Bells, and all other ways by which the People could demonstrate their Dutiful Affection to their Majesties." The illustration No. 2 depicts one of the "other ways" in which duty found expression, and the scheme of the fireworks consisted chiefly in the discharge of volleys of rockets from rafts moored in a regular order.

NO. 1.—THE CORONATION OF JAMES II.—1685.

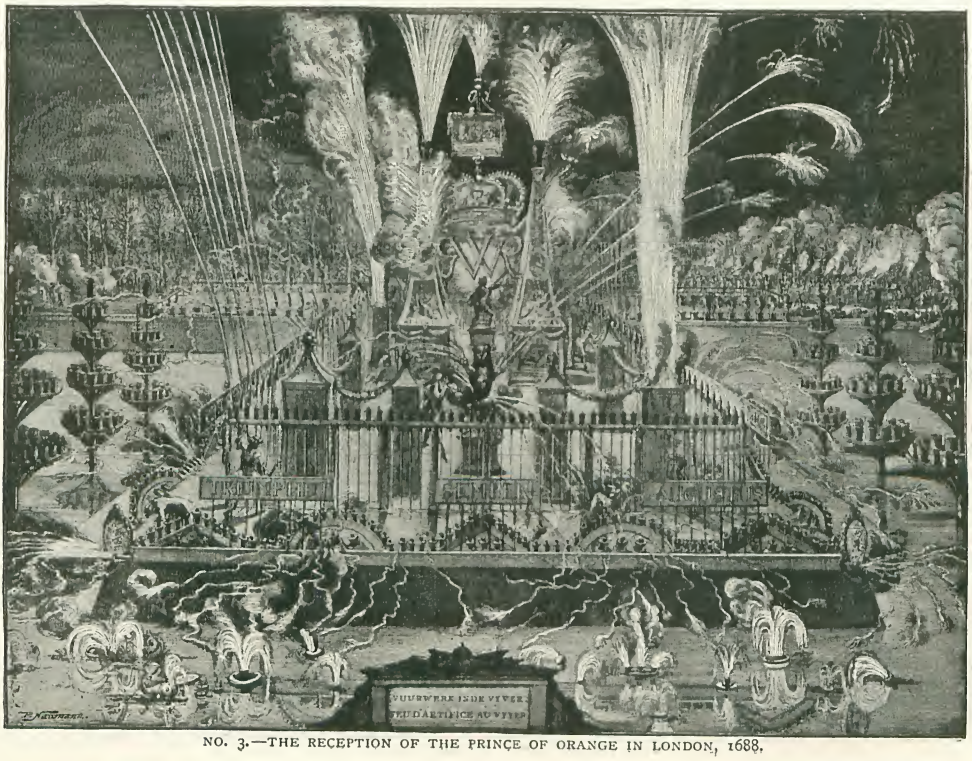
But "dutiful affection" was destined quickly to wane; and before the year was out James II. had abdicated, and William Prince of Orange was reigning in his stead. Having accepted the invitation to come over to England and, with his wife, occupy the throne, William embarked for this country, and, appropriately enough for our article, landed at




NO. 2.—THE BIRTH OF THE OLD PRETENDER IN 1688.

Torbay on Guy Fawkes Day. The Prince himself was anxious to set foot on British soil on November 4th, as that day was the anniversary of both his birth and marriage, but the elements were against him. The weather was so boisterous that all hope of landing at Torbay was given up, and even fears were entertained for the safety of the vessel; but after some hours of battling with the storm, the wind shifted and the ship was brought to the desired haven. It took the Prince until the middle of December to reach London, but when he arrived, "with about two hundred of his Guards and a great number of Country Gentlemen riding before him Bareheaded," the streets were thronged with people, who "made great Acclamation of Joy for his Welcome Home." The *London Mercury* informs us that "the Bells were Wringing [*sic*] in divers places, and at the Court end of the Town were several Bonefires"; while on the river was to be seen the magnificent display of fireworks which we illustrate in No. 3.

William III. was not a man to stay at



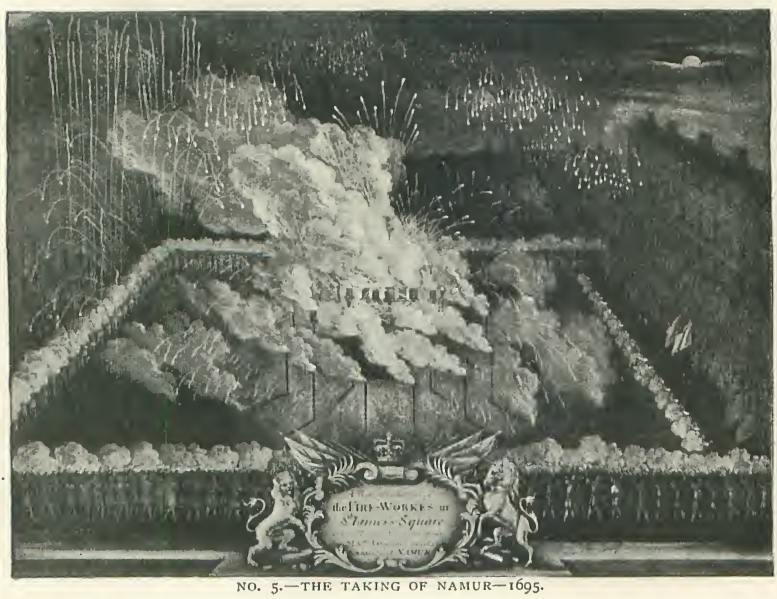
NO. 3.—THE RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE IN LONDON, 1688.

home and pass his days in luxurious ease; and in less than two years we find he had subdued Ireland and shattered the power of his predecessor. In illustration No. 4 we give "A Perfect Description of the Firework in Covent Garden that was perform'd at the Charge of the Gentry and other inhabitants of that Parish for y^e^ Joyfull return of His Ma^tie^ from His Conquest in Ireland, Sept^r.^ 10, 1690." Although the "Gentry and inhabitants" are credited with supplying the fireworks, some funds were provided for the occasion by the "local vestry," as will be seen by the following extracts from the parish books:—

NO. 4.—THE CONQUEST OF IRELAND—1690.

1690, Sep^r.^ 23. Paid to Mr. Brown, for 200 of ffagotts and 30 Brushes for Bonefire for the parish..... 01. 12. 06.
1690, Sep^r.^ 25. Paid Mr. Stokes for a Barrell of Ale for the Bonefire..... 01. 00. 00.
1691. Given to Stokes and y^e^ Watchmen to drincke att the Bonefire and fireworks att the King's return from Ireland ..... 00. 10. 00.
1691, Octo^r.^ 12. P^d.^ the Labourers and Carters for 4 Dayes Worke, in Laying and Spreading the Gravell ..... 01. 06. 00.

The next firework (No. 5) commemorates another of William's military achievements—the taking of Namur, in 1695. There was widespread satisfaction at "the glorious success of His Majesty's Arms in reducing a place of such strength," and Sunday, September 8th, was proclaimed a thanksgiving day. The next night—as we learn from the *Post Boy* of September 10th—"there were Fireworks in St. James's Square, and in the Stocks Market, and there were Bone-fires and Illuminations, with other Demonstrations of Joy for the taking of Namur, in all parts of the City."

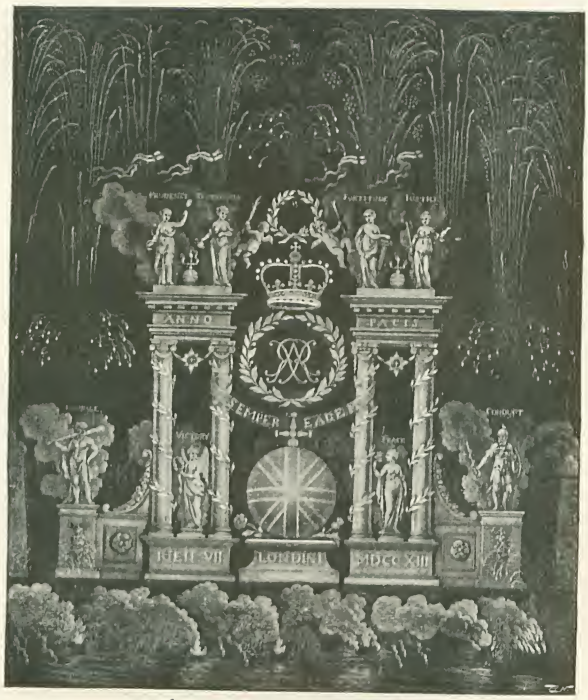


NO. 5.—THE TAKING OF NAMUR—1695.

The *London Gazette* of the same day informs us that "the Earl of Romney, Master-General of the Ordnance, having ordered a firework to be made in St. James's Square, it was accordingly prepared, and fired to the great satisfaction of all that saw it. At the same time divers Triumph Chambers were discharged, and His Majesty's Foot Guards being drawn up in the square, gave three volleys of running Fire,

the whole being performed in very good Order." This latter item is very accurately given in our illustration.

We now pass to the year 1713, when after that glorious but long and expensive campaign under Marlborough, which included the battles of Blenheim, Ramilies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, the peace of Utrecht brought rest to exhausted Europe. In illustration No. 6 we see the design for the firework "that was perform'd on the River Thames, July 7th, 1713, the Thanksgiving Day for the Peace obtained by the best of Queens." The structure was designed by Sir James Thornhill (the father-in-law of Hogarth), and in the display were included "100 Balloons of 7in. Mortars, 2,300 Sky Rockets, 1,500 Water Rockets," and very many other items.



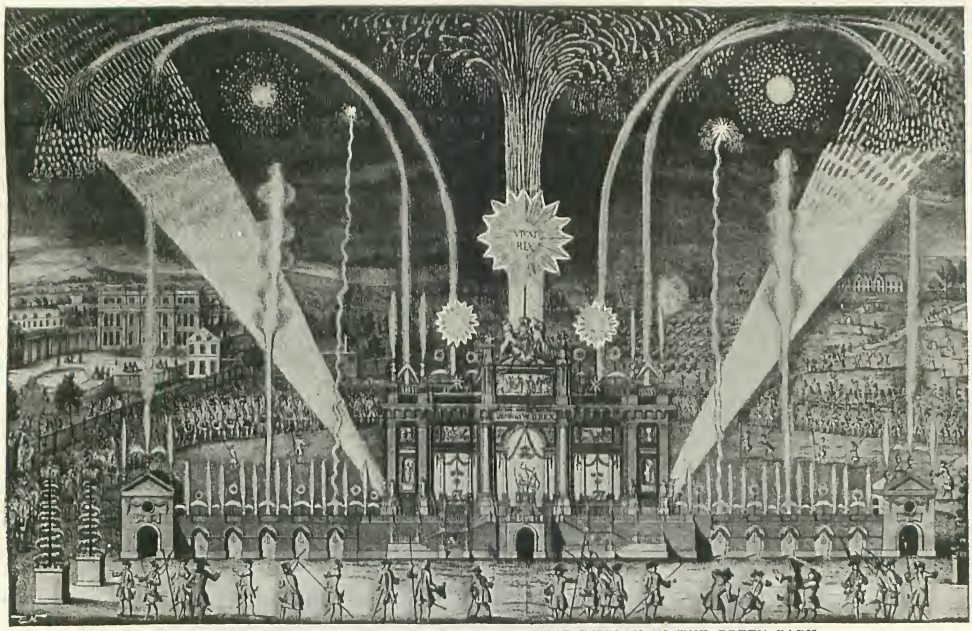

NO. 6.—THE PEACE OF UTRECHT—1713.

Our illustration shows the central portion of the structure, at the time when the display was at its height. "The crowds of spectators," quoting again from the *Post Boy*, "were prodigiously great to see the Playing Off of the Fireworks over against Whitehall, which began about eleven, and lasted till after midnight. They were excellent in their kind, and were played off with the utmost Regularity and Good Order. The Night concluded with ringing of Bells, Bonfires, Illuminations, drinking Loyal Healths, etc." Party feeling in regard to this treaty of peace was very prominent, but fortunately we have not to discuss that here. We need only say that by the treaty Louis XIV. ceased to aid the Pretender, and he recognised the Protestant succession of the House of Brunswick.

We come next to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, which was celebrated in London, April 27th, 1749, when the fireworks were on an exceptionally grand scale. The two principal displays took place in the Green Park, and opposite the Duke of Richmond's house on the river at Whitehall; but probably to avoid a clashing of the events, the Duke of Richmond postponed his celebration until May 15th. We will deal with the displays in the order of date.

That in the Green Park was conducted on a scale of great magnificence, as will be seen from illustration No. 7. On the left of the picture can be seen a portion of Buckingham House, which occupied the site where Buckingham Palace now stands. The firework edifice was designed by an Italian artist named Lenuandoni, its length being over 400ft., while its height was 114ft. It was adorned with twenty-three statues and twenty-eight pictures of colossal proportions, which in the daytime appeared as bas-reliefs, and at night as coloured transparencies. In the area before the middle arch was stationed a band of a hundred musicians, who performed warlike music, composed by "Mr. Handel," before the fireworks began. Then followed a salute of 101 brass ordnance, and after that came "a splendid display of all the varieties of the pyrotechnic art." From each side of the central portion 500 rockets were discharged, and then the entire front of the building displayed fire-wheels, etc, which continued for three hours.

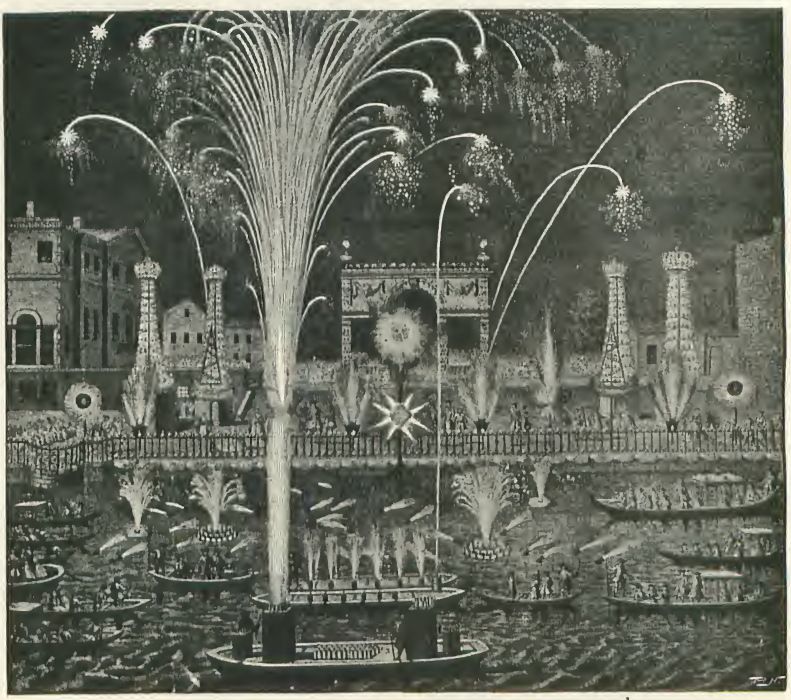
Upon the conclusion of this portion of the programme, 6,000 rockets were fired simultaneously from behind the King's arms at the summit of the edifice, after which "the whole building was illuminated and continued so for five hours more." To give some idea of the grandeur of the display, we quote a few items from the bill :—



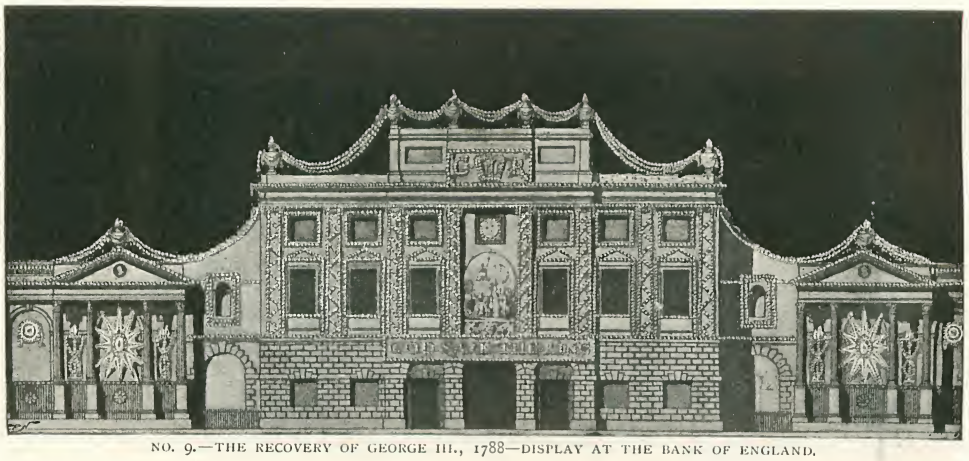
NO. 7.—THE PEACE OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, 1749—THE DISPLAY IN THE GREEN PARK.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sky rockets, 4oz. to 6lb. ..... | 10,650 |
| Pots de Brin..... | 12,200 |
| Serpents ..... | 130,000 |
| Grand Girandole of ½lb. Sky Rockets ... | 6,000 |
| Maroons in Battery..... | 5,000 |
| Lances ..... | 3,700 |

The display at the Duke of Richmond's, on May 15th, if not on so lavish a scale as the one in the Green Park, was certainly very effective, as will be seen from No. 8. The set pieces were arranged along the courtyard by the edge of the river, and the rockets, etc., were discharged from boats and barges on the water; while as a background to the whole the pavilion was brilliantly illuminated. The Duke first entertained a distinguished company of Royalty, nobility, and Foreign Ministers to supper, and afterwards the guests embarked in various craft, and, together with some hundreds of spectators, witnessed the display of fireworks. The vessel on the right of the picture nearest the shore is "His Majesty's barge."



NO. 8.—THE PEACE OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE—THE DUKE OF RICHMOND'S DISPLAY.



NO. 9.—THE RECOVERY OF GEORGE III., 1788—DISPLAY AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

We now come to the year 1788, when George III. was seized with that violent illness from which at times the most serious results were feared. But, fortunately, the King became convalescent in the following spring, and on St. George's Day, April 23rd, a special thanksgiving service was held in St. Paul's Cathedral. It was a day of great and genuine rejoicing. Troops lined the streets from five o'clock in the morning, and many spectators took up their positions along the route of the procession the night before. Unfortunately "the rain was very offensive to the spectators and made a sad derangement in their dress; but they remained with patience, though wet to the skin, till the King came up." *Stuart's Star* devotes five columns to a description of the illuminations at night, and of No. 9, which represents the central portion of the façade of the Bank of England, says, "Above all transparencies of the night, that of the Bank merited principal praise. The design was classic; and in point of composition and execution, it is to be lamented that so temporary a fate was annexed to so much talent and skill. In the centre was a transparency of Liberty seated on a triumphal car." We also learn that "Piccadilly, the Strand, Cheapside, and to the Bank had three or four ranks of carriages till near four o'clock in the morning."

NO. 10.—PEACE WITH FRANCE, 1802—THE HOUSE OF THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR.

Illustration No. 10 commemorates the rejoicings that took place on April 29th, 1802, upon the conclusion of peace between this country and France. The Metropolis was brilliantly and universally illuminated, and our illustration depicts the house of M. Otto, the French Ambassador, in Portman Square. The *Times* says: "The attraction of the evening was M. Otto's house, which presented a scene of extraordinary brilliancy. Soon after eight o'clock Portman Square was so completely jammed with people and carriages, that it was very difficult to get either in or out. Many carri-

NO. 11.—THE PEACE OF 1814—THE FORTRESS.

ages were stationary more than three hours, and all the avenues were blocked up. The effect of the illuminations was brilliant beyond conception, the whole of the front of the house being one blaze of light."

Illustration No. 11 portrays the building that was erected in the Green Park in 1814 to celebrate the peace of that year, when Europe was rejoicing over the fact that "in the insignificant Isle of Elba the Tyrant was securely deposited." The day of the celebration was August 1st, the centenary of the succession of the House of Brunswick, and the anniversary of the Battle of the Nile. It was a time of unusual festivity, and the services of the most eminent surveyors, architects, and artists were enlisted that full honour might be done to the occasion.

The festivity in which our illustration formed part took place in the Green Park. This "fortress" measured 500ft. in circumference and 80ft. in height, and, although so large, it was made to revolve, in order that the spectators might see the entire structure without moving. At a given signal, this fortress — which symbolized War — was, by some system of quick change, transformed into an emblem of Peace, as depicted in our last illustration, the Temple of Concord. With the transformation came a grand display of fireworks, and the contemporary accounts make a feature of the rockets that were employed. "Each rocket contains a world of smaller rockets; it is discharged from a gun, bursts and flings aloft innumerable parcels of flame; the smaller rockets burst, and a shower of fiery light descends to the earth."

At the coronation of Queen Victoria the joyful occasion was celebrated by a fair in Hyde Park; and although there was a grand display of fireworks at night, the artists of the time seem to have devoted their pencils exclusively to the events of the day.

And so we find that for centuries it has been the custom for people to express their happiness at times of national rejoicing by ingenious displays of fire; and one of the most striking features of the recent Diamond Jubilee celebrations was the remarkable spectacle the Metropolis presented when illuminated on the night of the ever-memorable 22nd of June.

NO. 12.—THE PEACE OF 1814—THE TEMPLE OF CONCORD.

# *The Peaches.*

From the French of André Theuriet.

HERBELOT and I were college chums, but after we struggled together through our *bachots* we lost sight of one another, until we met, twenty-five years later, at a college banquet. It was a commonplace function of the hackneyed type; much tremendous handshaking and boisterous recognition, remarks upon one another's looks and fortunes, the usual solemn little oration from the chairman, followed by the customary toasts, and the final burst of student reminiscences, glossed, of course, by the enchantment distance lends to the period of youth and sanguine hopes.

But a surprise awaited me in old Herbelot. He absolutely astounded me. I remembered him a reserved, timid young fellow, very slight and trim, exactly the kind of youth to make his way up in the office where his people placed him. Now there stood before me a sturdy, manly fellow, with bronzed face and throat, keen eyes, and a loud, jolly voice that blurted out whatever came uppermost. With his close-cut hair, his rough suit, his broad, grizzly beard, and his assured, free-and-easy manners, there was not a remnant of the clerk about him.

"'TWO PEACHES?' I CRIED, BEWILDERED."

"Why," I exclaimed, "what's the meaning of it? Are you not in the office still?"

"No, no, my dear fellow," he answered; "I am just an honest farmer. I have a little place at Chanteraine, about a mile and a half from here, a nice enough little place too, where I sow wheat and manufacture a small wine, that you shall taste when you will come and see me."

"What," cried I, "is it possible that you, son and grandson of men of the robe, you, supposed to be the very type of clerks, and born to make your way in the world as one, have given up your natural career?"

He nodded affirmatively, smiling and twinkling with evident enjoyment of my surprise.

"But," I asked, "tell me how it came about?"

"My dear fellow," he answered, sententiously, "little causes have a way occasionally of producing big effects; two peaches did so for me."

"Two peaches?" I cried, bewildered.

"Yes, neither more nor less. And as it seems to interest you, I will tell you all about it if you will walk out to Chanteraine with me after we have had some coffee."

To this I agreed, and it was as we sauntered along the canal that sultry August afternoon, cigar in mouth, that he told me his story.

"As you are aware," he began, "office life in our family is bred in the bone. My father, a clerk all his life, thought it incomparably the best of lives, and when, directly after I had mugged through my *baccalaureat*, he shoved me into the office, where he had a berth himself, I made no objection. My ideas upon the matter were not very pronounced, and I was quite ready to believe that what had been good enough for him and his father before him would be good enough for me. It was sure at least, however slow.

"At first I was, of course, only a supernumerary, but being a steady, hard-working sort of chap, and having early imbibed proper notions of the respect a clerk owes his superiors, I was soon noticed by the chiefs and got a rise. This was when I was twenty-five. I really think the head man in our department had a fancy for me. At any rate, he kept me always in his own room, and the other chaps in the office all envied me my luck, and chaffed me about the rosy future when I was to be top of the tree. But I soon gave them reason to change their opinion of me. I married, and, not only that, I married a girl who was pretty, loving, sweet, but who had no money. Now, this is the sort of thing business men despise. To them, marriage is entirely a business transaction. 'The husband can provide the breakfast,' they say, 'but the wife ought to provide the dinner.'

"Well, when we first married, it was fully as much as we could do, between us, to provide supper. Everyone said I was a fool, and that I had made a mess of my life. But we contrived just to make ends meet. She was as good as gold, our wants were few, and, though we had to economize, and be called fools for our pains, yet society condescended not absolutely to cut us.

"My chief was a rich man and fond of making a show. He often entertained; sometimes at great, heavy dinners, and occasionally he invited the chief residents and the families of the Government officials to a dance.

"It was to one of these latter entertainments that we were asked about a year after our marriage, and, my wife not being in a fit state of health to accept, I would have given a great deal to stay at home cosily with her. But I dared not do it, for the chief did not permit his invitations to be slighted.

"So, reluctantly enough, I donned my dress clothes, the wife running me over with her eye before I started, to see that everything was correct, and giving me little pats and pulls, especially the bow of my white tie.

"'It's going to be a regular grand ball,' she said, 'so mind you keep your eyes open and see everything, for my benefit. I shall expect to be told who is there and all about the toilettes and the supper. Oh, I forgot, there is to be a grand supper. They say he has sent to Chevet for all kinds of delicacies, fruits, and things worth their weight in gold. Peaches, my dear, at three francs apiece! Oh, those peaches! I do want one *so* badly. Do you know, I think if you were very, very nice, you would manage to smuggle one to me!'

"I cried out at this, and represented to her that it was as much as a man's reputation was worth to be seen slipping fruit off the table into his pocket; and that if I were caught doing such a thing, we should be cut. But the more I talked, the more she insisted upon the gratification of her whim.

"'Why, it is just the very easiest thing in the whole world. All you have to do is to take one for yourself and bring it to me. In the midst of all those people coming and going, you won't be noticed. Now, don't you shrug your shoulders, sir. I daresay it is very childish of me; but I do long for it. Ever since I heard about those peaches I have wanted one, just *dreadfully*. Promise me, dear, you'll bring me one—promise me, darling.'

"Now, what was I to say to her? How could I refuse her, loving her as I did? At any rate, at last I murmured out some kind of a promise, and then hastened to start. But, just when I was in the act of closing the outside door, she called me. I looked round and saw two great blue eyes fixed on me, eyes that absolutely gleamed with desire, and she called out:—

"'You've promised, haven't you, dear?'

"The ball was a grand affair. Flowers in profusion, pretty toilettes, good music. The Préfet, the local justice, the officers of the garrison, everyone who was anyone, was there. The chief certainly had spared nothing to make it a success, and his wife and daughter did the honours exceedingly well.

"At supper time I followed the procession with a thumping heart, and the first thing I saw, in the place of honour, on the long table, were Chevet's famous peaches.

"And magnificent they certainly were. They were piled up in a basket-shaped dish of Lunéville china, each separate fruit resting in its own little nest of fresh vine-leaves skilfully arranged to display its attractions,

"PROMISE ME YOU'LL BRING ME ONE."

the rosy flush of one velvety cheek contrasting with the greeny-white of a neighbour. The very look of them was enough; one could see they were delicious, perfumed, pink-fleshed.

"I gazed tenderly at them from a discreet distance, and then began to think of the happy little cries that would greet me if I could contrive to take just one home. Everyone was admiring them, and the more I looked, the more determined I was to get one, or perhaps a couple.

"But how? That was the point, for it was evident the servants were keeping guard over them. Every now and then I caught the master of the house giving a little nod, and then the butler would delicately remove a peach, open it with a silver knife, and hand the split fruit, on a Sèvres plate, to the individual who was allowed the honour of eating one.

"I watched this little game until I began to tremble lest the whole pyramid should vanish. But my fears were not realized. For some reason or other, either because the host signified his pleasure that no more should be dispensed, or because some guests were too modest to accept the fruit, to my relief I saw six beauties still remained when the band struck up fresh chords and the company filed back to the ball-room to dance.

"I went too, but only as a feint. I had purposely left my hat in the supper-room, a tall one that had been bothering me all the evening. I went back for it very soon, the servants, who all knew me, not, of course, watching me. They were very busy too, carrying away the used plates and glasses, and it so fell out that, for one minute, I was the only occupant of the room. There was no time to lose, however, and, glancing furtively to right and left, I approached the dish, stretched out my arm, snatched two peaches, and, in the twinkling of an eye, had them in my hat, my handkerchief stuffed well between them. Then, assuming an air of calm dignity, I stalked out of the room, holding the open side of the hat against my chest, and keeping it steady with my right hand, which was hidden in the bosom of my waistcoat. It really was a fine posture, the sort of thing one sees in statues of great men.

"It was my intention to make my way cautiously through the ball-room, and then, without any form of leave-taking, to slip out of the house and carry home my booty in triumph.

"But I counted without my host — or, rather, without the host's daughter. The cotillon had just begun, the great room was surrounded by a double row; against the wall black coats and dowagers, then a row of seats for the dancers, who now filled the middle of the room and were dancing a waltz. To get away, I had to cross the room and pass through the waltzers. I tried to do so without being noticed, in a mortal fright that someone would come bumping against me and jolt out the peaches. I could feel them rolling about inside my hat, and the blood in my head, face, and ears felt like liquid fire. I really suffered agonies of terror, but I found myself at last safely landed on the other side of the circle, just as a new figure

was being started. A lady was set in the centre of a ring of men who were to dance round her, with their backs turned to her. She was to hold a hat in her hand, and place it on the head of the man she chose as her partner to waltz. I arrived just as this manœuvre began, and the very moment the daughter of the house, who was dancing with one of the officials of the Prefecture, set eyes on me, she cried :—

"'A hat, a hat!—just what we wanted!'

"I was petrified—I stared at her, but could not move.

"'Oh, Monsieur Herbelot,' she said, 'you have just come at the right moment. Please give us your hat.'

"And before I could utter a word, she seized it out of my hands so suddenly that peaches, handkerchief, vine leaves, all rolled out together on the polished floor.

"You can imagine the scene: the ladies trying not to laugh, all eyes turned on me, the peaches lying at my feet, the chief's displeased frown; the older people round the wall whispering and pointing. My legs tottered under me, and I would have given the world to see the floor open to swallow me.

"At last someone spoke: 'Please pick your peaches up, Monsieur Herbelot.' It was the young lady who had snatched my hat and caused the catastrophe. There was a depth of sarcasm in her voice, and she was screwing up her mouth to avoid laughing aloud.

"Her words acted like a signal: a chorus of laughter rang from every corner of the room; the very servants grasped their sides as if to hold in their amusement; whilst I, pale, haggard, trembling from head to foot, flew out of the house to rush home and pour out the story to my wife.

"Next day it was the talk of the town. When I went to the office every fellow in it came up in turn to say: 'Good morning; and, I say, Herbelot, pick up those peaches.' Even in the street the boys followed me and called after me: 'Peaches, peaches.'

"MY LEGS TOTTERED UNDER ME."

"The long and short of it was that I had to give up my place : a week later I sent in my resignation.

"An uncle of my wife was farming some land of his own near the town where I was born, and I wrote asking him to take me as a kind of auxiliary. He agreed to this ; and that is how we came to Chanteraine. There's not much more to tell you. I buckled to, got up at daybreak, and worked as hard as a nigger. The life suited me, after all, better than the old office, and before very long, I developed into a regular farmer. The farm itself prospered so much to the old uncle's satisfaction, that he left it to us at his death. Since then I have bought more land round the old place, and now you shall see for yourself the results."

By this time we were at Chanteraine. First we passed through the orchard under trees bending beneath the weight of apples, pears, plums. Beyond it a field sloped to a clear stream, on the farther side of which rose a vine-clad hill, where grapes were now swelling and thrushes warbling. Left of us, the noise of a winnowing machine showed where the barns stood, and, after we passed through the well-stocked kitchen garden, we saw the house, the white front of which was covered with peach espaliers bearing a fine crop of ripening fruit.

"Ah!" said Herbelot, "you see, we go in for peaches here. I owe them all my luck, and but for them should have been to this day a wretched little clerk, shaking in my shoes every time my chief was out of humour. Poor fellows, there are too many of them, without me, just dragging on a miserable existence on their pittance of a salary, afraid of having children for fear they will never be able to either feed them or give them a start in life. But here, thank Heaven, I am my own master, and children are welcome ; there's plenty of our own corn to feed us all."

As he uttered these words a peal of laughter came from the house, the mingled laughter and chatter of happy boys and girls, and at a window on the ground-floor, as in a frame garlanded with verdure, appeared Madame Herbelot, still beautiful at forty, and reminding me herself of a sunny peach growing on a warm, sheltered wall, ripening in the kindly rays of afternoon.

# *Pests.*

By Warren Cooper.

SOME thirty years ago, the common European rabbit was introduced into Australia and New Zealand, and the natives have been regretting it ever since. The rabbits multiplied alarmingly, ate up and spoiled the sheep-food, and ruined the farmers. Devices of all sorts have been tried to get rid of them, but the golden method has not yet been struck. Traps, poison, and the virus of fowl-cholera have been tried; stoats and weasels have been suggested, and thousands of pounds have been sunk in rabbit-proof fences. But all in vain. New South Wales such an extent that 10,000 or 15,000 dead rabbits is no unusual booty of a day's hunting.

The way it is done is suggested by our first illustration, which shows a Jack rabbit drive near Fresno, California, on May 5th, 1894. Precautions are taken that no escape is left for Mr. Rabbit when once surrounded. A square or triangular inclosure, open at one end, is constructed of wire netting or of laths securely fastened together. Often a corner of some old corral is simply made rabbit tight, and from the open end of the pen diverging fences or wings are carried out in the form of a wide-mouthed V, sometimes for a distance of two or three miles. The fences are some-

A JACK RABBIT DRIVE NEAR FRESNO, CALIFORNIA, MAY 5TH, 1894—RABBITS ENTERING THE CORRAL.
*From a Photograph.*

alone now spends over £100,000 yearly in extermination, and in 1887 a reward of £25,000 was offered by the Government for an effectual method of extermination, but no one got the prize.

In California the same cry of woe is raised, and the people of Colorado, Idaho, Oregon, and Utah join in with lusty voice. In these places they call the animal "Jack Rabbit" as an abbreviation of "Jackass Rabbit," so named from his long ears. And, without any exaggeration, they *do* get after him. They have raised the system of "drives" to perfection, taking the idea from the Mission Indians, and developing it to times made in sections, so that they can be transported from one place to another, and thus used for several drives.

In an interesting report on "The Jack Rabbits of the United States," by Dr. T. S. Palmer, of the Department of Agriculture, statistics are given showing that from February, 1892, to November, 1894, 155 drives were held in California, and that 370,195 rabbits were killed by this means. Dr. Palmer also says that a drive always mean a gala day, and is a favourite way of celebrating some special occasion. The announcement is the signal for a gathering of the clans from all the neighbouring country, and the popula-

*From a Photo. by]* THE GRAND ARMY DRIVE AT FRESNO, MARCH 12TH, 1892. *[Stiffler.*

tion of the place is increased to several times its normal size when such an event takes place. Excursionists are attracted in large numbers, by the special rates offered by the railroads, and sometimes come from points as far distant as San Francisco and Sacramento. Upon the appointed day, large numbers of people turn out armed with sticks and clubs, and, scattering over a considerable area, start the rabbits and drive them toward the mouth of the corral. Every available vehicle is pressed into service, but the larger part of the throng is usually on foot. The lines gradually close in, and the frightened rabbits rush blindly into the opening between the wings, and are gradually crowded toward the narrow end of the pen, where they are soon dispatched. The drives take place in the winter and spring, and the number of rabbits killed varies from a few hundred up to 20,000. The town of Traver regularly celebrates its

*From a Photo. by]* 25,000 JACK RABBITS KILLED IN THE GRAND ARMY DRIVE. *[Stiffler.*

birthday in April by a rabbit drive and barbecue. On March 12th, 1892, the closing event of the encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic—veterans of the Civil War—resulted in the greatest drive on record, in which 25,000 rabbits were killed.

The ravages of locusts are well known, and newspapers from South Africa are constantly giving remarkable details regarding their flights and numbers. In Cyprus they used to do great damage, but have been almost exterminated by a system of pits and fences. A long zig-zag wire fence is placed across their line of march, and pits are dug at each of the inner angles. It is well known that when an army of locusts are advancing, they go in a straight line, devouring everything, and as they cannot jump these fences they fall into the pits and are there dispatched. Trains have been stopped by these pests, and it has sometimes taken labourers two or three hours to clean the machinery and put the train in motion. The disagreeable sensations caused by such a pest may well be imagined from our photograph, which shows a flight of locusts in Mafeking, Bechuanaland, in June, 1895. During the thickest of the flight, before the picture was secured, white-washed barrack buildings, standing but a few yards away, were invisible.

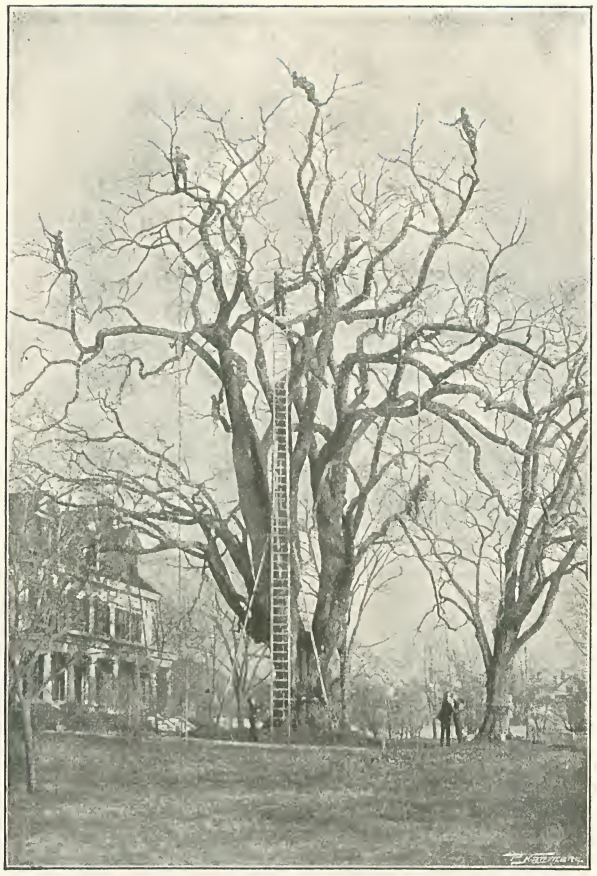
*From a Photo. by]* FLIGHT OF LOCUSTS AT MAFEKING, JUNE, 1895. *[Mr. Herbert Shaw.*

There are no rabbits to speak of in Massachusetts, but the old Commonwealth will never want for trouble so long as the gipsy moth is loitering about. It will hardly be believed that the State has now spent nearly a million dollars in fighting the moth and caterpillar, that hundreds of men, regularly organized into squads, have, since 1890, personally inspected and reinspected over forty-two million trees, and have killed nearly two and a half billion of these dangerous creatures, and that it will be several years, at an average expense of over £20,000 per year, before the gipsy moth is finally exterminated. But the statement is only too true, and it is certain that if Massachusetts had not quickly taken means to confine the moth within narrow limits, the forests and crops of the United States would soon have been defoliated and exterminated.

The fight against the moth is without parallel in the entomological history of the world. The insect was imported by a French naturalist, who was experimenting on silkworms at Medford, Massachusetts, and in 1869 a few specimens accidentally escaped. The dangerous character of the pest was immediately made public, but it was not till 1889 that its voracity and reproductive powers became noticeable. Probably the insects were getting acclimatized. At any rate, they soon swarmed upon Medford in hordes, sweeping clean large tracts of land, and marching on to new districts as soon as the old ones were devastated. In a few years they had covered over 220 square miles of territory, but by means of constant effort they have been confined within that limit, and there are now but 75 miles of forest land in which the moth is rampant.

The methods by which the fight has been carried on are many, but a few may be noted here. Our illustration of men at work on the Dexter elm in Malden shows one of the ways—and a risky way it is, too. The men ascend

on ladders, or are pulled up by ropes, and carefully search every portion of the tree, not only for caterpillars but for eggs, which they sometimes scrape off in pecks. The denuded tree is in itself a marvellous example of the ravages of the moth. These are also strikingly brought out in the illustration at the foot of this page, which shows a woodland colony of gipsy moths seen at a distance of one-third of a mile. The light area in the woods in the background shows the appearance of a defoliated tract, as compared with the surrounding uninfested trees. Another photograph shows how the caterpillars, having destroyed the vegetation when they first appeared, have spread into the neighbouring woods. In 1889 prominent citizens testified that the "worms" were so numerous that one could slide on the crushed bodies on the side-walks; and that they crowded each other off the trees and gathered in masses on the ground, fences, and houses, entering windows, destroying flowering plants in the houses, and even appearing in the chambers at night. The State began operations against the pest with the arsenic spray, but non-success prompted them to experiments, which showed that a



DESTROYING THE GIPSY MOTH ON THE DEXTER ELM, MALDEN, MASSACHUSETTS. *From a* [*Photograph.*

WOODLAND COLONY OF THE GIPSY MOTH—THE LIGHT AREA IN THE WOODS SHOWS A DEFOLIATED TRACT. *From a* [*Photograph.*

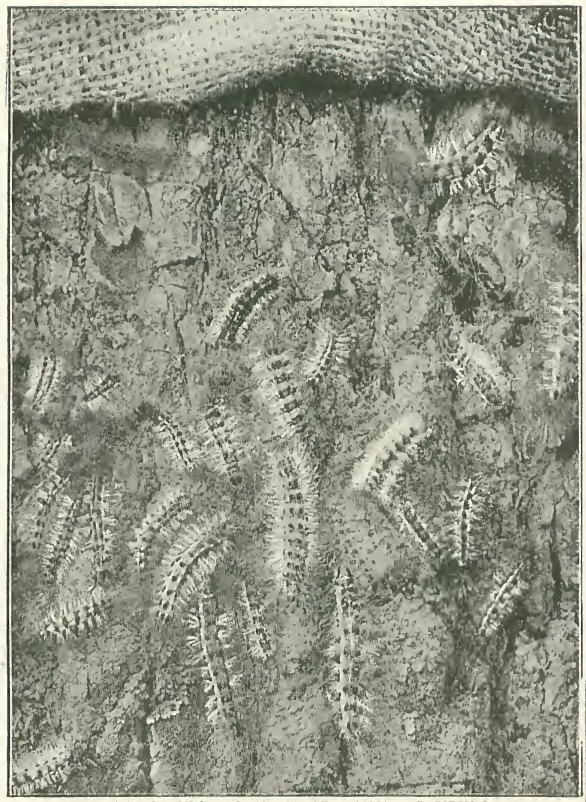
*From a]* INFESTED WOODLAND, SHOWING THE DISTRIBUTION OF CATERPILLARS. *[Photograph.*

full-grown caterpillar of this species could take twelve times as much arsenic as a man of the same size. The authorities then used the intense flame of vaporized petroleum waste, and destroyed millions of eggs. The instrument is called a "cyclone burner." Insecticides were also used, and "burlap" bands—coarse hempen cloth — were put around all the trees in order that the caterpillars and egg-clusters could be collected in mass and easily killed. Our illustrations show the method of using the cyclone burner, and a section of burlap band raised with the gipsy moth caterpillars gathered beneath it on the trunk of an elm tree. Another of our illustrations,

*From a]* DESTROYING GIPSY MOTHS BY MEANS OF THE CYCLONE BURNER. *[Photograph.*

*From a]* CUTTING AND BURNING INFESTED WOODS. *[Photograph.*

which have been lent to us by the Gipsy Moth Commission of Massachusetts, shows how infested woods are cut, and fires started in order that brushwood may be burned. How completely the caterpillar does its work is perhaps best shown by our illustration of the pine and other trees attacked at Lex-

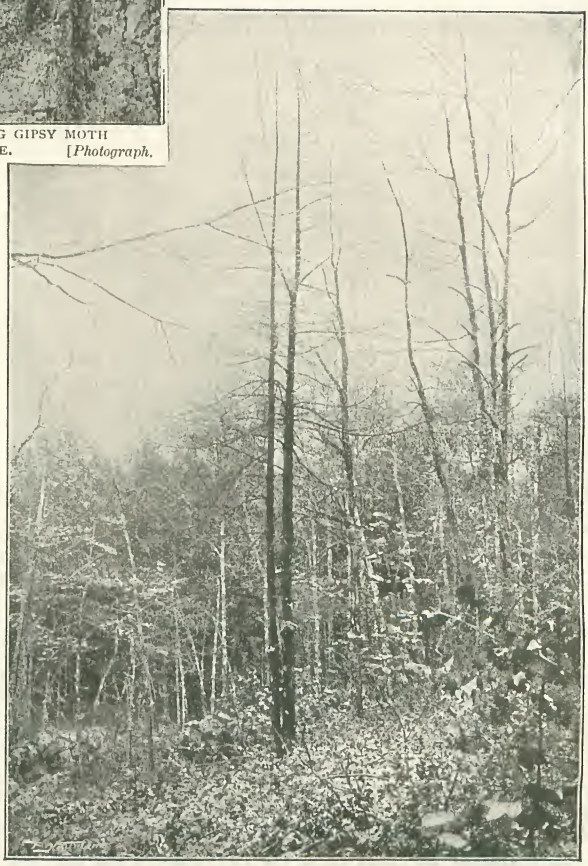


SECTION OF BURLAP BAND RAISED, SHOWING GIPSY MOTH CATERPILLARS ON AN ELM TREE. [*Photograph.*
*From a]*

territories, and in fifteen years had spread at the rate of 59,000 square miles each year, carrying destruction in its wake. Its fecundity is amazing, and on the assumption that the annual product of a pair of sparrows is twenty-four young, of which half are females and half males, it has been estimated that in ten years, provided all lived, the progeny of a single pair would be 275,716,983,698 sparrows, all with a greedy mouth, and all a menace to the land. The ornithologists of the United States Department of Agriculture have now recommended the immediate repeal of all laws which afford protection to this little bird, the enactment of laws legalizing killing at all seasons of the year, as well as laws making it a misdemeanour, punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both, to give food to the birds or to introduce it into

ington, Massachusetts. The trees in the foreground are stripped absolutely bare. Birds which feed upon the eggs of the gipsy moth have also been introduced, and no stone, literally speaking, has been left unturned to exterminate the pest. It has been carefully demonstrated by scientists that the unrestricted caterpillar increase of a single pair of gipsy moths would suffice in eight years to devour the entire vegetation of the United States!

The English sparrow question in North America has grown to be a serious problem in economic science, so far as the agricultural interests of the country are concerned. The charge against them is that they do wilful damage to buds, blossoms, and foliage, ruin fruit, eat up sown seed and thereby retard the crops, and molest the native birds. This indictment has been only too well proved. At the close of the year 1886 the sparrow had established itself in thirty-five States and five



PINE AND OTHER TREES ATTACKED BY THE GIPSY MOTH CATERPILLARS AT LEXINGTON, MASS. [*Photograph.*
*From a]*

*From a]* THE WATER HYACINTH. *[Photograph.*

new localities. These are but a few of the recommendations, and it may be well believed that no Government would recommend such apparently heartless slaughter unless there were a pressing need.

For several years past an aquatic plant known as the water hyacinth has been developing to such an enormous extent in the St. John's River, in Florida, as to cause serious apprehension in that region. It is a native of tropical South America, and commonly floats on the surface of the water without attachment to the soil. It has a fondness for sluggish streams, and in Florida the plants are generally found lining the shores of the lakes and rivers in immense numbers. So long as they can stay near the bank, the water hyacinths cause little trouble, but when the wind springs up, and looses great masses of the plants, starting them down stream or into the middle of the channel, the danger to navigation is very great.

Here is a picture of the little plant which the Floridans so much hate. A glance at its dense bushy mass of roots suggests the possibility of its causing trouble when floating, as it were, with the rest of the family, but our illustration of the "floating masses of water hyacinth" is its own proof. No one knows accurately when this pest was introduced into Florida, but it appeared in the St. John's River about 1890, at Edgewater, about four miles above Palatka. At this place it had been grown for some time in a pond, and when it was desired to clear the place out, the plants were thrown into the river. This is just where the mistake was made. For, being an attractive plant, it was carried by settlers up and down the river, and introduced at different points to beautify the river in front of the settlements, until its rapidity of propagation became a serious menace. The Floridans are now doing their level best to conquer it, and the United States Department of Agriculture has sent a special agent, in the person of Mr. Herbert J. Webber, to visit the region and investigate the question. The very striking photographs of the water-hyacinth pest which we use in this article have been lent to us by the Division of Botany of the Department of Agriculture.

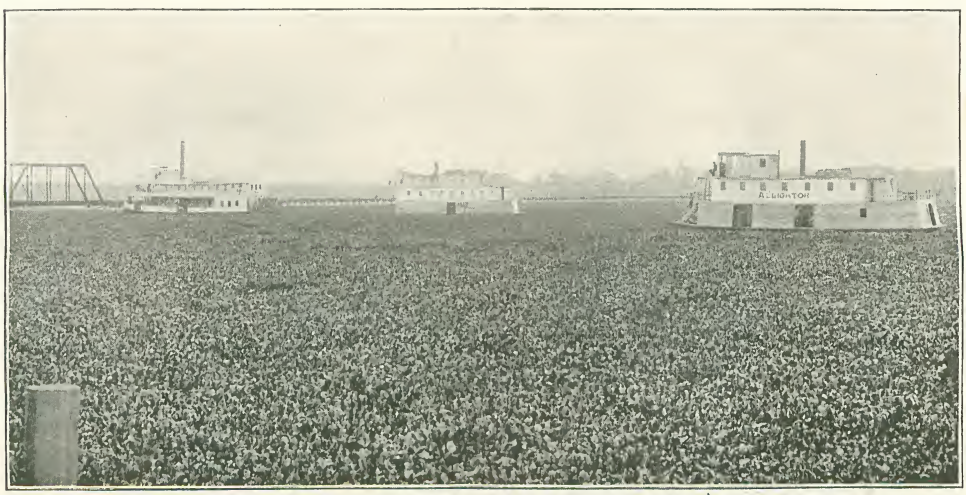
The case against the water hyacinth is overwhelming. Small boats with screw propellers find it impossible to penetrate a large mass of the plants, a they get entangled in the screw. When a large steamer, going at full speed, strikes a bank of the hyacinths it comes almost to a standstill. Floating logs often lie entangled in the mass and injure the boats; while in large lakes, like Lake George,

*From a]* FLOATING MASSES OF WATER HYACINTH. *[Photograph.*

*From a]* A FLORIDA CREEK COVERED WITH WATER HYACINTH. *[Photograph.*

and in wide portions of the rivers, there is great danger of steamers being caught by the plants, carried out of the channel, and stranded. The *City of Jacksonville*, a powerful steamer, plying on the St. John's River, had great difficulty in avoiding such a disaster during the autumn of 1896. Yet this is not all. It impedes the timber industry, clogs the nets of the fishermen, resists the passage of water under bridges and injures the bridges, and, by accumulating large masses of decaying vegetable matter near the large towns, seriously threatens the health of the inhabitants.

Pests of this nature are often combated by the introduction of their natural enemies, and it is now proposed to introduce into the Florida rivers the destructive red spider of horticulturists for the purpose of destroying the water hyacinth. It ought to be remembered, however, that English sparrows were introduced into the United States to destroy caterpillars, and a leaf might be taken out of the Jamaican note-book, where, as one writer points out, "rats were introduced, and other rats of carnivorous breed to thin their numbers, then ticks to thin these, then snakes to eat the ticks, and then mongooses to eat the snakes, the mongooses becoming a plague which nothing could quell." Certainly a glance at our last illustration, which shows three steamers at Palatka Bridge on the St. John's River, blocked by the water hyacinth, will convince anyone of the necessity of immediate action, but it may be that, after conquering the hyacinth, the Floridans will have to take arms against a sea of troubles in the shape of multitudes of spiders.



STEAMERS BLOCKED BY WATER HYACINTH AT PALATKA BRIDGE, ST. JOHN'S RIVER, FLORIDA.
*From a Photo. by A. P. Lewis, Palatka, Florida.*

# *Wrecks.*

By William G. FitzGerald.

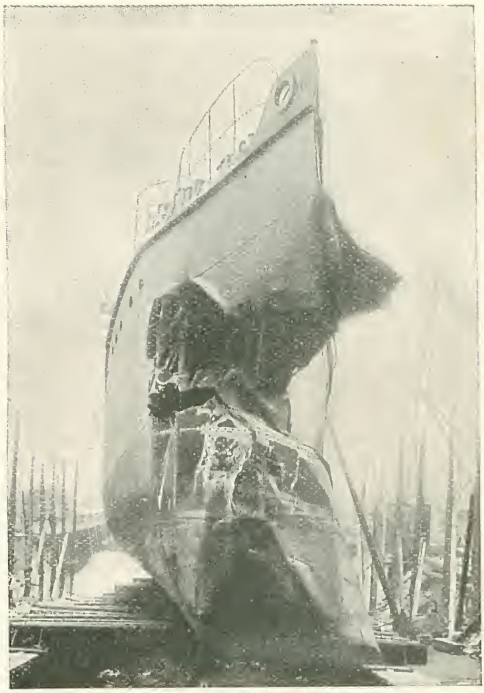
MANY of us have seen a wreck; some, even, have known what it is to *feel* "a wreck," though this latter is beside the subject. All nations, and more particularly the English people, are interested in the ever-fascinating story of the sea. And few realize the awful toll which the sea exacts in human life and property. Last year the total number of shipping casualties from gales, fogs, accidents, and collisions—*on our own shores alone*—was 4,620, which astonishing figure was yet a decrease of 297 as compared with the preceding year.

As a rule, when a ship is wrecked, the underwriters are immediately informed, they being responsible probably for the full value of both vessel and cargo. It is rather a matter of indifference to the owner, who is often only too anxious to "abandon" his distressed ship. Wherever possible, photographs are taken without delay, especially in collision cases, and these are intended *inter alia* for ultimate production as evidence in court, if necessary, and also for the information of all parties concerned. Thus it is that we are enabled to reproduce in this article what may perhaps be styled one of the most impressive set of photos. ever published.

The first reproduction is quite unique. It shows the most extraordinary wreck, or rather series of wrecks, on record. The great vessel on the left is the ss. *Newburn*. Then comes the ss. *Erasmus Wilson*, of which we have a bow view; and lastly we have the ss. *Winston*, which is turned completely over and is lying on her side. Here is the story. The *Newburn* ran into the *Winston* in a thick fog at Thames Haven, and the last-named ship turned over and sank. The *Newburn* was beached for safety. This, of course, was a bad disaster, but worse was to follow. The big *Erasmus Wilson* came steaming slowly up, meditating on the perils of the deep. She heard the guard-boat frantically sounding its siren, as it stood guard over the two wrecks, but she had not the remotest notion that she herself was near the spot. "Surprise," therefore, is a mild word to describe the emotion of the *Erasmus Wilson* when, without a moment's warning, she crashed heavily into the poor, disabled *Newburn*, and finished her up by cutting her in two. The photo. shows admirably the whole extraordinary affair.

Though nothing seems very much amiss with the blundering *Erasmus Wilson*, she also became a total wreck. All three ships were wrecked, in fact. The *Newburn* was soon pulled out of the way, and her two

*From a Photo. by]* A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS—THREE WRECKS. *[Noakes & Norman, Greenwich.*



BOW VIEW OF THE "ELECTRA" AFTER THE COLLISION.
*From a Photograph.*

halves fetched respectively the ludicrous sums of £15 and £79. The sunken *Winston* made a more decent show before passing into the hands of the ship-breaker—who, by the way, is inelegantly termed the "knacker." She was brought into dock and sold for £900. The *Erasmus Wilson* was also brought away, and repaired —a pretty extensive job, which cost thousands.

The next two photos. are not merely impressive in themselves, but they demonstrate the astonishing stability of our warships. Both photos. show the torpedo-boat destroyer *Electra* after collision with the paddle-steamer *Meg Merrilees*, belonging to the Caledonian Steam Packet Company, Limited. This tremendous collision took place in the Firth of Clyde, on the 29th of January last.

The *Electra*, at the time of the accident, was making a series of trials on the measured mile at Skelmorlie, to test the efficiency of her propellers; and she had just completed a run down the measured mile, at a speed of 22 knots, when the collision occurred. The *Meg Merrilees* was on her usual trip from Wemyss Bay pier to Largs, when the destroyer, in turning to go back on the measured mile, ran into her quarter.

The curious gaping hole in the *Electra's* bow is caused by the deck-plating of the paddle steamer, which cut like a knife into the destroyer. The exceedingly tough quality of the steel used in these destroyers is well shown by the photos. Both vessels were able to steam back without assistance: indeed, owing to the exceptionally complete sub-division of the destroyers, they are probably unsinkable by any ordinary collision.

The two photos. are respectively a bow and side view of the *Electra*. This fast destroyer was built by the Clydebank Engineering and Shipbuilding Company, Limited, who kindly lent us the photos., and who are responsible for the construction of many of our warships, both large and small.

The next photo. is a very remarkable one. It shows the steel sailing ship *Helen Brewer*

*From a]* SIDE VIEW OF THE "ELECTRA." *[Photograph.*

*From a Photo. by]* THE "HELEN BREWER" AS SHE LAY CAPSIZED. *[Peter Anderson, Greenock.*

as she lay capsized at Port Glasgow. The *Helen Brewer* was a fine steel ship of 1,607 tons register, and she was overturned in a squall close to the quay. The vessel had only just been launched, and she was taking in ballast preparatory to setting out on her maiden voyage to the United States, where she was owned. The question arose, "Had the ship been really delivered by the builders to the owners?" which knotty problem was finally solved in favour of the builders.

The task of uprighting and floating the ship was placed in the hands of the British Marine Salvage Company, Limited, of Glasgow (who lent us the photo.), and the work was successfully accomplished in seventeen days with the aid of three "Invincible" Centrifugal Pumping Engines, under the superintendence of Mr. J. H. Thomson, salvage officer. The pumping gear was supplied by Messrs. J. and H. Gwynne, Limited, the well-known engineers, of 89, Cannon Street, E.C.

Volumes might be written about peculiar wrecks. The ss. *Wick Bay*, which lay in 30ft. of mud near King's Lynn, for four years baffled all attempts to remove her from the Lynn Channel. When at last she *was* raised, 3,000 tons of mud were discharged from her by the pumps, the divers manipulating the suction pipes inside the vessel. The extremely striking photo. here reproduced shows the *Wick Bay* lying broken in halves before her final removal. We are indebted for the photo. to Mr. W. A. Gorman, of the world-renowned firm of Messrs. Siebe, Gorman, and Co., our foremost submarine engineers. Nothing can be more curious than the history of persistently unfortunate ships. Take the case of the ss. *Daphne*.

The floating of this unfortunate vessel, which capsized at the end of the launching ways, and drowned 124 workmen, was a ghastly undertaking, as may be imagined. The work was placed in the hands of the East Coast Salvage Company, and the vessel was recovered under the direction of Captain T. N. Armit. It was raised by three of Messrs. Gwynne's pumps, assisted by pontoons.

The subsequent history of this vessel is interesting. After being re-named the *Rose*, she filled with water at Londonderry, and was again pumped out. Later on, she tore her petals out at Millport, and was again floated. The owners, becoming alarmed at her career, sold her, and the name was changed to *Ianthe*. Ill-luck still pursued her, and after committing various marine depredations, she was again sold in disgust, this time to the country of her fabled gods, the Greeks, and she is now sailing as the *Eleni*, of Smyrna.

Next we see the *Ackworth* ashore at Lundy Island. She had a cargo of coals. This

*From a Photo. by]* THE "WICK BAY" BROKEN IN HALVES. *[T. Smith & Sons, King's Lynn.*

*From a Photo. by]* THE "ACKWORTH" ASHORE AT LUNDY ISLAND. *[Catford, Ilfracombe.*

steamer was rescued by the local officers of the London Salvage Association and taken into Cardiff Subsequently she went round to the north-east coast and was repaired. The total cost of salvage, including floating the ship, getting out the cargo, etc., was between £8,000 and £9,000.

Many organizations have been formed to protect the interests of owners and underwriters in respect of wrecked and damaged property. Foremost among these bodies is the London Salvage Association, mentioned above. It is to Mr. Crafer, the courteous secretary, and Captain S. Jarman, the resident officer, that we are indebted for most of the photos. appearing herein. Than these two gentlemen there are no greater experts in the world on the science of salvage. The chairman of the London Salvage Association is also the chairman for managing the affairs of Lloyd's. The association was established in 1856, and incorporated by Royal Charter in 1867. It has a staff of about fifty skilled nautical men and engineers, available to proceed to any part of the world where their services may be required. It is in direct communication with salvage contractors all over the world, from Genoa to Japan, and it has salvage plant — steam pumps, cargo hoists, diving apparatus, and the like — at various central localities all over Europe, and notably at Lisbon.

It will be seen in the accompanying photo. that the vessel depicted has been struck a glancing blow. The name of the ship is the *Neptune.* Her iron plating has been crumpled up as though it were tin, and much of her wood-work splintered. The blow from the

"A GLANCING BLOW."
*From a Photo. by S. H. M. Kennedy, Quebec.*

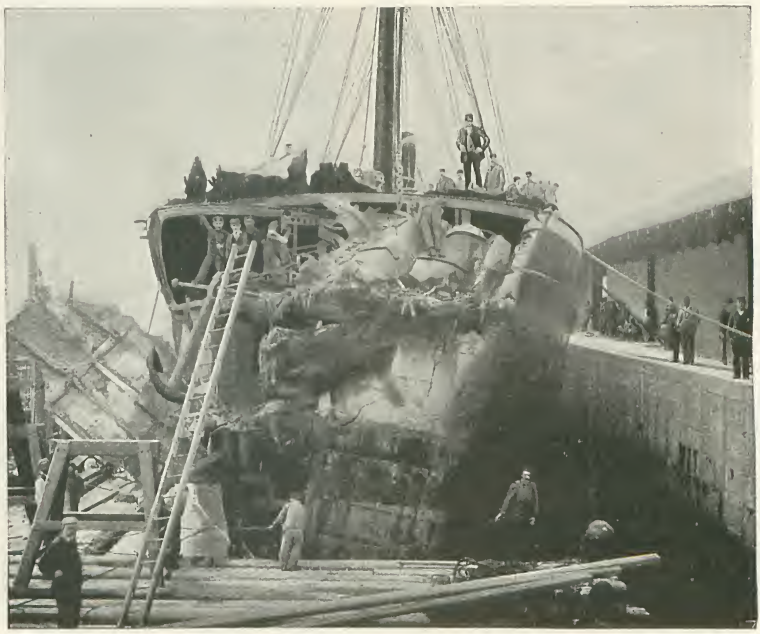
*From a*] HOW THE BARGE GOT CRUSHED. [*Photograph.*

colliding vessel was neither heavy nor serious, but, nevertheless, it inflicted £2,000 or £3,000 worth of damage.

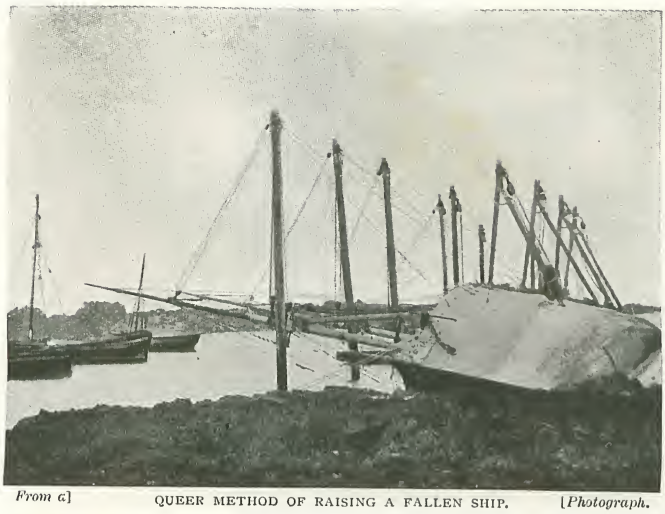
Naturally, owners whose wrecked ships are fully insured are not backward in abandoning the vessels to the underwriters and claiming the insurance. The underwriters, however, are never in a great hurry to pay up, and quite rightly. They want to see photos. and hear reports from the "Salvage Association."

The photo. next reproduced shows a very curious accident. A great ship was lying in dock, like scores of other great ships. Between her and the side of the quay was an ordinary barge. The name of that barge was *Edward*—just plain *Edward*. Well, the tide fell, and the big vessel heeled slightly over, crushing up the barge as she did so like an egg-shell. The photo. shows *Edward's* trying position — not exactly between the devil and the deep sea, but between a big, remorseless ship and an equally unyielding quay-wall. It was unkind of the big ship, because *Edward* had probably brought supplies for her. It was an ill turn, in fact, and *Edward* felt hurt. His main-stay was gone, as you can see in the photo. His case—which he brought into court — was that he was lying low sayin' nuffin', when suddenly his big brother turned upon him and rent him. He was awarded £300 as a solatium. This shows us that the rights of the humblest craft are respected, as well as those of the "kings" of the high sea.

Our next reproduction illustrates two things: (1) the astonishing havoc wrought when two great ocean-going ships collide; and (2) the tremendous damage which a ship can sustain and yet go her way in comparative safety. This photo. shows the steamship *Vancouver* on her arrival at Quebec. She had been in collision, and so great was the damage that when the writer consulted Captain Jarman about it, that great expert took time to consider whether he was looking at the bow or the stern! It is the bow of the *Vancouver* that is shown, however—or rather where the bow had been. The bow of the vessel had literally been



*From a*] THE "VANCOUVER" ON ARRIVAL AT QUEBEC. [*Photograph.*



*From a]* QUEER METHOD OF RAISING A FALLEN SHIP. *[Photograph.*

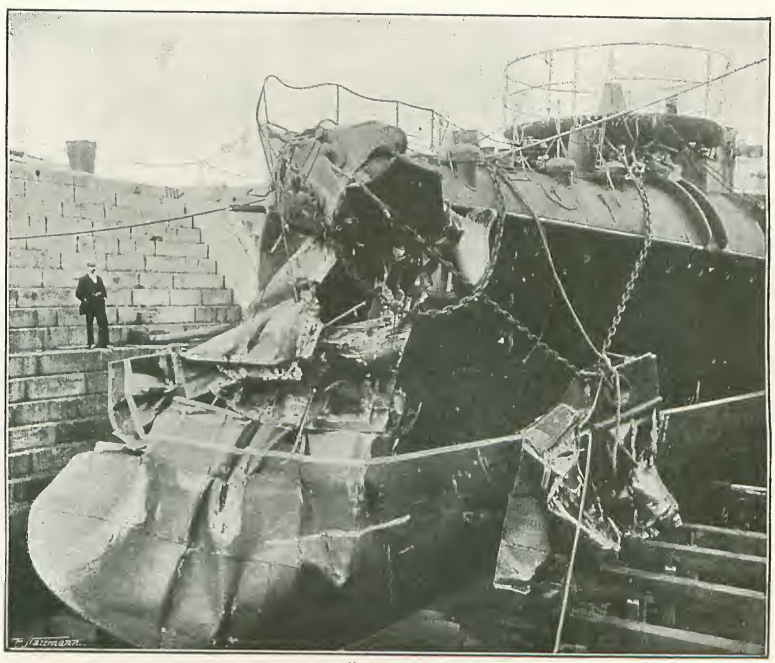
carried clean away, but was recovered. Part of it, quite detached, is seen on the left, below the anchor. Observe how the timbers are shattered and cut, and the plating cracked and twisted.

A very peculiar wreck is next depicted. The photo. also shows an old-fashioned method of lifting ships that have fallen over on their side. This is the *Iowa*, a ship of 2,500 tons gross. She was bound for New York with a general cargo, and 300 or 400 passengers. Unfortunately, however, she went ashore in a fog on the French coast about twenty miles west of Cherbourg. She hadn't been there long when she seemed to give up the ghost altogether; she turned right over on her side, just as we see her.

The London Salvage Association sent out an expedition to see what could be done for the vessel, and they borrowed various appliances from the French Government Dockyard at Cherbourg. The thing was, of course, to raise the ship into an upright position. 'Twas a consummation devoutly to be wished, but the manner of essaying it was peculiar. A lot of steel posts (or masts) were fixed up, and at the top of each was a pulley arrangement. Over these were passed hawsers, which were attached to the masts of the fallen *Iowa*, and the notion was to haul on these hawsers until the ship rose up straight. She didn't do so, however, and the expedition retired defeated. Three months afterwards they tackled the vessel again, this time adopting a very different plan. The vessel was pumped out and made perfectly air-tight, with the result that as the tide came in she lifted herself. The first job cost £4,000, and the second £3,000.

A truly terrific smash-up is shown in the next photo. reproduced, which shows the torpedo-boat destroyer, *Lightning*, in dock after a collision with the L.C.C. steam-hopper *Belvedere*, on the 8th November, 1895.

Having previously passed her speed tests, the *Lightning* was undergoing her twelve hours' "consumption" trial. At seven o'clock in the evening, when the vessel was between



A TERRIFIC SMASH-UP—THE "LIGHTNING" AFTER THE COLLISION.
*From a Photograph.*

A CASE OF SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.
*From a Photo. by W. H. Franklin, Deal.*

the Mouse and Nore lightships, steaming towards Sheerness at twelve knots, a thick mist came over the sea, and immediately afterwards the destroyer struck the *Belvedere* amidships. So severe was the impact that the *Lightning* seemed almost to have been lifted clean out of the water; she swung violently round, making a complete half-circle. Great confusion followed, because it was thought that the lightly-constructed destroyer would sink. Nor were her troubles over yet. The navigating officer in charge, who was far from well at the time, lost his way, and the *Lightning* eventually grounded on the Maplin Sands, where she remained all night, attended by a Southend fishing-smack.

The damage to the bow was very great, the plating and frames being crushed into all manner of shapes, to about 12ft. from the stem. The collision bulkhead was completely smashed in and torn in halves. A large portion of the vessel's bow, containing the hawse-pipes and part of the turtle-deck and shell plating, was torn clean away, and lay suspended over the port bow by the cables. This constituted a grave danger, because if the destroyer had rolled at all the wreckage would certainly have knocked a hole in the shell of the vessel. The collision, however, proved the excellence of the material used in the destroyer—which, by the way, was built by that famous firm, Palmer's Shipbuilding and Iron Company, Limited, to whom we are indebted for the photo.

A ship that fired by spontaneous combustion is here depicted. This is the *Micronesia*, and hers was a curious case. Her total value was about £6,000, yet, as she was insured for £13,000, her owner recovered that sum in the most legitimate manner possible. The fire seems to have run along the whole of the bags of nitrate which formed the cargo, and burned every scrap of woodwork in the skin of the vessel. This peculiarity is noticeable in the photo. The *Micronesia* was at length taken in tow by a tug and beached at Deal. The nitrate, usually soft and powdery, became as

ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THE "REISBAD."
*From a Photo. by Messrs. Goldsborough & Son, Port Elizabeth.*

hard as rock, and had to be removed with pickaxes.

The remarkable photo. next reproduced shows a "wreck" indeed. The beach is literally strewn with the wreckage of the ill-fated barque, *Reisbad*, which was wrecked near Port Elizabeth, South Africa.

This leads up to that very interesting feature of modern wrecking, which is known as "selling the right of the beach." We will suppose a big ship is stranded hopelessly on a terrible coast. Well, some qualified person stakes out "claims" on the adjacent beach, and invites speculators to bid for these claims. When all are sold, each purchaser takes up a position on his bit of beach and anxiously waits for what the waves will send him, as the ship goes to pieces. It may be bales of valuable merchandise, or it may only be firewood. Still, there is an element of gambling about the transaction which makes it particularly fascinating to speculators.

A HOLE THAT COST £3,000 TO REPAIR.
*From a Photo. by Feathers, Dundee.*

Next is shown the ss. *Hull*, which sustained very severe damage in a collision. The photo. was taken from the bottom of the dry dock, after the temporary patching had been removed. This enormous hole in the vessel's side cost £2,000 or £3,000 to repair. Of course, captains of ocean-going vessels are all practical, resourceful men, and even when their ship has sustained damage to this extent, they don't sit still and bemoan their fate; they examine the ship thoroughly, and then do what they can in the way of temporary repairs, such as will enable them to reach their destination.

The large barque *Famenoth* (1,035 tons), depicted in the following picture, was a remarkable wreck. She sank on Pan Sand, off Herne Bay, on March 26th, 1882. Her cargo was a "general" one, of the most approved "Robinson Crusoe" kind, and she was bound for New Zealand, from London. Ship and cargo together were worth £30,000. The salving of this ship was intrusted wholly to Captain Stephen Jarman, nautical adviser to the London Salvage Association, assessor to the City of London Court, and member of every known nautical body. Captain Jarman's efforts were crowned with such complete success, that the underwriters presented him with a letter of thanks and a cheque for 100 guineas.

"We found the *Famenoth*," this capable man told us, "nearly covered at high water, as you see in this photo. The divers reported that she had been badly pricked in three or four places by her own anchors. The tide only allowed us to work three hours at a time, and then we had to leave the wreck, first hoisting up the diving gear in sacks to the lower yards of the masts. It was a big job, calling for the best plant — diving gear, pumps, and the like; also, the best class of men. At last we floated her with about 1,000 tons of dead-weight cargo on board, and this notwithstanding that she was making 700 tons of water per hour, through leaks that couldn't be reached by the divers. Eventually the *Famenoth*, towed by two tugs, was safely deposited in the East India Dock. The pilot who was on board when the ship drifted on to the Pan Sand was drowned, as were also two or three other members of the crew. Sixty-five of the ship's plates were

*From a Photo. by]* THE "FAMENOTH" AT HIGH WATER. *[C. W. Allen, Canterbury.*

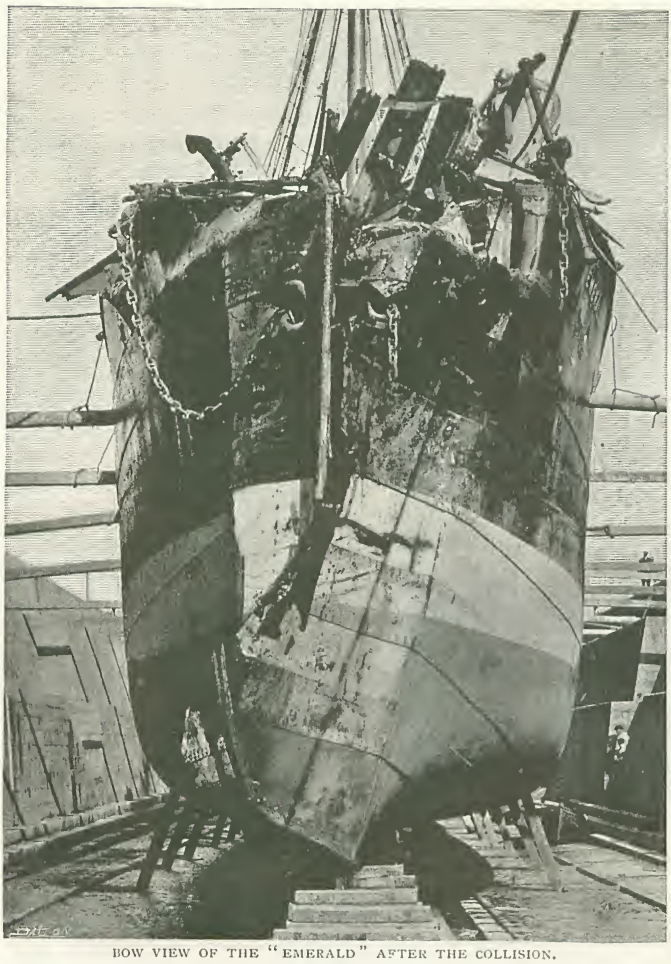
badly damaged, and altogether she sustained injury to the amount of £7,000. She was soon repaired, however, and is running now."

The whole process of lifting a sunken vessel is next depicted. The high mast in the middle of the photo. belongs to the wrecked ship, whose hull lies far beneath the water. On the surface is a scene of great activity. The curious floating structures on either side are the pontoons, which are probably made fast with chains to the vessel below. Cranes, steam pumps, tugs, and diving apparatus—all these are in readiness for the salvage operations. The lifting process shown in the photo. took place in New York Harbour, and the wreck is that of the *Wells City*, a huge steamer of 3,000 tons. She had a valuable cargo of tin-plate goods and hardware, but was sunk in 50ft. of water, through a collision with another vessel. The total cost of salving the *Wells City* was close upon £20,000. Most of the plant was provided by the Isaac Merritt Company, of New York.

It seems to be the principle of the merchant marine, that as long as a ship holds together, above water or below, hope is never to be abandoned. You will be surprised to learn, considering the "tight place" the ship is in in the photo., that the *Wells City* was not only raised and repaired, but is still trading between Bristol and New York.

It is a mistake to suppose that when one big ship runs bow on, and at right angles into another, the aggressor escapes scot-free. The photo. next reproduced is a bow view of the *Emerald*, which collided with another vessel in just such a way as has been indicated. So badly is the *Emerald* injured that it really seems as though she were about to fall in halves; her bow is split open almost

SHOWING HOW THE "WELLS CITY" WAS LIFTED.
*From a Photo. by Nichols, Brooklyn, N.Y.*



BOW VIEW OF THE "EMERALD" AFTER THE COLLISION.
*From a Photograph.*

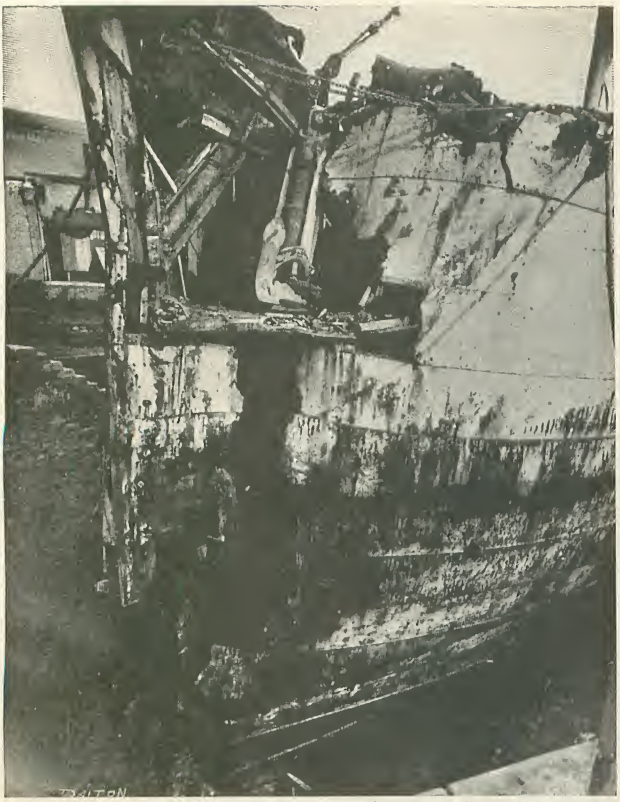
from top to bottom, while the entire fabric is doubtless badly strained.

The *Emerald* collided with the *Wooloomeroo* in the English Channel, opposite Cherbourg. Both vessels put into this port after the accident. The London Salvage Association sent over divers to repair and bring home the *Wooloomeroo*, which had sustained even more damage than the *Emerald*. It was a curious case. One captain said he was enveloped in a dense fog at the time of the collision, whilst the other declared that the weather was beautifully fine. Anyone who knows the Channel, however, will at once realize that *both* captains may well have been speaking the truth. It cost £4,000 to repair the *Emerald*.

The accident to the Norwegian vessel *Turiste*, which is next shown, was one of the most remarkable in maritime records. The *Turiste* lay in Barry Dock, Cardiff, on October 6th, 1896. Floating around, "permiscous-like," were sundry enormous stacks of timber, and it was one of these that virtually wrecked the *Turiste*. As a fact, the timber-stack began to go to pieces, but instead of toppling over and injuring the vessel that way, the stack began to break up *under water*. The result was that hundreds of big logs worked their way beneath the vessel, and began to push her up out of the water at one end! This extraordinary accident is admirably illustrated in our photograph. The *Turiste* sustained considerable damage, and it cost between £300 and £400 to repair her.

An extremely remarkable wreck is the ss. *Mercedes*, which is shown in the next

THE EXTRAORDINARY ACCIDENT TO THE "TURISTE."
*From a Photograph.*



*From a]* ANOTHER COLLISION—THE "MERCEDES." *[Photograph.*

photo., and which was repaired by the Central Graving Dock and Engineering Company, of Swansea.

The last photograph reproduced shows the truly extraordinary wreck of the *Eviva*—a pathetic name for a ship that was utterly annihilated. The *Eviva* had come from Norway with a cargo of timber, when she was driven ashore at Fishguard and became a total wreck. Four consecutive photos. of the doomed vessel were taken, each one depicting a later and more hopeless stage. The photo. we reproduce shows the last stage of the wreck. The material of which the ship was built, together with the planks that formed the cargo—these are strewn about in such astounding profusion that the whole looks, from a distance, like scattered straw. Of the ship scarce one plank remained joined to another. The salving of the *Eviva* was equally extraordinary. It was taken in hand by the famous old firm of Wendt and Co., of 4 and 6, Throgmorton Avenue, E.C., who kindly lent us this photo., and that of the *Turiste*. When Messrs. Wendt's representatives arrived at Fishguard, they found all the miners out on strike, so they naturally offered them the work of salving the wreck, or rather what was left of it. This the sturdy fellows refused to do, for some reason or other, and there was nothing left for Messrs. Wendt and Co. but to offer the work to *the women and children*, who undertook it gladly. What is more, they carried it out in a manner that gave great satisfaction, the timber realizing £304.

*From a]* "A WRECK INDEED"—LAST STAGE OF THE "EVIVA." *[Photograph.*

By A. M. Donaldson.

## CHAPTER I.

I WILL tell you of the most marvellous and unique athletic feat of modern days—if not of all time—when the prize was beyond all compare the greatest ever competed for. It is three years since the incident which I am about to describe occurred, but I am only now at liberty to tell the tale.

Harry Williams, the hero of my story, and I, Allan Parker by name, were students of law together at Edinburgh University a matter of ten years ago, and for years were inseparable. Even now, when he is a very wealthy man, and I only a journalist and writer of books, we spend at least one month in every year together. From the commencement of our friendship he inspired me with a great admiration for his many excellent qualities both of mind and body. He was at once a most distinguished student and a most distinguished athlete. His scholastic successes were soon forgotten, but his wonderful versatility as an athlete will live for years to come in the memory of his contemporaries.

In the autumn of 1894 we were invited to have some grouse shooting in the north, and sent a joint acceptance of the invitation. There was a very jolly company, including Silas K. Trotter, the American millionaire, and several others well known in the financial world.

There never was such an authority as Trotter on everything connected with sport. How he had time to make his millions and give the attention he did to sporting matters is a mystery. He could tell you off-hand the principals and the dates of all the great prize-fights of the century, the weights of the men, and the number of rounds they had fought. At his finger ends were the winners of all the classic races on the turf for the last decade. But it was chiefly in athletics and feats of endurance of every kind that his soul delighted.

One night he introduced the subject of long-distance cycling, twenty-four hours' races, and record rides from Land's End to John o' Groat's. Then arose a great argument as to the possibility of a man going without sleep for several days and nights. The majority thought it possible to do with absolutely no sleep for nearly a week, if there were sufficient reason or incentive. Trotter gave it as his opinion that six days was the limit of human endurance without insanity in a more or less pronounced form supervening. Indeed, he was most emphatic, and, to clinch the argument, said he had good reason to know, as he had privately tested some of the most likely men of the day, and had offered them a princely prize if they could, under certain easy conditions which he might afterwards divulge to us, withstand the claims of Morpheus for nearly a week. The trials had been made privately, he said, as he had no desire to have public opprobrium heaped upon him if any of the actors should have suffered seriously or gone

insane through the ordeal. For insanity, he considered, was to be feared more than anything else.

Williams, who had hitherto taken little part in the discussion, here joined in with :—

"Well, Mr. Trotter, just two years ago a young fellow I know intimately went sleepless for between six and seven days—something like six days and three-quarters—without the horrors of insanity descending upon him. When he did fall asleep he slept for thirty hours without a break, and from that day to this has suffered no ill-effects."

In answer to Trotter's inquiries, he stated that his friend was about twenty-eight years of age, was considered a fair athlete a few years ago, and promised that he would make the trial.

The gentlemen present pledged themselves to secrecy so long as Trotter remained in this country, and the last week of September was fixed as the date, the venue being Trotter's country house in Longshire. Before retiring for the night Williams let me into the secret —at which I was no whit surprised—that it was he himself who was going for the prize, whatever it might be.

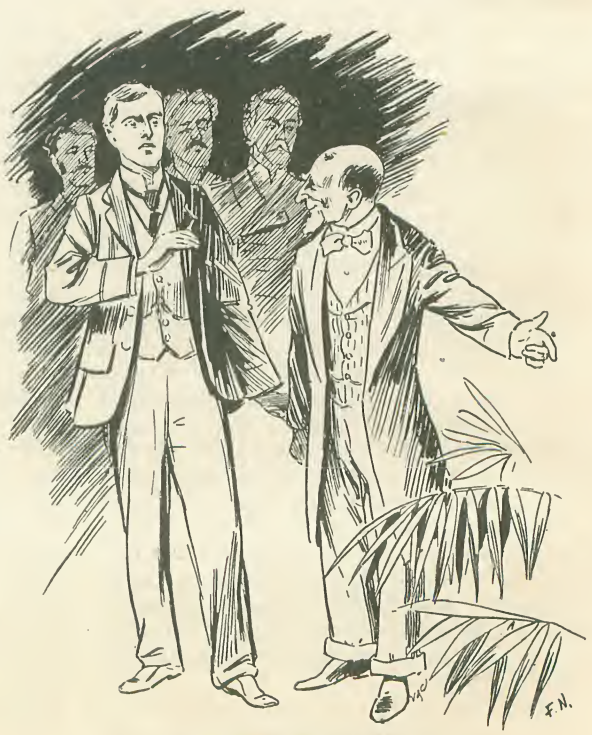
When by arrangement seven of the party met at Trotter's country seat, we were surprised at the excellence of his taste. A three miles' drive from Longley Station took us to the lodge, and there was a further half-mile of avenue before we arrived at the house. It was a fine specimen of an old English country mansion which Trotter had bought for a mere song from an impecunious baronet. We all arrived on the afternoon of Friday, the 21st of September. Williams and I were the first arrivals, and by a later train came a Mr. E. T. Simpson, an old Oxford man, and three others—Londoners—of Stock Exchange celebrity. Their names were Duncan, Hawkins, and Robertson.

Our host insisted on our having a few days' holiday before the trial. He had been informed some time previously of the name of the athlete. It was of no consequence, he said, who it was, so long as he was a likely man, and it was kept private. And when Williams was done, any of us who cared could come on next.

We had a good time for a week. The weather was perfect, and Trotter did the honours to perfection. But there was one little grain of alloy in it. He could not be persuaded to say definitely when *the event* was to come off. His reply was always that the gymnasium wasn't quite ready—that we must have just a little more patience.

At breakfast, on Friday, the 28th of September, he intimated that the gymnasium was now fixed up, if any of us cared to look at it. We didn't linger long at the table, I can assure you. Trotter led us along a passage, then down about a score of steps, and then along another extremely narrow passage, and through no fewer than five doors, each heavily bound with iron, and each of which he locked before unlocking the next. Before opening the fifth of these doors he pressed on a knob outside, with the explanation that that turned on the light. He turned the key and we entered the "gymnasium."

It was the most curious gymnasium I ever saw. In reality a large cellar extending under a considerable part of the house, it was so beautifully furnished and so splendidly illuminated that our first impression was that a Yankee joke was being perpetrated, and that we were the victims. The chamber was about 45ft. in length by 30ft. in breadth,



"WE ENTERED THE GYMNASIUM."

while the walls were about 10ft. high. The usual paraphernalia of a gymnasium were conspicuously awanting. A rich Indian carpet covered the whole of the floor, and the walls were dazzlingly white. Couches and easy chairs, upholstered in rich crimson velvet, a profusion of palms, and four miniature fountains playing completed the ornamental part of the furnishing.

At the north-east and south-west corners closely woven curtains, also of white, partitioned off small portions of the room, and when we were expressing our surprise, Trotter pressed a knob in the wall and the curtains slid to the side. The two corners were fitted up similarly. In each, on a massive iron stand, about three feet in height, was a large sphere constructed of closely woven steel. It was about four feet in diameter, and held firmly in position by four steel rods sunk into the stand and running into the ceiling.

Near the bottom was what seemed like the spigot or cock of a barrel, and hanging on the spigot was a small pail, about six or seven inches deep and two inches in diameter. The globe we were looking at was empty, but Trotter asked us to inspect the other, as it was slightly different. We crossed over. Oh, it was considerably different, and the difference lay in this—that it was full, full to the very top, with bright, glittering sovereigns! Through the interstices of the steel weaving, we saw a closely-packed mass of gold. We were gazing at a globe of sovereigns!

Words cannot describe our astonishment, which was intensified tenfold as Trotter, addressing Williams, said: "That globe contains a million sovereigns, which you can have if you carry out the little task of carrying them across the room and putting them into the globe over there. There's no difficulty about putting them in. The globe will be lowered to any position you choose, and you will drop them in by a small wooden chute at the top. But still, there are one or two conditions attached to the emptying and filling of the balls. You see this cock. It is worked on a principle borrowed from the cocks you occasionally see attached to small spirit or wine casks in good-class public-houses and restaurants. There the cock is either turned round or pressed down, and for each turn or pressure, as the case may be, a certain exact quantity of liquor runs out. When a spring at the side of this cock is released, one hundred sovereigns per minute drop into this small pail, the handle of which you see fits into a niche cut on the upper side of the cock. As it is regulated by weight, occasionally, but very rarely, an extra sovereign drops through. It actually takes about twenty seconds for the sovereigns to come through, so you have about forty seconds to carry each little load of gold across the gymnasium and drop it into the chute of the other globe. Twice a day, at intervals of twelve hours, by a very ingenious device, which was only perfected after weeks of experimenting, the machinery is stopped for six minutes. You can employ the twelve minutes per diem as you choose.

"Here" (opening a door which was flush with the wall, and which we had not previously noticed), "is a bath-room fitted up for your convenience. You may have two of your friends as attendants, and my larder and wine-cellar are at your disposal. Your attendants may do anything to assist you except carrying or interfering in any way with the carriage of the sovereigns. If you happen to drop any of them on the floor you may pick them up, and so long as the hundred per minute are taken from the one and deposited in the other globe you are safe, but failure in this respect even once means that you forfeit the right to continue. If you succeed in emptying the one and filling the other globe on these conditions, the money is yours. But you understand that you win nothing unless you move the whole million. You may choose your own time for starting—not later than Monday at noon—and if you wish the furnishings of the gymnasium altered in any way, you and your attendants are at liberty to do so. I allow none of my servants to enter here, and I need not remind you, gentlemen, that you have pledged yourselves not to breathe a word of this to anyone so long as I remain in this country. And, my dear Williams, if on second thoughts you would rather leave it alone, I will be charmed to have the society of yourself and friends so long as you and they care to stay."

"Nice sort of gymnasium," was Simpson's comment.

"You take care to keep your million safe," said Robertson. "Williams hasn't a look in."

"As to that he can judge for himself, and please himself whether he starts or not, and, if he starts, he can stop when he's had enough of it. And I may tell you that, not three months ago, a cyclist who goes in for long-distance riding kept at it until he had shifted more than three-quarters of a million. Poor devil! He was the gamest man I ever saw. He fell asleep at it when only a miserable 200,000 short, and lay like a log for hours. When he awoke, he wanted to balance one

"THE GYMNASIUM."

globe on top of the other, and carry both away on his head, and he's still in a state of semi-insanity. Another got through 700,000 before he collapsed, and I've been told that the sight of a sovereign even now drives him frantic. It's better sport a long way than horse-racing, or even prize-fighting. I've been told that there's a bit of a crook in my nature, when I can gloat over the struggles of a man before the final collapse, and perhaps it is true. But you can think it over, Williams. There's one thing you may depend on, and that is a fair run for your money. You know the conditions you have to observe; and, on my part, if I interfere with you in any way whatever, the money shall be yours without you going on any further. You can appoint anyone here as referee in case of any question arising or any dispute, and his decision will bind us both." Thus spake Silas K. Trotter.

"I'll let you know in the course of an hour if I'll go on; if so, I would like Simpson and Parker to help me, if they will be so good. Suppose I retain them, and we appoint Duncan referee, and Hawkins and Robertson, on your behalf, can see that I go fair."

We were all willing.

An examination of the "gymnasium" revealed that the walls were sheathed with iron enamelled a bright white. It was brilliantly illuminated by acetylene gas from sixty-four jets, the whiteness of the flame of which harmonized with the walls. In addition to the bath-room, a bedroom of only moderate dimensions, but beautifully furnished, formed an adjunct. The fountains and palms, the couches and easy chairs, with their rich coverings, were strange accompaniments to the most arduous athletic attempt of all time. The globes could be lowered or raised, as desired. The exact dimensions of the gymnasium were: Length, 46ft.; breadth, 32ft.; height, 10ft. From globe to globe the distance was 45½ft.

When Simpson, Williams, and I had fully considered the project, we came to the same conclusion as Robertson, that the million

was not likely to change hands. It was comforting of Trotter, too, to mention that the last man who had had designs on it was still semi-insane. However, we intimated to Trotter that we would like to have possession for three or four hours on the following day (Saturday) to make some slight alterations, and that on Monday morning, at ten o'clock, Williams would be ready to start.

The reason we chose that hour was that he might start fresh after a full night's sleep, and have his breakfast partly digested before the commencement of his long journey.

We had figured out the task set to each aspirant for wealth.

First: He had to move 100 sovereigns per minute; 6,000 sovereigns per hour; 142,800 sovereigns per working day of 23 hours and 48 minutes; 999,600 sovereigns per week.

The task would be completed in one week and four minutes.

Second: From globe to globe was 45½ft. He had to walk from the one to the other with his little load and back every minute. The walk works out as nearly as need be: 30yds. per minute; 1 mile per hour; 24 miles per day; 168 miles per week.

Third, and least important: He had to carry eight tons of bullion in 10,000 instalments 15yds. in one week.

Little wonder, I thought, if five days of it drove a man into an asylum.

Trotter was wise in his generation, but had slightly given himself away when he allowed any alteration to be made in the furnishing of the gymnasium. If I recollect aright, it was Simpson who spoke first about the dazzling whiteness of the walls, which was bound speedily to become very trying to the eyes. This had to be remedied. So he and I went off to London by the afternoon express, and while he was buying bamboo rods and fastenings, and a number of lengths of a cool green silk to drape the walls, I was investing in three-score of gas shades to tone the brightness of the light. When afterwards asked, Trotter readily admitted that the white enamelling of the walls was intended to act as an irritant to the nerves, and particularly the eyesight. He had no personal knowledge of optics, beyond having been informed that one of the most trying colours to the eyes was pure white, and he had found it so.

We returned with our purchases late at night, and the following day, in less than three hours, had draped the walls and fitted up the gas shades. The empty globe was lowered so that the chute running into it into which the pailfuls of gold were to be dropped was brought to about four feet from the ground. A strip of linoleum was laid down from globe to globe on the thick and yielding carpet. Changes of clothing and slippers were laid out in the bedroom, for Williams had declared for the latter in preference to boots or shoes. A chair was placed adjacent to the spigot, and, lastly, a table for refreshments was placed by the side of the full globe, and, so far as possible, our preparations were complete.

"TROTTER SHOOK HANDS WITH HIM."

When we were finished, Trotter said: "I see you mean business. I guess that artistic draping of the walls will be worth eight hours to you. Good luck to you, and if you pull it off, Silas K. Trotter, of Chicago, will still have a few dollars left."

We took things easily for the rest of the day, arranged about food, and how Simpson and I were to share the labours of attendants and best assist. Sunday we spent quietly, and retired to our rooms about eleven o'clock.

Next morning, a little before ten, we were all assembled in the gymnasium waiting for Old Father Time. Williams was dressed in flannels, and wore light and easy-fitting slippers. Trotter shook hands with him,

wished him success, and said he had business in London which necessitated his leaving us within half an hour. But he hoped to see us all in the evening about ten o'clock, when the machinery would stop for six minutes. But really he took no interest in the performance until, at the earliest, the third day, as up till then the desire for gold would keep any man of even average physical ability awake. With that, he handed to the referee the key which released the spring and set the machinery in motion.

Exactly at ten Mr. Duncan released the spring, and the golden stream began to flow.

## CHAPTER II.

It was a sight to be remembered! The moment the key was inserted, like a stream of molten gold, the sovereigns rushed from the spigot into the long and narrow pail. For a third of a minute the coins went clattering in; there was a slight click; the stream stopped; Williams lifted the pail, walked leisurely across the room, emptied it, returned as leisurely, fixed the pail in its old position, and sat down.

Another fifteen seconds, a slight click, and the yellow stream flowed once more. There was dead silence, save for the rattling of the coins as they dropped to the foot of the pail, followed by a duller clicking as it filled. Five times had it been filled and emptied when Simpson asked the referee if he would allow a pad of leather or india-rubber to be put at the bottom of the pail, as the noise was rather annoying. It was apparently a trifling matter, but it was ten minutes before the reply, which was in the affirmative, was given.

Duncan had a judicial mind, and informed us that it was not without considerable hesitation that he had resolved to allow the alteration. He might be wrong, but he inclined to the opinion, and accordingly decided that it was a permissible alteration of the furnishing of the gymnasium as authorized by our host. His finding was therefore that his attendants might procure the pad, but that Williams must insert it himself. Trotter, who waited till the point was settled, said to me, as he was leaving, that he thought Duncan's decision quite fair, and that this was the first time that any aspirant for the million or his friends had seen through his little wiles, and taken measures to counteract them.

The bottom of the pail had been constructed—as the duplicate on the other globe would show—so that the coins would make a peculiarly harsh sound in falling, which would jar on the nerves, and in time become a positive torture to listen to. In its way it was as trying as the dazzling glare of the walls. But even with our preventive measures we would find our man a physical wreck—assuming that he was the equal of the best of those who had gone before—at from five and a half to six days.

This was Trotter's opinion, but it was neither Simpson's nor mine. Williams might collapse through want of sleep before the seven days were up, but there would be no physical wreck—he wasn't built that way. In perfect health and condition, he had been in training for this peculiar event for six weeks. Without any exact knowledge of what the ordeal was to be, the training he had undergone had thoroughly fitted him for it. There was no question but that, apart from the points in his favour stated by Trotter, he was better prepared in every way than any of his forerunners. We, who were looking after him, knew exactly in what way we could be of assistance, and he himself knew how to reserve his forces to the uttermost. His splendid physical ability was aided by his excellent judgment.

His plans were laid as if he were a machine capable of performing a certain quantity of work and no more. Not one inch would he walk unnecessarily, not one unnecessary word would he speak. And so in silence he sauntered from globe to globe with his little load of gold, and back again to sit down and rest till another load was ready. There was no variation in his speed, each double journey occupying from twenty-five to twenty-six seconds. I made a pad of thick leather to fit the bottom of the pail and placed it on his chair. That was less than three-quarters of an hour from the start, and even so soon the rattling sound was becoming disagreeable and irritating. He promptly fixed it in position, and as the next little load rolled in with a melodious rumble, we felt that we had distinctly scored.

For the first hour not only Williams but the spectators were very silent. But the novelty of it soon wore off; we pulled some easy chairs together, made ourselves comfortable, and chatted away. The conversation, however, always came back to the same point, and that was the unanimous expression of the wish that Williams would scoop in Trotter's million. And we discussed the *pros* and *cons* of it from every point we could think of. As it wasn't necessary for us to live in the place for a week if Williams had to, we

arranged that either Simpson or myself should always be at hand on his behalf, and one of the other three to see that the interests of Silas K. were not neglected. At the expiry of two and a half hours Robertson and I were the only spectators. Half an hour later Williams lunched.

You can readily appreciate that the question of eating and drinking was of great importance, and it we had carefully gone into beforehand. If his digestion went seriously wrong it would greatly militate against Williams's chances, and the impossibility of having even a few minutes' rest after meals for a week on end would give the proverbial ostrich indigestion. The best way to get over this was for him to discard heavy food altogether, and to subsist on what was light, nourishing, and easily digested.

I have always taken a particular interest in cycling, and have watched with never-failing interest the development of the pastime and the growth of the sport. I remember the days of the tall machine, when Cortis rode twenty miles in the hour, and the fame of it was wafted from Continent to Continent. Nowadays a second-rate professional rides his thirty miles in the same time. Like Trotter, I have for years watched the performances of the long-distance riders, and have known the best of them personally. In a twenty-four hours' race, the man who wins is in his saddle for at least twenty-three hours, and for nourishment while on their journey, the riders mainly take fruit, custards, beef-tea, etc., and very little, if any, alcohol. There was a certain resemblance between a record ride from Land's End to John o' Groat's and the attempt under description. So we resolved to take a leaf out of the long-distance cyclist's book—at all events, for two or three days.

"A GOODLY CHOICE."

A goodly choice was there. Bunches of hothouse grapes, bananas peeled and ready, ripe and luscious pears and peaches. Rice pudding and custards, stewed fruit of various kinds, and fresh eggs ready to be switched and served with port or milk. A box of Jones's Cuca Chocolate, and a chicken cooked to a turn and broken into small pieces. For liquid, Smith's Extract of Beef, plain beef-tea, milk and soda, and tea were all on the table. Except port, no alcohol was to be introduced till near the end, and then we were to be guided by circumstances as to its use or non-use. Indeed, while Williams frequently had eggs and milk, the port was not once touched from start to finish.

His lunch consisted of some fragments of chicken, three eggs switched with milk, and nearly a pound of grapes. It was a sight to see the grapes disappearing during the week; bunch after bunch came from Trotter's hothouses, and every morning another supply had to be brought in until it neared the end. Williams had a regular meal at intervals of from three to four hours, and, as he felt inclined, he indulged in those lovely grapes. The table groaned with the good things I have mentioned, as well as minor delicacies, so there was plenty of choice, and he took whatever he fancied. Looking back at it now, I am convinced that the selection of food was, in the circumstances, the best possible.

The hours went slowly by, and, sentinel-like, the regular march continued. March, 25sec.; rest, 35sec.; march, 25sec.; rest, 35sec.; and on, and on, and on.

Duncan, Hawkins, and Simpson came back about two o'clock, and were very little away for the remainder of the day. Simpson and I made up a little working time-table for the week, but we didn't observe it very carefully, as we spent nearly all our time in the gymnasium.

For the night time we brought blankets from our rooms, and made ourselves comfortable on lounges, and if one slept the other kept watch and ward. The others slept in their rooms, but there was always one of them in the gymnasium to see that the conditions were faithfully observed. At a quarter to ten Trotter returned.

At ten o'clock precisely the machinery stopped, and in the six minutes at his dis-

posal Williams had a wash and sat down at the table for his fourth meal since the start. I took the opportunity of pointing out to him that, if he felt it could be any relief, he might vary his resting time between the journeys a little. From the replacing of the pail on the spigot till the refilling began there was always an interval of 15sec., and, if he cared, he could with safety add 10sec. of the 15 to each alternate spell of resting and deduct it from the other, and make the little programme: walk, 25sec.; rest, 45sec.; walk 25sec., rest 25sec. He hadn't thought of it—it would be useful when feeding, and would break the monotony at other times, but he mustn't risk more than the 10sec.

"Feeling very well and fit," he said, in reply to Trotter's inquiry, as he resumed his task.

What need to describe at any length the succeeding day or two? The first night, with the object of resting his eyes as much as possible, he had closed his eyelids between journeys, and did so intermittently until Friday night, when he stopped it lest they should keep closed altogether.

We made a point of having a full meeting at every stoppage of the machinery, ten at night and ten in the morning, and Williams knew that, with one exception, our presence was the silent expression of our sympathy.

Trotter was certainly scrupulously fair in his conduct. Save on the first evening, he never addressed Williams, and he did everything possible for his comfort. More than once he reminded us that whatever food or drink was wanted had only to be asked for. The temperature was maintained at or about 60 degrees, and he asked us to make sure that it was quite satisfactory to Williams. There were no windows, but the air was always fresh, for the perfect ventilation was in keeping with the completeness of all the other arrangements. The outer door leading to the gymnasium was kept locked, but we each had a key. Trotter himself kept the keys of the inner doors, but these were always left unlocked.

What diabolical ingenuity that could have designed such a thing! The strong man, with his lust for gold, struggling on against the imperative claims of Nature, always hitherto with the same inevitable result; calculated with fiendish cunning to lure the man into the belief that he would win the gold, only to have it snatched from his hands when the prize was well-nigh won!

And when from time to time there was a full gathering, Trotter graphically described the sufferings endured by Williams's forerunners. The jaunty way they commenced, the gradual subduing of their gaiety as the days passed by, and the final collapse. How he revelled in the recollection of their sufferings! It would be untrue to say that he was anything but a most kindly man, except in this. Was it a touch of insanity, or what? It was so at variance with the rest of his nature. For three days his visits were of short duration. On Thursday, he rarely left us, and on Friday morning he carried in a couple of travelling rugs, and intimated that he was in till the finish.

He watched Williams carefully for an hour, timed his movements with his stop-watch, and turning to us, said, "There is more than brute force here; there is science, positively science. It isn't a man, it's a machine, endowed with human intelligence. Just see the automatic regularity of his walk, and the automatic closing of his eyes between the journeys to save them all he knows how. But," rubbing his hands, "the better the man, the keener the sport. He'll hang out for a day and a half yet—perhaps two days even, and then he'll fall asleep, or go mad, or both. He's the most lovely subject I've ever seen."

For four days he was, as Trotter put it, like an automatic machine, and outwardly as cool as if taking a quiet constitutional. Still, the deadly, dreary monotony was telling its tale, and although we concealed it from the others, Simpson and I saw that he was becoming irritable and impatient. He spoke rarely, but on Friday night (four and a half days gone), when we were with him in the bath-room, he burst out with: "This is the invention of the Evil One himself! But if I live I'll defeat him—only keep me awake. Do anything your wits can devise for it, but keep me awake." Twelve hours earlier we had renewed the leather in the pail. It was worn through. The linoleum from globe to globe was also showing signs of wear, and when Williams was resting we took it up and replaced it. At this time the globe he was emptying was appreciably less than half-full, something like 650,000 sovereigns having been transferred, and the machinery was still perfect in its regularity.

For five days and nights Williams's very exceptional athletic ability and his splendid condition enabled him to stand the strain without it having very much apparent effect on him. Unkempt and unshaven he was, but that was unavoidable, and it was not till Saturday morning, with two days to go, that what I might describe as the real struggle

began. By this time, with one exception, he had beaten all previous performances. The two previous best were respectively 4 days 23 hours, and 5 days 9 hours 17 minutes, said Trotter; and he made a practice where the actor gave a good show to give a consolation prize of £250 for doing better than four days and a half; £250 for each twelve hours beyond that; and an extra £250 for improving on the previous best. He left it to Simpson and myself to tell Williams of this or not. As a matter of fact, we didn't.

When having his morning wash, Williams said his eyes were giving out; that the mere muscular exertion was nothing, if he didn't fall asleep. He washed his hands but not his face, and had very little breakfast. Impatient to start again, when the globe began once more to disgorge its diminishing contents, in place of his steady, mechanical walk, his pace was faster and very irregular, and between the journeys he leant against the table or roamed about the room. Then he complained of the stifling atmosphere, and in ten minutes Trotter had reduced the temperature to 48deg. Soon he asserted that it was colder than Siberia, and insisted on having his fur-lined overcoat, so the temperature was again raised to about sixty. Trotter gleefully rubbed his hands, for it was the beginning of the end. His vagaries continued till about one o'clock, when he pulled himself together, and right on till his next resting stage he gave us no cause for anxiety.

"HE INSISTED ON HAVING HIS FUR-LINED OVERCOAT."

There was a little diversion when, at seventeen minutes past seven, our host gave out that Williams had improved on all previous performances. We applauded slightly. Williams paid no attention, but when ten o'clock came he asked what the noise had been about. He was feeling fitter then than in the morning, but anticipated that he might go a bit wrong during the night, and might want some hot coffee—very strong—or champagne. But we were only to give him these if he was very bad, as stimulants must only be resorted to in dire necessity, and avoided altogether if possible. Not the slightest trace of mental aberration was there. He was tired and sleepy—very sleepy—that was all. But we all know that often a man is strongest before the collapse, and Williams knew it as well as any of us. The soles of a second pair of slippers were worn through, and for a change he put on a comfortable pair of shoes. For supper he was content with a long draught of weak beef-tea and a dish of custard.

Thirty-six hours only to go; a click, and the machinery was in motion for another round of the clock. The spectators had supper together, and but for the time employed in bringing in provisions for Williams and ourselves, we all waited right through till the finish. From this right on, Trotter scarcely spoke; he never slept, ate very little, and concentrated all his attention on the man who was going for his million. Nor did Simpson and I sleep all that night or the next.

Duncan, with the weight of the responsibility of his position as referee on his shoulders, made a strenuous endeavour to follow our example, but dozed off now and again, while Robertson and Hawkins slept at intervals. After midnight Williams tired perceptibly, and again became erratic in the duration of his journeys. He struggled on till a quarter to four. He was dragging badly as he walked from globe to globe; his pace had degenerated into a crawl of less than two miles an hour, and again and again he hung up the pail with a very few seconds to spare. Falling asleep as he walked, unless there was a change, it must soon be over. It was the worst time for him of the twenty-four hours,

and if he could only get through another hour, he might be right for another day, and then, so near the end, surely, if his legs would do their part, we could keep him awake somehow or other.

Side by side, Simpson and I walked with him and shouted at him to keep him going. We dosed him with hot tea and coffee, and still he kept blinking his eyes, leaving the linoleum track for the carpet, and by a species of instinct returning to it. We gave him one glass of champagne, and even that we hesitated to use so soon, and for the same reason we gave him no brandy.

At half-past four there was no change, and Trotter was profoundly satisfied with the way things were shaping, and a huge grin irradiated his face from ear to ear.

Simpson shouted to him: "Get on, Williams. Trotter's grinning all over at you. He thinks you're done for. Look at him."

The change was electrical. What the coffee and the champagne had failed to do, the mere idea of being ridiculed accomplished, and the situation *pro tem.* was saved. He pulled himself together, helped himself to some grapes, and, as he went along, renewed his strength.

Trotter had anticipated, and he was judging from past experiences, that towards the end Williams might become temporarily insane. The only occasions on which his mind wandered a little were when the incident about the temperature occurred, and once on the last day; and with these exceptions, while physically exhausted, and his eyes closing in spite of everything, his mental faculties were thoroughly clear.

My explanation of this is that he was of higher intelligence and more highly educated than those who had made the attempt—and failed—before him, and that their physical endowments had been improved at the expense of their mental, and that this accounted for Trotter's miscalculation. He was very much surprised when, at seven o'clock, Williams indulged in an early fruit breakfast, and, his lassitude and weariness gone, at ten o'clock wished us all a cheery "Good morning."

He had a good wash, kicked off the shoes, as he preferred slippers, said he hoped to go all right till night, when he expected to have a great deal worse time of it than last night even, and that whatever heroic method it might be necessary to adopt to keep him awake, not to hesitate.

## CHAPTER III.

And so the penultimate stage was entered upon—only twenty-four hours to go. And here we were treated to the most surprising display of this strange and weird performance. He looked far from well, but till the next six minutes' pause of the machinery, Williams performed his task with apparent ease. He went through this twelve hours' spell without halt or stumble. But at the end of it he would neither sit down nor eat. He was in reality about cleaned out, and expected that his next bad turn would finish him off. It would have been a healthier look-out if he had felt worse in the earlier part of the day. It was Trotter's leering face that had kept him going for the last hour. With some persuasion he took a small quantity of the beef-tea and ate a cake of cuca chocolate before the click of the machinery sounded.

Twelve hours to go, and the last act of the drama was commenced. There in the silent seclusion of an English country house the grim and desperate struggle went on; and the greatest prize ever offered to athlete since the world began was at stake.

Tall and gaunt, his cheeks thin and sunken, eyes bloodshot, face haggard and unshaven, but with stern determination imprinted on it, Williams resumed his part. The ghastliness of his features was accentuated by the light from the acetylene gas; and his clothes hung loose on his body, as if made for a larger man.

There was no thought of sleep now with any of us. Williams went well till two o'clock. He picked up a grape now and then, but looked neither to right nor left. The one globe was nearly empty, and the other was so full of sovereigns that it seemed as if the addition of a few hundreds would cause it to overflow.

The time dragged slowly on. At 2.30 he asked for the temperature to be reduced, and said to me: "I'm afraid, old chap, I'm sewn up. I feel it coming on, but keep me at it if you can. When my eyes close, one of these times, it'll be for good, as I haven't muscular power left to open them. My legs are all right, but I can't keep my eyelids from closing. I'm half blind now, and the time will never pass. The minutes are like hours, and the hours stretch into weeks, and the gymnasium seems miles across."

I comforted him the best way I could; told him that if he could get over the next two hours, he'd be all right. See how fresh he got after four o'clock the other mornings. No, he would have nothing to drink just

then. Still he persevered, and another half-hour went by on leaden wings.

An anxious look began to show itself on Trotter's face. I offered to compound for half a million.

"No, thanks; I guess it's all or nothing at this racket," said he, "and I'd lose my fun if I accepted. Say, I'll bet you ten thousand dollars he doesn't last two hours from now."

I wasn't betting. I was merely aiding and abetting. And even as we talked Williams stumbled. Four of the golden coins fell out of the pail, went rolling over the linoleum and on to the carpet. Our hearts were in our mouths as he picked up the sovereigns, put them in the pail, emptied it, and actually sprinted back.

You will remember that it was a condition that each load had to be emptied into the globe before the pail was refilled. It took him a long time to find the last of the coins in the thick carpeting. But still he was back in time to catch the first of the next load of sovereigns as it dropped from the tap, but with not so much as one second to spare The shock of the narrow escape revived him for a little. Then he got a towel from the bath-room, and between two of his journeys bathed his face and hands in the basin of one of the fountains.

Three-thirty now. Only six hours and a half to go! We had at hand brandy and soda, champagne, hot tea and coffee, and as a fanciful experiment, if by the aid of these we couldn't keep him alive to his work, a mixture of snuff and cayenne pepper. An unholy commixtion! How ready he was to drop, and with what indomitable pluck he struggled on.

Say what you will—it is the inherent love of physical prowess in every shape and form implanted for centuries in every true Briton's heart that has enabled our little island to lead the world. And think ye, was it only the sordid love of gain that made a man undergo such physical distress?

"I'LL BET YOU TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS HE DOESN'T LAST TWO HOURS."

That was the least part of it. It was the desire to excel his fellows, and make possible the impossible. Before I am done you will see. And Williams was still plodding on, but in dire distress. Simpson and I now accompanied him, one at either side, never touching, but shouting and bawling at him to keep him at his nauseous task. Slowly he shuffled over the linoleum track and back. Three times within the next half-hour he got back on the very verge of time to the spigot. His mouth was parched, but for long he refused to drink — what could be done?

We beguiled him into having a pinch of snuff. The horrid mixture nearly suffocated him and roused him from his apathy. With eyes and mouth smarting he gulped down a tumbler of champagne, and another. He grew a little livelier; another glass of champagne, and as on the previous morning, he came round. And now, as we fondly hoped, the last crisis was passed. Our hopes ran high as he ate a banana and more grapes and kept steadily on his journey. It was more a shuffle than a walk, but there was life in it and in his movements.

Time passed more rapidly. At six o'clock Trotter came to me, and said: "You can offer Williams to compound for half a million now, if you like."

"No, thanks," said I; "as you say, it's all or nothing at this racket. You've had your fun, and you're going to pay for it." I regretted my hastiness before ten o'clock.

Seven o'clock passed, eight o'clock, and nine o'clock, and the gold was as good as won. A mere handful remained. Only sixty-four minutes now, and Williams a millionaire!

"No, fifty-eight minutes only," said Simpson; "we were six minutes wrong in our first calculation. There is only one rest in the last twenty four hours' work—not two. The task will be completed at 9.58—one week less two minutes from the start." He

was right. "Fifty-seven to go, Williams; fifty-six to go, Williams!"

But Williams was going wrong again. We dosed him with tea and coffee and brandy. His sight was fast giving out. His left eye was closed, and his right was little better.

We were—everybody except Williams—mad with excitement. He hadn't enough energy left to have any feeling whatever. Forty-five minutes only, and a million pounds at stake!

How the minutes lagged! If only the mechanism of the globe would fail to do its part! Our hearts were beating fast. Trotter's face was tense and livid.

"For Heaven's sake, end it now," said Simpson, "and cry quits at half a million."

"Not now," said Trotter, sternly; "all or nothing."

"Forty to go, only forty to go." But Williams laughed mirthlessly. "Ha, ha! I'm going crazy, and the Yank will keep his gold." And yet he accomplished one more journey in time. "What beautiful golden serpents are crawling about. What a pretty present one of them will make for my little sweetheart," he murmured.

"Never mind them," shouted Simpson; "they'll all be yours in half an hour. Keep awake, man." And mechanically a few more journeys were covered. But a total collapse seemed imminent. One eye useless, the other almost, as a last resort we moved the shades off the gas-jets, and the shock to the optic nerves caused by the exceeding brilliancy of the light had a welcome effect on his sight for a little.

Thirty to go, and he wanted to water the palms with gold from his pail, and was dissuaded in the very nick of time. The tension was becoming unbearable. Poor Williams's mind was unhinged for the time; he babbled nursery rhymes and sang snatches of songs, and yet, as if actuated by Providence, with many a halt and stumble, he still struggled on. Twenty-two to go, and he rushed to the nearest fountain and took a long draught of the pure water. To our intense surprise it cleared his muddled brain, and our anxiety about his mental condition was relieved.

Surely the wheels of Time were trebly clogged and dragged. And, oh! the suspense as we kept him company in the journeys as it neared the end! Twelve to go, his one serviceable eye closed, and he reeled with sleep. We dosed him with brandy and implored him to keep at it with eyes shut.

"FORTY TO GO!"

The end was very near, and, believe me, like a blind man he felt his way across the linoleum track and back eleven weary times, and put up his pail for the last load.

Now and then throughout the week an extra coin had got through, and the last was a very small pailful. Pulling himself together for a final effort, he walked straight across the pathway, emptied it, returned, hung the pail up on the spigot of the now empty globe, and the game was played out, the prize was won!

And cheer after cheer from five lusty British throats reverberated within the walls of the most curious gymnasium eye ever saw. But they fell on deaf ears. Trotter had gone off in a dead faint when he saw the impossible made possible; and the hero, his task completed, had calmly gone to sleep leaning against the empty globe. We carried him into the bedroom, partly undressed him, and laid him on the bed.

Williams fell asleep at ten o'clock on Monday morning. After an uninterrupted sleep of thirty-one hours he awoke on Tuesday afternoon in time for dinner. When he had had a bath and a shave, which was a very serious business with a nine days' growth of healthy stubble to get rid of, he looked quite a respectable member of society,

although his face was still thin and drawn out. Needless to speak of the warmth and sincerity of our congratulations—that goes without saying.

After the slops he had been feeding on for the past week, and his long fast, he was very hungry and did amplest justice to the fare.

Trotter took his loss like the good sportsman he was, and amused us by his practical way of analyzing the performance. The draping of the walls and subduing of the light was value for eight hours, the padding of the pail five hours, and the way Williams had husbanded every ounce of strength, instead of larking about at first like those who had tried before, was worth another four or five hours ; but a day had gone wrong somewhere, and he couldn't make it out. He ought to have collapsed at six days. Indeed, after dinner he made a speech, in which he referred most handsomely to Williams in particular, and the rest of us in general, detailed to us his analysis of the performance, and ended by handing to our friend the keys of the gymnasium. Here Williams did a very foolish thing. He wanted Trotter to keep his million, as he had made the trial for sport and not for gain, and to satisfy Trotter that it could be done. He was doubtful if he remained an amateur, or had become a professional according to the rules of the governing athletic bodies.

"No, no," said Trotter, "I have still twenty million dollars left, and the money is yours fairly and honestly earned ; and if you won't take it, nobody else will, for I will have it sunk in the middle of the Atlantic. It has been a good lesson to me, for it was the most cruel piece of work that could be given to man. I only hope you will suffer no harm from the strain put on you, and that you may have health and strength to benefit by the money."

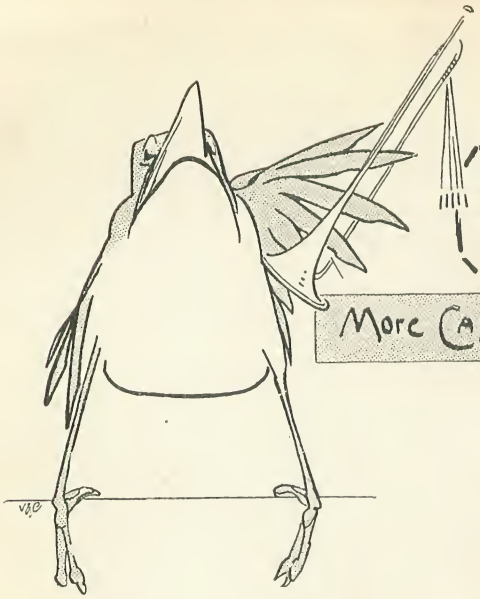
So Williams's scruples were over-ruled, and the Amateur Athletic Association and the National Cyclists' Union have not been asked if he is now an amateur or a professional, and as his racing days are done, it is inconsequential.

During the trial he lost seventeen pounds in weight, but made it all up in ten days. He was very sleepy-headed for a week or two —went to bed early at nights and was lazy in the mornings—but there was absolutely no after ill-effect. But if you ask him, he will tell you that he would never be tempted again — not for one hundred millions — to go through the last twelve hours of the struggle.

The party broke up in a day or two, Williams remaining with Trotter to see as to the removal of his eight tons of bullion. Space will not permit of my telling you of the trouble there was in getting it disposed of. Eventually it was transferred to London, and is now safely invested in Consols, so-called gilt-edged securities, and heritable property (real estate). And, strange turn of Fortune's wheel, Williams's latest investment was the purchase of Trotter's estate in Longshire.

For the American had fallen on evil times. The inactive life of a man of leisure soon palled on him. He shut up his country mansion and went to London, and through sheer want of something to do, took to speculating on the Stock Exchange. In America if he had touched dross it would have turned into gold ; here it was the converse. And through his absence from America, his investments there played a merry accompaniment to his Lombard Street frivols.

In April last his princely fortune was exhausted, and it was only through Williams paying a fancy price for his Longshire estate that he was enabled to return to America with £20,000 in his pocket to start life afresh. And with his departure from our shores the embargo on my pen is released, and I am enabled to describe, in however feeble fashion, the grandest feat of endurance ever accomplished.



# In Show

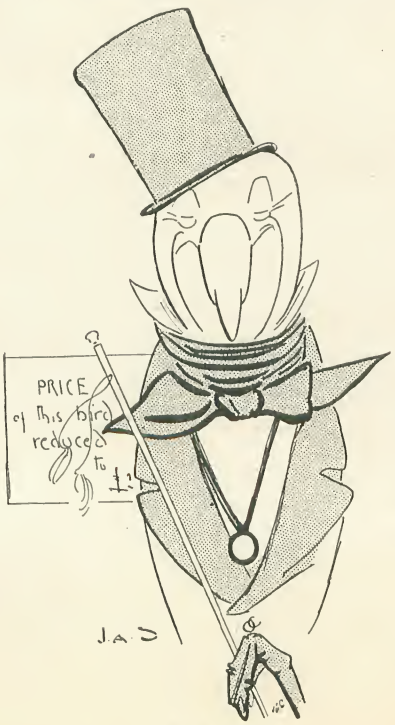
## More Cage Birds.

Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd

V.

CERTAINLY the love-birds *did* look very ridiculous, and the raven fiercely mischievous. And the love-birds seemed to be almost the only birds in this part of the show that didn't talk. We had left the canaries, and though I *had* heard somewhere of canaries that could talk, my Yorkshire guide seemed to be the only one of the sort at this place. Here, however, among the parrots and jackdaws, macaws, ravens, magpies, and starlings, conversation was in full blast, except, as I have said, among the love-birds. They mooned and spooned, and words were inadequate.

I stopped (I couldn't help it) before a large bird, and the canary whispered, "That's a macaw." The large bird caught the sound, apparently, for instantly, with a courtly bow and a flourish, he addressed me: "Yes," he said, "Micawber is my name, as my young friend has—a—informed you. You will perceive, if you will so far condescend as to inspect, visually, the publicly-exhibited announcement attached to my *locus standi*—in short, the label on my perch—that the advantages of my society and of such small eloquence as I may be endowed with, together with my personal services in whatsoever humble capacity they may be desired, are now available to be placed at the disposal of any beneficent patron who may be willing, in exchange thereof, to disburse the—a—necessary needful. In short, that I am for sale. I will not attempt to conceal from you, my dear Coppernose" (the birds, generally, were very disrespectful to me, it seemed), "that I have been on offer, so to speak, for a protracted period; nor will I endeavour to obscure the unpleasant fact that the amount of the necessary needful, as per placard stipulated, has been decreased by a series of daily subtractions until now, towards the latter end of the—a—show, it




THE MACAW BIRD.

"COME, NOW, THERE'S A DEAR."

has reached the ridiculously humiliating figure at which you perceive it stands. It is also necessary to admit that even at the absurd price advertised there would appear to be very little competition for the advantages of my society and services. Notwithstanding all which difficulties and disadvantages, my dear Coppernose, I am still confidently expecting that some discriminating and liberal individual will appear who will

"AND WHO IS THIS?"

appreciate the advantages I offer—in short, that somebody will turn up!"

A parrot behind me sniggered slyly. "Silly old dear," the parrot said, in a whisper. "He's *always* expecting somebody to turn up, but nobody ever does. And his price has been going down regularly every day, too, just like a Jubilee procession seat! But nobody'll take him—not even a syndicate! Ha, ha! Absurd old thing! How he can possibly expect—and at his age, too—but, there, some people are that vain! Now, if you *are* looking for something really *nice*, now—just consider *me*. Look at the label—I'm only two guineas now—being late in the show; and I don't say but what if you *did* make a close offer, perhaps—but, there! And see what a lovely perch, too—all included. Come, now, there's a *dear*—shall we make it pounds, and call it a bargain?"

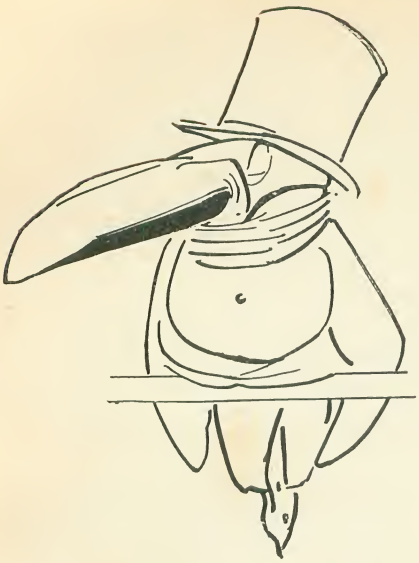
Here I was conscious of the intervention of another parrot, an unattractive grey, who

"A NICE OLD GENTLEMAN."

said, acidly: "Well, Orlando, and who is this very loudly-dressed person?" The voice was familiar; at first it seemed that of the black Spanish hen I have already told you about, but then I remembered how like that voice was to my wife's. So I ran away.

"All right," said the Yorkshire canary in my ear. "You needn't run all night. You've left her a mile away. You haven't seen half the birds."

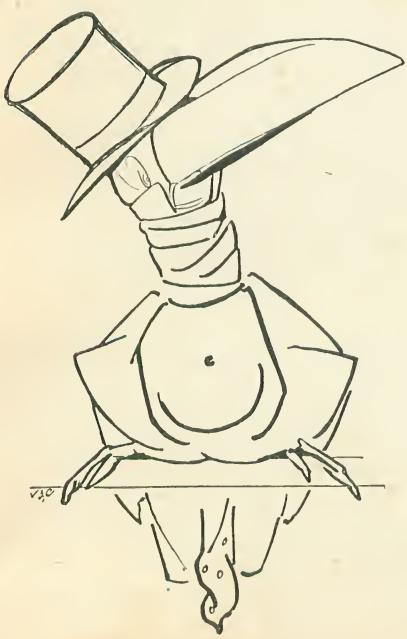
To my astonishment I found the Yorkshire canary standing calmly on my shoulder. Moreover, though I seemed to have run an



"MY EYE! WHAT A NOSE!"

incalculable distance, we were still among the parrots.

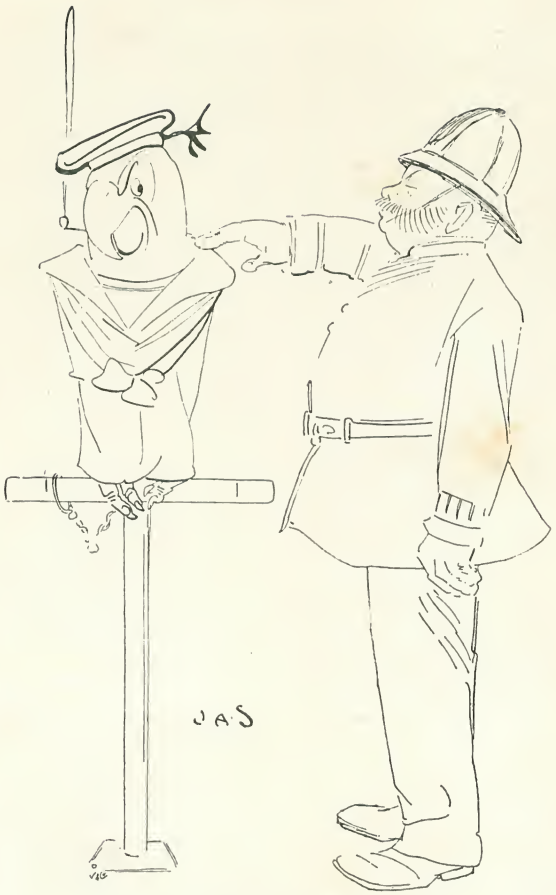
"They *won't* attend to the proper breeding of these birds," the Yorkshire said. "They let 'em grow anyhow. They breed canaries into a decent shape, and make gentlemen of them" (I thought of the Scotch fancy and the Belgian, though I said nothing). "But look at the white cockatoo, for instance. He'd be a fine figure of a bird if it wasn't for his ridiculous, waddling legs. He's fairly presentable as he stands still, even now; but as soon as he moves—well, look at him. If they'd only take the trouble to introduce a little stork blood now, to bring the legs out adequately, they'd make quite a decent bird of the cockatoo. But they won't—bless you, no. Every parrot and cockatoo in the place would be the better for a little more breeding."



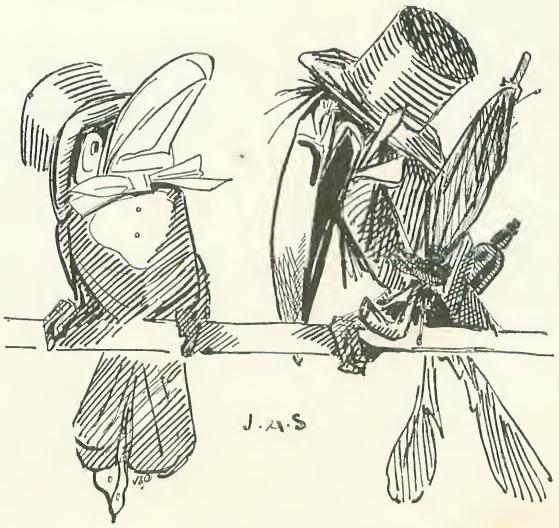
"SIR!"

To me it certainly seemed that they would, for anything more ill-bred than their shrieking and their vulgar chaff I could not imagine.

There was one particularly offensive young macaw whose remarks to a most respectable and well-behaved toucan were outrageous. And why the police did not interfere in the matter of the language of some of the parrots I could not understand. The grey parrots seemed to be the worst; and it is a noticeable fact in this connection that sailors are always bringing home grey parrots. I can never understand why the language of these birds has so little real nautical flavour about it. Of course, everybody who has read a nautical tale knows that a sailor's expletives never go beyond "Shiver my timbers," "Scuttle my bowline," "Splice my main brace," "Heave my keel overboard," "Blow my mainsail jib-boom," or on specially important or exasperating occasions, "Rake the topmizzen double ratlines of the main-truck galley of my fo'c'sle quarter-deck anchor fore and aft and three sheets in the wind." These are the things that particularly bad-languaged sailors say when anybody steals their grog, or treads on their corns, or speaks




"A LITTLE BETTER LANGUAGE, PLEASE!"




"IT'SH MOULT, I 'SHURE YOU."

to the man at the wheel; but the grey parrots they bring home indulge in far worse language than this, and I can't imagine where they learn it. I mentioned my difficulty to the Yorkshire canary, who suggested that they may have learned it from the horse marines. If this is really the case, I trust that the commanding officer of that distinguished corps will issue strict orders against bad language in the stables. I have heard that the gentleman's name is Cheeks.

"The toucans are not altogether so intolerable," said my guide, "and they don't swear. But that is due to some extent to the fact that they can't talk. Of course there's no real *breeding* in them—there's none at all, or very little, in any of these outsiders. They're sent in just as they happen to be. But as to behaviour, the toucans are fairly correct; indeed, they're as proper as can be most of the time, but once a year they break out most disreputably. They put it down to the moult; but, hang it all, a bird can have a *sober* moult if it likes—just as it is quite possible

for a human to have a sober birthday, or a sober Christmas or Jubilee. Though many don't. I never saw a toucan in moult yet that anybody could look at for a second and pronounce perfectly sober. He has intoxication in his eye, depravity in his bedraggled feathers, and a fiery red beak that can only have one meaning."

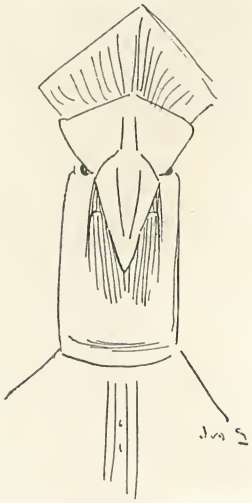
AN INSULT.

Here I observed a macaw engaged in savagely pecking and tearing a card which had been affixed to its perch—a card inscribed in large capital letters with the word "Commended." He pecked and tore with the energy of rage, and redoubled his efforts when he perceived that I was looking on.

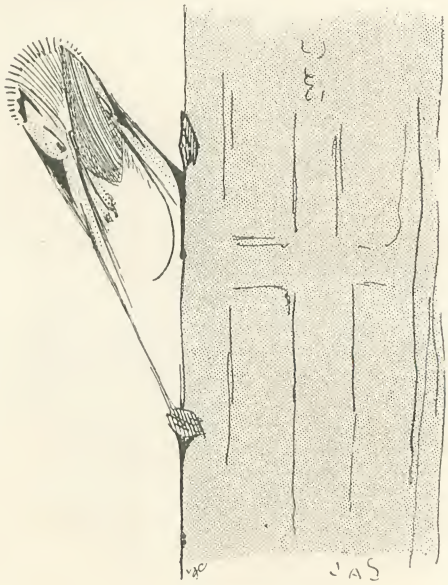
"Well," he said, in a deep and angry voice, "what are you looking at? Isn't it enough for me to be insulted in this way without having you coming here to gloat over it? Couldn't you wait till I'd torn the beastly card up?"

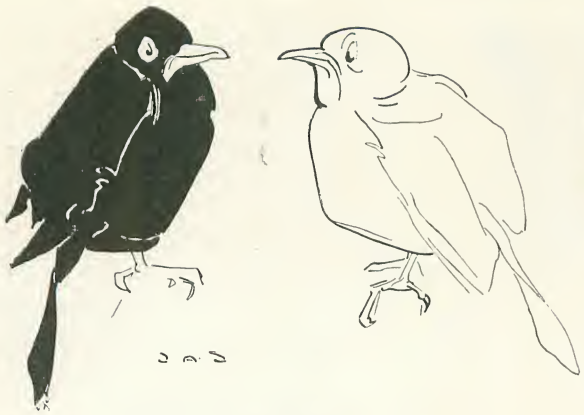
HAWFINCH.

I could not understand the insult implied in this announcement of commendation, but the Yorkshire canary pecked my coat-sleeve, and drew me aside. "Come," he said, "don't annoy the poor wretch. He got first prize at his last show. It wouldn't have been so bad if they had left him out altogether, but 'commended'—a mere common C—it's really too bad. 'Commended' is the last insult you can offer a bird. I'd like to see the judge who'd 'commend' me!" The Yorkshire canary looked very fierce, and I felt reassured by the recollection that there had been no label on *his* cage whatever, so that the judges were safe for the present, at any rate.


CARDINAL.

"Leave the poor chap to his grief," the Yorkshire canary proceeded, "and just run through the miscellaneous odds and ends. That's the hawfinch—he's a cardinal when he's abroad, with a gorgeous red dress, but in this country he is a bird of strict business above all things. And there's the woodpecker tapping the hollow cork tree that they've stuck up in his cage to enable him to play a foolish game of runaway knocks all by him-

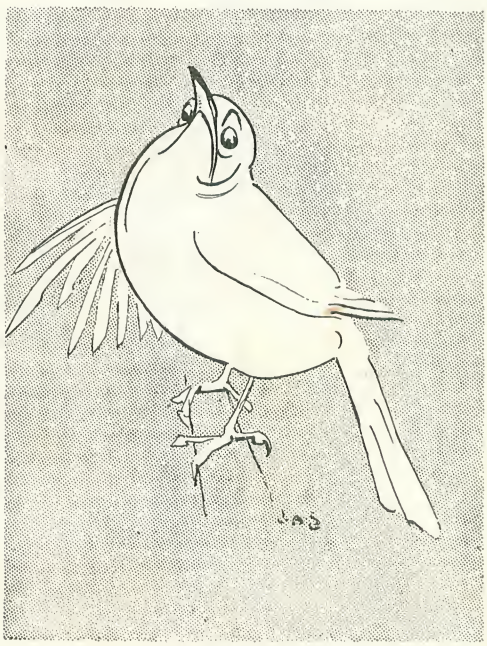

"COME IN!"



"YOU'RE NOT A BLACKBIRD."

self. You observe, he goes behind his make-believe door, knocks violently, and then pops out to see who's there. Of course there's nobody, so he knocks again and again, working himself up into a fearful rage as he goes on. It pleases him, I suppose, and nobody minds.

"There's an eccentric class of birds here—



"WELL—I SUPPOSE I'M NOT!"

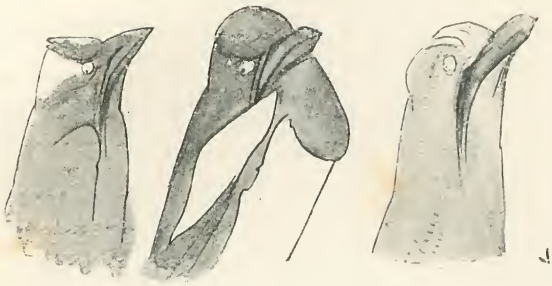
they compete for prizes offered for oddness of plumage. A white blackbird has taken the first prize this year, but I don't believe he's really happy, nevertheless. He must be in a terrible state of doubt and uncertainty. The other blackbirds tell him he isn't a blackbird at all, and really it seems a bit doubtful. He *can't* be a blackbird if he's white, that's plain—it's like talking of black whitewash. But there's no such species as the whitebird, so he can't be that. Moreover, to talk of a white blackbird means nothing unless it means he's grey or speckled, and he isn't either; and there seems to be no other way

"WHAT IN THE WORLD AM I?"

in which he can be black and white too. So, for all his first prize, he's a wretched outcast.

"The commonest birds in this place seem to put most side on, you may notice," the Yorkshire canary proceeded. "But that's

"COME ON, YOU FELLAHS!"



ARTISTS ALL.

the way with common birds. I've told you about the sparrow—but, of course, he isn't asked here. But people send the common suburban thrush—the sort of bird that hops about tennis lawns in back gardens, and puts on the airs of an over-important landed proprietor. And the alleged native talking birds are, half of them, as big humbugs as the suburban thrush. There's the jackdaw and the magpie and the jay, lots of 'em here all described as 'excellent talkers,' but precious few of 'em talk. People wait and hang about for hours, but they won't perform. Of course, they've the usual arrogant excuse. They pretend they're artists, and that they decline to show off vulgarly like the parrots. They pretend to wait for an 'artistic impulse' before performing—but it never seems to come. They're humbugs, I assure you—sham artists, every one, who couldn't carry out an engagement if they had one. They affect to despise the eccentrics—the white blackbirds and the pink greenfinches and so on—and consider them 'mere freaks' and 'side-shows,' altogether below an artist's contempt. But, personally, I'd almost rather be a white blackbird, with all the worry and uncertainty thrown in. Even a white raven might be better, though I've never heard of such a thing, and I fear he'd be a wretched milksop, and contemptibly harmless."

AS HE IS.

AS HE MIGHT BE.

Certainly it seemed to me that the raven would be a very different sort of bird if he were white, but in my view it would go a great way toward civilizing him. At present, the raven is really a most savage and dangerous character. His look, his aspirations, his manners, his disposition—they are all evil. And it all seems to be in his blackness. Turn him white, and give him pink eyes, and he must

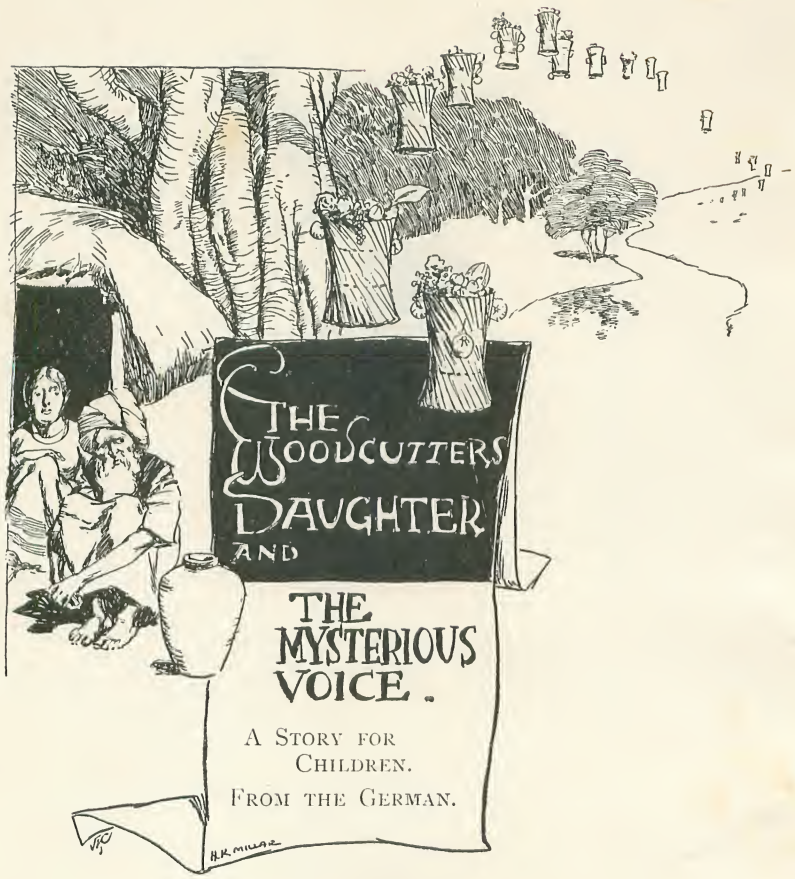
reform; he couldn't help it. Black, he is capable of anything; he steals, he murders, and his habitual drink is blood. If he were white he would take milk and water and a bun, and his mildness would be a pattern to curates. The Yorkshire canary spoke of contemptible harmlessness, but that was merely his rakish, wicked, reckless habit of mind. I began to feel doubtful about the Yorkshire canary. He was much too dashing and desperate a character for me. I remembered that Maria, again and again, had warned me against being led away by fast company, and I longed for the brown Egyptian gentleman back again, coffee-pot hat and all. But the canary rattled on.

THE GAY TOM-TIT.

"We won't waste much time over the rest," he said; "they're a job lot, generally. The gay tom-tit, the ridiculous wren, the bumptious bullfinch, the stupid starling, and all the rest of 'em. Just take a rough glance round, and then you shall have an emergency, and stand something out of that shilling you're in charge of." I resolved to defend Maria's shilling to my last breath. "Here's a fancier who'll go with us," the canary went on, indicating a curious bird in an apron. "He's a mixture of sparrow, pigeon, raven, robin, magpie, and barber; he lives in Kingsgate Street, and his name is——"

"Poll Sweedlepipe," answered the curious creature for itself, in a gentle voice, like the cooing of a pigeon.

"POLL!"




IN an Eastern land lived a wood-cutter who was so poor he had not even an axe, and was obliged with his wife and daughter to gather the old wood they found lying about. If they obtained sufficient to purchase food for the day, they rejoiced over their frugal fare; but this did not often happen, and their compulsory fasts became so frequent that they languished with hunger. To Nur-Singh and his wife poverty was doubly bitter on account of their daughter. She was of a marriageable age, but who would wed one so poor?

Tulissa, a beautiful maiden, was not without ambition, and often beguiled the weary hours with dreams of future greatness. She would imagine herself a princess, and, in picturing a luxurious life, forget for a time the misery of her present lot. But these dreams were too often interrupted by the necessity of seeking wood in the forest. These wanderings brought her one day to a ruined well, overgrown with grass, around which lay a quantity of wood. She had gathered a large bundle, when she heard a voice, apparently from out the well, calling her name. She turned and listened; no one appeared, yet she distinctly heard the words:—

"Will you be my wife?"

Terrified, she seized her bundle and fled, resolved never again to visit that haunted spot. But the good price she received for her wood pleased her, and when their last coin was spent, and no wood could be found in all the country round, she again sought the well. The wood lying in greater quantities than on her former visit induced her to approach close to the dreaded place. She quickly collected the sticks, hoping to depart undisturbed, when again came the words: "Will you be my wife?" and, more terrified than before, she took to flight, never stopping until she reached her home. Here

want soon again pressed heavily ; her parents sought in vain for wood, and urged Tulissa to try her luck ; thereupon she told of the voice that had so alarmed her. Her parents did not consider it so terrible ; indeed, they bade her re-visit the well, and, if she again heard the voice, refer the unknown suitor to her father.

Tulissa went unwillingly, and was departing with her bundle, when again came that terrible question : "Will you be my wife ?"

Summoning all her courage, she replied : "That proposal should be addressed to my father."

"Send your father here," sounded the voice.

Glad to escape so easily, Tulissa returned, and told what had occurred. Her father set forth immediately, and to his surprise found the path without trouble. He had not waited long, when from out the depths came the words : "You are poor and wretched : give me your daughter, and you shall be rich and happy ; you shall have the finest clothes and daintiest food ; your shadow shall grow and your riches increase, for I will gratify your every wish."

Blinded by these dazzling promises, Nur-Singh immediately consented, the wedding-day was fixed, and the wood-cutter returned well pleased. The women were disappointed that he came empty-handed ; they were ashamed to appear in ragged garments on a festal occasion.

A few days before the wedding, the family were astonished to see a hundred baskets travelling through the air. They descended before the hut. Some were filled with choice fruits and confectionery, others contained shawls and every requisite for the female toilet, whilst the whole, in true Oriental fashion, was illuminated with coloured lamps. This filled all hearts with joy.

The appointed time found them at the well, but to their surprise there were no preparations for a wedding. At length the wood-cutter exclaimed : "How can I marry my daughter when no one is here to receive her ?"

"We are all here," cried the voice ; "place the ring on your daughter's finger, and she is mine." The same moment a ring made its appearance.

The wood-cutter obeyed ; then, turning round, he saw a tent in which a rich banquet was spread. The three seated themselves to enjoy the sumptuous repast. As they finished, a beautiful sedan-chair approached them. Now for the first time they felt uneasy, and on seating herself in the chair the bride drew aside the curtains to take one last look at her relatives. Away sped the chair, followed by

"AWAY SPED THE CHAIR."

the anxious parents, and passing through a deep ravine reached an open plain. In the centre stood a magnificent palace, surrounded by a high wall with an iron door, through which the chair disappeared. Satisfied that the bridegroom had fulfilled his promise, they then returned home.

Henceforth they had riches in abundance and no longer needed to work. The neighbours, who before had never troubled about them, now visited them, inquiring eagerly about the change in their fortunes. As Nur-Singh refused to gratify their curiosity they grew envious, went to the King, and entreated him to compel the wood-cutter to reveal the secret of his wealth. The King summoned Nur-Singh and questioned him closely. The wood-cutter told how he had married his daughter, and the benefits he had received thereby. But the King, not believing his story, ordered him to be hanged. Now that death stared him in the face the unhappy wood-cutter began to doubt the wisdom of marrying his daughter to a person of whom he knew nothing, and bitterly he lamented his wretched fate.

The evening before the execution a voice said to the King: "Oh, King, harm not the poor wood-cutter. He has not deceived you; I married his daughter, and terribly will I avenge any injury done him."

The King replied: "One day I will spare him to see if you really possess your boasted power, then he must die, for I will not be turned from my purpose by empty threats."

Next morning when the King arose he and the wood-cutter were the only persons living in the town: the inhabitants lay dead, bitten by snakes. The King now saw he had to do with a powerful spirit, so hastening to the prison he entreated Nur-Singh to use his influence with his son-in-law to turn aside his wrath. The wood-cutter willingly agreed, and although uncertain if his prayer would reach the ear of him to whom it was addressed, besought the spirit to restore the inhabitants to life. Immediately a rushing noise was heard, and the voice cried:—

"Snakes, who obeyed my commands, and who alone know how to cure the poison of your bite, recall these men from the shadow of death."

The snakes obeyed, the inhabitants lived again; the King with his own hands struck off the wood-cutter's fetters, and sent him away loaded with presents.

Tulissa meanwhile lived happily with her husband, whom she only saw at night—he was away all day. He gave her costly presents, and only required that she should never leave the palace nor suffer any stranger to enter. And this beautiful abode contained all the heart could desire: there were gardens full of fruit trees, marble baths inlaid with agate and jasper, and numberless attendants who, to amuse her, played their lutes or related wonderful stories. But Tulissa soon wearied of this luxury, and would willingly have given all her jewels for a wreath of jasmine such as she used to twine in the old days at home.

One morning an old woman came to the palace selling cowries; the porter refused her admittance, but, unfortunately, she espied Tulissa looking out of a turret window. She addressed her in flattering terms, promising wonders if she might only approach, and her listener was soon induced to let down a sheet, up which the stranger rapidly climbed. Seating herself at the edge of the carpet she conversed pleasantly, told Tulissa many things, and asked her many questions. At length she said:—

"Daughter, you say your husband is kind; does he eat with you; does he take food from your plate?"

"No," replied Tulissa, "he never does me that honour."

"You should require it of him," said the stranger; "if he refuses, be sure he does not properly esteem you."

Saying this she departed.

Left alone, Tulissa felt restless and unhappy. She repeated again and again what she should say to her husband, for she had resolved to follow the stranger's advice. So she left her supper untasted, and when he entered flew towards him begging him so earnestly to sup with her that he consented. Yet he did not seem pleased, and on leaving gave yet stricter orders to admit no one to the palace.

Time passed, and Tulissa had almost forgotten the incident, when one day looking from her window she saw an old woman selling antimony. She called her, let down the sheet, and admitted the stranger. After many compliments, the woman asked the same question as the first stranger. Tulissa replied proudly that he had done her that honour. The old woman then asked had he ever chewed betel-nut and given it to her, and on her replying, "Never," persuaded her to demand this token of esteem.

That evening Tulissa asked her husband: "Why do you never give me betel-nut from your mouth, as husbands do who love their wives?"

"Speak not thus," exclaimed the spirit; "ask not what will separate us for ever."

Tulissa tried persuasions, but finding them useless, relinquished her plan for the present. It is probable she would have abandoned it altogether, had not the old woman again visited her, asked had her husband ever told her his name, and persuaded her to require it as proof of his affection.

The same evening Tulissa made her request. In vain her husband strove to show her the foolishness of her wish. At length, losing patience, he said:—

"If I tell you, it will be fatal to your happiness. I shall be compelled to part from you, and you will have to return to your former poverty."

Despite the warning, Tulissa persisted in her desire, until, finding all entreaties vain, her husband said:—

"Well, so be it, but not here," and led her from the palace. Arrived at the banks of a river he stopped, asking, anxiously: "Are you still determined? There is yet time to withdraw your request."

Urged by irresistible curiosity, and regardless of consequences, Tulissa replied: "I will know."

The spirit walked into the water up to his knees, and then repeated his question, entreating her to abandon her wish. Tulissa refused, but even whilst she spoke he sank deeper in the stream, until only his head and shoulders were visible. A third time he repeated his question, assuring her of his love and entreating her tenderly to relinquish a wish which, if granted, she would repent to the last hour of her life. When, however, Tulissa again replied, "I will know," he cried, sorrowfully, "My name is Basnak Dan!" The same moment a serpent's head appeared above the water, shot a withering glance at the obstinate wife, and then sank in the stream, in which her husband had already disappeared.

Tulissa was now alone, and wearing the ragged clothes of bygone days. Vainly she sought her beautiful palace. Every path she took led to the old, ruined hut, and how ruined and squalid did it now appear! Within sat her parents, poor and hungry as of yore. The old life began again, but now it was embittered by her parents' reproaches, and regret for her ingratitude to her husband.

"TULISSA MADE HER REQUEST."

One day as she pursued her weary way a squirrel crossed her path. These little animals were so common she would not have noticed him, had not his white stripes reminded her of a squirrel whose life she had saved in the palace garden. Satisfied at having attracted her attention, the animal bounded before her to a place where lay abundance of wood. It was a lovely spot, and after collecting her bundle she sat down and fell asleep. A soft whispering awoke her, and looking round she saw two squirrels engaged in earnest conversation.

"Alas," said one, "how is it that our enemy has grown so powerful? I left our tribe free; I return to find them enduring a miserable slavery."

"It is," replied the other, "because Sarkasukis has obtained a confederate in the

mother of Basnak Dan, King of the Serpents. She discovered that her son had wedded a daughter of earth, and knew that if, through her ambassadors, she persuaded his wife to ask his name, she would regain all the power she lost when he succeeded to his father's kingdom. Sarkasukis told of the marriage, and persuaded the wife to ask the foolish question. The Queen-mother now reigns supreme; Basnak Dan is as good as dead, and our persecutor is able to torment us at will."

Then a third squirrel spoke :—

"Poor Tulissa, she once saved me from the vengeance of Sarkasukis. Is there no way in which she can regain her lost happiness?"

"There is," said the first speaker; "but it is very dangerous. She must journey eastwards until she reaches a river. This she will be destroyed by snakes. I know not if the egg will preserve her from danger, but when the bird is hatched it will peck out the eyes of the green serpent that always encircles the Queen's neck. Basnak Dan will then regain his kingdom and be reconciled to his wife, who, as the huma bestows royal rank on its possessor, will be herself a Queen."

Tulissa listened eagerly, and only hesitated about leaving her parents, but the sight of some gold pieces that suddenly appeared at her side, and that she rightly guessed to be a gift from her friend the squirrel, removed her fears.

Hastening home, she gave her mother the money and started on her journey. After wandering many days, she reached a broad and deep river, apparently full of horrible black snakes.

"SHE REACHED A RIVER FULL OF HORRIBLE BLACK SNAKES."

she must cross, but there is no boat, and the river is full of snakes who will kill her if she attempts to swim. After crossing she must seek the huma's nest; should she find this, and an egg inside it, she must place the egg in her bosom to hatch. Next she must seek service with the Queen-mother, who will set her many tasks; should she fail to perform them

Here Tulissa made a raft of some reeds growing on the bank, and on this, accompanied by the squirrels who had guided her on her journey, reached the opposite shore in safety.

On landing, the squirrels led her to a deep glen, where stood a tree that glittered like an emerald. Beneath it were the humas singing and building their nest, their

beauteous plumage resplendent with golden light.

A few days later the wife laid an egg, but not liking to take their only treasure, Tulissa waited until the nest was full; then, taking one, she laid it in her bosom and followed the squirrels to the Queen's palace. Here she knocked and asked leave to enter the Queen's service. The attendants led her to their mistress. Although of rare beauty, there was something terrible in her appearance as she reclined among soft cushions, the green snake around her neck, for her eyes shone like the snake's eyes, and her long tresses fell in snake-like coils.

After gazing at Tulissa, she said:—

"I never engage servants without first proving their capability. If they fear the trial they can depart, but should they decide to try, nothing serves as an excuse for failure; if they fail, a terrible death awaits them."

Without hesitation Tulissa offered herself for trial. A crystal vase was then handed her; she was led into a courtyard surrounded by high walls, and bidden collect the perfume from a thousand flowers. No tree, root, or plant could be seen, and Tulissa would have despaired had she not relied on the squirrels' aid. She was looking for them when a swarm of bees flew over the wall, each carrying a bag of perfume, which they dropped into the vase.

As the delightful perfume filled the air, joyful cries resounded on all sides, the door of the courtyard opened, and Tulissa laid the vase at the feet of the Queen, whose stern glance softened as she inhaled the sweet perfume.

Next day she received a jug of grain, with the command to prepare therefrom a chaplet of precious stones. Now the squirrels helped her. They came in great numbers: each took a grain from the jug and replaced it by a stone of great price. With these Tulissa soon accomplished her task and presented it to the Queen, whose delight knew no bounds.

Returning to her room she found the little squirrel, who, apparently much distressed, led her to the forest, where the other squirrels awaited her. Here she learned that the terrible Sarkasukis was approaching, that to prevent his entering the palace she must burn certain herbs, but that this would also prevent the squirrels approaching, and, alas! several days must elapse ere the huma's egg would be hatched.

In sorrow Tulissa burned the herbs, and anxiously waited till the huma emerged from its shell. Then, hiding it in her bosom, she sought the Queen's chamber, where the bird flew forth and pecked out the eyes of the terrible green snake, whose magic power had wrought so much evil.

The Queen uttered a piercing cry, the castle rocked, Sarkasukis fell through the ceiling loaded with chains, while legions of genii, squirrels, and serpents led in their rightful monarch, Basnak Dan. Tulissa's garments changed to queenly raiment, the huma placed a glittering crown on her forehead, and she was now a fitting bride for a mighty spirit.

Great was the joy of the good spirits at the fall of Sarkasukis and the wicked Queen, but none rejoiced more than Nur-Singh and his wife, who on Basnak Dan's return to power were raised again from poverty to wealth.

# *Glimpses of Nature.*

## V.—MARRIAGE AMONG THE CLOVERS.

By Grant Allen.

PLANTS marry and give in marriage just as truly as animals. They have their loves and their hatreds, their friendships and their enmities. The marriage customs of many among them are vastly interesting; and yet, in spite of all the attention that has been given to the subject of recent years, comparatively few people are even now aware how quaintly they pair, how varied and curious are their matrimonial arrangements. Most of us, it is true, have heard by this time the bare facts of the case—that flowers are mainly fertilized by the visits of insects: many of us even know that in the majority of instances the little golden dust which we call pollen must be transferred from the hanging bags on one blossom to the sensitive surface of another, or else seed will never be set: but not all of us are aware how intricate and how numerous are the minor devices by which each kind of plant effects this important object in its own fashion. I am going, therefore, in the present paper to describe briefly the marriage customs of two alone among our commonest English clovers, which I shall adduce as specimens of the strange variety to be found within the limits of a single type.

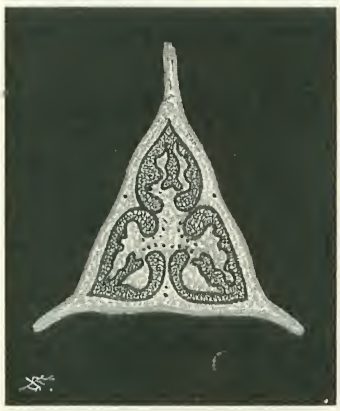
To begin with, however, I propose to examine, as a mere introduction, a couple of flowers of a well-known and dainty hot-house begonia, which may help us to the comprehension of the more plebeian clover-heads. Proverbial philosophy has long since taught us that "the longest way round is the shortest way home"; and when I drag in the begonia, which has apparently so little connection with clover, and which is really about as unrelated to it by descent as two flowering plants can well be to one another, you may suspect that I do so for some sufficient reason. The fact is, begonias happen to be plants in which the differences of the sexes are exceptionally well marked, so that they may be apprehended with ease by the naked eye and by every observer, even the most casual. I advise those who have conservatories of their own to verify my statements in this matter on the specimens in their possession; for those who have not, Mr. Enock's excellent illustrations, which accompany this paper, will serve almost as well as the original objects.

1.—FEMALE BEGONIA FLOWERS, FRONT AND BACK VIEW, SHOWING THE SEED-BAG.

Most cultivated begonias have the flowers on their branches arranged in groups or clusters of three, the central one of which is often a female, while the two outer blossoms are usually males. This is the ordinary plan, but it does not hold good of all the species, some of which on the contrary have only one male to each pair of females. Now, these male and female flowers are so very unlike in form and structure, when you come to look into them, that you would hardly believe they belonged to the same plant, if you did not find them growing on one branch together. They differ quite as markedly as the peacock differs from the pea-hen, much more markedly than man differs from woman. A glance at No. 1, and then at No. 4, will make this point obvious. You would say, if shown them separately, that these two blossoms must surely be flowers of quite distinct species; yet they hang side by side on one and the same plant like brothers and sisters.

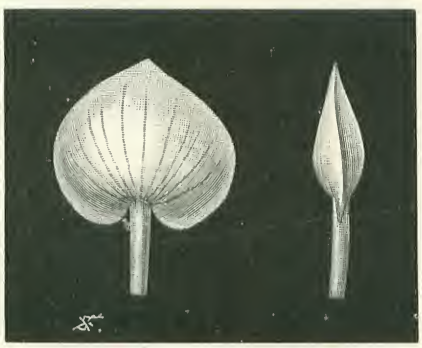
The first point of difference which you will note in the two is that the female begonia, as seen in No. 1, has five petals, while the male, in Nos. 4 and 5, has four only. (I call them petals both for

brevity's sake and because I believe them to be so in reality, though fear of that terrible critic, Dr. Smelfungus, who goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, compels me to add that in the learned Doctor's opinion they are parts of the calyx — a petty distinction with which but for him I would not have troubled you.) But what is far more important than the number of the petals is the fact that the female flower has wedged at its back a large triangular winged ovary, or seed-capsule. It is the possession of this ovary, indeed, that marks it out at once as a female: for by a female plant or animal we mean, of course, the one which lays the eggs, produces the seeds, or becomes the mother of the young individuals. If you compare the back of the female flower in the lower portion of No. 1 with the back of the male flower in No. 5, you will recognise at once the importance of this distinction. The female blossom has a seed-bag, while the male is barren. In No. 2 we have represented one such seed-bag cut open cross-wise, so as to show both the projecting wings and the numerous little seeds in the three cells within. When once one has examined a begonia plant from this point of view, one can never again doubt the reality of sex in plants, and its exact analogy to the same distinction as it exists among animals.



2.—THE SEED-BAG, CUT ACROSS.

But this is not all: the other parts of the two flowers differ almost equally. The centre of the female blossom is occupied, you will observe, by several twisted and wriggling arms, the upper surface of which is more or less sticky. This surface forms the receptive portion, or mouth, of the flower, on which grains of pollen must be duly deposited before the embryo seeds in the capsule below can begin to swell and develop. On the other hand, the centre of the male flower, as seen in No. 4, is occupied by a set of very different organs, the stamens or pollen-bags, whose business it is to produce and shed the fertilizing powder. Without pollen to start them, the seeds are useless. In the wild state, any winged insect which visits the plant is likely to alight first on the lip or platform of one or other of the outer male flowers. In his search for honey, which is secreted by the plant at the base of the petals on purpose to allure him, the flying visitor dusts himself over abundantly, though unconsciously, with grains of pollen from the very numerous little sacs which are placed there in a convenient situation with that precise object. He then flies away to the female flower, in which he alights, as a rule, on the central sticky portion (called by botanists the stigma): and as he walks over it in search of the honey at the base of each petal, he turns himself round and round in five directions, and thus unwittingly rubs off the pollen which clings to his legs and hairs, transferring it to the sticky and receptive surface. After visiting and fertilizing the female flower in the centre in this manner, he then usually proceeds to visit the second brother beside it, from which he carries away pollen in turn to the next plant he visits. The object of this curious arrangement is that each flower may be fertilized by pollen from another blossom, and, as far as possible, in many instances at least, by pollen from a distinct neighbouring plant. But you will gather at once from what I have said already that each plant must be regarded in strictness not as an individual, but rather as a community or commonwealth, of which the leaves and flowers are the separate members told off to perform different duties. You may compare it, indeed, to a hive of bees, the leaves representing the workers, while the five-petalled flowers are analogous to the queen-bees, and the four-petalled blossoms to the husbands or drones. Nay, more: those of my readers who have begonia



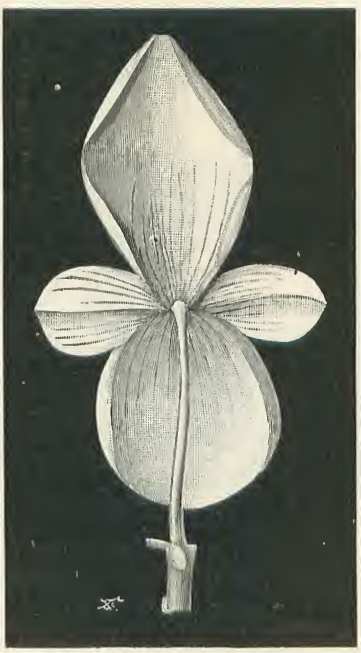
3.—MALE BEGONIA FLOWERS IN THE BUD, WITH NO SEED-BAG.

plants of their own may observe for themselves another singular resemblance to the habits and manners of honey-bees. For after the drones have done their work in life by fertilizing the queen-bee, the prudent workers sting them to death, as being useless mouths, of no further benefit to the community; but the queen-bee necessarily survives to become the mother of young swarms, or future generations. If *she* were killed, it would be all up with the community. Just so with the begonias; as soon as the male flowers have performed their whole duty in life, by producing and disseminating the grains of pollen which the insects carry away and smear upon the sister blossoms, they break off at the joint shown in the illustrations, and fall to the ground; the plant refuses to feed them any longer, because it has now no use for them: but the fertilized female flowers remain fixed on their stems to produce the seeds, from which will spring in time the future generations.

4.—MALE BEGONIA FLOWER, FRONT VIEW.

What, however, do I mean by fertilization? Well, each pollen-grain, when closely examined under a microscope, looks like a tiny egg, with a very thin shell and very sticky, active contents. As soon as the pollen-grains are rubbed all over the curly branches in the centre of the female flower, they empty their contents down long tubes, which reach at last to the seeds; and under this vivifying influence, the seeds begin to swell and become capable of producing young plants. The pollen, in short, has quickening power. It is for the sake of this final result alone that the flowers exist: they are provided with bright-coloured petals as advertisements to let the insects know where honey may be expected; they secrete the sweet liquid itself in order to induce their winged allies to become common carriers of pollen for the benefit of the begonia; and as soon as each flower has served its purpose in this respect, it drops off or is retained by the plant according as it is or is not wanted in future for its seed-producing properties. The females persist and ripen their fruits; the short-lived males fall off and wither. Compare this with the case of the geometrical spider.

The difference between the brother and sister flowers is even more visible in the bud than in the fully-opened blossom. No. 3 shows us this very well in the case of an unopened male blossom. Here the two large petals, afterwards used as platforms for the insect to alight upon, inclose the smaller pair of interior ones, as well as the bunch of yellow stamens. But as these stamens are full of nutriment, and therefore liable to be prematurely attacked by useless gnawing insects, the petal above them is thickened in this part, and in one of the species most cultivated in our green-houses, but not figured here, is provided with little protective hairs, which baffle and keep at bay all hungry aggressors. I may add that the projecting wings on the seed-vessel, well seen in No. 1, and also in the section in No. 2, serve a somewhat similar purpose: they are intended to prevent hostile insects from laying their eggs at the most vulnerable points in the capsule, where the grubs would destroy the seeds within. The thickenings above and below, also to be observed in the lower figure of No. 1, perform a like service. They are devices of the mother to protect her young. You will thus perceive that the

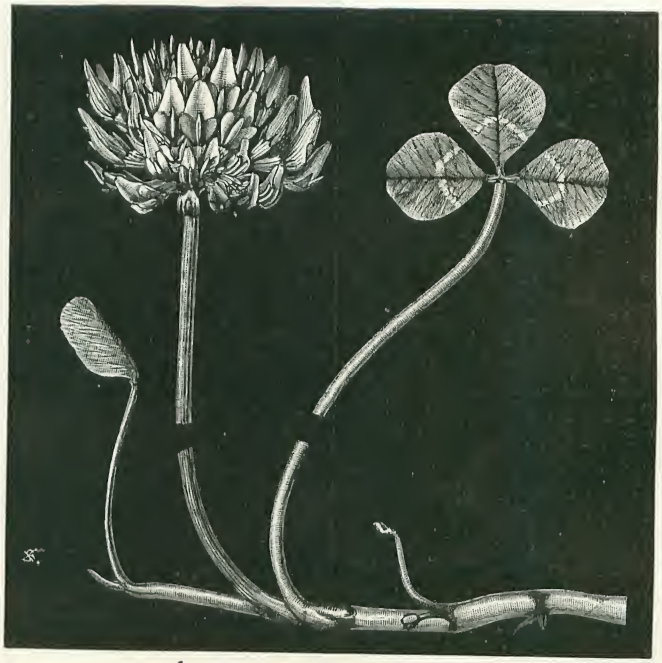


5.—MALE BEGONIA FLOWER, BACK VIEW.

begonia has its friends and its enemies in the insect world, and that while it does its best to conciliate the one, it is no less anxious to repel the other. We shall find in the sequel that precisely the same thing is true of the clovers.

To the clovers then, which are our proper subject, I will next proceed. And I began with the begonia by way of introduction, only because that afforded us a case in which the husbands and wives of the community were so distinct from one another that nobody with a pair of eyes in his head could fail to distinguish them when they were once pointed out to him. In the clovers, on the other hand, we have a much more complicated arrangement, and one much less like the ordinary cases with which we are familiar in the animal world. Here, the flowers are collected in heads or clusters, and each flower is in itself at once both male and female. This method, indeed, is common amongst plants; it occurs in by far the greater number of species: the reason why I started with the begonia is just because in that type the sexes are so well and clearly separated in distinct blossoms. In the clovers, however, of which we have about twenty species in England, each separate flower resembles a small pea-blossom in shape, having four petals, which botanists name respectively, from below upwards, the keel, the two wings, and the standard. These petals are best seen in the single upstanding flower (or "old maid") represented in No. 9. They are inclosed beneath in a small greenish calyx or cup, and they contain within them ten stamens or pollen-bags, as well as a tiny capsule like a miniature pea-pod. At the tip of this capsule is a small hook—the sensitive surface on which the pollen has to be deposited. You would say at first sight that under such circumstances, male and females being mixed up in one, cross-fertilization must be impossible—that each flower must surely be fertilized by its own pollen. But the clever clovers have invented an ingenious little device of their own for overcoming this difficulty: the pollen-bags and the sensitive surface of the capsule do not arrive at maturity together. In this way each flower or plant gets fertilized itself at one time by pollen from another plant, and at another time dusts the bee that visits it with its own pollen, which the bee transfers in due course to the next plant it visits.*

No. 6 represents part of a plant of Dutch clover—the common white clover of our meadows and pastures. It is called Dutch, not I believe because it is particularly common in Holland more than in other European countries, but because the prudent Dutch were the first agriculturists to collect and export the seed of this particular clover separated from all other seeds of similar but less useful species. It happens to be a particularly good fodder plant, and it grew wild originally throughout the whole of Europe and temperate Asia, from the Mediterranean to the north of Norway. But the seed has now been sown for pasture in almost every country of the civilized world, so that wherever THE STRAND MAGAZINE circulates, its readers can find and observe the plant for themselves, "to witness if I lie," as Macaulay's Roman poet bluntly puts it. Dutch clover is a rather smooth specimen of its type, not nearly so



6.—DUTCH CLOVER, BEFORE MARRIAGE.

* I hope technical botanists will forgive me some slight but unimportant simplifications in this not entirely accurate mode of presentation.

hairy or silky as most other clovers, for a reason which I will explain a little later on: it has prostrate stems which creep along the ground, as shown in the illustration, and root every now and again as they proceed, somewhat after the same fashion as strawberry-runners. Like all other clovers, it has trefoil leaves, each of the three leaflets in which is usually marked with a curved spot in the centre resembling a horse-shoe. But it is the flower-heads with which I am here particularly concerned. These are raised on long, erect, leafless stems, each of which bears at its summit a globular head of little white pea-flowers, often delicately tinged with pink or salmon. The flowers are thus lifted to a considerable height, because this clover grows, as a rule, among rather tall grasses, and so tries to push up its marriageable blossoms to a height where they may receive the polite attentions of passing insects. It is anxious to see its boys and girls well married.

7.—DUTCH CLOVER, THE FERTILIZED FLOWERS TURNED DOWN, THE UNFERTILIZED COURTING THE BEES.

The visitors for which Dutch clover specially lays itself out are for the most part bees. It disdains small pilferers. Each blossom has a long tube inclosing its honey, and only insects with a correspondingly long proboscis can reach its deep store of delicious nectar. It thus saves itself from being rifled uselessly by small insect riff-raff, such as flies and midges, which might visit the flower, as we botanists call it, "illegitimately"—that is to say, might rob the honey without conveying the pollen from the pollen-bags of one head to the sensitive surface or stigma of the next. The parts of the flower, in fact, are specially arranged with a definite relation to the head and the honey-sucking tube of hive bees and wild bees, which cannot visit it without dusting themselves over with pollen on one blossom which they unconsciously rub off on the receptive surface of the next. In one word, Dutch clover encourages bees for its own purposes, because they are useful to it, while it places obstacles in the way of smaller and useless insects, by burying its honey in a deep tube.

The head of Dutch clover shown in No. 6 is one which has been caught just at the very first moment of flowering. The florets or blossoms which make up the head begin opening from without and below, inward and upward. Thus in this head the outer and lower florets have opened, while the inner and upper ones are still in the bud. When a bee visits such a head of clover, he comes to it first from another head of the same kind; for bees do not usually mix their liquors; on one round of visits they confine themselves, as a rule, to a single species of flower only, and they probably store the honey of each kind in separate cells, just as we ourselves in our wine-cellars keep one bin for champagne, another for claret, and a third for Burgundy. The bee thus begins with the outer flower of the head, which he fertilizes with pollen from the last plant he visited; he then goes on to the second row, where he dusts himself over with pollen for another flower-head; and the buds in the centre he leaves severely unnoticed.

As soon as he flies away, a very curious thing begins to happen. The flowers which he has unconsciously fertilized close over their seed-vessel, and grow gradually brown or withered. At the same time, as you see in No. 7, they turn down out of the way of the bees by bending the separate little stalks on which they are raised in the head, and tucking themselves tight against the common flower stem. This they do partly in order not to confuse and worry their allies the bees, but partly also to avoid certain other dangers to which I will recur later. Plants often try in such ways to save bees or butterflies time and trouble, because the easier they make matters for the bee or butterfly, the more likely is he to visit and fertilize them. He is a useful customer whom they desire to conciliate. If a bee on his rounds finds that any particular species of plant gives him unnecessary trouble in getting at the honey, he is apt to neglect it and pass it by, in order to devote himself to other kinds which he sees

are more business-like and obliging. The moment he comes to a head of Dutch clover, then he knows at once that he may safely ignore the dry, brown flowers tucked away against the stem, because they are already fertilized and honeyless; he therefore directs all his attention to the mature and opened flowers which are now producing honey and ready for fertilization. These form practically, as you will see, at each moment the outer row of the flower-head, and are the ones which naturally first engage his notice as he alights on the cluster.

8.—DUTCH CLOVER, WITH ALMOST ALL THE FLOWERS FERTILIZED, AND TWO JUST TURNING DOWN.

No. 8 shows us the same head in a little later stage of advancement. Here, almost all the flowers have now been fertilized, and they are therefore turning their brown and faded florets downward against the stem. Two among them, which the bee has only just left, are caught in the very act of bending down, so as to get out of the way of any further visitor. The flowers in the centre, which are still erect, were not yet opened when the last bee paid a passing call on the community. They have unfolded their petals since, and are now standing up awaiting their turn to be visited by their winged ally, relieved of their honey, and duly fertilized. It sometimes takes four or five days for a single head to pass through all its stages.

In No. 9 we have a truly pathetic picture of a solitary old maid, perked up desolate and alone in the midst of her happier married sisters. She was an unopened bud when some passing honey-gatherer visited and set the seeds of her more fortunate relations. The flower on her left, to be sure, has only just turned; it was the last to receive attention from its winged allies. If you search a field of Dutch clover, you will find every here and there such a solitary old maid, the last of her family to be left in enjoyment of single blessedness. But you must bear in mind that none of this is true of the common purple clover, nor yet of the brilliant crimson kind (known to our farmers as "carnation trifolium"), both of which are distinct species with totally different marriage customs. The ingenious habit of turning the fertilized flowers downward out of the way of the insects is confined to a few species of white, pink, and yellow clovers. It is a little dodge on which they happen to have hit, but which has never occurred to their larger and more conspicuous red and purple cousins. So if you try to follow out these hints in nature, you must be careful to hunt for white kinds only.

9.—DUTCH CLOVER, A SOLITARY OLD MAID.

No. 10 shows us the last stage in the life-history of a head of Dutch clover. All the flowers have by this time been fertilized; even the solitary old maid has been made happy at last by some passing bee; and each flower alike is now pressed down against the stem in a crumpled, brown, and withered-looking mass. The mere casual observer would say, "This clover is dead." But it is nothing of the kind: it is only shamming. The main object of the flowering and fertilization, after all, is the production of seed; just as among birds the main object of pairing and nesting is the laying of eggs and the hatching of their little ones. And this introduces us to a second consideration of great importance. Plants not only marry, they take care of their young. The

seeds of clover are small, but they are rich in food-stuffs laid by for the use of the little plant at its start in life. Now, the parent flower is well aware that many insects love to lay their eggs and hatch out their grubs in pods of this character; if you have ever shelled peas, you must have seen such grubs very frequently in the pea-pods. The maternal instinct of the mother makes her lay her eggs where food is abundant; the maternal instinct of the mother-plant makes it do its best to protect its young against such devouring enemies.

10.—DUTCH CLOVER, ALL THE FLOWERS FERTILIZED, AND MATURING THE SEED.

In No. 11 we see a flower of Dutch clover cut open lengthwise, so as to show the little pod within, very much magnified, and with one valve opened. Tiny as these pods are, they usually contain two, three, or four seeds. Every kind of clover, owing to the richness of these seeds, is much exposed to the attacks of insect enemies. To baffle these wary foes, the clovers have invented an extraordinary variety of protective devices, two of which I mean to examine in this essay. Dutch clover meets the difficulty by tucking down the flowers after fertilization out of the way of the bee, and then retaining the withered corolla or set of petals which completely inclose and hide the pod in the centre. Indeed, such a head as you see in No. 10, all composed of brown and withered flowers, looks externally as if it were quite dead; but if you remove or cut open the sere and papery outer parts of the flower, you will find within them a vigorous little green pod, in which the miniature peas, after fertilization, are maturing actively. In fact, the plant is only pretending to be dead; yet so effective is the pretence, and so well does the papery covering guard each pod against the egg-laying insects, that I cannot remember ever to have found a single grub in the seeds of clover. This may seem to you a small matter to guard against; but if you open the seed-capsules of the common little mouse-ear chickweed, which has no such protection, you will find in almost every capsule a small red grub busily employed in eating the seeds which the plant had laid by for the continuance of its species. It is thus a distinct advantage to the clovers in the struggle for life that they have invented devices which enable them to guard their embryo young from the assaults of insects.

11.—DUTCH CLOVER, ONE DRY FLOWER CUT OPEN TO SHOW THE POD AND SEEDS RIPENING.

Every species of clover which grows in England — and, as I have said, we have more than twenty of them — has some dodge of its own for thus protecting its growing pods and seeds from the grubs which would destroy them. I only propose, however, to examine in detail here one more of these dodges. We have in England another kind of clover, a good deal like Dutch clover at a casual glance, and commonly confounded with it by unobservant people, though, as we shall soon see, the habits and manners of the two kinds are in reality very different. The strawberry clover, as it is called, is a somewhat lower and smaller species than Dutch clover, which it resembles in its creeping stems and in its rich foliage. But the flowers are not separately stalked in the head, so that they cannot turn down after fertilization like those we have just been considering. Moreover, the stems and flower-heads are much hairier; and this difference is due to the two facts that the strawberry clover is smaller, and has a shorter tube than its Dutch relation. It would thus be easy for ants and other crawling insects to creep

12.—STRAWBERRY CLOVER, WITH FERTILIZING BEE.

up the stem and steal the honey, which is intended for the use of fertilizing visitors. To prevent this misfortune, and to keep its nectar for the regular customers, the strawberry clover produces a number of hairs on the stem, which baffle the ants, to whom such hairs are an impenetrable thicket. But you may ask, "Why are not ants just as good as bees for the clover?" For this reason: flying insects are mainly guided by sight and colour; they flit straight from one flower to another of the same species; and their heads are exactly adapted to the shape of the flowers, which in turn have modelled their tubes and organs on purpose to fit them. Ants and creeping insects, on the contrary, are attracted merely by the sense of smell: they notice scent of honey; they climb up all stems indiscriminately in search of it; they are bare-faced thieves with no organs adapted for carrying pollen; and as they go about in the most reckless fashion from one kind of plant to another, if they did ever by chance succeed in fertilizing a casual flower, they would produce, not true species, but monstrous and meaningless hybrids. Therefore, many plants protect themselves by endless devices against the crawling ants, just as obviously as they endeavour to allure the winged bees, beetles, and butterflies. I may add that the head of strawberry clover is further protected against climbing insects by a number of lobed bracts at its base, which effectually disperse these thieving marauders.

While the strawberry clover is young and but recently opened, you might easily mistake it for a small and pinky specimen of Dutch clover. If you look closer, however, you will see that the petals are not so large, the tube not so deep, and the calyx much hairier. Nevertheless, as you may observe in No. 12, the hairs do not seriously get in the way of the bee during the stage when the flowers are just fit for fertilization. As soon as the bee has left the plant, however, something happens which is quite different to the turning down of the florets in Dutch clover. The calyx or little cup which incloses each separate flower begins to swell and inflate itself like a balloon or bladder. In No. 13 you can see the beginnings of this curious process; each calyx is slightly swelling round the tiny pod which it incloses. In Dutch clover, the pod is longer than the calyx, and the plant trusts for protection to the papery petals or corolla. But in strawberry clover, the calyx, after flowering, becomes very much inflated, thin, and netted; and in this state it completely incloses the growing pod. No. 14 illustrates an intermediate stage in the process, with a solitary old maid still unfertilized, and the other flowers larger and more inflated. In No. 15 the inflation is complete: each little calyx has now swelled out into a small balloon, inclosing its pod. The whole flower-head then becomes very compact, and assumes a pink tint, so that it somewhat resembles a strawberry, whence its ordinary name, though, as a matter of fact, it is much more like a raspberry. You will observe that the beautiful net-work on the bladder-like head is closely covered with numerous hairs, which further help

13.—STRAWBERRY CLOVER, BEGINNING TO SWELL.

to protect the pods from the attacks of insects.

The truth is, Dutch clover is a denizen of rich and lush meadows, where it can take care of itself, and for which alone it is perfectly adapted. Strawberry clover on the other hand has chosen its home in close-cropped pastures, where its creeping habit and low stature help to save it from destruction. The dry and hairy heads are not relished by sheep, and you will often see them left uncropped where the neighbouring foliage has been closely nibbled. The swollen calyx with its hairs also keeps off egg-laying enemies. In No. 16 we have an illustration of one such fruiting flower, cut open lengthwise, so as to show the way the bladder-like calyx grows out around the pod as it ripens.

14.—STRAWBERRY CLOVER, AGAIN AN OLD MAID.

15.—STRAWBERRY CLOVER, ALL THE FRUIT INFLATED.

Now, what is oddest of all, every one of our twenty or twenty-five English species of clover has some dodge of its own for protecting its seeds after fertilization. This shows how much these rich grains are sought after, and how carefully the plant is compelled to guard them. In some kinds, the calyx is a loose fluff of silky hair, inclosing the pod; in others, it is hard like a nut, or has stiff and pointed lobes which are sharp and prickly. One species closes its hardened lips over the growing seeds and pretends to be empty; a second develops a starry, thistle-like head, with tufts of thick hair, which conceal the swelling pod from observation. But the subterranean clover has hit upon a still stranger and more ingenious device. It is a little creeping annual, much addicted to dry pastures or close-cropped hillsides, and particularly common on low knolls or barrows, nibbled over by numerous sheep and donkeys. Under these circumstances, it has a hard fight to protect its nutritious seeds and seedlings. It has taken, therefore, to producing small heads of loose white flowers, which look at first sight like poor specimens of Dutch clover. But if you gaze closer you will see that each tiny head consists of two or three properly developed flowers, with four or five undeveloped or abortive blossoms in the centre of the group. These undeveloped blossoms form a sort of living corkscrew. After fertilization, the stems bend down towards the ground; the corkscrew-like abortive flowers worm their way by pushing into the soil; the pods are pressed down or buried in the loose mould; and the plant thus sows its own seed for itself quite as effectually as a gardener could sow it. This is, perhaps, the furthest point which maternal solicitude has ever reached in the vegetable kingdom.

16.—STRAWBERRY CLOVER, A SINGLE INFLATED FLOWER CUT OPEN.

# *Curiosities.*

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

A HERD OF REINDEER LYING DOWN.

At one time huge herds of reindeer roamed wild over the mossy plains of Arctic Alaska. A time came, however, when the Esquimaux grew so "civilized" as to possess (and use) guns, the natural result being that the reindeer were practically exterminated—for sport, not meat. Then the Esquimaux began to suffer for their folly. It should be borne in mind that they are dependent on the reindeer for nearly all the necessaries of life. Their sufferings, in fact, at length grew so severe that the American Government decided to procure a stock of reindeer from somewhere. Later on a small herd was brought over from Siberia, as a sort of experiment. The first year showed an increase of nearly 50 per cent. in the herd; and the number of reindeer grew steadily year by year, until it is now considerably over a thousand. The above remarkable photo. shows the animals lying down on the tundra, or mossy plain; and for it we are indebted to Mr. Harry De Windt, the well-known explorer.

A CHICKEN'S STRANGE RESTING-PLACE.

Here is a curious and interesting photo. taken and sent in by the Rev. William Willan, of Roecliffe Vicarage, Boroughbridge, Yorks. "More than once," writes Mr. Willan, "I have had a cat who would sit on a dog's back, but never a chicken. I got a setting of Favourelle eggs—the new breed—from France, but owing to the long journey only one chicken lived. The hen early began to lay, and left the one chicken to its own devices. It promptly made friends with a valuable collie, who spends most of his time in the yard. Often the chicken would, with its feet, make a bed for itself in the dog's bushy hair, but generally it contented itself with sitting on his back—'monarch of all it surveyed.'"

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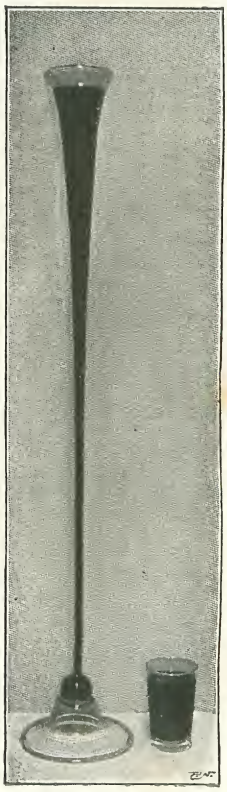
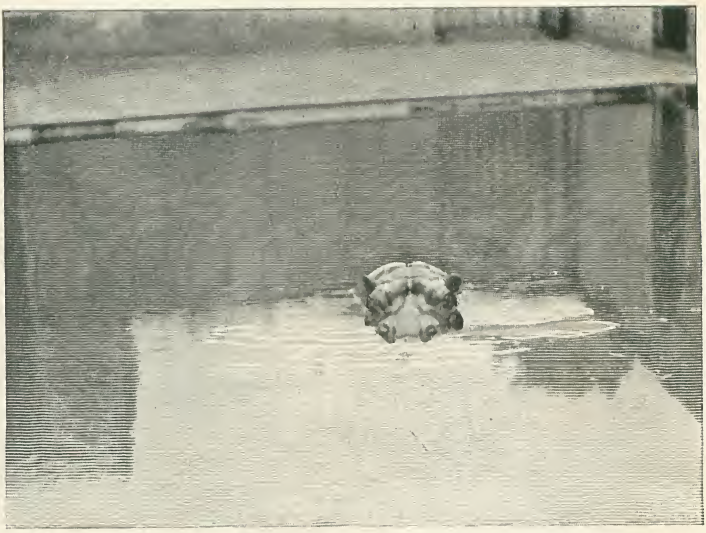
THE YARD ALE GLASS.

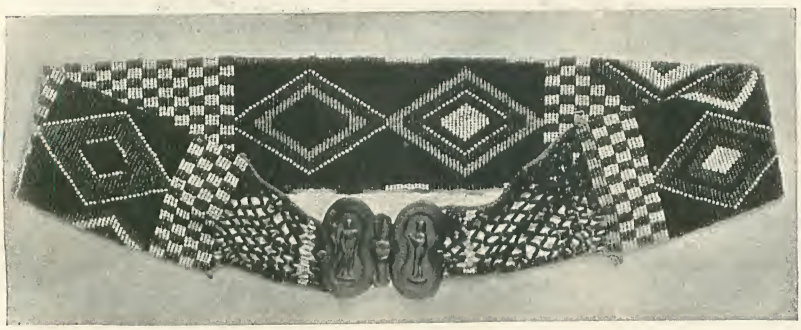


We see it photographed alongside an ordinary tumbler. This curious vessel, which was in one family over a hundred years, is 38in. high and holds nearly a pint. The end terminates in a bulb, which communicates with the interior of the glass by a small aperture. At farmers' dinners unsuspecting rustics were asked to drink the contents without spilling a drop on the nose. To empty it one must turn it upside down. For a few moments the pressure of the air keeps the contents of the bulb intact; then suddenly out comes the ale with a great rush, deluging the unhappy drinker, who is also overwhelmed by the laughter of those about him. This ale glass belongs to Mr. Ernest C. Fincham, of 19, Pride Hill, Shrewsbury.

THE "HIPPO." TAKING HIS BATH.

The Photographic Association, a kind of exclusive club for the aristocracy and gentry, is located at 16, Brook Street, W., under the superintendence of Mr. John Le Couteur, himself a scientist of some distinction. The photo. reproduced is a capital example of the excellent and interesting work done by members. It was taken by no less a personage than the Duke of Newcastle, who is probably the most skilful amateur photographer in the world—certainly the most energetic and enthusiastic. In this instance His Grace succeeded in "snapping" a real curiosity. The great "hippo." at the Zoo is swimming towards him with his huge head just above the water.





CRICKET CURIO FROM WEST AFRICA.

Here is a belt of fine bead-work brought from the Gaboon district about 1860. It was obtained by barter for its artistic construction. The new owner was amazed to find, on examining this belt closely, that the buckle was an English one—had, in fact, originally formed part of an old cricket-belt which had in some way found its way into the interior. But the African natives are noted for the ingenuity with which they acquire and make use of unconsidered trifles from civilized countries.

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A TREE THAT DEMOLISHED A TEMPLE.

It was a Buddhist temple in Burmah. The force exerted by a growing tree is all but irresistible. In this case, however, the tree (a fig-tree of a semi-sacred kind) had to content itself with demolishing the brickwork, and working round—and partially absorbing—the heavy stone figure of Buddha. Necessarily the process was a slow one, and the tree is at least 500 years old. The figure of the god maintains its aspect of peace and dignity, and never budged an inch all through the centuries of insidious aggression. Photo. sent in by Mr. A. Rattray, of 18, Burlington Road, Bayswater, W.

A PRIMITIVE SENTRY-BOX.

The peculiar structure seen in the above photo. is actually a sentry-box, used by a guard belonging to the army of the Sultan of Morocco—or, rather, to that part of the army under the more direct command of the Pasha of Tangier. There are, it seems, several of these primitive sentry-boxes in and around beautiful Tangier, especially on the roads leading to the fort. As residences they are not a success, but they serve as a refuge from the blazing sun. We are indebted for the photo. to Mr. John Langdon Heaton, of 65, Torrington Square.

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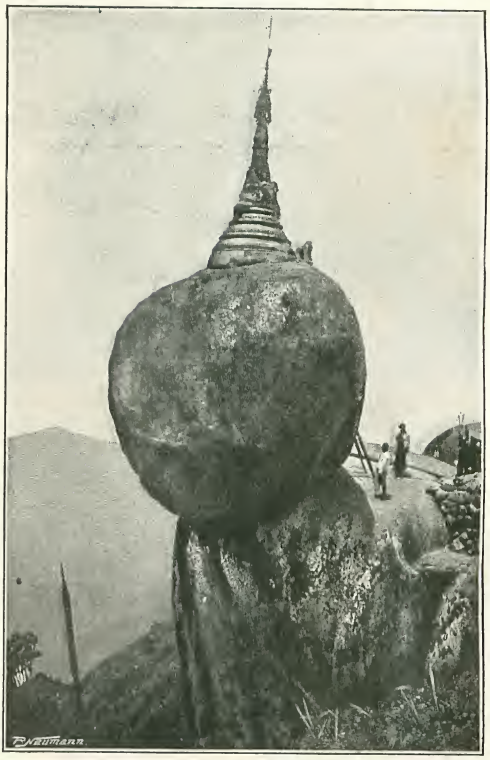
QUEER MASQUERADERS.

This photo. was taken by Mr. R. B. A. Ellis, of 19, Artillery Buildings, Victoria Street, S.W. Mr. Ellis writes: "The scene is the Old Deer Park, Richmond, during the sports held by the Civil Service Rifle Volunteers. The photo. shows an elephant, camel, and giraffe, each composed of two men covered with blankets and the like. The elephant's feet are tent bags and his tusks tent pegs. The 'animals' were put through various evolutions by their respective keepers. They obeyed the commands, 'Quick march' and 'Right incline,' and so forth, with praiseworthy alacrity. The public took more interest in these strange beasts than they did in the Volunteers."

THE SHWEGYIN PAGODA.

Every village in Burmah has two or three pagodas. These are placed on a hill where such a site is available. A remarkable and, probably, unique site for an edifice sacred or otherwise is shown in the photo., which represents the pagoda near Shwegyin, in Lower



Burmah. The large spherical mass of rock on which the pagoda stands is about 30ft. in diameter and perched on the edge of a precipitous cliff, over which it seems about to fall every moment. The pagoda itself is of solid brickwork, about 12ft. high and surmounted by a small gilt *Htee*, or sacred umbrella. The photo. was sent in by Mr. A. Rattray, of 18, Burlington Road, Bayswater, W.

*From a Photo. by McKee.*

A GIANT SNAKE CACTUS.

This is a case of inverted "protective resemblance"—an inanimate cactus, looking exactly like a huge snake coiled ready to strike. The photo. was sent to us by Mr. H. S. Holcomb, of Montrose, Colo., U.S.A. Mr. Holcomb found the specimen near his own home. As a specimen this is both valuable and interesting, both on account of its rarity and exceptional size. Quite a number of persons had been dreadfully scared over this very cactus before Mr. Holcomb picked it up, and showed that it was not really a new kind of boa, but merely one of the wonders of the vegetable world.

A CAPE LINER ON A FLOODED LAWN.

After the great thunderstorm of last June the lawn at Mr. Harold P. F. Hedger's residence (Coulsdon, The Avenue, Surbiton Hill) was converted into a big lake three or four inches deep. So strange did the lawn look that Mr. Hedger photographed it. When he came to develop the negative, however, he found not only the flooded lawn, but also the great Cape Liner *Arundel Castle*, apparently steaming down the garden. The explanation was that, after taking the photo. of the lawn, Mr. Hedger forgot to wind off the exposed film, and later on, at the Naval Review at Spithead, took a view of the *Arundel Castle* on the same film.

MYSTERIOUS FIGURE FROM MALTA.

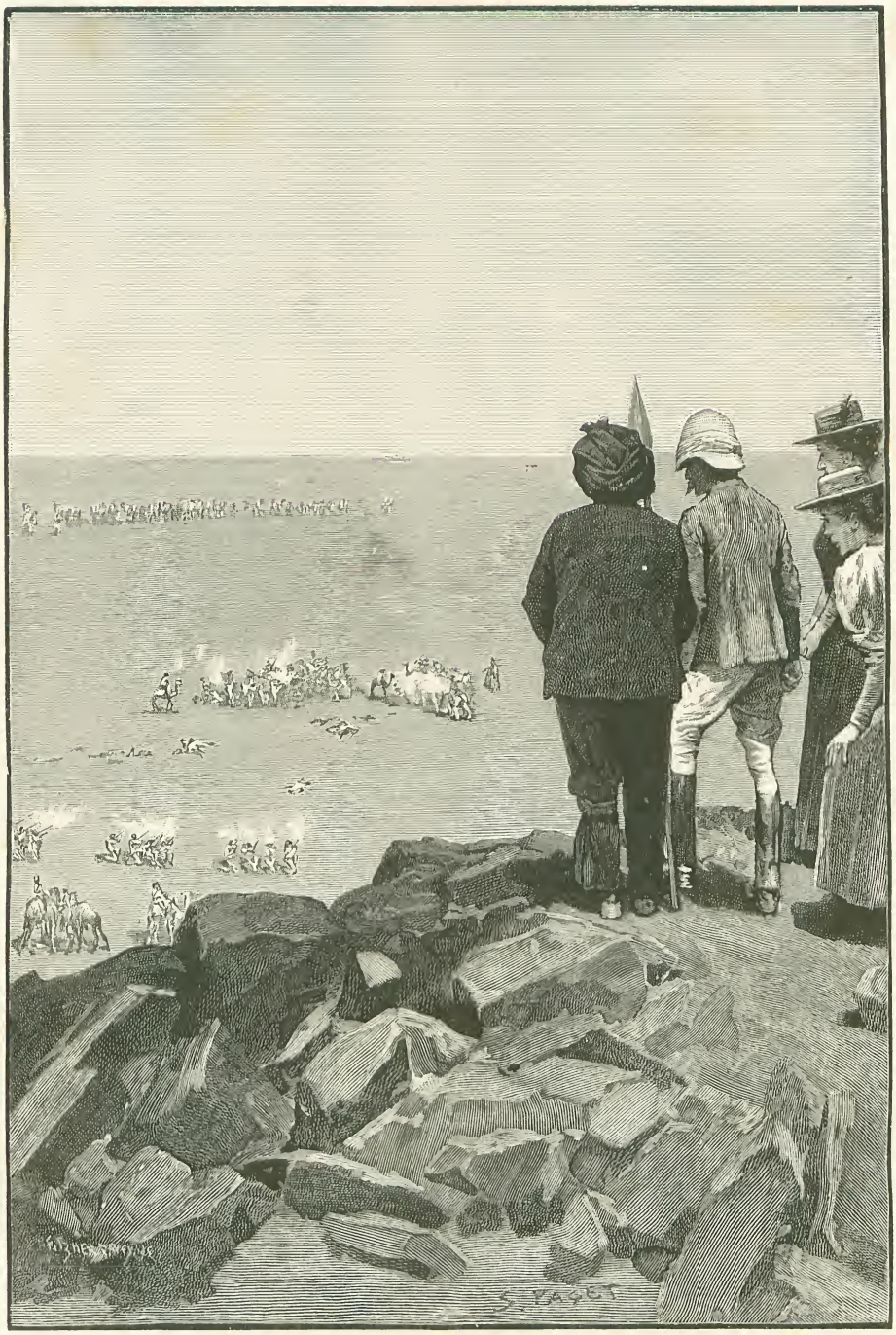
The original of this figure was unearthed when excavations were being made for a railway in Malta. The real age of the figure is not known; nor is its meaning. A paper was attached to it, however, setting forth that the figure had been redressed 200 years previously. It is very curiously made. The work under the garments shows that tow was wound round sticks until a semblance to Nature had been attained. The expression of the face is quite wonderful.

*From a Photo. by Mr. C. A. Penney, Littlecot, Slough.*

*From a Photo. by Nicholas, Madras.*

A PHOTOGRAPHIC FREAK.

Mr. H. H. Horton, of Bancroft's School, Woodford Green, sends us the accompanying photo., explaining that it is a portrait of his sister, taken in India. The moment he saw the portrait he was struck by the appearance of the curious, impish-looking little woman in front of the chair. The profile is formed with startling distinctness by the fan, the arm of the chair, and some drapery.



"THE ARABS WERE CAUGHT BETWEEN TWO FIRES."

(*See page* 605.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xiv. DECEMBER, 1897. No. 84.

# *The Tragedy of the Korosko.*

By A. Conan Doyle.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE camel corps had all passed onwards down the khor in pursuit of the retreating Dervishes, and for a few minutes the escaped prisoners had been left alone. But now there came a cheery voice calling upon them, and a red turban bobbed about among the rocks, with the large white face of the Nonconformist minister smiling from beneath it. He had a thick lance with which to support his injured leg, and this murderous crutch combined with his peaceful appearance to give him a most incongruous aspect—as of a sheep which has suddenly developed claws. Behind him were two negroes with a basket and a water-skin.

"Not a word! Not a word!" he cried, as he stumped up to them. "I know exactly how you feel. I've been there myself. Bring the water, Ali! Only half a cup, Miss Adams; you shall have some more presently. Now your turn, Mrs. Belmont! Dear me, dear me, you poor souls, how my heart does bleed for you! There's bread and meat in the basket, but you must be very moderate at first." He chuckled with joy, and slapped his fat hands together as he watched them.

"But the others?" he asked, his face turning grave again.

The Colonel shook his head. "We left them behind at the wells. I fear that it is all over with them."

"Tut, tut!" cried the clergyman, in a boisterous voice, which could not cover the despondency of his expression; "you thought, no doubt, that it was all over with me, but here I am in spite of it. Never lose heart, Mrs. Belmont. Your husband's position could not possibly be as hopeless as mine was."

"When I saw you standing on that rock up yonder, I put it down to delirium," said the Colonel.

"I am afraid that I behaved very badly. Captain Archer says that I nearly spoiled all their plans, and that I deserve to be tried by a drumhead court-martial and shot. The fact is that, when I heard the Arabs beneath me, I forgot myself in my anxiety to know if any of you were left."

"I wonder that you were not shot without any drumhead court-martial," said the Colonel. "But how in the world did you get here?"

"The Halfa people were close upon our track at the time when I was abandoned, and they picked me up in the desert. I must have been delirious, I suppose, for they tell me that they heard my voice, singing hymns, a long way off, and it was that, under the providence of God, which brought them to me. They had a camel ambulance, and I was quite myself again by next day. I came with the Sarras people after we met them, because they have the doctor with them. My wound is nothing, and he says that a man of my habit will be the better for the loss of blood. And now, my friends," his big, brown eyes lost their twinkle, and became very solemn and reverent, "we have all been upon the very confines of death, and our dear companions may be so at this instant. The same Power which saved us may save them, and let us pray together that it may be so, always remembering that if, in spite of our prayers, it should *not* be so, then that also must be accepted as the best and wisest thing."

So they knelt together among the black rocks, and prayed as some of them had never prayed before. It was very well to discuss prayer and treat it lightly and philosophically upon the deck of the *Korosko*. It was easy to feel strong and self-confident in the comfortable deck-chair, with the slippered Arab handing round the coffee and liqueurs. But they had been swept out of that placid stream of existence, and dashed against the horrible, jagged facts of life. Battered and



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"'NOT A WORD! NOT A WORD!' HE CRIED.

shaken, they must have something to cling to. A blind, inexorable destiny was too horrible a belief. A chastening power, acting intelligently and for a purpose—a living, working power, tearing them out of their grooves, breaking down their small ways, forcing them into the better path—that was what they had learned to realize during these days of horror. Great hands had closed suddenly upon them and had moulded them into new shapes, and fitted them for new uses. Could such a power be deflected by any human supplication? It was that or nothing—the last court of appeal left open to injured humanity. And so they all prayed, as a lover loves, or a poet writes, from the very inside of their souls, and they rose with that singular, illogical feeling of inward peace and satisfaction which prayer only can give.

"Hush!" said Cochrane. "Listen!"

The sound of a volley came crackling up the narrow khor, and then another and another. The Colonel was fidgeting about like an old horse which hears the bugle of the hunt and the yapping of the pack.

"Where can we see what is going on?"

"Come this way! This way, if you please! There is a path up to the top. If the ladies will come after me, they will be spared the sight of anything painful."

The clergyman led them along the side to avoid the bodies which were littered thickly along the bottom of the khor. It was hard walking over the shingly, slaggy stones, but they made their way to the summit at last. Beneath them lay the vast expanse of the rolling desert, and in the foreground such a scene as none of them are ever likely to forget. In that perfectly dry and clear light, with the unvarying brown tint of the hard desert as a background, every detail stood out as clearly as if these were toy figures arranged upon a table within hand's-touch of them.

The Dervishes—or what was left of them—were riding slowly some little distance out in a confused crowd, their patchwork jibbehs and red turbans swaying with the motion of their camels. They did not present the appearance of men who were defeated, for their movements were very deliberate, but they looked about them and changed their formation as if they were uncertain what their tactics ought to be. It was no wonder that

they were puzzled, for upon their spent camels their situation was as hopeless as could be conceived. The Sarras men had all emerged from the khor, and had dismounted, the beasts being held in groups of four, while the riflemen knelt in a long line with a woolly, curling fringe of smoke, sending volley after volley at the Arabs, who shot back in a desultory fashion from the backs of their camels. But it was not upon the sullen group of Dervishes, nor yet upon the long line of kneeling riflemen, that the eyes of the spectators were fixed. Far out upon the desert, three squadrons of the Halfa Camel Corps were coming up in a dense close column, which wheeled beautifully into a wide-spread semi-circle as it approached. The Arabs were caught between two fires.

"By Jove!" cried the Colonel. "See that!"

The camels of the Dervishes had all knelt down simultaneously, and the men had sprung from their backs. In front of them was a tall, stately figure, who could only be the Emir Wad Ibrahim. They saw him kneel for an instant in prayer. Then he rose, and taking something from his saddle he placed it very deliberately upon the sand and stood upon it.

"Good man!" cried the Colonel. "He is standing upon his sheepskin."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Stuart.

"Every Arab has a sheepskin upon his saddle. When he recognises that his position is perfectly hopeless, and yet is determined to fight to the death, he takes his sheepskin off and stands upon it until he dies. See, they are all upon their sheepskins. They will neither give nor take quarter now."

The drama beneath them was rapidly approaching its climax. The Halfa Corps were well up, and a ring of smoke and flame surrounded the clump of kneeling Dervishes, who answered it as best they could. Many of them were already down, but the rest loaded and fired with the unflinching courage which has always made them worthy antagonists. A dozen kharki-dressed figures upon the sand showed that it was no bloodless victory for the Egyptians. But now there was a stirring bugle call from the Sarras men, and another answered it from the Halfa Corps. They were all in their saddles and moving, walking, trotting, galloping inwards. For an instant there was a mad vortex of long necks tossing, arms rising and falling, sword blades gleaming in the sun. Then the bugle rang out once more, the Egyptians fell back and formed up with the quick precision of highly disciplined troops, and there in the centre, each upon his sheepskin, lay the gallant barbarian and his raiders. The nineteenth century had been revenged upon the seventh.

The three women had stared horror-stricken and yet fascinated at the stirring scene before them. Now Sadie and her aunt were sobbing together. The Colonel had turned to them with some cheering words, when his eyes fell upon the face of Mrs. Belmont. It was as white and set as if it were carved from ivory, and her large grey eyes were fixed as if she were in a trance.

"Good heavens, Mrs. Belmont, what *is* the matter?" he cried.

For answer she pointed out over the desert. Far away, miles on the other side of the scene of the fight, a small body of men were riding towards them.

"By Jove, yes; there's someone there. Who can it be?"

They were all straining their eyes, but the distance was so great that they could only be sure that they were camel-men and about a dozen in number.

"It's those demons who were left behind in the palm-grove," said Cochrane. "There's no one else it can be. One consolation, they can't get away again. They've walked right into the lion's mouth."

But Mrs. Belmont was still gazing with the same fixed intensity, and the same ivory face. Now, with a wild shriek of joy, she threw her two hands into the air. "It's they!" she screamed. "They are saved! It's they, Colonel, it's they! Oh, Miss Adams, Miss Adams, it is they!" She capered about on the top of the hill with wild eyes like an excited child.

Her companions would not believe her, for they could see nothing, but there are moments when our mortal senses are more acute than those who have never put their whole heart and soul into them can ever realize. Mrs. Belmont had already run down the rocky path, on the way to her camel, before they could distinguish that which had long before carried its glad message to her. In the van of the approaching party, three white dots shimmered in the sun, and they could only come from the three pith helmets. The riders were travelling swiftly, and by the time their comrades could start to meet them they could plainly see that it was indeed Belmont, Fardet, and Stephens, with the dragoman Mansoor, and the wounded Soudanese rifleman. As they came together they saw

"THEY ARE SAVED!"

that their escort consisted of Tippy Tilly and the other old Egyptian soldiers. Belmont rushed onwards to meet his wife, but Fardet stopped to grasp the Colonel's hand.

"*Vive la France! Vivent les Anglais!*" he was yelling. "*Tout va bien, n'est ce pas,* Colonel? Ah, *canaille! Vivent la croix et les Chrétiens!*" He was incoherent in his delight.

The Colonel, too, was as enthusiastic as his Anglo-Saxon standard would permit. He could not gesticulate, but he laughed in a nervous, crackling way, which was his top-note of emotion.

"My dear boy, I am deuced glad to see you all again. I gave you up for lost. Never was so pleased at anything in my life! How did you get away?"

"It was all your doing."

"Mine?"

"Yes, my friend, and I have been quarrelling with you, ungrateful wretch that I am!"

"But how did I save you?"

"It was you who arranged with this excellent Tippy Tilly and the others that they should have so much if they brought us alive into Egypt again. They slipped away in the darkness and hid themselves in the grove. Then, when we were left, they crept up with their rifles and shot the men who were about to murder us. That cursed Moolah, I am sorry they shot him, for I believe that I could have persuaded him to be a Christian. And now, with your permission, I will hurry on and embrace Miss Adams, for Belmont has his wife, and Stephens has Miss Sadie, so I think it is very evident that the sympathy of Miss Adams is reserved for me."

A fortnight had passed away, and the special boat which had been placed at the disposal of the rescued tourists was already far north of Assiout. Next morning they would find themselves at Baliani, where one takes the express for Cairo. It was, therefore, their last evening together. Miss Adams had been very ill after her privations, and this was the first time that she had been allowed to come upon deck after dinner. She sat now in a lounge chair, while Sadie stood beside her and tucked the rugs around her shoulders. Mr. Stephens was carrying over the coffee and placing it on the table beside them. On the other side of the deck Belmont and his wife were seated together in silent sympathy and contentment. Monsieur Fardet was leaning against the

rail and arguing about the remissness of the British Government in not taking a more complete control of the Egyptian frontiers, while the Colonel stood very erect in front of him, with the red end of a cigar-stump protruding from under his moustache.

But what was the matter with the Colonel? Who would have recognised him who had only seen the broken old man in the Libyan Desert? There might be some little grizzling about the moustache, but the hair was back once more at the fine glossy black which had been so much admired upon the voyage up. With a stony face and an unsympathetic manner he had received, upon his return to Halfa, all the commiserations about the dreadful way in which his privations had blanched him, and then diving into his cabin, he had reappeared within an hour exactly as he had been before that fatal moment when he had been cut off from the manifold resources of civilization. And he looked in such a sternly questioning manner at everyone who stared at him, that no one had the moral courage to make any remark about this modern miracle. It was observed from that time forward that, if the Colonel had only to ride a hundred yards into the desert, he always began his preparations by putting a small black bottle with a pink label into the side-pocket of his coat. But those who knew him best at times when a man may best be known, said that the old soldier had a young man's heart and a young man's spirit—so that if he wished to keep a young man's colour also it was not very unreasonable after all.

It was very soothing and restful up there on the saloon deck, with no sound but the gentle lipping of the water as it rippled against the sides of the steamer. The red after-glow was in the western sky, and it mottled the broad, smooth river with crimson. Dimly they could discern the tall figures of herons standing upon the sand-banks, and further off the line of riverside date-palms glided past them in a majestic procession. Once more the silver stars were twinkling out, the same clear, placid, inexorable stars to which their weary eyes had been so often upturned during the long nights of their desert martyrdom.

"Where do you put up in Cairo, Miss Adams?" asked Mrs. Belmont, at last.

"Shepheard's, I think."

"And you, Mr. Stephens?"

"Oh, Shepheard's, decidedly."

"We are staying at the Continental. I hope we shall not lose sight of you."

"I don't want ever to lose sight of you, Mrs. Belmont," cried Sadie. "Oh, you must come to America, and we'll give you just a lovely time."

Mrs. Belmont laughed, in her pleasant, mellow fashion.

"We have our duty to do in Ireland, and we have been too long away from it already. My husband has his business, and I have my home, and they are both going to rack and ruin. Besides, it is just possible," she added, slyly, "that if we did come to the States, we might not find you there."

"We must all meet again," said her husband, "if only to talk over our adventures once more. It will be easier in a year or two. We are still too near them."

"And yet how far away and dream-like it all seems," said his wife. "Providence is very good in softening disagreeable memories in our minds. All this feels to me as if it had happened in some previous existence."

Fardet held up his wrist, with a cotton bandage still round it.

"The body does not forget as quickly as the mind. This does not look very dream-like or far away, Mrs. Belmont."

"How hard it is that some should be spared, and some not," said Sadie. "If only poor Mr. Brown and Mr. Headingly were with us, then I should not have one care in the world. Why should they have been taken and we left?"

Mr. Stuart had come on deck with an open book in his hand, a thick stick supporting his wounded leg.

"Why is the ripe fruit picked and the unripe left?" said he, in answer to the young girl's exclamation. "We know nothing of the spiritual state of these poor dear young fellows, but the great Master Gardener plucks His fruit according to His own knowledge. I brought you up a passage to read to you."

There was a lantern upon the table, and he sat down beside it. The yellow light shone upon his heavy cheek and the red edges of his book. The strong, steady voice rose above the wash of the water.

"'Let them give thanks whom the Lord hath redeemed and delivered from the hand of the enemy, and gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south. They went astray in the wilderness out of the way and found no city to dwell in. Hungry and thirsty their soul fainted in them. So they cried unto the Lord in their trouble and He delivered them from their distress. He led them forth by the right way that they might

go to the city where they dwelt. O that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness and declare the wonders that He doeth for the children of men.'

"It sounds as if it were composed for us, and yet it was written two thousand years ago," said the clergyman, as he closed the book. "In every age man has been forced to acknowledge the guiding hand which leads him."

"HE DELIVERED THEM FROM THEIR DISTRESS."

"That is all very well, Mr. Stuart," said the Frenchman; "you ask me to praise God for taking me out of danger and pain; but what I want to know is why, since He has arranged all things, He ever put me into that pain and danger. You would not thank me for pulling you out of that river if it was also I who pushed you in."

"I don't deny the difficulty," said the clergyman, slowly; "no one who is not self-deceived can deny the difficulty. It is the central mystery of mysteries—the problem of sin and suffering. But take our own case as an example. I, for one, am very clear what I have got out of our experience. I say it with all humility, but I have a clearer view of my duties than ever I had before."

"And I," cried Sadie. "It has taught me more than all my life put together. I am a different girl."

"I never understood my own nature before," said Stephens. "I can hardly say that I had a nature to understand. I lived for what was unimportant, and I neglected what was vital."

"Oh, a good shake-up does nobody any harm," the Colonel remarked. "Too much of the feather-bed-and-four-meals-a-day life is not good for man or woman."

"It is my firm belief," said Mrs. Belmont, gravely, "that there was not one of us who did not rise to a greater height during those days in the desert than ever before or since. When our sins come to be weighed, much may be forgiven us for the sake of those unselfish days."

They all sat in silence for a little while; the scarlet streaks turned to carmine, and the grey shadows deepened, and the wild fowl flew past in long, straggling V's over the dull, metallic surface of the great, smooth-flowing Nile. A cold wind had sprung up from the desert, and some of the party rose to leave the deck. Stephens leaned forward to Sadie.

"Do you remember what you promised when you were in the desert?" he whispered.

"What was that?"

"You said that if you escaped you would try in future to make someone else happy."

"Then I must do so."

"You have," said he, and their hands met under the shadow of the table.

CONCLUSION.

# *Snow Statues.*

By Thomas E. Curtis.

*From Photographs by Alexandre, Brussels.*

YOU will be interested at once to know that these statues are genuine artistic efforts, and not mere specimens of the small boy's handiwork. They are made by the young art-students of Brussels, exhibited in the Royal Park of that beautiful city for an admission fee of twenty-five centimes, and are annually visited by enormous crowds, the money going towards the support of the school from which the students come.

THE DANDY.

When I say "annually," I mean, of course, when a heavy fall of snow, followed by just sufficient warmth in the sun to make the snow pliable, has taken place. Some winters the clerk of the weather goes back on art, and then the students have no show. But when conditions are favourable, there is general jubilation. The Parc Royale belongs to the King, but it is not long before the necessary permission is forthcoming by which the students are allowed to transform the park into an atelier, shutting out for three whole days the people who ordinarily make the park their pleasure ground. No one, in fact, is allowed inside the gates, except the students and their masters, and these, during three days, work ceaselessly preparing the statues for exhibition. On the fourth day the gates are thrown open, and everybody comes to see.

The best things in several exhibitions are shown in these pages. One year in a corner of the park stood a massive head, the neck resting on the ground, for all the world as if the man had been decapitated, and the most effective part left as a warning to the young. A huge monocle, made of painted tin, stood in the left eye, and from the mouth protruded the butt of a cigar. The statue was instantly recognised as a very clever presentation of the dandy, and was one of the great successes of the exhibition.

The artists, it seems, have a fondness for the comic. "The Three Jolly Boys" caused a great deal of fun, which was certainly the best

THE THREE JOLLY BOYS.

THE PRIEST.

tribute to its success as a piece of modelling. The men were supported in their rickety condition by a rough mound of snow, and the life and movement in the statue were widely noted. Another extremely difficult subject is shown in the first illustration on this page. It is called "The Priest," and represents a holy father, clad in his cassock, reclining on a couch and reading. The couch, of course, is nothing more than one of the garden-seats in the park, and the foot disease with which the priest is evidently troubled is the dreadful gout. A more effective use of the garden-seat is shown below, in our illustration of "The Law and the Vagabond." This was probably the most popular thing in last year's exhibition, for the subject was excellently treated, and the sentiment of the thing appealed, as it always appeals, directly to the hearts of the people. The contrast between the well-clothed guardian of the peace and the ragged, attenuated outcast was very striking.

The students are allowed to take any subject they like, and all the professors do during the first three days is to walk round, criticise, and keep warm. The students carry all the snow—for, of course, it takes a deal of snow to make a statue. Most of it is obtained in the very natural way by starting a snowball, and rolling it until you have collected all you want. The modelling is the coldest

THE PRAYING MAN.

part of the work, but so well is the snow moulded, that the figures seem as if they were cut in stone.

On the last day of the preparation the watering-pot is in great demand. The use of water on the snow gives to the statue a glossy, adamant surface, which goes far towards winning a prize and preventing the work of art from melting into nothingness. It was the skilful use of *aqua* that made "The Praying Man" such a success. He looked as if cut in alabaster. At night, the lamp behind him cast down a reflection which turned him into a brilliant combination of sparkling colour. The students, I may add, make a point of modelling near

THE LAW AND THE VAGABOND.

a lamp-post, because the light gives additional attractiveness to their work when night comes on and the park is full of visitors.

Animal subjects are among the most popular, and some of the statues are really ambitious. The artists create new groups out of their own imagination, or else copy a group by some noted sculptor like Thorwaldsen. The elephant is the favourite animal, although lions and bears press him very hard. On this page is reproduced the massive group showing "The Elephant Trainer" at work with two elephants, one of whom is resting with his fore-paws on the back of the other. The trainer, in clown's dress, stands by, with a whip in his hand, guiding the movements of the majestic brutes, as they go through their various tricks. The detail in this group is not so clearly marked as in the snow-sculpture of the single elephant, shown at the top of the next column. Here we get an excellent reproduction of the elephant's head, with his long, fleshy ears, and his shining tusks. The artists were putting the finishing touches to the elephant while the photograph was being taken.

THE ELEPHANT.

THE ELEPHANT TRAINER.

How comical are the bears below, resting on the bench with wisdom in their eyes. And how admirably the snow suggests the furry white coat so characteristic of a Polar bear. One of them rests on a stick, a picture of ease and grace. Their eyes and nostrils are made with lumps of coal, and in the mouth of the left-hand bear is a pipe, from which

THE BEARS.

THE LIONS.

he is puffing peacefully. This was one of the best groups in the exhibition.

The lion is much in evidence, particularly near the entrance to the park, where the resplendent guardians of the law, with cocked hats and swords, stand at your elbow and direct you to the ticket-office before they let you enter. In summer, a broad path starts from the gate on the Rue Royale, and leads straight across the park; but in winter this is covered with snow, and in its place is a narrow path guarded on either side by long rows of lions in every attitude which imagination may suggest. Two of these lions are seen in the illustration at the top of this page, and the grand effect of a row of these majestic figures may be easily imagined.

Variety in the lion sculptures is shown by varied positions. In the case of dogs, which are also favourite subjects, variety is sought in reproducing all the different kinds of dogs known to man. Mastiffs, greyhounds, pointers, setters, schipperkes, Newfoundlands, terriers, bull-dogs, pugs, St. Bernards, poodles, and all the other kinds are to be found throughout the park, all in different grades of excellence, and all lending interest to the unique exhibition. An effective subject is that of "The Dog and Medal," shown on this page. The medal has a local significance in Brussels, much the same as it has in London, where it is sometimes put upon the dog's breast as an advertisement of life-saving societies. There were over half-a-dozen of these dogs in last winter's show.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

THE DOG AND MEDAL.

Many of the artists make a point of modelling in snow the subjects which they already modelled in clay for the local exhibitions. Such a work is reproduced here, representing the Good Samaritan performing his errand of mercy. The merit of the sculpture is undoubtedly the grace and naturalness of the bending figure at the head

PIERROT.

of the prostrate man. It is hard to believe that this is, indeed, snow, and not marble, so effectively is the figure moulded. Often, moreover, the exhibition of such groups results advantageously to the artists, for the visitors, who crowd round, are not slow in picking out the bad points of the work. One artist, who is remarkably clever at snow-modelling, told me that he often tried a new subject at these exhibitions simply in order to see, from its effect on the crowd, whether the subject had in it the element of popularity or not.

The French have an undying fondness for Pierrot, his misdeeds and amours, and no French exhibition of any sort whatever would be complete without some representation of this typical character of French pantomime. Pierrot dresses in loose white clothes, and appears with a whitened face. He is an unredeemable thief, willing to commit any crime, incapable of a good action, and devoid of moral sense. His merry face is shown at the top of this page. Below we find him with the object of his adoration, Columbine, known to Italian, French, and English pantomime. In both statues the character of Pierrot is cleverly

THE EQUESTRIENNE.

shown, but the Columbine is not so successful, except in one particular. This is the skilful method by which the artist has suggested the gauzy material of Columbine's dress. In the photograph it is clearly shown, but much is lost in the reproduction.

PIERROT AND COLUMBINE.

Less successful is "The Equestrienne," which is shown above. She is rather stodgy, and looks unfinished. The artist, moreover, certainly, acknowledged failure when he wound around the equestrienne's slender waist the bit of white ribbon,

THE BEADLE.

which we see so prominently in the illustration. A cleverer artist would have done this with the snow, and not with a *bit of stuff* bought at the nearest shop.

While the people are walking round looking at the various exhibits a band plays inspiring selections, and part of the money collected at the gates goes towards the support of this band. Even at the insignificant sum of twenty-five centimes, the total amount is very considerable. In the evening the park is illuminated by thousands of lanterns, the general character of the decoration being shown in several of our illustrations, notably in "Pierrot and Columbine." No wonder the people of Brussels flock to see the snow statues, for the park, with its carpet of white, its brilliant lights, and its scattered monuments of sparkling snow, is a perfect fairy-land.

The accompanying statue shows a beadle, called in French "le Suisse." He rests against a huge mound of snow, and his pose is admirable. The expression on the face is, perhaps, more successful in this subject than in any other we have shown, except, perhaps, in the "dandy," with which the article opened. The beadle, moreover, has a waist which, as a lady who saw the statue remarked, "any wife would be proud of in her husband." Another successful treatment of the human features is shown in the "Bacchus," which represents the King of Bibulosity on top of a barrel with a mug of beer in his hand. It is hardly worth while to question the mythologic relationship between Bacchus and beer, because the fine points of the statue would be lost if we were too finicky. Note the well-fed proportions of His Majesty, the lines of his flowing cape, his able legs, and the naturalness of the barrel on which he rests in regal dignity. "He's riding horseback," said a little Brussels urchin, as I was looking at this figure. "But, mamma," he added, "what a funny-looking horse!"

BACCHUS.

THE SOLDIER AND HIS SWEETHEART.

'Tis love, they say, that makes the world go round, and the Tommy Atkins of the Belgian army is quite as great an adept in that direction as our own Tommies. The sculptor of "The Soldier and His Sweetheart" has caught the young lieutenant in one of his

CHARITY.

moments of bliss, and the fair maid, of bulky frame, with her coal-black eyes, is to be noticed leaning forward with rapt attention as the honeyed words issue from her lover's lips. With such a moustache and such beautiful buttons (made of coal), it is no wonder that the maid has lost her heart. Seriously, however, this statue was immensely popular, and was visited by crowds.

A portion of the money taken at the gates is also distributed in prizes, which are awarded either for a good copy of some well-known work or for an original design. A committee of judges is selected from the ranks of the professors, and this committee is supposed not to have had anything to do in the preparation of the sculptures. In order that no favouritism may be shown, one or two outsiders are usually asked to join the committee. When the exhibits are ready, these gentlemen are the first to enter the gates, and they immediately begin inspecting the works in order that the prizes may be awarded before the thaw sets in.

In past seasons, many of the prizes have gone to sculptors who took "Charity" as their subject. This is a great favourite, and the two reproductions on this page show that the sculptures are sometimes wonderfully well done. The first "Charity" shows a female figure with a child clasped tightly in her arms, and carrying from her head downwards a long and gracefully-clinging robe, disappearing in the roughly-hewn base. The second "Charity" is more ambitious. Two children are nestling in her arms, the folds of her dress partly covering two other infants in the nude. So effective was this statue that, from afar, it really looked like marble. The best proof of its success was the prize awarded to it.

In this article we have not space to show all the snow-sculptures exhibited, and have selected from the lot those which show artistic endeavour, whether the subject be humorous or serious. The little Brussels manikin, of which all the world has heard, is always in evidence. Nearly all the benches in the park are utilized by the students for recumbent figures or for humorous subjects, such as the soldier courting and the "Law and the Vagabond." One of the benches, for instance, contained an old peasant woman who has fallen asleep in one corner, while a dog, crouching at her feet, watches his mistress for a signal to leave. Several sculptures are reproductions of Millet's peasants; and religious subjects, such as the descent from the Cross, are very popular. Another sculpture showed the Belgian milk-woman, with her cart and the hard-working dog underneath, pulling for all he was worth. Then there are Venuses, Apollos, Daphnes, Narcissusses, Jupiters, Neptunes, Helens, and countless Roman gods, all striving for a prize. These mythological subjects are not, however, usually very successful, as it is almost impossible to reproduce in snow the successful marbles of the world. The result, therefore, is caricature, and not reality.

CHARITY.

KING LEOPOLD II.

When it comes, however, to reproductions of the human face, the result is different, as several of our illustrations show. Here a good likeness is easily obtainable, and few of the heads of Napoleon which are at times to be seen in the park are unsuccessful. Last winter one of the best sculptures was the bust of Leopold II., King of the Belgians, shown at the top of this page. The bust was mounted on a rectangular pedestal, supported by lions. Those who have a photograph of the King may compare it with the snow statue, in order to see how the two compare, and the likeness will be found very striking.

Leopold is a popular subject, by the way. The young Emperor of Germany is also to be seen in the parks, at some distance, it is true, from Bismarck, whose magnificent head lends itself finely to the snow-sculptors' tools. Humbert of Italy, with his wonderful moustaches, had a place in a recent exhibition; and in one corner of the park, a massive and nameless head seemed to rise out of the ground, and with a knowing, yet enigmatic, face gazed straight away into the distance. Some people called it Neptune, others said it was the Sphinx, and still others said it was Kruger. It certainly looked like Kruger, and we reproduce it herewith in order that its identity may be once and for all established.

The keen interest which the Brussels sculptors take in the exhibition of their snow statues led me to think that modelling in snow was, perhaps, not unknown to our own artists, and that many an able finger might have been frozen in the dim past during the construction of great works of art—which disappeared in the thaw. Several inquiries were made on the subject, which showed that nearly every sculptor of eminence had at some time or other dabbled in snow; and among the letters which we received was the following humorous and kindly one from the celebrated sculptor, Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A. :—

2A, Melbury Road, Kensington, W.

DEAR SIR,—Yes, I have modelled in snow. It is too tempting a medium for a sculptor not to have frozen his fingers by handling it.

The subject of my most successful attempt in this particular art was a statue of Queen Elizabeth. Considering the material, the subject was a good one; the well-known high frill around the neck was effective, and supported the head admirably. The work was inspiriting, but the clay was horribly cold.

As with the Colossus of Rhodes, no photograph was ever taken of it. No critic ever saw it; and it remains only in the memory of a select few—and is closely associated with an attack of influenza brought on by undue exposure.

Yours faithfully,

*26th March, 1897.* HAMO THORNYCROFT.

KRUGER.

# *Ivan's Grave.*

By Dorothea Gerard.

IN the centre of a wide steppe in the Russian government of M——, there stands a curious landmark, a tall, thin wooden cross, triple-armed, after the Oriental fashion, and towering conspicuously over the land horizon. It is the more or less legendary history of this half-rotten piece of wood, which for miles around is known as "Ivan's Grave," that I am about to tell.

Between fifty and sixty years ago Alexia Bobrofska, the only daughter of a rich proprietor, was considered to be the most beautiful girl in the neighbourhood. Her father, according to the custom of Russian householders, kept a large retinue of tolerably mixed domestics, and among these was Ivan Sumic, whose position, however, was distinct from those of his fellow-servants; for Ivan was what is termed in Russian the "milk-brother" of Alexia Bobrofska, which means in other words that the peasant-woman who was his mother, being peculiarly robust and comparatively cleanly, had been selected as wet-nurse for the "Master's" child.

In time the mother went back to her hut in the village, but the boy was retained by the master—for the solitary Alexia wanted a playmate, and why should she not have her wish? Thus Ivan grew up almost entirely under the same roof with Alexia, first being used as a sort of toy, and afterwards coming to be regarded as her own especial attendant—a useful person for carrying her messages or bringing her armfuls of wild flowers when she happened to take a fancy to them, and most particularly for accompanying her on horseback; for from his earliest boyhood Ivan had evinced a peculiar boldness and skill in the management of horses.

Alexia was well content with his company, looking upon him half as a comrade and half as a slave, and feeling moreover a sincere and perfectly innocent affection for the stalwart young peasant. She knew that he was deeply attached to her, but neither to her nor to any other inmate of the house did it occur as possible that this attachment should be rooted in a devouring passion. To send his daughter out riding with Ivan appeared to Gregor Bobrofska exactly as safe as it would have been to send her out guarded by a tame bulldog, for in his eyes Ivan was a peasant—that is to say, a different thing from a man.

And so was Ivan in his own eyes. The frankly condescending affection of Alexia did not hurt him—he knew that it could not be otherwise. She was the mistress and he was the servant—the good God had ordered it so, therefore there was nothing more to be said about it. Never, even for a passing moment, did the most distant vision of success cross his loyal mind. He would never be able to stamp out his passion—of that he felt certain; but he would bury it so deeply within him that no other living man should ever dream of its existence. Never would he expose himself to the bitter ridicule which the discovery of the truth must bring upon him, and neither should any sign on his part ever disturb her maiden peace.

Thus, while still a boy in years, Ivan became a grave and almost stern man. By nature, he was more reticent even than the average Russian peasant, and now no useless word escaped his lips; even his glances were strictly guarded, for he knew well enough that either of these things, a word or a glance, might at any moment betray everything.

With all this, it must not be supposed that Ivan was desperate; that any wild idea of cutting short his own misery ever came near him. He knew that he was doomed to a life of renunciation, but, with true slave fatalism, he was perfectly prepared to live it. It is only when it becomes objectless that life also becomes worthless, and Ivan had a very distinct object before his eyes—not the object of gratifying his passion, but the object of concealing it. This absorbed his entire energy, the strength of his mind, and his whole attention; and by these very means probably saved him from despair. One thought only pressed upon him continually—the thought that Alexia would one day choose a husband.

He knew quite well that that day would have to come. Sometimes he even wished that it would come soon, in order that he might know exactly how much he would have to bear.

The day came at last. Upon her nineteenth birthday the betrothal of Alexia Bebrofska to Fédor Dalmaskow was proclaimed to the neighbourhood. Everyone was charmed with the news; indeed, nothing could have been more suitable than the alliance, for Fédor Dalmaskow most fortunately happened to be the nephew and heir of the present possessor of S——, the estate which bordered Alexia's present home, and the second largest in the government. Fédor had, at the wish of his uncle, spent the last few years in improving his mind by travelling in France and in England, and had lately returned to take up his abode at his future home. He was a tall and graceful young man, with coal-black hair and high-bred features, amiable and well-meaning. Naturally he could not help being aware of the value of his position and prospects, but although a marked favourite in society, he was free from affectation, and he had never to his knowledge done any harm to any living person.

As for Alexia, her heart had been taken by storm. Owing to the delicate health of her father, she had never even been so far as St. Petersburg, and of all the men that she had ever as yet seen, Fédor Dalmaskow appeared to her to come nearest to her ideal of rectitude and chivalry. With the enthusiasm of a girlish heart which is full to overflowing with the desire of loving and being loved, she surrendered to him her future.

The beginning of Fédor Dalmaskow's bliss was the beginning of Ivan's real sufferings. There arose circumstances which he had not foreseen, such for instance as the fact that Dalmaskow viewed the comparative familiarity which existed between his betrothed and her attendant with a mixture of astonishment and displeasure. To every other inmate of the house it appeared the most natural thing in the world that Alexia should call the young peasant "My sweet Ivan," and "My little Ivan"; but Dalmaskow had not seen these two at their games ten years ago, and he could not grow accustomed to this abnormal state of affairs; for, young as he was, he already looked upon the proprieties as on one of the chief motors of human existence.

The first slight dispute which occurred between the young people had Ivan for its subject. With great gentleness, Fédor had explained to his betrothed that this manner of addressing a subordinate was too peculiar to pass without notice. This youth had long ago ceased to be her playmate, why therefore continue to make any difference between him and the other domestics? But Alexia had answered by laughing in his face, and telling him that he might as well expect her to give up caressing her dogs and her horses as to look upon Ivan as anything but her dear old comrade.

This was but the first of several occasions on which Dalmaskow felt mortified by observing that Alexia invariably took the part of this somewhat morose attendant. He had early made a discovery which astonished him greatly—the discovery that Ivan hated him. He was not accustomed to being hated, even by his subordinates, and yet he knew that he was not mistaken, for his wit was quick. Once, while reflecting on the causes of this strange phenomenon, an idea crossed his mind, but was immediately rejected as too *bizarre* to be entertained. And yet the mere shadow of the thought was enough to make him uneasy. It had not escaped him that the surroundings in which he had lived since his infancy, and the fragments of education almost unavoidably picked up, had served to give a sort of rough flavour of refinement to the peasant-lad, which brought this man several steps nearer to his own sphere.

That it should be so was resented by the high-born youth as an unjustifiable intrusion on his own premises, but that it was so he nevertheless could not deny to himself.

Presently there came a day which turned his doubts into certainty. The betrothed couple had been out riding attended by Ivan, and, according to her habit, Alexia had several times essayed to draw him into the conversation. But Ivan had showed himself more morose than ever, thereby increasing his own trials; for the shorter the answers he gave, the more amusement did he cause to his vivacious young mistress. She seemed to have made it her special object to coax or tease him from out of his ill-humour. His humour, indeed, had never been very bright lately, but she had been too happily occupied to take much notice of the fact. To-day, for the first time, it had forcibly struck her attention. She insisted on knowing the cause; had he got toothache? No? Then could it be chilblains? The winter had not yet begun.

"Perhaps he is in love," suggested Fédor Dalmaskow, suddenly, looking straight at Ivan as he spoke.

"Splendid!" cried Alexia, with the bright laugh of a child. "I had never thought of that before. Who is it, my sweet little Ivan? Marysia or Sosia? Come, you mustn't be so very shy about it; I promise to put in a good word for you with papa. But, perhaps you haven't yet made up your mind between them—they are both pretty, you know—only I think that Sosia would cook your dinners better. You really won't tell me? Well, then, I will spare you. There is a bunch of red berries for your lady-love. If I see it in Sosia's hair this evening, I will know that she is the lucky one—but if I see it in Marysia's hair, then I'm afraid that your cabbage soup will not be very good eating. Meanwhile you must wear it as a badge—give me your hat."

Ivan obediently handed over his hat, and Alexia, still laughing gleefully, tore off a bunch of crimson berries from the tree under whose boughs she was passing, and fastened it within the band. She was too much

"ALEXIA FASTENED IT WITHIN THE BAND."

delighted with her own good idea to observe how white Ivan's face had become, but Dalmaskow noted it well, and having dismounted at the end of the ride, and watched the horses being led towards the stable-yard, some irresistible feeling of curiosity forced him to follow the suspected man in order to surprise him if possible when he believed himself unobserved.

When Dalmaskow reached the stable-yard two of the other men were busy with the horses, but Ivan was not in sight. He next glanced into the stables as well as into the room which Ivan usually occupied, but both doors stood wide open, and Ivan was in neither of these places. At last, while standing outside the half-open door of a barn, a dull, muffled sound struck upon his ear. He looked in, and saw a man lying upon his face with his two hands buried deep in the thick lair of straw on which he had flung himself down, his whole body shaken at short intervals by convulsive movements. Dalmaskow recognised him by his clothes. Beside him, plucked from their stalks and stamped into a shapeless mass, lay the berries which he had worn in his hat—a crimson stain upon the boards of the floor.

Dalmaskow stood for a few seconds only, then withdrew without a sound. The sight which he had seen offended his finer sensibilities by the very vigour of its expression, but, also, it awed him a little. He had not until then known that there could be such passion in the world. This was something which he had not met with during his travels in France and in England. Now he knew everything, and by the time he had recovered from his astonishment, he discovered to his annoyance that, just as Ivan hated him, he too was beginning to hate Ivan.

To hate anyone was a quite new experience to the amiable young man, and to hate a domestic was surely not worth his while: nevertheless, there seemed no help for it. Despite all logic, he the nobleman could not feel entirely easy under the eyes of the peasant—perhaps because some instinct told him that that peasant had a greater soul than he. There was in Ivan's manner towards him a certain peculiarity of which no one but himself was aware, yet under which he writhed. Every one of his orders was punctually obeyed, no word of disrespect had ever been uttered, and yet at moments, something in the face of that dark, silent man told him that he was looked upon not only with hatred, but also with contempt. Firmly resolved though he was never openly to betray the resentment which he could not suppress, there yet came an occasion on which his self-control gave way.

"HE LASHED BLINDLY TOWARDS IVAN'S HEAD."

This happened one day not many weeks before the marriage. Snow had fallen, and in front of the door of the house there stood the sledge in which Fédor Dalmaskow was to take his *fiancée* and her father for their first sledging party of the season. While he settled himself in his seat Ivan stood at the horses' heads. There was an unexpected plunge forwards, the groom had stepped back prematurely, and Dalmaskow, taken by surprise, clutched at the reins with an oath. He was anything but a violent man by nature, but he had been half thrown out of his seat, and was conscious of being in full view of Alexia, who stood upon the door-step. Any other groom might have been forgiven, but not this one.

"You dog!" he cried, in a tone in which all the pent-up resentment of the last weeks came to the surface. "Take this for your negligence!" And, snatching up the long whip beside him, he lashed blindly towards Ivan's head. The thong struck with such force that blood spurted instantly upon fore-head and cheek. Before it had time to strike again Ivan had caught it in his hand, and stood there, with a grey face and starting eyeballs, rigid, and yet seemingly on the point of leaping upon the sledge. It was Alexia who, guessing the danger, quickly stepped forward and by her intervention cut the scene short at this point.

In private she reproached Fédor for his violence, and found him submissive and penitent. He was quite as much surprised at his own unguarded act as she herself could be. He could not at all understand how it had been possible to forget himself so entirely. Such a thing had never before happened to him. In order to show how determined he was that it should not happen

again, it occurred to him that he might make it up with the injured man by giving him a couple of roubles.

"They will do as a plaster for your wound," he said to him jocosely, and withal a little nervously, as he tendered the money.

But Ivan put his hands behind his back and walked away without even a word, leaving the astonished Dalmaskow standing on the spot with his two roubles in his hand. It was dating from this moment that he felt quite certain that he hated Ivan. He began now seriously to mistrust him, watching his every movement intently. He could discover nothing on which to take hold, but this only increased his mistrust, for it is not given to everyone to understand renunciation when it reaches this point. Fédor Dalmaskow did not understand it, and if he had understood it, he would not have believed in it.

The household at large had not for a moment been disturbed by the small incident. Indeed, if it had not been for the long, sharply defined scar which lay in a slanting line across the groom's sun-tanned forehead and cheek, even the memory of the occurrence would have been buried on the first day.

The wedding-day fell in January, immediately after the New Year. Until lately the winter had been unusually mild, but within the last weeks the cold had been rapidly intensifying. The guests all arrived buried in furs. Several delicate ladies sent apologies for not coming, on the score of the weather. It was because of this dearth of the fair sex that the idea of the customary dance had to be abandoned, while it was settled that the festive supper should be taken early, so as to enable the newly-married couple to reach their home soon after dark. They had a drive of more than twenty-five miles before them, but the moon was nearly full and the sledge-road in first-rate condition.

During the supper one of the guests asked his neighbour whether it was true that wolves had been seen at Z——.

"At Z——?" repeated the other. "Then we may look out for them about this time next week. They always travel on the same line."

A few more remarks were made on the subject and a certain amount of interest evinced, but no one took the matter very seriously, because the various images apt to be awakened by that word of terror, "wolves!" were no longer very vivid in the mind of anyone present, seeing that during two exceptionally mild seasons no wolf had been heard of in the neighbourhood.

The conversation passed to other things, and night approached almost imperceptibly. The bridegroom, impatient to be gone, had more than once urged that it was time for the start; while the bride's father, reluctant to give the farewell kiss to his daughter, insisted that there was no hurry. It would be no darker in another hour than it already was, he urged. But it would be colder, argued Dalmaskow. Very well, then, half an hour—he only asked for half an hour more; meanwhile, the sledge with Alexia's maids and boxes should be dispatched, "and perhaps for safety sake I might as well send Valentin with a gun; there has been a talk of wolves, you know, although I don't think there can be any serious danger yet. If you start in half an hour's time, you are bound to overtake them within the first three miles. Those blacks cover the ground at a tremendous rate. What do you think? Shall I send the gun?"

"Oh, yes, send the gun by all means," answered Dalmaskow, dreamily, lost in contemplation of Alexia's profile. He wanted to be rid of all these noisy people, and yet even to sit beside her watching the alternate play of happiness and of nervousness upon her face was so delicious, that for a time he forgot to look at his watch. It was one of the guests who suddenly noticed the hour and gave the alarm. Dalmaskow started from his place, in some annoyance. It was more than an hour now since the first sledge had started. Someone suggested that it might be more prudent to postpone the departure until the morning, but of this Dalmaskow would not hear for a moment. He believed they would overtake the first sledge yet, in spite of the delay—it was only a question of enough whip-cord—and, after all, they would be at home not long after midnight.

Alexia having rapidly changed her wedding-dress for a travelling-gown, stepped out of the house on her father's arm. A low, luxurious sledge stood at the door, and in front of it a team of coal-black horses, whose coats shone like satin in the light of the lanterns, were shaking their ears impatiently and stamping holes in the snow. It was the father's wedding present to his departing daughter.

Every item, from the silver bells upon the harness down to the costly fur rug which lay ready for her feet, had been procured especially for this occasion. Upon the box there sat a familiar figure.

"Ivan is to drive you—for the last time," said the old nobleman as he handed his daughter to her seat.

It was indeed to be the last time, for, somewhat to Alexia's chagrin, Dalmaskow had declined to take her *protégé* into his service. Ivan himself, being questioned, had said that it was better so—he preferred to remain where he was, and thus the matter had been settled. All the same, she was glad that just Ivan and no other should take her to her new home.

Except for occasional clouds that drifted across the moon, the night had so far been very light, but they had not driven for long when minute flakes of snow began to fall. The moon was gradually swallowed up in the sky, leaving the night still light with that peculiar white lightness which any large expanse of snow seems to breathe from out of itself, but much less brilliant than it had been. The horses had done the first few miles in a model fashion, but after a time, something seemed to be disturbing them. Their pace became unequal, they strained forward irregularly, jostling against each other. It seemed evident that they were becoming unmanageable.

"I hope that fellow has not been drinking," said Dalmaskow, beneath his breath.

"Hey! Look out there!" he called to the driver. "You don't seem to have those beasts in hand." To the first of these calls Ivan made no answer, but being shouted at a second time, he turned round on his seat and curtly observed:—

"It's wolves that they smell!"

"Wolves!" repeated Alexia, beneath her breath, and clutched instinctively at her husband's arm. He looked into her frightened face, growing himself rather pale as the possibility of this danger rose before him. To turn back now would probably be more dangerous than to push on, for behind them there was nothing but miles of snow, while in front of them—and possibly not so very far ahead—there must be the sledge with that gun of which they had not thought much as yet, but which might yet prove to be of paramount importance. Of course, there was also the possibility of Ivan being mistaken. When another ten minutes had passed, and all still remained silent around them, Dalmaskow remarked almost confidently to his young wife that certainly Ivan had made a mistake. But while he was speaking there came from somewhere far away one single faint, long-drawn howl, which might easily have been mistaken for the howl of a dog. As it died away another answered, and immediately a full chorus fell in, very far away, very faint, but this time not to be mistaken for anything but what it was.

By this time Ivan had mastered the horses. With the reins wound round his wrists he appeared to be holding them back, rather than urging them on. "Why don't you give them their heads, you fool?" shouted Dalmaskow, impatiently.

"IT'S WOLVES THEY SMELL!"

Ivan looked at him over his shoulder.

"Do you want to die to-night?" he asked, using the familiar pronoun *ty*, and showing his teeth in an unpleasant smile. "They'll need their breath later on. We'll do plenty of racing yet—never you fear."

Dalmaskow was unable to reply. That pronoun in the mouth of a servant had upon him the effect of a blow upon the head. Of course, he should suffer for it, but this was not the moment for remonstrance. His attention was absorbed in looking forward and in looking backward — forwards in order to espy the sledge which they knew to be in advance; backwards towards the clumps of low bushes vaguely outlined upon the face of the steppe. By degrees, single black spots began to detach themselves from those scattered clumps; in the uncertain light they might have been the bushes themselves getting into motion—they grew more numerous, collected, and soon were not spots any longer, but one compact mass, ever growing in size and giving tongue without intermission.

Ivan never looked backwards—his ear was enough to tell him the exact distance between them and their pursuers—his eyes were strained forwards continually.

Suddenly, with a wild lash of the whip, he gave the horses their heads, and the real chase began. At that moment he had caught the first far-off glimpse of the village lights ahead. Now only it had become possible to think of a race. For several silent, breathless minutes they flew along at a mad pace. With a face of ghost-like pallor Alexia sat immovable, clinging closely to her husband's arm. He looked back again, the pack was gaining slowly, but it was unmistakably gaining. Those lights ahead did not seem to be any nearer than they had been at first. Yet where they burned there would be safety: it could only be a question of minutes, a question of gaining ever so little time.

Already he could distinguish a pair of eyes gleaming greenly here and there, he could hear their savage breathing. Some vague recollection of things he had heard darted through his mind. With a wrench he seized the costly cover which lay upon his knees and hurled it backwards towards the advancing pack. Instantly the wolves dropped back. For a minute or so they closed into a howling ball, while Dalmaskow, peering back intently, could see the snow flying like powder from the spot. But it was not for long; within five minutes the green eyes were again gleaming hard behind the sledge, the outlines of single heads becoming ever clearer. Passing glimpses of white-toothed, sharp-snouted faces were to be caught in the light of the carriage lanterns. The distance had been made good again. Alexia's feet were buried in a "foot-warmer" of badger fur; Dalmaskow took hold of it and threw it out. He threw out the cushions of the sledge, and each time the pack rolled itself into a ball, and each time the snow flew up, and yet each time again, after a terribly brief respite, the pursuers were once more at their heels. The village lights were shining more brightly, but it no longer seemed possible to reach them. They were only a phantom of safety dangled before the eyes of the pursued. There was no comfort in the sight, for to be shipwrecked in view of the port is surely more cruel than to be lost at open sea. Nothing seemed to remain except *despair*. Not a word had been spoken for a long time. It seemed to Dalmaskow that their pace was again relaxing, or was it only his excited fancy?

While he was asking himself this, Ivan turned round upon his seat. Dalmaskow could see that the scar across his forehead and cheek had turned of a deep blood-red. Ivan was looking at him with a peculiar brightness in his eyes.

"Do you remember that?" he asked, very loud, in order to be heard through the chorus of yelps, and pointing towards the scar.

Dalmaskow neither spoke nor moved. He could only stare back into the other's eyes, trying to read there what was passing in his mind. It occurred to him now that he was absolutely at the mercy of this man. What was the thought in his mind? With a faint cry Alexia pressed closer to her husband's side. Her eyes, wide and horror-stricken, were likewise upon Ivan's face. Both knew that they were standing on the threshold of something awful, though what it was they had no time to guess, for everything passed within a few seconds. Already one wolf had appeared abreast of the sledge. Ivan looked from the face of the husband to that of the wife. His own features were hideously distorted by some internal agony. Then abruptly he spoke.

"Take the reins!" and began in haste to unwind them from round his own wrists.

Dalmaskow obeyed mechanically, not understanding anything.

"This is the way to hold them," said Ivan, sharply and distinctly; "you can have no power if you do not hold them like this; have you got them?"

"Yes," replied Dalmaskow, without knowing that he said the word.

"I wanted to kill you," said Ivan, in a voice that rose unexpectedly to a higher and shriller tone, "but it is because of her!" And rising suddenly to his feet he leapt off the sledge into the snow.

Once more the wolves dropped back—

"HE LEAPT OFF THE SLEDGE INTO THE SNOW."

once more the cloud of snow flew to the skies, then the horses, feeling the new hand upon their reins, took the bit between their teeth and raced like things possessed.

More than a minute passed before that which had happened became absolutely clear to the minds of either of the persons in the sledge.

When the horses were arrested in the village street, Alexia was lying unconscious by the side of her husband. She was carried still unconscious into her new home, where she lay dangerously ill for several months. The first thing which she did on her recovery was to have a cross put up upon the steppe, as near as possible to the spot where two human bones and one of Ivan's boots had been found. The peasants christened it "Ivan's Grave," and it has been called so ever since; although in reality Ivan belongs to the comparatively small class of those to whom even a grave has been denied.

Both Fédor Dalmaskow and his wife have been dead for a quarter of a century, but the cross still stands, crusted with grey lichen and already somewhat aslant. A little longer it will stand so, getting more top-heavy every year, until on some wild winter night the storm sweeps it down. No new one will be put in its place, for by that time a new generation will have arisen and Ivan will be forgotten.

# *Hand Shadows.*

By Bernard Miller.

IT is not too much to say that this pastime is as universal as light itself. The Chinese practised it thousands of years ago; and it flourishes at the Egyptian Hall to-day. That there is money in shadows, as well as in more substantial commodities, will be testified by Mr. David Devant, the eminent *ombromaneur*, who is depicted at work in the first photograph reproduced here (Fig. 1). The apparatus is not elaborate—merely a powerful arc light of 2,000 candle-power, whose beam passes through a small circular opening on to a sheet of ticket-writer's holland. Occasionally some little property—a pipe, a piece of cardboard, or what-not—is used for adventitious effect; but for the most part the "artist" uses his hands simply and solely. What is more, the arc lamp can be dispensed with, and almost equally amusing results produced by the aid of a clothes-horse, a sheet, and a candle. If an oil lamp is used, care must be taken to turn it so that the edge of the flame is towards the sheet; otherwise the shadows will be blurred and hazy.

Mr. Devant on one occasion actually gave his shadowgraphic entertainment in the dazzling glare of a noon-day sun, the figures being produced on a sheet spread on the lawn at a fashionable garden-party; much manœuvring was necessary, however. Also, he has done without a sheet altogether, projecting the shadows direct on to a wall.

No one who has not actually seen a professional entertainment of this kind can form an idea of the amusement that may be derived from these hand shadows. Of course, the pictures largely depend for their effect upon incessant movement; yet so cleverly are the figures rendered, that even this series of "still" photographs bears powerful testimony to the skill of the artist.

FIG. 1.—BEHIND THE SCREEN: MR. DEVANT AT WORK.

The "British bulldog" (Fig. 2) is a capital example of unaided hand-work. His ferocity on the screen is extraordinary. He advances threateningly, albeit with the unsteady gait of his kind; and his terrible eye rolls in fearsome style by a truly ingenious finger-tip

movement on the part of the shadowgraphist. As Mr. Devant's hands enter the illuminated disc they are quite separate, all the fingers being extended. The operator then proceeds dexterously to "mould" his subject, but in such a manner that all may behold the clever evolution of the figure. The placing of the hands and the disposition of each finger are swiftly seen by an intelligent audience, who appreciate this method far more than they would the instantaneous appearance of perfect figures.

FIG. 2.—"THE BRITISH BULLDOG."

Before preparing this article, we approached the two great shadowgraphists in this country—Mr. David Devant, of the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, and M. Trewey, who, at the moment of writing, is conducting an entertainment at the ever-popular Crystal Palace. M. Trewey is a veteran entertainer, who has travelled the world over, and he was the first to produce elaborate hand-shadow *séances* in England. Both these gentlemen assure us that the illustrations reproduced in these pages are the very first *photographs* of shadow pictures that have ever been really successful. Obviously, the entertainment is one that does not favour the camera.

But to proceed. In Fig. 3 we have a singularly ingenious representation of a swan, no "property" of any kind being used — unless one so describes Mr. Devant's own head. Of course, that same head *is* a valuable property — quite a gold mine, in fact, by reason of the paying notions that have their origin therein. The photograph scarcely requires explanation. The stately bird, here shown, well maintains its ancient and familiar traditions. The long, graceful neck comes back in sinuous curves that the plumage (Mr. Devant's hair) may be preened and pecked; and the stiff little tail waggles in pleasurable anticipation as the swan dives beneath the surface of the supposed lake. Finally, the bird sails out of the disc by the simple process of Mr. Devant inclining himself gradually forward. He tells us, by the way, that he has spent many hours feeding the swans in Kensington Gardens and elsewhere, not so much out of benevolence as from a desire to take mental notes of the attitude and general demeanour of the swan in her native element.

From this it will be seen that in these shadowy figures, as well as in more ambitious pictures, extraordinary attention is given to detail. Indeed, the thing is an art; the faintest movement of a finger altering an expression, and the imparted motion giving an amazing amount of appropriate realism to each subject. Figs. 4 and 5 admirably illustrate this — although, of course, the ceaseless motion is absent. The first of these is supposed to represent the working-man of the demagogic, or tub-thumping, order. Plainly, he is not an amiable person; ignorance, obstinacy, and truculence are writ

FIG. 3.—HOW THE SWAN IS FORMED.

large in his silhouetted profile. Nevertheless, with his pipe he is fairly content — still grumbling and "viewy," of course; but, on the whole, comparatively good-tempered. Now observe that suspicious angle in the pipe where the stem meets the bowl; it is a "trick" pipe, and our friend's soothing smoke is about to be interrupted. In Fig. 5 the accident has happened—the bowl has fallen off. Surely this is a shadowgraphic triumph, which can in some measure, at least, be appreciated, even in the photos. Look at the swift change of expression from comparative placidity to fierce disgust and (probably) blasphemous imprecation. Interesting to relate, Mr. Devant had a typical sitter for this admirable incident.

FIG. 4.—"COMPLACENCY."

FIG. 5.—"MALEDICTION."

Turn we now for a moment to M. Trewey, whose capital bull is shown in Fig. 6; this, as you may see, is a wholly unassisted hand shadow. When about to produce a new figure, M. Trewey takes a seat between his light and the screen, and then commences to practise patiently and persistently, introducing tentatively delicate little lines here and there, and trying various motions that he has previously noted mentally while studying the living prototype. Sitters, it should be said, are not always complaisant towards the shadowgraphic artist. Take the figure just shown, for example. The original of that bull was an aggressive customer, who spent most of his time in browsing on the uplands of the Haute Savoie. M. Trewey was one day observing the handsome animal, unaware that the latter was also observing *him*. The story is not long. The bull resented the whole business and charged. He charged far more heavily than an ordinary human model would, so that what with damaged clothes and person and shattered camera, M. Trewey found the bull a costly sitter.

These shadowgraphists have pupils. Fathers of large families pay Mr. Devant eight guineas for a course of ten lessons in the art, that they may amuse their wives and offspring during the long winter evenings. Mamma cuts out and

FIG. 6.—THE BULL.

FIG. 7.—A SHADOW PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN.

are absolutely unique. What is more, many of these portraits are transformation portraits, one changing into another in sight of the audience, but yet not so quickly that the various motions are indistinct, or untraceable by the keen-eyed. As a rule, M. Trewey uses a cloak with which to cover his wrists and forearms when producing portraits; this does away with undue slenderness of neck in the figures. Figs. 8 and 9 represent respectively (and respectably too, considering) Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury. The Conservative leader looks somewhat cynical, while the immortal Hermit of Hawarden has a firm, purposeful appearance. As a matter of fact, M. Trewey made his notes and sketches for this portrait during Gladstone's last speech in the House—the impassioned attack on the House of Lords.

hems the sheet, while daddy gesticulates strangely in the endeavour to portray new figures of his own invention. M. Trewey's most interesting pupil was an enterprising dentist, who wanted to learn shadowgraphy in order to beguile timid children whilst he removed their offending molars. Then clergymen take a few lessons that they may not be outshadowed, as it were, at parochial tea-parties by the efforts of amateur entertainers. Even lunatic asylum officials have been among Mr. Devant's pupils.

Trewey is a wonderful old veteran, as full of fun as his own entertainments; which is saying much. Amazing as the statement sounds, he can make anything with his hands, from a monarch to a mill-wheel. With becoming gravity and reverence we here reproduce M. Trewey's shadow portrait of our own venerable Queen (Fig. 7). Her Most Gracious Majesty's nose will, we fear, cause some regret among loyal subjects; evidently the artist's knuckle protruded a little too much. It must be admitted, however, that portraits of eminent personages produced in this way

Talking of these transforming "finger photos.," there is a certain appropriateness in the G.O.M. swiftly giving place to Lord Salisbury. Only, in this case, one can see at a glance how it is all done; there is no diplomatic concealment, every movement being visible. Occasionally, some little article or "property" is required to complete a portrait. In the case of the Queen, the artist's fingers are so taxed to form the head and face, that there are none left for the necessary crown;

FIG. 8.—THE G.O.M.

FIG. 9.—LORD SALISBURY ON THE ALERT.

therefore the regal emblem has to be portrayed by means of a piece of cut cardboard. In the Gladstone portrait, the only "property" necessary is something which will indicate the peak of the familiar collar. Strange as it may sound, Lord Salisbury figures without "property" of any sort, the well-known beard being produced in a remarkably ingenious fashion by the fingers of one hand extended downwards.

One of the most effective of these shadow portraits is that of our premier actor, Sir Henry Irving (Fig. 10). The long hair is very cleverly indicated, while a slightly protruding finger-tip produces on the sheet the effect of the *pince-nez*. Of course, as we have remarked before, hand-shadow pictures cannot be judged when stationary. For each and every one of them is designed a certain marvellously appropriate movement; and even the great personages whose portraits appear on the disc are made to exhibit some mannerism or characteristic whereby they are known.

Mr. Devant was on one occasion giving his shadowgraphic performance in the famous subterranean saloons at Welbeck Abbey; and the Duchess of Portland was present with her pet dog on her knee. Now, one of the funniest of Mr. Devant's scenes depicts a quarrel between two big dogs, which are portrayed solely by the operator's own two palms. When at length these shadowy animals were depicted at it tooth and nail on the sheet, Her Grace's pet could no longer resist joining in the excitement.

"That little dog," remarked Mr. Devant, "howled and barked with all the vigour it could muster. Evidently it was backing one or other of the combatants, or perhaps it wanted to have a hand—or rather a tooth—in the fight. At any rate," added the popular entertainer, "I considered the incident one of the sincerest and most unique compliments I ever received."

Talking about pupils, the first exercise given to the aspiring amateur is working the fingers in various directions. When the fingers are completely independent of one another (and it is no easy matter to make them so), the hands are considered sufficiently supple to commence upon the simpler figures, such as a rabbit, an elephant, and so on. Thereafter, Mr. Devant considers that it takes an hour's lesson to render the pupil proficient in each "advanced" picture.

FIG. 10.—SIR HENRY IN A SMALL PART.

The goat (Fig. 11) is a very successful shadow, which on the screen exhibits a praiseworthy degree of contrariness and cussedness. You recognise the goat who will walk into your front garden and devour all the geraniums as a kind of *hors d'œuvre*, taking the open door as an *entrée* to daintier things out the back. Notice the uncompromising horns and the contemplative beard, which nods comically to and fro on the screen.

FIG. 11.—THE GOAT.

The close finish of a hotly-contested Derby is shown in Fig. 12. Of course, these photographs tell their own tale of cleverness and ingenuity, but we cannot help drawing attention to this shadow picture. The noble steed, though obviously handicapped by a big head (M. Trewey's extensive palm), is evidently straining every nerve to respond to its jockey's imperative demand. Observe the set purpose in the intelligent face, the erect ears, and the slender neck which speaks of proud pedigree. And that jockey! Why, he seems actually sobbing with ill-suppressed excitement. He is leaning forward to exhort his gallant horse to another spurt, and the whip is conspicuous by its absence. Truly a thrilling moment!

Turning to Fig. 13, a holy calm settles upon us. We are transported from the vitiated atmosphere of the race-course to the sacred precints of the church. The reverend gentleman is in the middle of an earnest discourse; you can

FIG. 13.—A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

FIG. 12.—A DERBY FINISH.

FIG. 14.—DRESSING FOR A PARTY.

see that he is advising his flock to have nothing to do with book-makers—that he is warning his people to mend their ways and turn their gaze heavenward. At the same time we may point out that if he obeyed this last injunction himself, his benignant eyes would encounter M. Trewey's monstrous fist, which not only does duty as sounding-board, but also forms the back of the pulpit. The body of the pulpit, by the way, is formed by a piece of wood or cardboard fastened to the operator's wrist.

But the world is full of change, and another turn of the artist's hand carries us away to femininity and vanity. Consider for a moment Fig. 14, which depicts a young person of little refinement immersed in the mysteries of the toilet. The properties here used are: (1) a piece of cut cardboard on which coarse wool has been fastened; (2) a few hairpins: (3) a pair of curling-tongs; and (4) another piece of cardboard which casts the shadow of the mirror of a dressing-table. The lady's face and somewhat spare neck are formed by the hands of the shadowgraphist. The pantomime gone through is amazingly effective. The lady is very much in earnest; evidently it is a toilet with a purpose. The hair is gradually curled, the hairpins placed in position one by one, so as to support an artificial dab of wool, which represents, we believe, a "bun" unknown to confectioners. All this, with many delicate, inimitable touches; a look in the glass now and then; expressions of alternate disappointment and delight, and final movements of triumph that are simply irresistible.

If anxiety and grim determination are manifested in Fig. 14, the next photo. (Fig. 15) shows unmistakably a complacent survey through a pair of "property" lorgnettes. Now and again during this wonderfully funny dumb pantomime the lady's enormous hand is seen busily at work placing the hairpins. Finally the exit of the "belle" causes roars of laughter, her mincing gait and languishing mien being reproduced with overwhelming comicality.

Some of these shadow pictures are very much advanced—positively life-like in movement and expression. Remember, there is no dialogue to help out and emphasize the

FIG. 15.—"ONE LAST LINGERING LOOK."

FIG. 16.—REMONSTRATION.

action. But the wonderful artistry brought to bear on these hand shadows is nowhere better exemplified than in the little pantomime comprised in Figs. 16 and 17.

It is here necessary to explain that shadowy incidents must be, above all things, simple and obvious. Take Fig. 16. In order to produce this "scenery," a cut-out square of cardboard was placed between the arc lamp and the operator's hands. Then the itinerant musician comes along looking a little mournful; his hat is another little piece of card held between Mr. Devant's fingers. He stops beneath the window and plays a simple, touching air — or, rather, the band does it for him, while he sways rythmically his aggravating person. The householder is aroused, and goes to the window in his night-cap and a towering rage. "Go away, nasty, noisy, offensive fellow," says he. The "fellow" looks up with an injured air that is reproduced by finger movements in a manner beyond all praise; at the same time his instrument is not far from his lips, so as to be ready to renew hostilities when the parley is ended.

He refuses to go. Probably he says, doggedly, "*Jy suis, jy reste*"; but he is far more likely to say "nasty, noisy, offensive" things. The householder retires—not to bed, but to his washhand-stand. Seizing a big jug full of water, he goes to the window once more. The musician has recommenced tootling-tootling (Fig. 17), that is, with a kind of exaggerated, defiant vigour, simply because he has been told to go away; he little dreams of the Damocletian jug above. As the water (sand, really) teems down, amid shouts of laughter from the audience, the musician collapses, sadder and perhaps wiser, while the triumphant householder shuts down the window with a self-satisfied bang. A moment later Mr. Devant's flexible hands loom large upon the illuminated disc, and the performance is at an end.

FIG. 17.—RETRIBUTION.

# *The Compleat Novelist.*

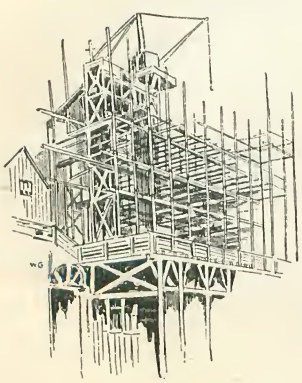
By James Payn.

I HAVE for years been subject to inquiries from persons utterly unknown to me (except that their name is Legion) as to how fame and fortune (but especially the latter) are to be won by writing novels. The college where the art of "How to write fiction" is to be taught, though well ventilated, is not yet, it appears, built. There are professors, but they have not regularly set to work; they resemble Ministers without portfolios, a class of statesmen the nature of whom is a puzzle to many persons; there are even books—handbooks, primers—published on this subject, but they do not seem to have fulfilled their mission as guides to the Temple of Fame. Modesty and probability alike suggest that no advice of mine will be more successful. The service demanded of me is, in fact, rather a large order. The idea seems to be that the profession of a novelist (though Heaven knows we are no conjurers) is similar to that of those *prestidigitateurs* who, after a performance, are prepared for a consideration to inform the curious how it is done. Still, as the inquirers are so numerous, and as that section of the public (though fast diminishing) which does not write novels seems also to take an interest in the subject, I propose to give a hint or two on it which may probably prove serviceable. The theme itself is by no means dull, and has features in it which are even amusing. I need not say that the correspondents who ask: "How to write Fiction," though they have probably written reams of it, have published nothing. When a man—and especially a woman—has done *that*, he wants advice from nobody, and exceedingly resents it being offered. These, however, are all Peris (most of them female ones) standing more or less "disconsolate" at the gate of Eden (situated in Paternoster Row), whose "crystal bar" has proved immovable even to their tears.

"How shall I sit down to write a novel?" inquires one, pathetically, who obviously desires instruction from the very beginning. There is a greater choice about this than she probably imagines. I knew one novelist who, while pursuing his trade, never sat down at all, but stood at a desk—which is how, not his legs, but his shoulders "got bowed." Another walks "to and fro" (like the Devil) seeking for ideas. A bishop, the other day, revealed to us the fact that he always wrote on his knees; but the work, we conclude, was a devotional one, and not a novel. One popular story-teller, to my personal knowledge, used to write upon his stomach (*i.e.*, lying upon it), with his reference books around him, like a sea beast among rocks.

This preliminary settled, however, my fair inquisitress asks me how to begin. This is an inquiry the importance of which is apt to be underrated, and, though an initial one, should not be the first. The first should be: "What shall I write about?" It is amazing how many of our story-tellers, and especially of the female ones, begin story-telling without having a story to tell. They start off, often at great speed, and sometimes too fast, but in no particular direction. "Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" is a question which, in their turn, might be asked of them. They are certainly not "going a-milking," if their milch cow is the public. It is fair to say, however, that almost all beginners, whether male or female, fall into this error. Yet it is only geniuses who can write brilliantly about nothing. "There is no preparation, there is no mechanique," is a statement only applicable to great magicians. Think how the greatest novelists have, sooner or later, had to give their attention to plot! There have been, of course, some very fine character-novels; but these have not been written by beginners; to delineate character requires above all things experience and observation. As a general rule the advice that should be given to all budding novelists is: "Don't be in a hurry to blow. If you have no story to tell, wait till you get one."

The necessity indeed of having the plot of one's novel—or at all events the skeleton of it—arranged beforehand, is surely as obvious, when one comes to think of it, as that of knowing the lines of a ship, or the plan of a building, before commencing their construction. Few of us, having determined to build our own houses without the aid of an architect, have not come to grief; I know one enterprising person who forgot the stairs.



If you only want a bungalow—a cottage on the ground floor—of course, this doesn't so much matter; and similarly, the smaller the story the less there need be of plot; but some sort of plan to work upon—subject to alteration and with plenty of room for additions—you must have. The question, of course, arises: How to get it? But this must be answered by the inquirer himself. It must depend upon some incident or circumstance more or less dramatic, which has made a deep impression on the writer's mind; it may have originated there (which is the better way) or it may have been communicated to it, but the impression must be deep. Moreover, it should not be recent; the longer he reflects upon it, as the cow chews the cud, the more likely he is to succeed with it. Half-a-dozen lines suffice in the first instance for the germ of the story. They look bald enough, but there are potentialities in them for those who can use them, just as music, the poet tells us, lies in the eggs of the nightingale. As the born story-teller dwells on them, they expand page after page. New incidents, new situations, new characters gradually present themselves as in some magic mirror. The two former may be the offspring of the imagination, but the latter should owe their being to memory: they should be studies from real life. Great care must, however, be taken to prevent recognition. The appearance, the neighbourhood, the profession of those portrayed should altogether differ from what they are in reality. Great distress of mind as respects this matter has been caused by many an undesigned coincidence, and all traces of personal resemblance should be concealed as carefully as an Indian hides his trail.

Whatever may be the merits of novels of character, it is certain that they do not appeal to the great world of readers as those do which deal with dramatic situations and incidents. As the life of the body is the blood, so the life of the novel is its "story." My correspondents seem to treat this as easy to procure; but they are mistaken. There are many people indeed who protest they

have any amount of plots to give away; "just the very thing to write about"; but as John Leech used to say when a poor joke was suggested to him for *Punch:* "Admirable indeed, my dear fellow, but it does not lend itself to illustration." Not one tenth of the stories suggested by our friends are suitable materials for a novel.

Singular as it may appear, before the beginning of a story is attempted, the writer who wishes to do the best for himself, and is not afraid of taking pains, should fix upon the end of it. However long may be the journey, and tired may be the horses, the post-boy who has any self-respect will always "Keep a gallop for the avenue." He is well aware of the advantage, as regards renumeration, of leaving a good impression at the last. While as for the post-boy who doesn't know his way, nor even the place for which he is bound, it is obvious that he doesn't understand his business. I am convinced that the best novels,

not "sensational" ones only, but those of sustained interest, have been composed, so to speak, backwards. The having the *denouement*, perhaps the catastrophe, well on one's mind from the first, is a precaution similar to that which is taken by a public speaker who, whatever he forgets, is careful not to lose sight of his peroration. He well knows that is what he has to lead up to, and that upon the nature of it will chiefly depend his success. However well he may have got on up to that point, if his conclusion is lame and impotent, his speech will be a failure. Moreover, the foreknowledge of the end suggests much of the proper course of events in a story. This is hardly to be understood by one who is not a novelist. Perhaps I may be forgiven the apparent egotism of an allusion to "Lost Sir Massingberd"—a small thing, but mine own—to which I venture to allude only as an illustration.

An ancient tree, which though perfect to the eye was hollow, suggested a novel method of disappearance. A man might climb into it and fall through, hands over head, without possibility of extrication. Only his muffled cries for help might be heard in the wood for hours without recognition. This was obviously not a position in which to leave one's hero, but a very good way of disposing of one's villain. The wicked baronet of the story was drawn from life; but he never would have been drawn at all except for the tree. He was buried—not in elm, if I remember right, but in oak—before he was born. In thinking the story out before putting pen to paper, the other characters introduced themselves, quite naturally.

If the conclusion of a story occurs to one as striking and dramatic, it must not be put aside, of course, on the ground of its being melancholy; but as a general rule I would warn young novelists against "bad endings"; it is their weakness to indulge in them just as it is that of young poets to rhyme about premature death. Youth has the "trick of melancholy." A few readers may sympathize

with this feeling, but the majority exceedingly resent an unhappy termination to a story in which they have been interested. Some persons will not open a novel suspected of this drawback, and I have known even books like the "Bride of Lammermoor" to remain unread in consequence. What right has a man to pen a story like Turganieff's "On the Eve" to make generations of his fellow-creatures miserable? What lesson is to be learnt from it save the inscrutable cruelty of Fate? Who is the better—or even the wiser—for it?

Trollope was, on the whole, a kindly writer, but who does not resent the absurd scruples he puts into the mouth of Lily Dale which make the life-long fidelity of Johnny Eames *futile*? Take, on the other hand, Mrs. Oliphant's equally simple story of "A Rose in June." There is sadness enough in it, but how much more naturally and satisfactorily is the course of true love brought to its close.

At all events, whether the ending is good or bad, it ought to be concealed. There are some readers indeed who are so unprincipled as to look at (what used to be) the third volume first, just as children cannot keep their hands from the dessert when the soup is on the table; but this conduct is contemptible. Wilkie Collins thought it criminal. I shall never forget his distress of mind when, in the vanity of youth, I boasted to him of how I had guessed the secret of "The Moonstone" at an earlier date than he had intended.

The plot of the story having been decided upon, it is advisable to make a skeleton plan of it on large cardboard, with plenty of room for the filling in of such *dramatis personæ* as are deemed appropriate to it, and any incidents which may occur to the mind as likely to be suitable and attractive. The fictitious names of the characters should be placed side by side with the real ones, that their connection should not be lost sight of, while their idiosyncrasies and other recognisable qualities should be carefully avoided. It may, I hope, not be necessary, but it is still advisable to warn the neophyte against making use of the unfair advantage which publication gives him to satirize persons who may be obnoxious to him; this is too often done, in ignorance, perhaps, of the serious consequences that may flow from it; but it is a most cowardly proceeding, like that of striking with a deadly weapon an unarmed enemy. When a satire becomes personal it is a lampoon. Even when no harm is intended, and recognition takes place, much distress of mind may be caused not only to the person satirized but to the satirist. There was little in Charles Dickens's writings to be repented of, but it is well known that he grievously regretted his delineation of Leigh Hunt as Harold Skimpole. Hunt's peculiarities were recognised at once, and the vices of Skimpole, which were not Hunt's at all, only too readily attributed to him. Apology in such cases is useless. *Litera scripta manet*; the mischief is done.

I may here say, though it is anticipating matters, that no man who wishes to be happy in his vocation should become a novelist who is so thin-skinned or impatient of censure as to take unfavourable criticisms as a personal affront, or seek to be "even" with the man who writes it. I have known some very unpleasant consequences arise from this foolish indignation, especially where, as often happens, it has been misplaced, and the outrage has been attributed to the wrong man. By him who aspires to be a man of letters all personalities should be avoided, and especially by the writer of Fiction. If he wants to be uncivil, let him write an historical novel, and pitch into somebody who has been dead for a century or two. Matters will become much too personal with him, whether he will or no, before he has done with novel writing: it necessitates a study of his fellow-creatures that will compel him to see faults where he would far rather be blind, and things distasteful in those he loves.

As for the scene of his story, I would recommend Scott, junior (if he will allow me to call him so), not to select foreign ones, however conversant he may be with them; the taste of the British novel reader is as insular as his dwelling-place, and he prefers to read of places he has visited, and of customs with which he is familiar. There have been some exceptions, but, as a rule, even our most popular novelists have lost something of their circulation when they have ventured on alien soil. With readers who have passed much of their time abroad, there is of course no objection

to this; they may even prefer it, as awakening pleasant memories; but they are but a small minority; the others best like to read of what they are familiar with, and are in a position to pass judgment on. The case is somewhat similar to that of foreign novels: those who can read them in the language they are written in take pleasure in them; but translations of them are not popular with the less accomplished. Wherever the scene of the novel is placed, however, it is absolutely necessary for the writer to become thoroughly acquainted with it. No time, or trouble, should be grudged in this matter. It is by no means, however, necessary to stay long in the chosen locality; on the contrary, the salient points which strike one on a first acquaintance are apt to be lost through familiarity with them, and it is these which strike the reader.

To pass from "place" to "period" I would observe that, though of late years there has been a great resuscitation of the historical novel, it is generally a mistake for writers who would be popular to place their story in a far back time. One or two have recently made a great success in so doing, but it is given to very few to clothe dry bones with flesh. It is of course necessary to study the period and to read much literature concerning it; and the too general result of this is to give to the composition the impression of "cram," of its having been "got up" for the occasion. The story that finds most readers is almost always a tale of to-day. They like to be in a position to criticise; to say this and that is contrary or in accordance with their own experience; that they have met, or not met, the characters described; whereas for the vraisemblance of folks in armour who moved in society upon horseback, they are obliged to accept the author's *ipse dixit*.

Almost all young writers cast their fiction in the autobiographical form, for indeed they are generally their own heroes. This has been done a few times only with success (as in the case of "David Copperfield"), even by great authors; with small ones it is a fatal error. There is always a great deal too much about the author's boyhood, which, except to his mother, is absolutely uninteresting. "Boys will be boys," it is said by way of apology, and they need it. Some adults may want to have their school-days over again, which only shows they have forgotten them—but they don't want to read of other people's school-days. There is nothing duller than the reminiscences of boyhood, except those of girlhood. Women writers scarcely ever allow their readers to escape from these narratives. They *will* begin with their heroine in short frocks, and sometimes in long clothes. She has her skipping-rope, with which we wish she would hang herself, and her girl friends, who are as unentertaining as herself, and her "yearnings." She yearns through a dozen chapters, while the reader yawns. It would be such a relief if she would do something, even if it were to run away with the page. Children are charming (and so are dogs) when they leaven a story, but they should not be allowed, any more than in real life, to occupy too much of the attention. And whether in youth, or at any other period, there should be no ego in a novel. The introduction of self into it is fatal. Thackeray, it may be said, did it; but it was a mistake even in his case, and it is probable that Scott, junior, is not a Thackeray. Does he suppose that his puppets are so lifelike that it is necessary (like Bottom the weaver) to put his head outside the puppet-show to assure us that they are not really alive? Does he imagine that his tale has such a sustained interest that it can bear this solution of continuity? If he does, he possesses at least one quality which some people think is necessary to literary success—"a gude conceit of himself."

On the other hand, he should not be afraid of expressing his opinions; while young at the trade, it is better to do so through the mouths of his characters; but if this cannot appropriately be done, let him

state them, though always in an impersonal way. To students of fiction it is interesting to mark how, as authors gather strength, and gain their places in the world, they deliver their *obiter dictar* upon things in general.

I may here tell a secret, or at all events something not generally known, concerning popular, and presumably good, novelists. Sometimes, of course, their circulation wanes with their wits; old age has its natural effect upon their powers of imagination; but much more commonly their reputation decays through another attribute of old age, which is by no means unavoidable, namely, indolence. They flatter themselves they are sure of their public, which, indeed, is always faithful to them as long as can be reasonably expected, and even beyond it; and they no longer take the same pains to please as they used to do; they substitute recollection for observation, and trust to memory where they formerly drew from experience. It is irksome to them to take trouble. Now, though no definition of genius is so idiotic and absolutely contrary to the fact than that which describes it as "an infinite capacity for taking pains," if pains are not taken, even genius cannot in the end succeed, however fortunate it may be in the beginning. While if Scott, junior, is only a young person of talent and not a genius (as is possible), he may just as well hope to be a great engineer, if he takes no pains, as to be a novelist. It seems so easy to those who have never done it to succeed in fiction; story-telling appears such a holiday task to the outsider; but as a matter of fact it requires a great deal of application, observation, study, and, above all things, patience and perseverance. Only a few writers "awake to find themselves famous," and even these have generally had rather a long night.

The greatest bugbear in the eyes of the young novelist is the critic. This wicked creature is credited with an irreconcilable enmity to imaginative literature, and with a disposition to dance upon the bodies of all who follow it, but especially upon the young. The exaggerated fear in which he is held is in reality caused by his victims' exaggerated ideas of their own importance. If they knew what very little displacement was caused by their plunge into Fiction, they would know how brief is the effect of any comments that may be made upon it. As a matter of fact, very few people read reviews, and the impression they create seldom endures beyond the week in which they appear; one review pushes the next out of recollection, as one pellet drives out another in a pop-gun. The harm wrought by an ill-natured, or what is called a "nasty," review—for, of course, we are not considering a just one, to which no objection should be made—depends chiefly upon whether the author vituperated is fool enough to read it. It is quite amazing how otherwise sensible persons are tempted to do this throughout their lives. I knew one very successful author who could never withstand the temptation to read what he had already heard was an "attack upon him" wherever it was. He used to buy the review or newspaper—thus actually increasing the resources of his enemy—and after having made himself thoroughly miserable with reading it, tear it into fragments. The other unpleasantness about unfavourable criticism is that one's friends always get hold of it, and perhaps send one a copy of it, explaining in a sympathetic letter how they "deplore it." This is scarcely what is called "backing" on the part of one's friends. The "Compleat Novelist" would be a misnomer indeed for a gentleman who embraces that profession with the fear of the critic before his eyes. Let him lay to heart the admirable saying, "No man was ever written down except by himself."

When the skeleton of his story is finished he must be careful to avoid plumping it out by padding. He should be always marching on with his story and never "marking time," like a recruit at drill. Dissertations and disquisitions should be avoided. Where his characters indulge in reflection they should be as brief as epigrams, and, if possible, as pointed. There is nothing so tedious in fiction as a Hamlet hero.

As to the nature of the novel, that must, of course, depend upon the nature of the author, but it is certain that popularity most attends the writer who can attach Cupid to his chariot wheels. By far the majority of novel readers are the ladies, and they prefer, above all others, the love story. It is true that some of our greatest writers, Thackeray especially, and in a less degree Dickens, have not been very successful in their treatment of this matter, but genius has no laws. I have already apologized to Scott, junior, for taking it for granted that his gift is short of genius; if it were otherwise, he needs no teaching. But it is quite curious how independent is a writer who has a speciality for describing courtship of any other attractions. Trollope, who, of course, had many other gifts, could turn out whole volumes descriptive of the tender passion. The too faithful Johnny Eames is exhibited at the feet of his inamorata not only in one novel but several; his courtship has continuations; yet the ladies never tired of it. In these days, popularity has been sometimes obtained upon these lines after a fashion to which it is not necessary to allude; I will not suppose Scott, junior, to be capable of seeking the bubble reputation in dirty waters, as a mudlark dives for pence. There are plenty of honest women and honourable men in the world, if he have the eyes to see them and the hand to draw them.

Still I would warn him against the diffuse descriptions of the young people whose course of true love he has set himself to narrate. It will astonish him perhaps to learn that no novelist has as yet described the appearance of a heroine so as to be recognisable by his readers; the picture of her they make in their own minds will not be the one he would fain have suggested to them. At the very best it will be only such a likeness as may be gathered from a passport. Women writers will fill a dozen pages with their heroine's exquisite features (not forgetting the lobe of her ear), and a dozen more with her dress. This I do not recommend, and as for that latter matter, though I understand it is attractive to female readers, Scott, junior, being a male, is certain to make a mess of it. Nor do I think it is advisable that he should "pan out" too much on the scenery; as a matter of fact, this is mostly skipped, but I may add concerning it, as of the portrait-painting, that unless there are very salient points about it, it fails to give the impression desired. Anyone who visits the places described by even such a master of the pen as Walter Scott, must acknowledge that that is his first introduction to them; he has gained no familiarity with them through the printed page.

The chief point of a novelist's endeavours should be to give his story *sustained interest.* It is, of course, necessary, in a long one, to break the thread when he introduces new scenes and characters, but it should be picked up as soon as possible, and both old and new combined in it. There are many admirable works that can be taken up and laid down at any time, but this should not be the case with a novel. The aspiration of one of our greatest writers was "to cheat a schoolboy of his hour of play" (a much more difficult task, by-the-bye, than to cheat him of an hour of work, which he will cheerfully give up for almost any other occupation), and the ambition of a novelist, unless he is one of those who write "with a purpose," should be to—what some excellent people would call—"waste the time" of his readers; that is to say, to so fascinate them that they cannot lay his story down, or go to bed, until they have finished it; and no matter what may be his wit or wisdom, he will never accomplish this unless he has a story to tell them. And thus we come round to the point from which we started, the paramount necessity of a good plot. "A good plot," as Hotspur says, "and *full of expectation*, an excellent plot."

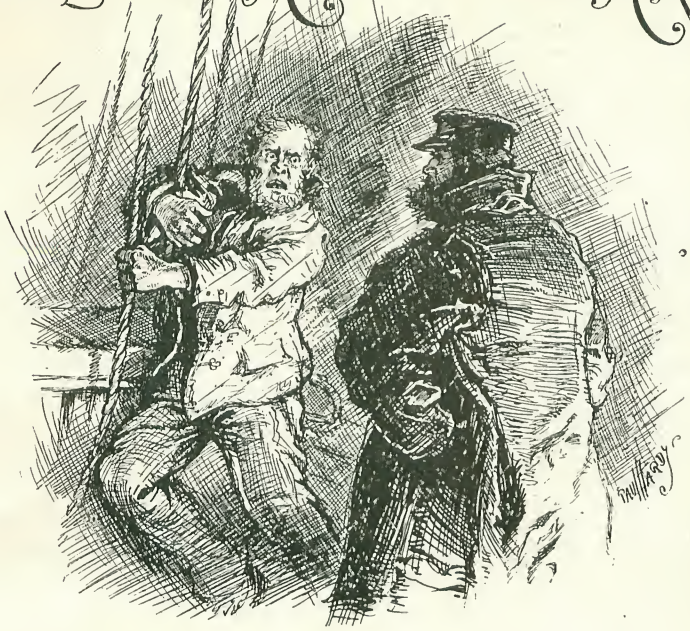
Lastly, neither time nor pains should be spared in the choice of title. This is very important, especially with a new writer. The same foolish persons who tell us that all the plots have been exhausted, will doubtless say that the titles also have already been appropriated. A great many of them have been so, as is evidenced by the number of novels that have had to change their

names between their serial publication and their book form in consequence. They are names, of course, of unknown novels, for no one would be so impudent as to take that of a well-known one—which their authors have not even thought it worth while to spend five shillings in registering. It is pretty certain that no court of law would award damages for doing what could not be helped, and what could not but result, if it had any result, in the advantage of the person (supposed to be) injured. Still, it is advisable to take every precaution possible to avoid this duplication. The title should indicate the nature of the story without revealing its secret, and should not be a proper name, which can attract nobody. "David Copperfield" and "Martin Chuzzlewit" are attractive to us, because we are all acquainted with their contents, but they are, as titles, colourless, and excite no curiosity. When Scott, junior, has attained fame, he can call his novel what he pleases.

Some care should be also taken with the names of the characters of a novel. Matters are improving in this respect, and we seldom read such obvious titles as were at one time common in fiction, reminding us of those in the "Pilgrim's Progress." The Faithfuls and Easies, the Gammons, the Quirks and Snaps, the Sir Harkaway Rotgut Wildfires, once so familiar to us, would now be pronounced crude and extravagant. Dickens was almost the first to escape from them; his names were all taken from real life, either from what he read over shops or in the Post Office Directory. The exception is in "Nicholas Nickleby," where, however, there is an excellent name of the "Pilgrim's Progress" type—Sir Mulberry Hawke. Scott, junior, should take his names from the Directory, but be careful to put an out-of-the-way Christian name before them, so as to avoid the risk, if not of an action for libel, at least of some personal unpleasantness. People don't like being called "out of their names," but still more do they dislike their real ones stuck on to a bad character in a novel, like a lady's head on the body of a comic photograph.

In all that I have said of him, let Scott, junior, distinctly understand that I pretend to teach no method of making bricks without straw. If he has no natural turn for story-telling, no human being can give it to him; but if he has a bent that way—and not merely a passionate desire to see himself in print, which is a much commoner attribute — I have endeavoured to show him how he can utilize it; what he should give his attention to, and what he should avoid. I cannot promise him success, but I believe I have shown him the way in which he is most likely to attain it.

# THE RED WARDER OF THE REEF



By John Arthur Barry.

*Author of "Steve Brown's Bunyip," "In the Great Deep," etc., etc.*

## CHAPTER I.

### THE BUILDING OF THE "WARDER."

THE Marine Board of Port Endeavour, the capital and chief harbour of Cooksland, had for long turned a deaf ear to petitions presented by many shipmasters, coasting and foreign, that the Cat and Kittens reef should be either bell-buoyed or lit from a stationary vessel. The Board's contention was that, as the Point Mangrove Light, in addition to its chief duty, also threw a green ray between the bearings of S. ¾ W. and S.S.E., four cables east of the reef, such was ample warning to enable vessels to clear the dangerous Cat and her family.

Two brigs and a coasting schooner had already come to grief on the just awash rocks. Skippers and mates had lost their certificates, and some their lives; and all the survivors swore to the absence of "the green ray." But, as the Board knew it must have been there, the excuse availed nothing.

One night, however, the President of the Board himself, coming up from the south in dirty weather on the *Palmetto*, all at once was awakened from sleep by a nasty thumping and bumping that nearly shook him out of his bunk.

Rushing up on to the bridge in his pyjamas, he shouted to the skipper—old Jack Haynes—"What's the matter now? Where the deuce have you got the ship?"

"Hard and fast on the Cat and Kittens," replied old Jack, calmly. "And now where's your cussed green ray, eh?"

As a matter of fact, nothing at all was visible except a smother of white foam leaping with joyful crashings on the forepart of the little steamer, and Point Mangrove Light bearing exactly as it should have done to enable the *Palmetto* to clear the reef.

"But I've seen the green light myself many a time!" exclaimed the President, as he hung on and shivered to windward, whilst the engines rattled and clattered full-speed astern for all they were worth in a vain attempt to get out of the Cat's claws.

"So've I," replied Haynes, placidly, "in clear weather. But not in a southerly smother like this. Just such another night it was that my brother Jim ran on to 'em in the *Star of Judah*. And you broke him for it; and told him he was no sailor because he couldn't see your cussed green ray. Now, when you get to kingdom-come and meet those other poor chaps there, you'll have to admit that even Marine Boards don't know

everything." And with a short laugh the old captain turned away.

But eventually, the lifeboat coming out to them, they all escaped just by the skin of their teeth, leaving the old *Palmetto* to be crushed to pieces by rocky fangs and claws.

And the President being, when convinced, as he was that night, on the whole a just man, not only caused the captain's certificate to be returned to him, but saw, too, that he got another ship. Still, to the end of his life he swore that old Jack Haynes had shoved his vessel on to the reef simply because the President of the Marine Board happened to be a passenger.

However, this was the little incident that quickly caused tenders to be called for the construction, locally, of a bell-buoy. And inasmuch as all young countries like big things, this buoy was to be very big—a record buoy, in fact, carrying a bell as big as a drum.

Sam Johnson, of the Vulcan Foundry, was the man who got the contract, not because he was the lowest tenderer, but because he was the only one.

Other artificers fought shy of the business. Doubtless they could construct the buoy; but the bell bothered them. And by the terms of the contract everything was to be made within the colony. However, nothing daunted, Sam and his men and his one apprentice went to work, with the result that, in a few weeks, a huge cone of riveted sheet-iron lay in his yard. Each apex of the cone was flat. To the bottom one was bolted a great staple for the mooring-chain; on the top one, hung from a cross-head supported by two uprights, an oblong-shaped fabric of Muntz-metal with, inside it, a tongue as big as a very big water-bottle. This was the bell. And it swung any way to the lightest touch, giving forth a dull boom, that Johnson swore could be heard at Flat Island Light, twenty miles down the coast.

Take one of those Australian bullock-bells their owners set such store by, and which resemble in shape nothing so much as an oval-sided jug, long and narrow, and whose hollow knock, knock can be heard a tremendous distance; then multiply it indefinitely, and you will have a faint conception of what this great bell was like. As for the buoy, it was bigger than any of its family to be seen in Portsmouth Dockyard. And there are some very big ones there.

And as it lay on its side, with its third coat of bright red paint just dry, and its gaping man-hole waiting to be hermetically sealed, the Marine Board and the harbour-master, and all the seafarers of the port, came and inspected it, and pronounced it "a good job," and congratulated its builder, and prophesied that now the Cat and Kittens should claim no more victims.

Of course, there was a lightship clique who growled. But they were in a minority, and unpopular because the magic word "retrenchment" was just at that time in the air. And a lightship would be a very expensive matter. Besides, the buoy was a local article manufactured neither in Great Britain nor Germany, but in Cooksland, and probably the first, as it certainly was the biggest, in all the Colonies to be thus made. Therefore, prior to placing it in position, there assuredly must be the usual Greater-British feeding and drinking to mark the event, and show those jealous Southern States what Cooksland could do at a pinch when called upon. And the pretty daughter of the Governor of the great, grim, stone gaol, up there on the hill, was presently asked to give the buoy a name, and break a bottle of wine over its steep sides, up and down and across which rows of round-headed rivets ran like buttons on a coster's Sunday coat.

Perhaps a touch of her own peculiar environment lent itself to the suggestion as, after a moment's thought, the Governor's blushing daughter pulled the string, and in clear tones said, as the bottle smashed: "I name you the *Red Warder*. And may you ever keep faithful watch and ward; warning with loud voice through storm and darkness the ships to avoid the cruel rocks we put you in charge of."

Without any preparation, it was prettily said—and the cheers that greeted the little speech echoed loud and long from many a lusty throat whose owner used the sea.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE CONDEMNED CELL.

MEANWHILE, above them in the prison over which her father reigned supreme, a man sat in the condemned cell waiting for death. From far inland they had brought him, captured by the Black Police, after much hunting of that wild land where the Big Lignum Swamp runs up nearly to the spurs of the Basalt Ranges.

"Combo" Carter, so called because of his habit of at times associating with the blacks, and for long spells living as one of a tribe, was still quite a young man—not yet three-and-twenty. Born at one of the border

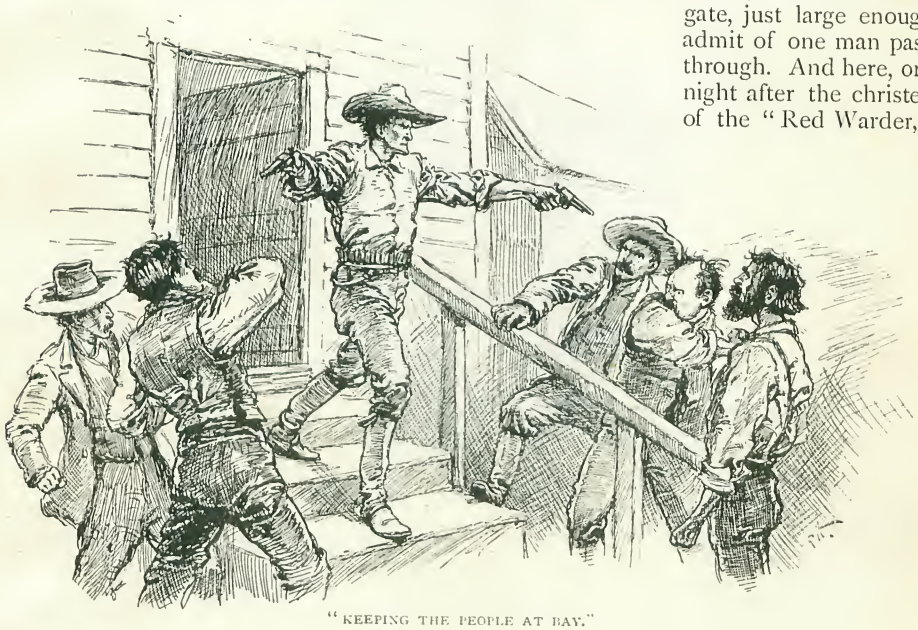
townships of the hinterland, even as a boy he had begun his career by gaining the reputation of an expert horse-thief. Moving farther out, he and a gang of other rogues had "lived on the game," as they termed it, *i.e.*, stealing stock and taking them South for sale. But this business proving too tame for a born desperado like Carter, he, one day, made his appearance in his birthplace bent on bigger mischief. Quite alone, mounted on a splendid horse, and with a couple of revolvers stuck in his belt; cabbage-tree hat at the back of his head; blue shirt, riding-breeches and boots, he rode down the dusty single street of the little township that lay roasting in the fierce western sun. Halting in front of the weather-board branch bank of Cooksland, he swaggered inside, and at once covering the manager with his pistol, ordered him to "bail up."

But the other, instead of doing so, made a dash for a drawer in which was a revolver. Even as he moved, Combo shot him dead. Just then the eldest son, a boy of fifteen, entering, and boldly rushing at the murderer, fell over his father with a bullet through his shoulder. But now some of the townspeople, aroused by the shooting, were making for the bank; and Combo, seizing a packet of notes from the open safe, ran out and, keeping the people at bay with his pistols, mounted, and rode away in safety.

The very next day he robbed and killed a travelling hawker, throwing his body into the tilted cart containing the latter's stock of goods, and setting the lot on fire. Then, driving the unfortunate man's horses before him, he had made back into the wild fastnesses of the Basalt Ranges, to live there a solitary outlaw, until, after months of weary tracking and trap-setting, at last the troopers, white and black, had made a surround and a capture.

Such was the man who sat in the condemned cell at Endeavour Gaol—a human tiger, whose face, with its long, straight, thin-lipped mouth, high cheek-bones, and slits of restless black eyes that seemed always trying to see each other over the flat, fleshy nose, formed a fit index to the cruel, brutal character of its owner. A fair type, "Combo," of the back-blocks Bush-native, who fears neither God, man, devil, nor any living thing.

The condemned cell at Port Endeavour is merely a stone cage with the fourth side—the one that opens on to the broad corridor—formed of stout iron bars, in which is a wicket gate, just large enough to admit of one man passing through. And here, on the night after the christening of the "Red Warder," sat Combo Carter, in the full glare of the electric light, watching with tigerish eyes the prison guard as he patrolled, rifle on shoulder, the length of the corridor, pausing each time he came opposite the bars to glance at the silent figure within.



"KEEPING THE PEOPLE AT BAY."

The man, doomed to die three days hence, was not handcuffed. But a pair of strong though light irons, with a two-foot chain between them, confined his legs. Since his conviction the prisoner had altered nothing

from the same sulky indifference that had characterized his manner throughout. Rejecting with scorn the ministration of the chaplain, he either lay in his hammock dozing, or sat, as now, on the little wooden shelf fixed to the wall, and with that evil-looking, hairless, pallid face resting on his hands, watched in a crouching attitude through half-closed eyes the ceaseless pacing of the warder.

The latter, a young Englishman not long joined the force, had, when occasion offered, been able to do several little kindnesses to the convict, whose position, as one for whom life was getting so terribly short, appealed, in spite of his crimes, to a heart yet unhardened by much experience of prison sights and scenes. For the past few days he had suffered much from toothache, and even now his jaw was bound with a flannel bandage. Also, when he had relieved the last guard he had casually mentioned to him the fact of his having procured leave to go into the town that night and have the tooth drawn. His watch was nearly over—only another half-hour or so more — when, passing the condemned cell, he saw something that drove all other thoughts out of his mind.

"SULKY INDIFFERENCE."

With a gurgling, choking sound, his legs apparently drawn up clear of the floor, Combo was hanging by a saddle-strap he used as a belt from one of the iron hooks of his hammock. An older hand might have paused a moment; for never, until now, had the prisoner shown the least inclination towards suicide, mouthing, indeed, with many oaths, his determination to "die game." But Ashton, laying aside his rifle, hurriedly pushed back the patent spring of the wicket, and in his eagerness almost tumbled into the cell. He had better have entered a tiger's. In a second the murderer was upon him with the whole weight of his long, lithe body bearing him down, and the sinewy hands gripping his neck like a vice, and throttling the life out of him even before they fell.

At last relaxing his fierce grasp, the prisoner rose and kicked heavily at the motionless thing that, with wide-open mouth and protruding eyes and tongue, stared blankly up at him. Then, giving a grunt of satisfaction as he saw that his work was complete, he searched the dead man's pockets, and, soon finding what he sought, unlocked his leg-irons. Then, peering into the corridor, he listened intently. But not a sound broke the silence except the purring of a distant dynamo. He, long ago, had heard the report of the nine o'clock gun from the battery on Flagstaff Hill, and knew that he had, therefore, not much time to spare. Rapidly and thoroughly he went about his business; until, once again, a sentry with muffled face and shouldered rifle paced slowly up and down, pausing every now and then to glance into the cell where, over one side of the straining hammock, a glimpse could be gained of a manacled leg. Suddenly his eye was caught by a white, square object on the floor of the cell; and, re-entering, he carelessly picked up a card and threw it into the hammock. If he had but known!

## CHAPTER III.

### A HARBOUR OF REFUGE.

"Och, be jabers, me poor man, an' is ut so bad agin, thin? Ay, shure, I see the brute's there all roight. Bedad, an' the suner his neck's stretched the suner we'll be at pace agin. Now aff wid ye, an' git the rotten thing out."

Thus Relief-Constable Sullivan to the man with his swathed face in No. 4 corridor who, peaked cap drawn over his brows, and handkerchief to his mouth, seemed able to do nothing but shake his head and groan, whilst pointing to the cell in token that all was well with his charge.

Along the passage and down some stairs, and through another passage, all brilliantly

lit, went the sham constable, one hand to his face, grasping his rifle with the other. At the end of the last passage was a covered yard, at the farther side of which he could see the great iron entrance-gate of the gaol, through whose bars a big, round, white moon seemed to glare inquisitively, so close she looked. And now the road to freedom appeared clear; and, by instinct, depositing his rifle in the arm-rack on the left hand of the hall-way, he turned towards the little open gate to the right of the main entrance, always barred, this latter, except to admit the prison van—"Black Maria."

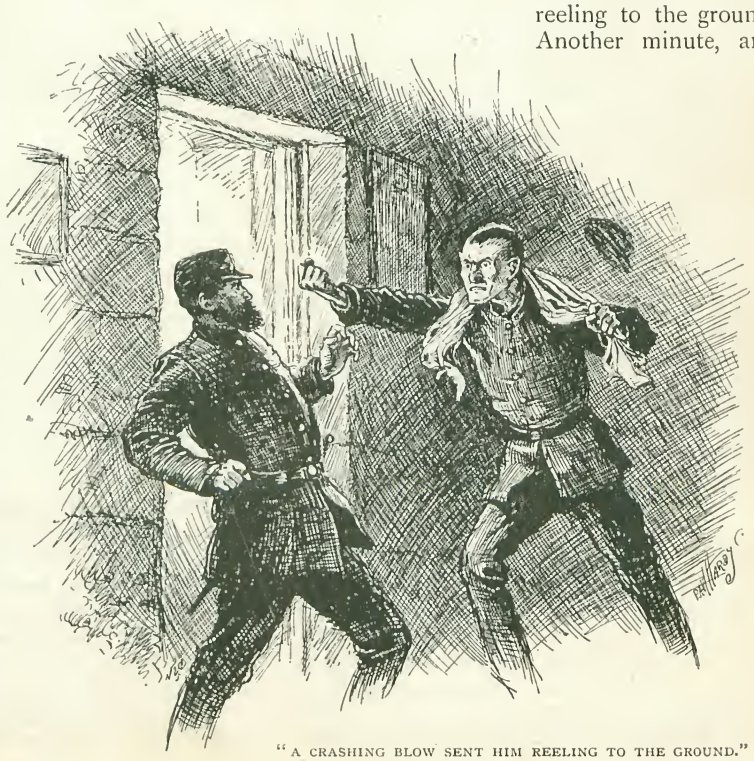
But one does not get out of Port Endeavour Gaol so easily—bound or free! The Governor, an old Army colonel—martinet, and, therefore, in the regard of his men, faddist—saw to that. Thus, as the escaping felon stepped to the wicket, coolly exultant, and sniffing the fresh night air with all the eagerness of one long confined, a man issuing from the lighted guard-house said: "Halloa, Ashton! Off to have it out? Well, it's the only cure. Give me your pass till I clock you," and he extended his hand.

The cold sweat started in beads from the other's forehead as, to gain time, he mumbled indistinctly, and groped with one hand in his pockets for the thing that now flashed into his mind with fatal certainty was not there. Idiot, ass, that he was! The card, doubtless, that he had pulled out of the fellow's pocket with the key of the irons, and, neglecting to even glance at, had thrown into the hammock!

"Left it in your room, eh?" queried the other, jokingly. "Well, my son, you'll have to find it, tooth or no tooth. It's worth my jacket to let you out without it. Now, then, off you go and get your ticket."

That, however, was more than even he dare do; although, for a moment, the thought occurred to him to return and kill Sullivan, and then possess himself of the pass lying on the dead body in the hammock. But he was now unarmed. Sullivan was a big, powerful man. No, plainly, there was nothing for it but a dash.

Where he stood was somewhat in shadow. Even now, Sullivan might have taken it into his head to have a look at his prisoner. He could hear steps approaching. The constable on duty was, too, he thought, eyeing him suspiciously. In a second his resolution was taken. From the shadow of the porch he might still have made a dart, preserving his incognito, his escapade set down to pain, and the knowledge that he had lost his pass. All these alternatives flitted across his brain in a space of time measurable by a dozen heart-beats. Realizing that his case was desperate indeed, all the old murderous bravado rose up strong and fierce within him. He began to see red. Armed, he would have killed the man who stood there in his path, as he had so lately killed the other one. Suddenly, tearing off his bandages and pushing his cap away from his eyes, he thrust a distorted, furious face into the light. The guard stepped back appalled, and the next minute a crashing blow from the other's fist sent him reeling to the ground. Another minute, and



"A CRASHING BLOW SENT HIM REELING TO THE GROUND."

the murderer was through the gate and speeding along the road to the town, ankle-deep in powdery dust that rose in white clouds into the white moonlight.

Zip, zip, ping, ping, came the bullets as the men on the watch-towers fired at the flying form, whilst the great bell rang out sharp and quick; and hurrying, half-dressed warders snatched up their Martinis and ran, firing as they went at the pillar of dust ahead.

Ping, ping, szz, szz! How the bullets hissed and whistled past him down the hill, kicking up little splotches of dust far in front! And how that infernal bell rang! He hated bells! Always had done so, since the old days at Arawatta homestead, when a boy, at the call of one, he rose at dawn to tramp through the wet grass after the station saddle-horses. If ever he owned a station, he'd take good care to have a night-horse kept in. Ah! that was a hit! He could feel the blood running down his leg into his boot. If he only had hold of the fellow that fired the shot!

He did not in the least know where he was making for, never having been at the port before, nor, indeed, anywhere except "Out Back"; but still he kept going, and still the bullets sang past him and pecked at the dust in front. The way lay all down hill. In front of him he could see the harbour, and the masts of the shipping, clear in the moonlight. Behind him he could hear the muffled tramp of many steps. He felt weak, and staggered once or twice. All at once he became aware of shouts coming towards him. But by this he was at the foot of the steep descent on the brow of which was placed the gaol. To the right the road wound towards the heart of the town. To the left, close to the sea-beach, were some sheds and yards, stacks of timber, jetties, and a small coaster or two.

Dust was rising ahead, evidently from police or townspeople aroused by the firing and bell-ringing, and hastening towards the gaol. It was worse than useless to go on. The rifles were quiet now. Where he crouched, in the shadow of a paling fence, his pursuers could not see him. A storm, too, was coming up, and black clouds were already throwing their reflection on the white ground. Rising, he crept along the fence, till, finding a broken paling, he tore it out and squeezed through. He was in a yard; a long shed from which rose a chimney took up one side. There was a smell of hot iron and fresh paint in the air; his feet crunched cinders. Right against him loomed a big, curiously-shaped mass, whose possible use puzzled him as he limped into the shadow of it, and gave it a moment's vague speculation, whilst heavy rain-drops splashed hollowly on its iron skin. At the height of his shoulder was an aperture big enough for him to get through, and so into the belly of the thing. He could hear his pursuers cursing the gloom at the other side of the fence. Just as well in there as anywhere else! And putting all his strength into the effort, he drew himself up by his wrists until he got his head in; and then, holding on by a cross-stay, he wriggled his whole body through.

He was a tall man; but swinging from the stay he could touch no bottom. Deciding to let go, he, however, only had to drop some three feet. And wherever he sat he sat on a slope, a matter that seemed so funny to him that he laughed aloud, whilst the lightning flashed and the thunder roared, and the tropical rain fell in streaming sheets over his refuge—kept dry by reason of the entrance being on the under side. The incessant lightning illumined his cavern continuously, enabling him to discover that his wound was not serious—a bullet had passed through the fleshy part of his thigh; and, tearing up a kerchief he found in the pocket of the constabulary tunic, he soon extemporized an efficient bandage. In another pocket he came across a plug of tobacco, of which taking a good chew, he lay back and stolidly awaited what fortune might have further in store for him.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE MOORING OF "THE WARDER."

In spite of his wound, which smarted, Combo Carter slept until awakened by voices at the mouth of his shelter, where Sam Johnson and a group of his men were conversing.

"It's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of!" remarked Johnson. "He's disappeared as if he was a ghost."

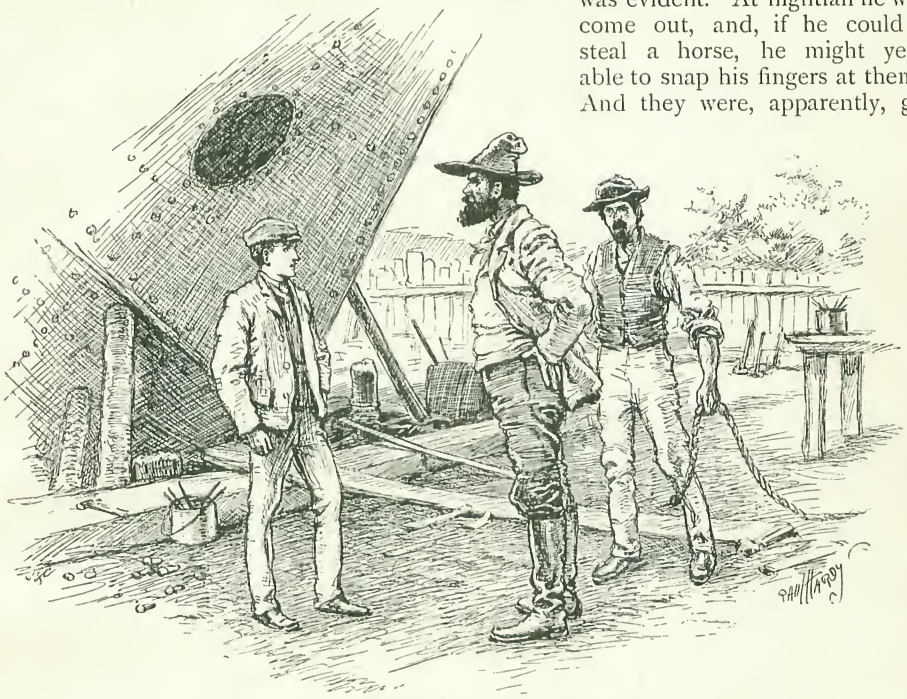
"The storm did it," said another. "He got away under cover of that, with the traps close at his heels."

"But where to?" asked a boyish voice. "The police swear they were close to him when the storm broke—just near our fence here. I wouldn't have him escape for the worth of my right hand! I can't help fancying, yet, that he's planted somewhere about the waterside. If you don't mind, Mr. Johnson, I'll just have one more look."

"Look and welcome, Master Stratton," replied the owner of the foundry. "But

every corner's been turned upside down, and no sign. I believe, myself, he's collared a boat, and is out at sea by this time."

At the name of Stratton the hidden listener had pricked up his ears. Could this be the son of the bank manager that he had shot, after killing his father? It was funny if such should be the case. And he was not left long in doubt.



"LOOK AND WELCOME, MASTER STRATTON."

"Poor young chap," remarked one of the men. "I knew his father well, afore that brute Combo did for 'im. Plugged the kiddy, too, didn't he, boss?"

"Wounded him badly," replied Johnson. "His mother wanted him to take a billet in the bank after he came out of the hospital. They offered him one at once, but he couldn't bear the notion. So they apprenticed him to me. Smart and handy he's turned out, too. Did most of the work on the 'Red Warder' here, besides drawin' the plans for him. Now, lads, some of you go up to the Marine Storeyard and get the trolly to put the 'Warder' on. They're going to take him out in the afternoon, as soon as poor Ashton's buried."

"Yes, decidedly," thought the murderer, hardly able to repress a chuckle, as he crouched away from the circular globe of light, "it *was* funny that the son of the man he had shot because he wouldn't put up his hands when ordered should have been the one to have the biggest share in building this splendid hiding-place. No one would ever dream of searching in there. That was evident. At nightfall he would come out, and, if he could but steal a horse, he might yet be able to snap his fingers at them all. And they were, apparently, going to take the thing he was in away somewhere. Up country; perhaps on the railway. Likely enough it was a sort of new-fangled tank for use on a station; maybe to dip sheep in. If they'd only drop a bit of tucker in, he'd be fixed right up to the knocker. But, failing that, the bacca'd have to stand to him." So ran the villain's thoughts, as already in his mind's eye he saw himself once more free, and back again in his old haunts, or even farther out—right across to the Territory.

By-and-by, he heard a voice close to the hole say: "No news?"

"None," was the reply, in the same youthful tones he recognised as young Stratton's. "Port Endeavour's been searched from top to bottom without success. Now a party has gone inland, and another one down the harbour along each shore. I came back because I thought the 'Warder's' lid was a trifle big for the slot, and I knew the Board people wouldn't care about being kept waiting now they've got their moorings ready at the reef."

Then there was a sound of chipping as of

a cold chisel upon iron, and, presently, something was clapped into the man-hole, fitting so closely as to show not the faintest gleam of light. Suddenly the buoy was rolled over, shaking and bruising its occupant considerably, and causing him to mutter deep curses as he picked himself up and sought vainly for something to hold on to. The darkness was intense, and the heat, engendered by the sun beating on the iron plates all the morning, grew almost unbearable now that the only opening was closed. In desperation, the wretch stripped off his clothes and lay naked upon them with the hot iron burning his skin wherever it touched. All at once he felt that his shelter had been lifted up bodily, and was moving. The heat grew fiercer, and the sweat poured off him like rain. But he set his teeth and suffered it. Presently he felt the thing he was in moving with a new motion. Swinging through the air, this time; whilst a dim rattle came to his ears. This was when the "Warder" was being hoisted on to the Marine Board tender *Thetis*, Captain Haynes; and the rattle was the noise of her steam winch.

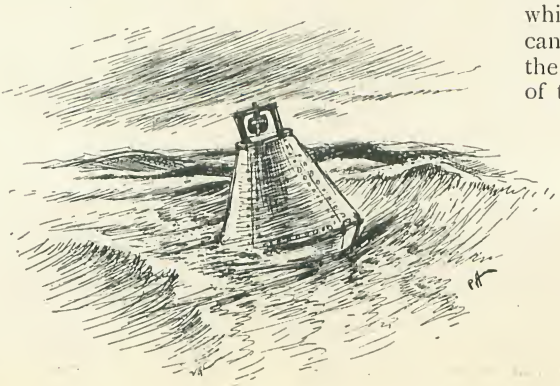
It grew somewhat cooler now. But, presently, another and an altogether novel motion puzzled him. He had certainly never experienced anything like it before. It was not that of a railway. And what could be making him pant so distressfully, and draw his breath with such difficulty? Air! air, in Heaven's name! He fumbled vainly about in the inky blackness for the lid he had seen them put on, bruising his fingers and tearing his nails against clenched rivets. But he had lost all sense of locality, and kept groping upwards for the manhole when it was, in fact, under his feet. Nor would it have availed him any could he have found it—cunningly turned and slotted, and caulked with red lead and oakum, already as hard as adamant. Denser and denser grew the atmosphere; his breath came and went in wheezy pantings. There was a weight as of tons pressing on his chest, and his heart hit his ribs like a hammer.

For, perhaps, the first time in his life terror came upon him. Where was he? What was being done to him? And as he staggered here and there, bruised and bleeding, against the hot sides of his prison, gasping for breath, all at once his feet touched the murdered constable's handcuffs that, together with his belt, he had put on years ago—it seemed—in the gaol. Picking them up, he battered with all his feeble, sobbing might against the iron plates of the dreadful trap in which he had been snared.

Suddenly the thing changed its position to an upright one, and he fell headlong down to the bottom of it and lay there doubled up, the burning heat of his body turned in a moment to chilling cold; his chest felt as if it were bursting, and strange, flaming shapes rushed hither and thither before his staring eyes. The dismal tolling of a bell, too, in his ears! Ah, how he hated bells! . . . . Ding-dong-dong-ding! . . . . Now he knew. . . . . They had hanged him at last. . . . . That was the prison bell. . . . . He wasn't quite dead yet, though. . . . . Swinging at the end of the rope. . . . . Curse them all!

"Didn't you fancy you heard something rattling and knocking when we lowered the 'Warder' over the side, Haynes?" asked the President of the Marine Board as the *Thetis* steamed homewards from the Cat and Kittens.

"Rivet heads and an odd bolt or two," replied the old skipper, shortly, casting a look back to where the great red buoy swung well out of the water, rocking and nodding to a westerly cross-swell, whilst to their ears came very distinctly the sullen booming of the bell.



# *Illustrated Interviews.*

## LVI.—SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.

By Arthur H. Lawrence.

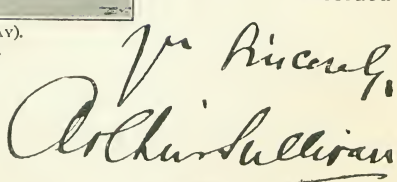
"POLLY! What's the time?" obtrusively cackled the elderly parrot whose cage hangs in one of the rooms of Sir Arthur's delightful retreat at Walton-on-Thames. It was a wonderfully fine afternoon, and this was my final call on Sir Arthur Sullivan in regard to this article. Sir Arthur had just finished writing the opening bars of his rendering of the Christmas hymn, "It came upon the midnight clear," so that it might form a souvenir-autograph for this issue of The Strand Magazine. The experience throughout—from the time that I had my first chat on the subject in the study of his town house in Victoria Street—had been such a pleasant one that, as Polly, apparently happy in its exceedingly limited powers of human expression, reiterated her chuckling inquiry for the third or fourth time, the query served to remind me that even journalistic inquisitiveness has its finality, no matter how delightful the process may have proved—to the interviewer.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN (PRESENT DAY).
*From a Photo. by Schaarwächsen, Berlin.*

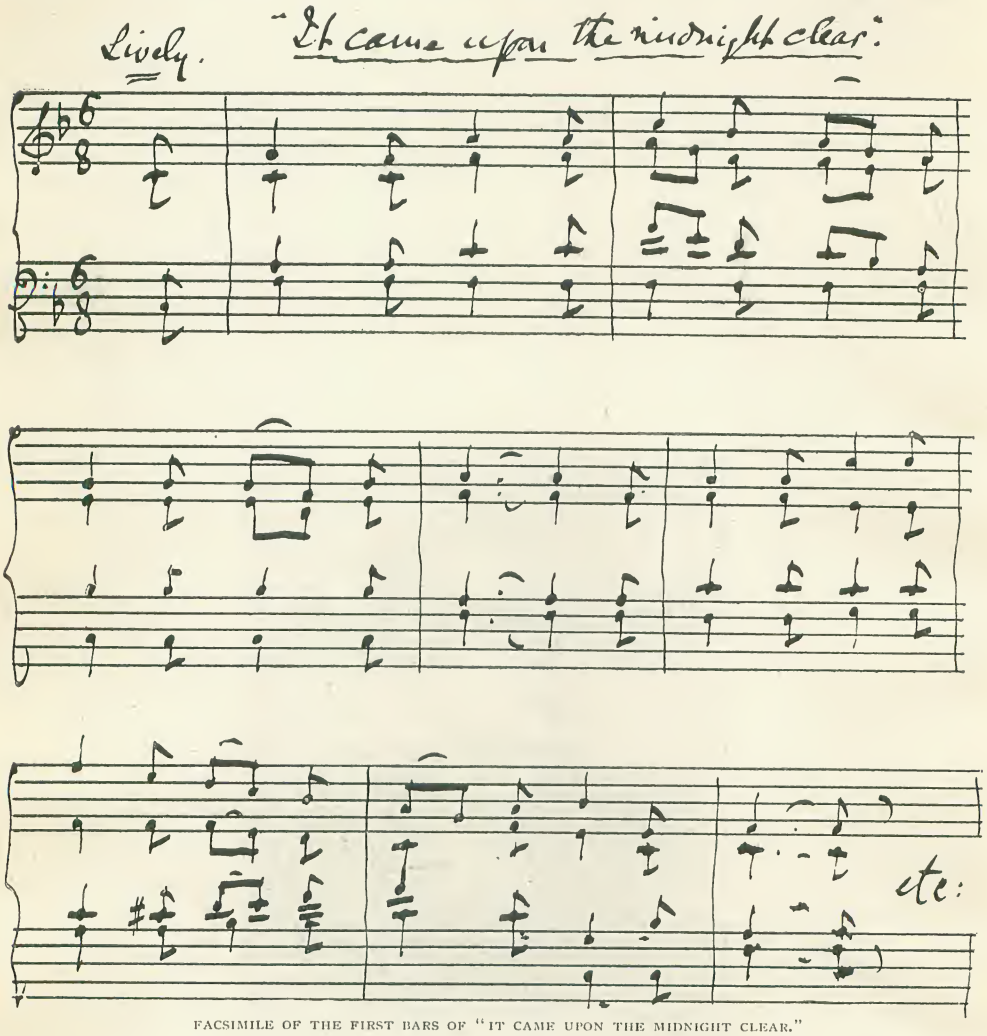
Sir Arthur's loquacious parrot is, I am afraid, only a vague humorist, and whether or no the bird's insistence upon knowing the hour of the clock may have acted as a valuable hint to innumerable callers—though this is mere speculation on my part—yet the reiteration of the word "time" might well be made the basis of a more serious text, for each succeeding year has served to give an added lustre to the fame of our greatest English composer; and, moreover, although Sir Arthur is now in his fifty-sixth year, his energy has not one whit abated. In talking with him, it is indeed difficult to realize that his first composition — the music to Shakespeare's "Tempest"—was composed so far back as 1860, and that his first opera was produced thirty years ago. Indeed, Sir Arthur Sullivan's professional experience extends over a very considerable period of our wonderful Victorian Era, and furnishes by no means the least important part of its history. Rarely has any man's work achieved such success in a lifetime, and as during that period Sir Arthur has known everyone worth knowing, it may fairly be said that his reminiscences, if ever he cared to write them, would form one of the most interesting volumes of autobiography ever published.

To the fertility of his rare genius Sir Arthur Sullivan has added an infinite capacity for unceasing hard work. There is hardly any phase of musical composition which he has not treated and beautified, and the fruit of his wonderful versatility is to be found in oratorio, hymns, songs, and cantatas, as well as in the ever-popular Gilbert-Sullivan operas, which have been such a source of "innocent merriment," and a perpetual delight, to hundreds of thousands on both sides of the Atlantic.

One of the happiest features of what is, perhaps, the most distinguished artistic career of our own time is the real personal popularity which has kept pace with the spontaneous and far-reaching recognition which has been accorded to Sir Arthur Sullivan's genius as a composer. Although without prejudice on the subject, Sir Arthur is not particularly



amenable to the wiles of the interviewer, so that from this point of view I may perhaps add my own humble testimony to the fact that, although I have worried Sir Arthur on many occasions, I have always been struck with his unfailing and wholly natural courtesy — "old-fashioned" some people might term it; but, if so, one must be pardoned for hoping that it is an old fashion which will never get quite out-of-date.




FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST BARS OF "IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR."

Sir Arthur was the younger son of Mr. Thomas Sullivan, a clever Irishman, who from 1845 to 1856 occupied the position of bandmaster at the Military College, Sandhurst, whilst his mother was descended from an old Italian family, and the Italian blood in his veins may, perhaps, serve as an explanation—to those who are curious in questions of heredity—for the almost un-English vivacity of manner which is one of Sir Arthur's most salient characteristics, whilst he has added to it a very English (or Irish) dogged determination and persistence, a quality which has been remarkably displayed in the way in which he has done his best work under the greatest difficulties, and a great part of his most melodious and most humorous light operas were composed and orchestrated in the midst of illness and in the intervals of great physical pain.

"Yes, that was the first time I saw my name in print," and Sir Arthur points to a cutting from the *Illustrated London News*, dated 1856, which is framed and hung on the wall, announcing the fact that Master

Arthur Seymour Sullivan, aged fourteen, had won the Mendelssohn Scholarship; and it is easy to see from the composer's manner that no subsequent "notice," of whatever character, has ever given him equal pleasure. Then comes a tour of exploration round the house in search of personal photographs and similar curios reproduced in these pages, and to which it will be possible to refer later on.

MENDELSSOHN SCHOLARSHIP. — The successful candidate for the above scholarship, instituted this year at the Royal Academy of Music, Hanover-square, London, in memory of the late much lamented composer, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, is Arthur Seymour Sullivan, chorister in Her Majesty's Chapels Royal; he is 14 years of age, and was the junior candidate. Master Sullivan is the youngest son of Mr. Thomas Sullivan, master of the band at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst.

THE FIRST MENTION OF SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S NAME IN PRINT.
*Facsimile from "The Illustrated London News."*

Young Arthur Sullivan's practical training in orchestral matters began very early, for there were hardly any instruments in his father's band at Sandhurst which he did not learn to play with facility. Mr. Sullivan was happy in the belief that his younger son possessed rare musical ability, although he could have had no conception of the pre-eminent distinction which his son was destined to attain. At the age of eleven nothing would satisfy the embryo musician but that his father should get him into the choir at the Chapel Royal. "His voice was very sweet," said Mr. Helmore, who was then master at the Chapel Royal, "and his style of singing was far more sympathetic than that of most boys." The young musician was only three years in the choir, yet long enough to make his first attempt at musical composition. He was the author of a boyish effort, "O Israel," and an anthem, which was duly sung in the choir.

Sir Arthur referred to these very early efforts with a smile of compunction, but it was in part due to this training that—when, in 1856, the Mendelssohn Scholarship was instituted—the erstwhile chorister came out at the head of the list. It may be of interest to mention that Sir Joseph Barnby was one of the candidates.

"And so it happened," said Sir Arthur, "that I did not experience any exceptional struggles or difficulties when I began my profession, for the winning of the scholarship gave me a certain *prestige* and many good friends, so that I took some very pleasant letters of introduction with me when I left England to study in Leipzig. Yes, that portrait of me (when a student at Leipzig) was taken when I was eighteen, and when I was in the throes of my first serious composition, the 'Tempest' music, which was not produced in England until two years afterwards, when I was twenty."

*From a]* SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN AS A STUDENT. *[Photograph.*

The success which attended the "Tempest" music, when it was produced at a Crystal Palace Concert on the composer's return to London in 1862, was immediate and emphatic, and amongst those who came to hear it performed on the

second occasion was the great novelist, Charles Dickens. He was waiting outside the artists' room as Sullivan came out, and going up to him and shaking him by the hand, he said: "I don't profess to know anything about music, but I do know that I have listened to a very beautiful work." Soon after this, Dickens accompanied Chorley and the then Mr. Sullivan to Paris, and Sir Arthur told me :—

"I always found Dickens a most delightful companion. Apart from his high spirits and engaging manner, one might give two special reasons for this," said Sir Arthur. "On the one hand he was so unassuming—he never obtruded his own work upon you. I have never yielded to anyone in my admiration of Dickens's work; but, speaking of him as a companion, I can safely say that one would never have known that Dickens was an author from his conversation — I mean, that he never discussed himself with you; whilst, on the other hand, I have often since wondered at the wonderful interest he would apparently take in the conversation of us younger men. He would treat our feeblest banalities as if they were the choicest witticisms, or the ripe meditations of a matured judgment"; and, as Sir Arthur smiled at the recollection, he told me how vividly he remembered the fine face, the keen eyes, and the varied expressions of the novelist's face, and how wonderfully it used to light up as he talked with you.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN AT 18.
*Taken at Leipzig.*

"There was quite a little coterie of us in those days," Sir Arthur continued. "First of all there were Charles Dickens and his daughters, Charles Collins, his son-in-law, and his brother, Wilkie Collins, and then there was Mrs. Lehmann, one of the married daughters of old Robert Chambers. Dear old Chorley used to have a house in Eaton Place, where we were wont to assemble and have little dinners. Browning was one of us. I liked him immensely, but as a conversationalist he was, at that time, somewhat overwhelming—you couldn't get a word in. It was marvellous how Browning sustained his interest in everything, especially in music. Up to the last he used to regularly attend the Monday Popular Recitals, and so on."

Perhaps, at this point, I may interrupt the narrative thread which must run through this article, to record Sir Arthur Sullivan's replies to my many questions as to his method of work. It is not only a point of particular interest, but it is one, I should imagine, about which many diversified theories are held. It is possible that the explanation which Sir Arthur gave me will upset a good many preconceptions as to "how it is done."

I think I had prefaced my queries by relating an anecdote I had read of a composer who, seized with an inspiration whilst out for a walk, had jotted down the opening bars of the melody on his shirt-cuffs, and having no further material on which to record the great work, was struck with a happy idea, and, seizing a piece of chalk, had finished off the composition on the back of a passing plough-boy (by permission), the said boy heading the procession homewards, well in sight of the composer, who feared to lose sight of the most important part of his inspired composition.

Sir Arthur was immensely amused by the idea, which seemed to appeal to him as having been done by way of ingenious advertisement.

"No, I am afraid I have never had time to wait for inspiration," Sir Arthur exclaimed. "If one waited for the right mood, or for things to occur to one, one would, I should imagine, do little or nothing at all. I cannot say that anything ever 'occurs' to me until I have the paper actually in front of me. I don't use the piano in composition—that would limit me terribly."

In reference to the notion that the musician and the poet are seized by an inspiration, and then promptly begin work before the mood has passed away, Sir Arthur likened such an idea to a miner seated at the top of a shaft,

waiting for "the coal to come bubbling up to the surface." "He has to dig for it," Sir Arthur exclaimed, and assured me that the very melodies in his work which appear most spontaneous were the result of particularly hard work and of constant re-casting.

"I can admit this much in regard to the inspirational theory," said Sir Arthur, "that in actual work a phrase does sometimes come into one's head which one feels bound to put in, and it will happen, of course, that one day work comes easily, whilst another day it is more difficult."

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN AT 25.
*From a Photo. by Herbert Watkins, Regent St., W.*

Then, taking the subject a step further, Sir Arthur laid particular stress upon one point of considerable interest, as it is a distinguishing feature of his method of work.

"The first thing I have to decide upon," said Sir Arthur, "is the rhythm, and I decide on that before I come to the question of melody. The notes must come afterwards. Take, for instance, the song from the 'Mikado':—

The sun whose rays are all ablaze
With ever-living glory.

You will see that as far as rhythm is concerned, and quite apart from the unlimited possibilities of melody, there are a good many different ways of treating those words," and that I might not be unconvinced, Sir Arthur good-naturedly hummed the well-known lines several times, giving a different rhythm and different melody each time, so that I might perceive that the rhythm which was ultimately selected was best suited to the sentiment and construction of those particular lines.

"You see, five out of the six methods were commonplace, and my first aim always is to get as much originality as possible out of the rhythm, and then I approach the question of melody afterwards. Of course," Sir Arthur continued, "the melody may always come before metre with other composers, but it is not so with me. If I feel that I cannot get the accents right in any other way, I mark out the metre in dots and dashes, and not until I have quite settled on the rhythm do I proceed to actual notation.

"The original jottings," Sir Arthur added, showing me one or two packages containing the "sketches," *i.e.*, the original composition, for some of his operas, "are quite rough, and would probably mean very little to anyone else, though they mean so much to me. After I have finished the opera in this way, the creative part of my work is completed; but then comes the orchestration, which, of course, is a very essential part of the whole matter, and entails very severe manual labour. The manual labour of writing music is certainly exceedingly great. Apart from getting into the swing of composition itself, it is often an hour before I get my hand steady and shape the notes properly and quickly. This is no new development," said Sir Arthur, smilingly. "It has always been so, but then, when I do begin, I work very rapidly. But, whilst speaking of the severe manual labour which is entailed in the writing of music, you must remember that a piece of music which will only take

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN AT 38.
*From a Photo. by Topley, Ottawa.*

two minutes in actual performance—quick time—may necessitate four or five days' hard work in the mere manual labour of orchestration, apart from the original composition. The literary man can avoid manual labour in a number of ways, but you cannot dictate musical notation to a secretary. Every note must be written in your own hand—there is no other way of getting it done; and so you see every opera means four or five hundred folio pages of music, every crotchet and quaver of which has to be written out by the composer. Then, of course, your ideas are pages and pages ahead of your poor, hard-working fingers!"

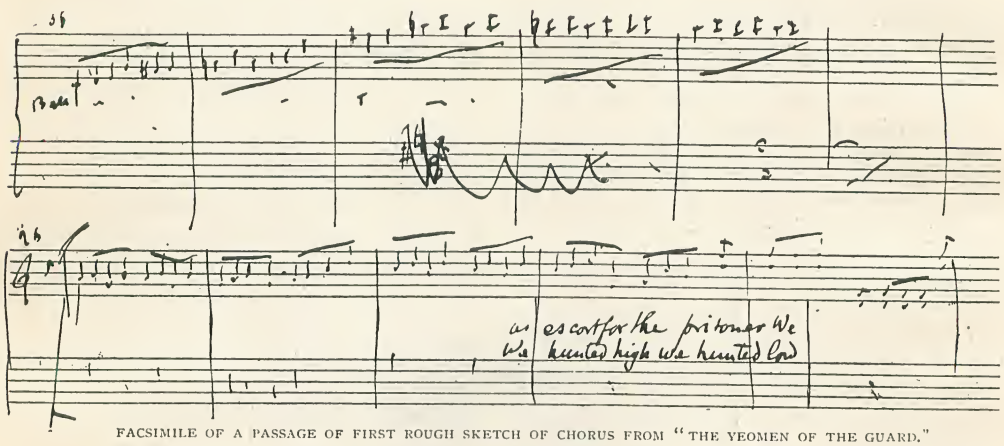
To continue the description of the method of work as regards the operas, Sir Arthur went on to explain:—

"When the 'sketch' is completed, which means writing, re-writing, and alterations of every kind, the work is drawn out in so-called 'skeleton score'—that is, with all the vocal parts and rests for symphonies, etc., complete, but without a note of accompaniment or instrumental work of any kind; although I have all that in my mind," Sir Arthur continued.

"Then the voice parts are written out by the copyist, and the rehearsals begin; the composer, or, in his absence, the accompanist of the theatre, vamping an accompaniment. It is not until the music has been thoroughly learnt, and the rehearsals on the stage—with action, business, and so on—are well advanced, that I begin the work of orchestration.

"When that is finished the band parts are copied, two or three rehearsals of the orchestra are held, then orchestra and voices, without any stage business or action; and, finally, three or four full rehearsals of the complete work on the stage are enough to prepare the work for presentation to the public."

Meanwhile the full score has been taken, and from it an accompaniment to the voice parts has been "reduced" for the piano—this work has recently been undertaken by Sir Arthur's secretary, Mr. Wilfrid Bendall, himself the composer of numerous successful operettas and cantatas; so that the "words and music"—that is to say, the music for the piano and the voice part—is ready for the public by the time the piece is produced. After a full-dress rehearsal, to which the favoured few are admitted, comes the "first night," when, as on so many happy occasions, we have had the privilege of seeing Sir Arthur "conduct" the performance in person. Here the composer's

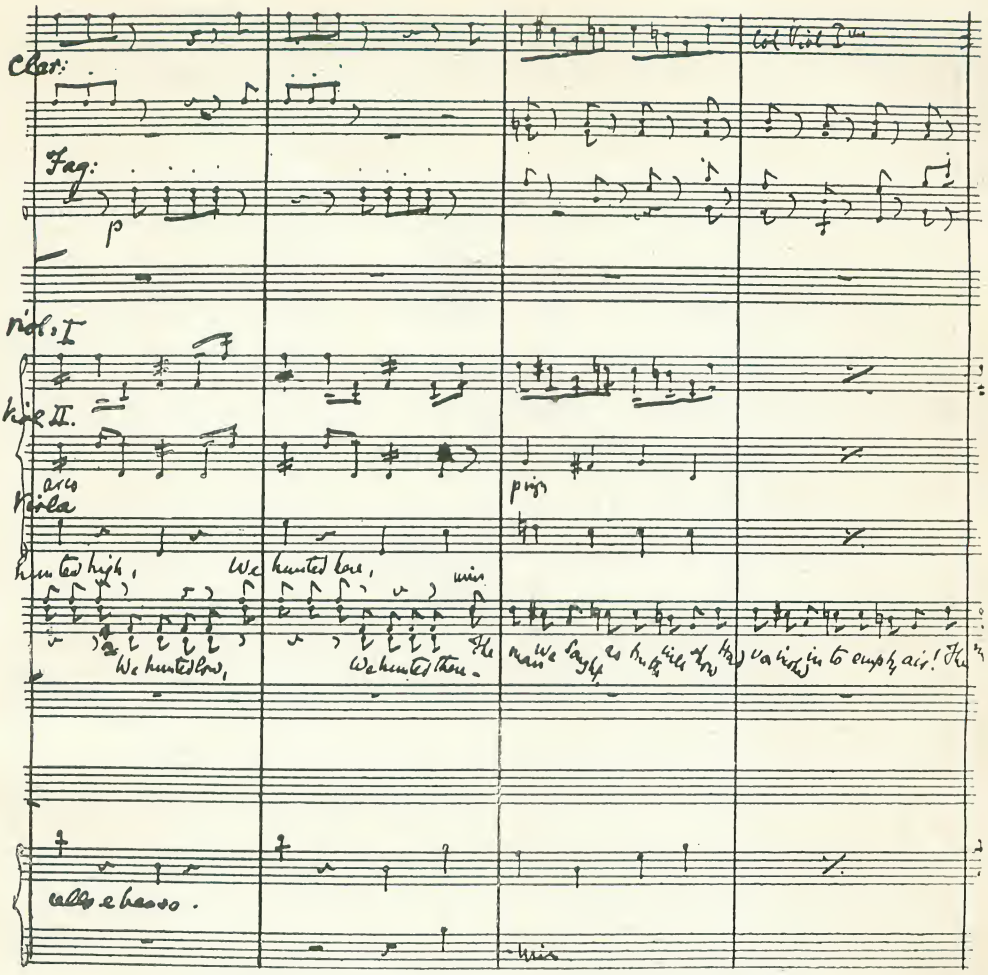



FACSIMILE OF A PASSAGE OF FIRST ROUGH SKETCH OF CHORUS FROM "THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD."

work ends, and this is, I think, a faithful record of the whole process, from the time that the libretto is handed to the composer, and Sir Arthur studies the rhythm and works out "the sketch," until the eventful night when the rap on the desk of Sir Arthur's *bâton* is the signal for the overture which precedes the rise of the curtain.

"The science of musical notation," said Sir Arthur, meditatively, "is really a most wonderful thing. There is no single phrase or combination of phrases, not a sound or combination of sounds, that you cannot express on paper, and which cannot be reproduced from that piece of paper a hundred years hence."

Reverting to the labour which musical composition entails, Sir Arthur discussed for a moment or two the "rough-and-ready"




FACSIMILE OF FINISHED ORCHESTRAL SCORE OF THE PRECEDING PASSAGE.

method in which music of a kind can be made. The composer conceives some sort of melody, then someone else writes it down, a third person fits in the accompaniments, while somebody else scores it for a band. "Yes, it's an easy way," said Sir Arthur, good-humouredly, "but the result is not quite a work of art!"

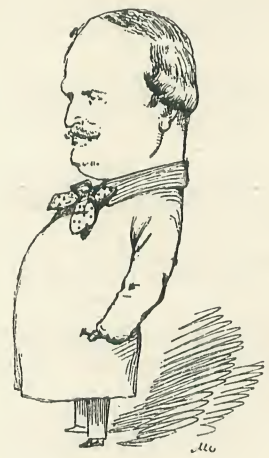
Sir Arthur Sullivan's meeting with Mr. Gilbert over twenty years ago has been well described in a previous issue of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, but it must be remembered that long before that occasion Sir Arthur had become versed in the ways of the stage and the writing of operatic music. The performance of opera in Paris, when he visited the city with Chorley and Dickens, made a great impression upon him, and with characteristic energy he determined to learn something of the *technique* of the stage. This wish was granted by his being given the position of organist in the Covent Garden Opera in the old days when the late Sir Augustus Harris was a schoolboy, and his father, a sketch of whom accompanies this article, was to be heard ejaculating, "Eh! what?" and flourished exceedingly. Young Mr. Sullivan's musical facility was soon discovered and was much in request. The work he was called upon to do was not wanting in variety, and the way in which his genius was made to serve what one feels at the present time to be almost base ends is decidedly amusing.

"On one occasion," Sir Arthur said, "I was admiring the 'borders' that had been painted for a woodland scene. 'Yes,' said the painter, 'they are very delicate, and if you could support them by something suggestive in the orchestra, we could get a pretty effect.' I at once put into the score

some delicate arpeggio work for the flutes and clarionets, and Beverley (the artist) was quite happy. The next day probably some such scene as this would occur. Mr. Sloman (the stage machinist): 'That iron doesn't run as easily in the slot as I should like, Mr. Sullivan. We must have a little more music to carry her (Salvioni) across. I should like something for the 'cellos. Could you do it?'

"'Certainly, Mr. Sloman, you have opened a new path of beauty in orchestration,' I replied, gravely, and I at once added sixteen bars for the 'cello alone. No sooner was this done than a *variation* (solo dance) was required, at the last moment, for the second *danseuse*, who had just arrived. 'What on earth am I to do?' I said to the stage-manager; 'I haven't seen her dance yet, and know nothing of her style.' 'I'll see,' he replied, and took the young lady aside. In less than five minutes he returned. 'I've arranged it all,' he said. 'This is exactly what she wants'—giving it to me rhythmically—'*Tiddle-iddle-um, tiddle-iddle-um, rum-tirum-tirum*, sixteen bars of that; then *rum-tum, rum-tum*, heavy, you know, sixteen bars; and then finish up with the overture to "William Tell" last movement, sixteen bars, and *coda*.'" With a celerity which he has equalled on many occasions at a much later date, the composer wrote the necessary quantity of "that," and it was in process of rehearsal in less than a quarter of an hour.

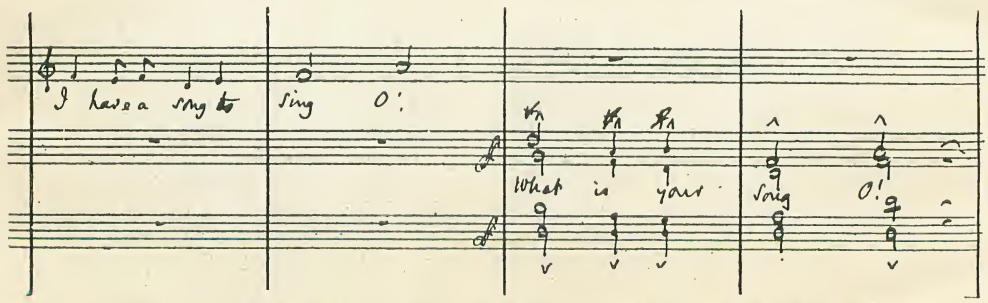
But the rapidity with which Sir Arthur Sullivan works is indeed surprising when one recollects the power, originality, and beauty of the result. His first opera, "Contrabandista," was composed, scored, and rehearsed within sixteen days from the time he received the libretto. The overture to "Iolanthe" was commenced at 9 p.m. and finished at 7 a.m. the next morning. That to "The Yeomen of the Guard"—the opera which is now running merrily as a revival at the Savoy—was composed and scored in twelve hours; whilst the epilogue to the "Golden Legend," which for dignity, breadth, and power—as a well-known critic once stated—stands out from amongst any of his choral examples, was composed and scored within twenty-four hours. Apart from the creative part of the work, such manual dexterity is indeed almost incredible.



SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS'S FATHER.

Sir Arthur told me that, although "The Mikado" and "Pinafore" would probably receive the popular vote, "The Yeomen of the Guard" was his own favourite work in light opera, because the story told is of more sustained and dramatic interest, and afforded him better opportunity for more sentimental and serious work.

Amusing stories are related of the rage which "Pinafore" created everywhere, although curiously enough it went very slowly at first. The rage extended to America, and in a newspaper of the time there is a notice to the effect that in one city alone a hundred thousand barrel-organs were built to play nothing but "Pinafore"! "What, never? Well, hardly ever!" became a catch phrase of the most fearful type. One distracted editor found himself compelled to forbid the use of the phrase by his staff on pain of instant dismissal. "It has occurred twenty times in as many articles in yesterday's edition," he sorrowfully said to them on one occasion. "Never let me see it used again!" "*What, never?*" was the wholly unanimous



FACSIMILE OF PASSAGE FROM "I HAVE A SONG TO SING O!"—"THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD."

question. "*Well, hardly ever,*" replied the wretched man.

This popularity, however, has not been confined to this country and America, for most of the operas have been translated and performed all over the world. I have been told amusing stories—which would not be germane to this interview—of the difficulties which the different translators have found in rendering some of the Gilbertian phrases into their own language, but happily music needs no translation, and the quips and cranks, the catchy melodies, the amazingly clever orchestral effects with which lovers of Sullivan music are familiar, are a source of delight in all nations where music is understood and appreciated.

With regard to the illustrations which accompany this article, many of them portraits from one of his albums, there are two—both of them "groups"—which may need some little explanation. In one of them—"The Canterbury Pilgrims"—there are three figures. On the left is the late Fred Clay, the well-known composer; the centre figure is that of the Honourable Seymour Egerton, then known as Sim Egerton, now Lord Wilton, described by Sir Arthur as the ablest amateur musician in England. He is very happily attired in flannels, straw hat, and is fortified by the possession of a useful-looking umbrella; whilst on the right is Mr. Arthur Sullivan, looking, perhaps, the most cheerfully negligent of the trio.

"We were portion of the wandering minstrels," Sir Arthur exclaimed, with an amused smile, as he gazed on the photo. "They were all amateurs, and I had no business there, but I was called upon to make up what was wanting, and my duty was to play the harmonium."

The other group is not less interesting, and is even yet more amusing. The distinguished people who sat for the picture gave a performance of Haydn's "Toy Symphony," at St. James's Hall, 1880, under the presidency of Lady Folkestone, on behalf of a charity. It will be observed that Sir John Stainer played the triangle, Signor Randegger the drum (for which he was wholly unsuited), Messrs. Santley and Blumenthal the violin and rattle respectively, whilst Sir Arthur, in the foreground, holds an instrument with which, at stated intervals, he simulated the note of the cuckoo. Among other well-known faces are those of Sir Julius Benedict, Frederic H. Cowen, Wilhelm Ganz, Sir Joseph Barnby, August Manns, and Carl Rosa.

It should be added that the fact that the worthy conductor, Mr. Leslie, took the matter very seriously added much to the zest which the performers threw into their duties. However

"THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS."

THE LATE FRED. CLAY. LORD WILTON. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

great may have been the humour of the thing, the affair was, aided by the presence of the Princess of Wales, a tremendous success, and there is no doubt that the whole musical world, which was so well represented in the executants, as well as the charity, felt a good deal happier for the performance.

Sir Arthur remarked that he found that work first and physical exercise afterwards was the natural order of things, and that it was impossible to reverse the process. "I find my best recreation in rest," he remarked, "and when I can spare the time I like to come down here, walk about the garden and read, varying this with a certain amount of brisker exercise, boating and so on, and occasionally indulging in a game of billiards, whist, or bézique.

"I can always read and re-read Thackeray's works," Sir Arthur told me, "whilst there are certain books of Dickens which I have read over and over again. I never get tired of his humour, but I do get tired of his sentiment. 'Pickwick' always seems fresh to me; and this is true of 'Pendennis,' 'Vanity Fair,' and 'The Newcomes.'" Sir Arthur told me that whilst he appreciated "Ouida's" word-pictures he detested the artificiality of her style. "Bret Harte I love," Sir Arthur added, "and when I travelled in California I realized the marvellous truth of his pictures both in regard to scenery and character." Speaking of other contemporary writers, Sir Arthur told me that he liked "healthy novels." Pressed for a definition, he instanced the work of Conan Doyle, Stanley Weyman, and Anthony Hope.

When speaking of the progress which Great Britain has made as a musical nation—she is now certainly the most appreciative musical nation in the world; and although Sir Arthur would be the last man to allude to it, it is a progress which has been contemporaneous with his own career—"Yes," he remarked, "Great Britain is easily first in many ways—in the possession, for instance, of the greatest singers, and the best chorus singing. Nowhere can you get such a public for oratorios, whilst all-round executant ability has reached a very high standard; but during the last twenty years music has been treated with a respect which it did not receive in my earlier days. When I first came back from Germany, there was hardly anyone who could sing a good song, and if you did find such a one, he or she was not listened to. The attempt to sing a song in a drawing-room was the signal for general conversation. This state of things has now passed away. Everywhere you find people who know how to play and how to sing, and what is more important, people who know how to listen."

*From a Photo. by]* "THE TOY SYMPHONY"—1880. *[F. A. Bridge, Dalston Lane.*

Sir Arthur has already started on a new opera, the libretto of which will be by Messrs. Comyns Carr and Arthur Pinero. No date, of course, has been fixed, and it would be quite premature to say anything more, but Sir Arthur has already received the first instalment of the libretto.

# A HUMAN ALPHABET

By William G. FitzGerald.

E think we may fairly lay claim to the title of "Novelty" for this article. The idea of building up each letter of the alphabet and each figure from 1 to 0 out of the bodies of human beings is an absolutely unique "notion." All kinds of difficulties stood in the way of the successful accomplishment of the idea; and even when the very last figure was built up and photographed by our artist, there came the fear that, after all, the letters might not stand the test of contiguity—would not

spell words when used as type. Now, we do not know whether printers would refer collectively to these letters as the "fount of life," but that the fears indicated above were groundless will be evident from the very title of the article itself, which is formed from our living letters.

We were extremely fortunate in our choice of "material." We selected the most intelligent and original trio to be found on the variety stage. These gentlemen are known as the "Three Delevines," and in the ordinary way they go through a quaint entertainment, which they call "Satanic Gambols." It will be seen that, throughout the whole of the alphabet and figures, the Delevines retain their diabolical uniform. We found them ideal men for the purpose—splendidly formed, highly intelligent, and full of helpful hints. Now, as to the method of obtaining the photographs. The letters and figures were built up separately and photographed in a special studio in the beautiful town of Plymouth. We will first give a few specimen letters reproduced on a large scale, and then the entire alphabet and numerical figures "in smaller type."

The A is remarkably simple. It would form an excellent design for a Christmas card, with seasonable greetings printed below. The men merely form an isosceles triangle, with the floor for a base and their heads for the apex. The crosspiece is simply formed by the men shaking hands and, as it were, whispering Christmas greeting. It is Messrs. Harry and Sam Delevine who form this letter.

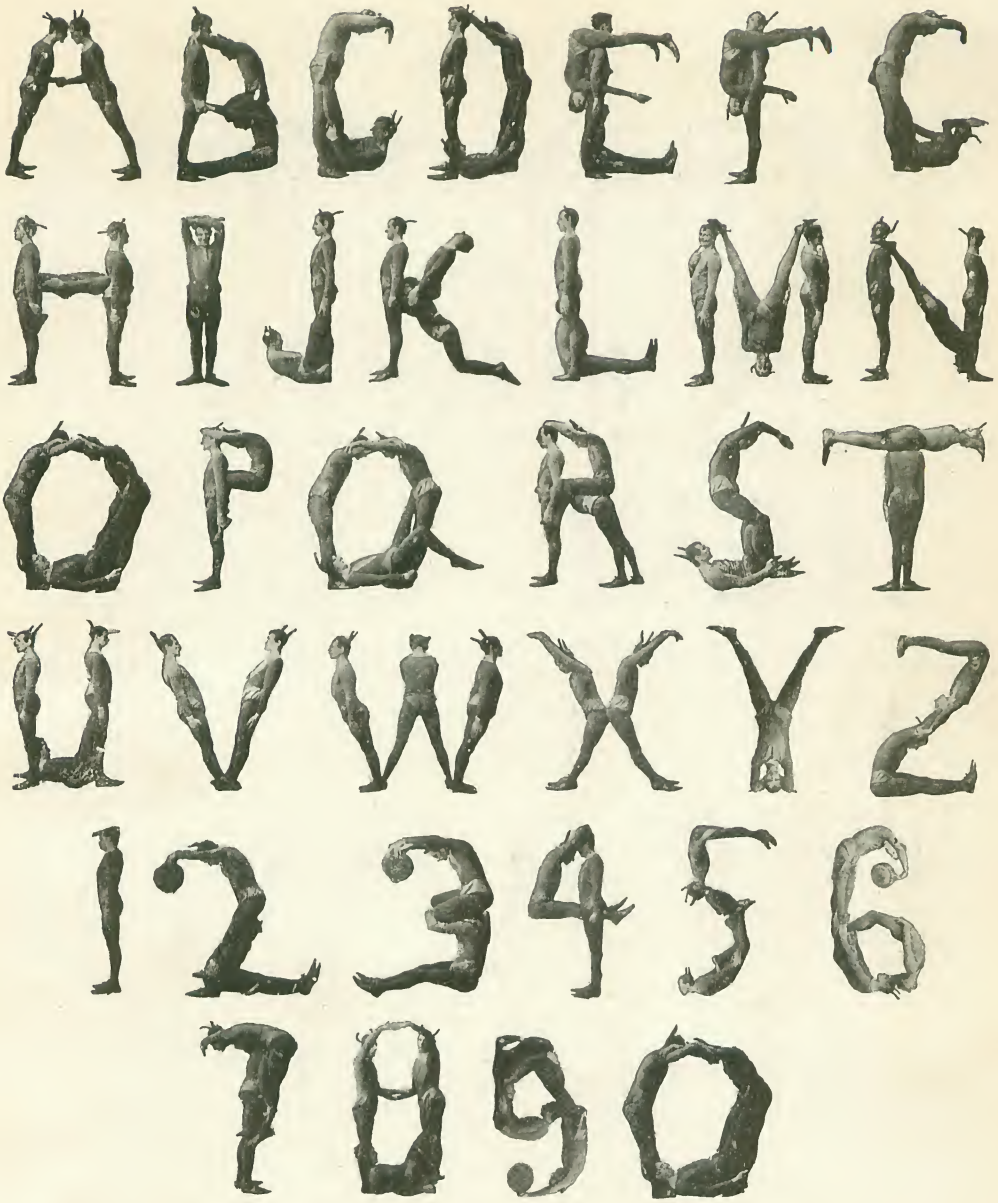
The E, which is the next to be reproduced large as a specimen letter, is elaborate and strenuous. Few will doubt its claim to ingenuity. Mr. Percy Delevine may be called the backbone of the letter; he is the tallest of the three, and therefore will frequently he found doing duty in a similar capacity. Sam is creeping between his legs; and Sam's own shapely members form the

lower out-stroke of the letter. When this was done, Harry climbed upon Percy's shoulders and extended himself down his back; then stretching out his own legs and

arms in the way shown, the letter was triumphantly completed. It is rather a pity that Mr. Harry Delevine's body is so prominent, thereby making the upper part of the letter unduly thick. But what would you? It was quite unavoidable. Remember, the "bricks" out of which we built our letters are human beings, and occasionally a troublesome body or limb was very difficult indeed, if not impossible, to get rid of.

The letter K, which is next seen, is beautifully sharp and clear-cut. Mr. Percy Delevine is again the shank, while Sam is kneeling behind him in an attitude of touching devotion. Harry is kneeling on Sam's shoulders, and inclining himself back at a perilous angle. Poor Sam is looking towards our artist and protesting in a choked voice that "he can only stand it a moment or two longer."

The letter M, which is next shown, is a particularly fine specimen. This time we want the tall man in the middle. It was rather an onerous position, but Percy said he could do it on his head; and he did. On the left-hand side Harry Delevine is seen, wearing a quizzical expression. The right-hand support is his brother Sam. Notice how the feet of the outer men add to the appearance of the letter—a capital one in two senses. The unfortunate Percy was obliged to remain upside down for at least some twelve seconds. Almost simultaneous with the snap of the camera a groan burst from the interior anatomy of our M, and Mr. Percy Delevine righted himself, looking perfectly purple in the face. You should turn the M upside down and study his expression. He tried to smile, poor fellow.



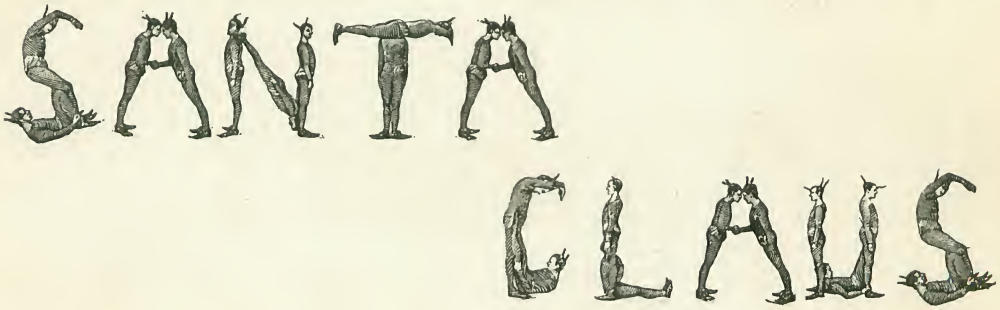
The next letter reproduced large is P, which is at once simple and effective. Percy is again the long stroke, and he is holding Harry at his back in order to form the loop of the letter. It was perfectly marvellous, by the way, how still these gallant fellows kept, even under the most trying circumstances. Like a pair of Greek wrestlers, Sam and Harry form the greater part of the letter Q, which is next seen. In order to complete the circle with human material, Percy has extended himself from one pair of legs to another; and to form the tail of the letter he thrust his own leg out of the circle in a perfectly delightful manner.

We now give the whole human alphabet, from A to Z, together with numerals from 1 to cipher. We would venture to say that each and every one of these letters and figures will well repay careful individual study. Each one had first of all to be thought out and designed, then built up in a way which satisfied the author, and finally "snapped" by our artist, for the slightest movement of a head or limb altered the physiognomy of a letter in a surprising way.

When the human components had so grouped themselves that the result really looked, even "in the flesh," like the letter it was supposed to represent, then the author gave the word "Go," and immediately afterwards, with a sigh of relief, the Three Delevines "stood at ease," wondering how on earth the next on the list was going to be formed. Neither time nor trouble was spared in the preparation of this most unique of alphabets. Observe that, while we *might* have inverted the M to form a W, we did *not* do so; and we think everyone will agree that the last-named letter was well worthy of being designed separately. Fortunately, these trained athletes could not only support heavy burdens, but could also remain perfectly still beneath them—a circumstance which contributed much to the success of the photos. *quâ* photos. In the case of the T, the posturing was particularly arduous, as Mr. Sam Delevine had to balance himself crosswise on the nape of Percy's neck, whilst both had to remain perfectly still and rigid for at least seven seconds.

Will it be believed that some of the letters and figures—notably O, S, Z, 3, and 5—we were almost on the point of abandoning in sheer despair? It was only by dint of trying one combination after another, and exercising

a vast deal of patience, that we were enabled at length to get results which are, we venture to say, as satisfactory as could possibly be obtained, without the use of adventitious "properties." We would draw the reader's attention to the fact that the figure 9 is *not* an inverted 6. Every letter and figure received its full share of attention, and however much we were tempted to resort to makeshifts, we persevered until an independent satisfactory design was found and worked out.

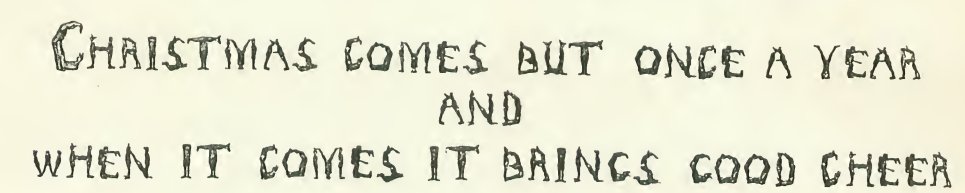



After showing the whole of our human alphabet and figures, let us now turn to the building-up of words. The greeting which appears on the preceding page is one of the most extraordinary ever placed before the public. Here will be seen the splendid perfectness of finish which characterizes each letter and figure. We need not weary you by recounting the very technical details of the way in which we obtained duplicates. Only one set of originals was necessary. The greeting speaks for itself. We wish the merriest of merry Christmases to the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE all over the habitable globe, and we would gently impress upon them that the very letters which form our greeting are built up of sentient beings, each one glancing anxiously or merrily (according to the position he holds in the letter) towards the camera of our artist.

We next spell out in our human letters the name of a visitor whom every child in England is expecting with exceeding interest—good old "Santa Claus."

The next experiment we tried with our living letters was to photograph them down very small and make them into a rhyming couplet—one which should have a seasonable lilt and swing. So successful is the result, that a sub-title or "translation" would be a work of utter supererogation. It will be seen that altogether our artist must have taken at least thirty-five separate photographs—twenty-six letters and nine figures. The letter O does duty for the cipher, by the way.

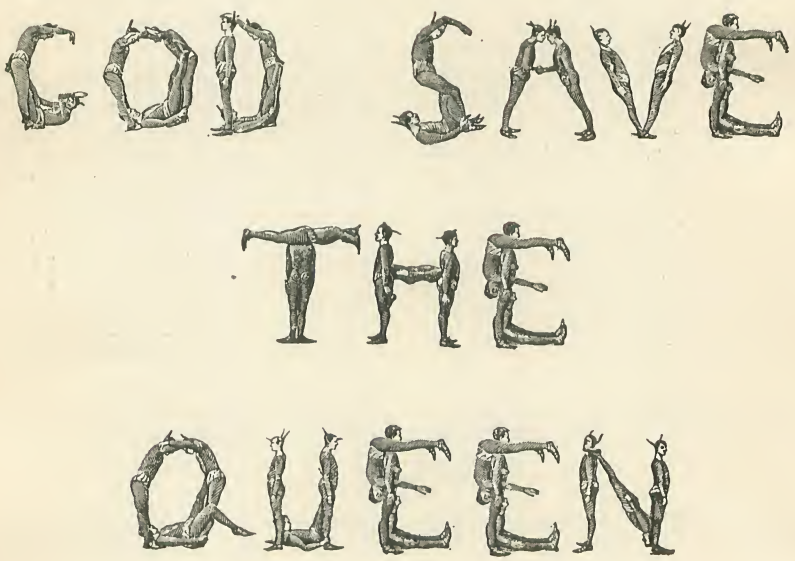
The next thing was to prepare sets of both alphabet and figures in various sizes. We were by no means sure that the letters would bear reducing, whereas it is a curious fact that the smaller they are brought down, the more perfect they become as letters. Observe the extraordinary human type in which each letter of the Christmas couplet is printed. Who shall say that our living letters must be kept large in order to be recognised? We marvel that no one has thought of a human alphabet before—say, for advertising purposes. Eminent artists have been called upon to design posters, and authors of some standing have prepared commercial "puffs." We, too, have engaged "men of letters," but only to advertise the warm feelings which we entertain, more particularly at this festive season, towards our readers in all parts of the English-speaking world.




Our human alphabet may also suggest to hard-worked teachers of infants a novel way of imparting to little ones their letters; or,

perhaps, a complete set might be reproduced upon a sheet and pointed out to the children. To others, however, we leave the potentialities of the thing. Perhaps some enterprising publisher would like to publish a whole novel in "living" type. Such a work might, or might not, command a huge sale; but, at least, there can be no two opinions about the human interest of the work.

The last greeting is appropriately enough "God Save the Queen," reproduced in the letters of our human alphabet. Now, our beloved Sovereign, in the course of her long and illustrious reign, has received an enormous number of addresses of congratulation and welcome; but we are under the impression that there is a killing sameness about these costly documents. The phraseology is usually bald and stilted, and the donors are often self-seeking bores. Would not the following be a highly original notion? Suppose the inhabitants of a certain place were about to present an address to the Queen, and that they wanted to strike out a new line for themselves. Very well. Why could not the leading men of the town form themselves into living letters of this kind, and so make up the wording of the address? They would at least be certain that their address possessed original points which Her Majesty could not overlook; and furthermore, they would bring themselves directly under the notice of the Queen, which, we take it, is an important consideration. However, we offer our own humble tribute, and we conclude our article with the sentiment that should animate every loyal Briton at the close of this year of Jubilee.



# *Heroines.*

By Douglas J. Murdock.

ONE of the most interesting of all the Jubilee year exhibits was the Women's Roll of Honour, compiled by Mr. F. Donald Mackenzie, of 2, Savile Row, W. This gentleman, in conjunction with the various philanthropic bodies who grant medals and other awards for life-saving, devoted a great deal of time to the compilation of the Roll; and as the latter contained the names of no fewer than 518 heroines of the Victorian Era, together with a brief outline of each case, it will be seen that Mr. Mackenzie's self-imposed task was no light undertaking.

We propose, in the following pages, to deal with a few typical cases—just enough to show that members of the so-called weaker sex are capable of heroic deeds at least as remarkable as any performed by even the bravest and strongest men.

Our first portrait, then, is that of Mrs. Dorothy D. Pumphrey, who, with the assistance of a boy, saved a little girl of five, named Lilly Coleman, who had fallen down a deep well at Crowborough, Sussex.

The case is a peculiar one. At four o'clock in the afternoon of the 24th of May, 1890, the child, Lilly Coleman, was playing near a well in her mother's yard when she accidentally fell in — emitting, however, a piercing scream before disappearing into the hole. The mother and two other women hastened out to the brink of the pit, and the former's agony may well be imagined when she realized what had happened.

With hardly a moment's delay, Mrs. Pumphrey, one of the two women present, volunteered to go down the well in the bucket. Here it should be mentioned that Mrs. Pumphrey was a particularly nervous, delicate, and shy little woman, whom no one would suspect of latent heroism. Resolutely, however, she stepped into the crazy bucket and was lowered into the abyss. At between thirty and forty feet the bucket touched the surface of the water. The heroic woman then leaned out of the bucket and grasped the half-drowned child, but no sooner had she done this, than the bucket overturned, leaving her hanging from the chain clutching her precious burden. An awful situation, truly. At length a boy of fifteen was let down by a rope, and he relieved Mrs. Pumphrey of hapless Lilly Coleman. Our heroine then placed one foot in the bucket again, and signalled that she was ready to ascend. But many minutes in that dreadful pit, inhaling its noxious gases, had been too much for the fragile woman. When the bucket was half-way to the surface, she suddenly fainted. The bucket crashed heavily sideways, Mrs. Pumphrey's right foot caught in the chain, and she fell backwards into the water, which she entered head first. The shock of immersion in the cold water revived her in a most extraordinary way, however, and once more she was able to clamber into the treacherous bucket. She was then drawn to the surface in a very exhausted state.

MRS. DOROTHY D. PUMPHREY.
*From a Photo. by Stuart Bros., Brompton Road.*

Like a true heroine Mrs. Pumphrey shrank from publicity, and it was only the pertinacity of eye-witnesses which at length secured for her the Bronze Medal of the Royal Humane Society.

A very different story is that of the services rendered in the cause of humanity by Lady Pigot, during the Franco-Prussian War. She was awarded the Cross of the Legion of Honour by the French Government, and the Bronze Cross by the Belgian Government.

Lady Pigot started with about £400 worth of food, etc., towards the end of October, 1870, to try to bring help to the starving French. She entered Metz with the Prussian troops, and soon got to work under a French doctor, in the capacity of nurse to

LADY PIGOT.
*From a Photo. by Bassano.*

more than eighty wounded men. The work was indescribably laborious. About forty men had to have their wounds dressed as they lay on the bare ground. There was no one to help this heroic lady—not even to fetch clean water. At least twenty times every morning Lady Pigot had to go out across the deep snow to pump and fetch clean water. She visited on behalf of French and English societies every one of the forty-eight ambulances in Metz, including the typhoid and small-pox wards. She only left the great fortress when a scratch on her finger began to develop symptoms of blood-poisoning, and the doctors commanded her to leave at once, in order to save her arm.

Soon, however, she returned to work again, with money, food, and all requisites. Whilst following the Army of the North, she was arrested as a spy by the French, solely because she happened to speak German. On her release she established a hospital in a deserted factory, and started with eighteen frightful cases. This marvellous woman was literally the slave of these poor wretches, assisting at amputations and all minor operations. At the bombardment of Thionville she was nearly shot by the French sentinels, who kept firing incessantly at her companions, two German officers. Another time she fell in with a whole park of German artillery, whose deafening company she was compelled to keep for miles, with the alternative of passing the whole of a November night in an open carriage. Lady Pigot is still alive.

One of the most interesting and peculiar cases in the annals of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England is that of Miss Julia Hatcher (now Mrs. Curtis), who was awarded a Bronze Medal, "In recognition of her gallant and devoted conduct, on September 25th, 1883, in rescuing, under circumstances of great difficulty and danger, a boy who had been gored and tossed several times by an infuriated bull."

The Rev. H. J. C. Knight, rector of Marnhull, in Dorset, was good enough to procure Mrs. Curtis's own signed account of the occurrence. It seems that she lived at Hayes Cottage, Moorside, one of two lonely cottages in a field, which lies off the main road running to Blandford. On the day of the occurrence there was no one else in the house except Julia's mother, who was too infirm to work. The girl herself was busily engaged in making gloves, when she heard awful screams outside from a boy whom she knew had just gone milking. She rushed to the door, and was horrified to behold a huge stock bull actually tossing the boy, James Lodder, who was about fourteen

MISS JULIA HATCHER (NOW MRS. CURTIS).
*From a Photo. by Adam Gosney, Sherborne.*

or fifteen years old. The bull belonged to Mr. Thos. Rossiter, a much-respected yeoman farmer of the district.

This terrible scene was taking place quite close to the cottage. The bull attacked the prostrate boy time after time, lifting him on its murderous horns and hurling him backwards many yards. Without a moment's hesitation Miss Hatcher dashed out to meet the maddened animal, stooping as she went to pick up an apronful of stones from the rough path that led from the main road to the cottage. The young woman's presence of mind was quite wonderful. She remembered that bulls close their eyes when stoned, and she commenced a vigorous onslaught on that particular specimen.

MISS ALICE WHITE.
*From a Photo. by Stanley Hurst, Shrewsbury.*

Much of the precious ammunition went wide of the mark, but the heroic girl kept advancing steadily until she couldn't very well avoid hitting the bull. The infuriated beast charged several times, but was met with a sustained fusillade which, literally, "gave him pause." He stopped, thought over things, and then began to retire, his retreat being hastened by an extra volley from the indefatigable Julia. In this way the bull was driven into another field, where some heifers engaged his attention.

Miss Hatcher then picked up the boy, Lodder. He was seriously injured and quite unable to walk; his clothes, too, were torn to rags. Alone and unaided, the girl got him into her mother's cottage, and after roughly dressing his wounds, she went and informed the lad's mother of what had taken place. Then came the reaction, and Miss Hatcher was overcome with nervousness and exhaustion. For some time after she suffered from acute insomnia. This humble heroine does not even know how the application for the medal was made. Both Miss Hatcher herself and the lad she saved are now married; "and," adds the rector, "one of Julia Curtis's greatest pleasures in life is to see him when he comes into the village."

The next case to be dealt with is that of Miss Alice White, a pupil teacher of Shrewsbury, who was only sixteen years of age when she performed the following splendid act of heroism.

We gather, from a careful perusal of the many documents, letters, and signed statements about the case, that at 12.45 p.m. on January 9th, 1895, several of the girls of St. Mary's Board School, Shrewsbury, were sliding on the canal, near the factory bridge. One little girl of twelve, named Hannah Merrifield, shot away from her companions into the middle of the canal, where, the water being very deep, the ice was thin. Suddenly the ice "starred" in all directions, and with a loud cry for help, poor little Hannah disappeared into 14ft. of water.

Miss White was walking on the towing-path, but one glance revealed everything to her, and her mind was made up. Without waiting to divest herself of a single article of clothing, she slid down on to the treacherous ice and glided towards the big hole, heedless of the horrified protests of those on the path.

The drowning girl had by this time reappeared on the surface. When Miss White felt that she could get no nearer, she lay prostrate on the rotten ice, so as to distribute her own weight. Then, with one hand, she seized the struggling child. Next moment the ice gave way in all directions, and Miss White herself was plunged into the cold, foul water. Then followed a truly magnificent struggle. Disregarding the

excited cries of the spectators, who urged Miss White to abandon the little girl and save herself, the heroic young lady turned herself round towards the bank and began to fight her way through the ice. She would break off a big sheet, swim with her charge to the next edge, break that, and so on. This extraordinary struggle went on until at length, bleeding and bruised, the heroic girl reached the bank with little Hannah, and was lifted out in a state of pitiable exhaustion. This was Miss White's second successful attempt at saving life.

A portrait of Mrs. William M. Mellor, of Langdale, Claughton, near Birkenhead, is next reproduced. On April 13th, 1875, Mrs. Mellor received the Silver Medal and Certificate of the Liverpool Shipwreck and Humane Society. This was the first time in the history of the society that it had the privilege of conferring this honour upon a lady.

MRS. W. M. MELLOR.
*From a Painting.*

We are indebted for an outline of the case to Miss J. E. Mellor, of 16, Devonshire Place, Claughton. Mrs. Mellor (who died in 1894) was a woman of quite extraordinary nobleness of character, and was beloved far and near for her amiability and generosity to the poor.

One morning she was driving in the Oxted Road, Birkenhead, and on turning a bend of the road she suddenly beheld an appalling spectacle. A little girl—a poor, dirty little street Arab—was being worried in a horrible manner by a big retriever dog, which foamed at the mouth and manifested other symptoms of rabies. Close by stood an elderly woman, who fairly writhed in mental agony, but did nothing to save the child. As the carriage rapidly approached the scene, Mrs. Mellor leaned out and cried to the woman, "Suck the wounds! Suck the wounds!" The woman, however, seemed fairly stupefied, and could do nothing but wring her hands and scream in helpless despair.

Quick as thought Mrs. Mellor leaped from her carriage, and dashed up to the child, whose terribly bitten and gory hands she seized and commenced to suck with extraordinary vehemence, so as to extract the virus without delay. This done, she ran back to the carriage with the wailing child, and drove off without a moment's loss to the nearest chemist's shop, where she herself superintended the cauterization. The woman who stood by turned out to be the girl's grandmother.

"My mother," writes Miss Mellor, "always had a horror of dogs, which, of course, makes her heroism all the greater, since she had to pass close to the mad retriever to get at the child. Strange to say, too, when my mother was a little girl the story that impressed her most was the one telling how Queen Eleanor sucked the poison from the King's arm.

"The day of my mother's funeral, a neat young woman, dressed all in black, came to our house with a wreath, on which was written, 'In grateful remembrance of an act of heroism performed nearly twenty years ago.'" A pretty ending to a beautiful story.

It only remains to be said that all through her life Mrs. Mellor had a nervous horror of publicity and self-advertisement.

Miss Julia Dignam, our next heroine, was presented with her Silver Medal at Marlborough House, and by the Prince of Wales himself, as Grand Prior of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England.

Miss Dignam lives at St. Doolaghs, Balgriffin, Dublin, and her act of heroism consisted in attempting the rescue of John Sharkey from a burning lime-kiln, into which he had fallen, on the 9th of October, 1890. John, it seems, was suddenly overcome by the gas issuing from the kiln. When the alarm was raised, Julia Dignam, the daughter of a labourer, who chanced to be near the spot, jumped down into the kiln without the least hesitation, although she knew perfectly well the awful risk she herself ran of being overcome by the fumes.

She found the lad lying unconscious at the bottom of the kiln. Absolutely unaided, the heroic girl carried her heavy burden up out of the kiln, but life was extinct, and she herself was in a deplorable state of exhaustion.

At the inquest on the deceased lad, both

coroner and jury passed a high eulogium on the brave act of this humble girl, whose heroism was also testified by other independent witnesses.

The next case to be dealt with is that of Miss Helen Blyth, now Mrs. Hannah, who was awarded the Silver Medal of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution for helping to save, "by means of her own clothes-line, and at great risk, the crew of four men of the schooner *Burns and Bessie*, of Barrow, which had stranded under the Point of Ayre Lighthouse, Isle of Man, during a strong easterly gale and a very heavy sea, on the 11th of March, 1888."

MISS JULIA DIGNAM.
*From a Photograph.*

We are indebted to Mr. Charles Dibdin, the courteous secretary of the Lifeboat Institution, for the loan of the papers connected with this case. Miss Blyth was the daughter of the head keeper of the lighthouse, who was away ill at the time of the rescue. It seems that the schooner *Burns and Bessie*, 86 tons, left Port Glasgow on Saturday, March 10th, with a cargo of coals for Duddon Pier. Next morning came the terrific gale, and when the vessel was three miles off Point of Ayre a tremendous sea struck her on the port bilge, throwing her on her beam ends and washing away the deck-house and boat.

The lighthouse-keepers noticed the incident, and got ready to render what assistance they could. Half an hour later the schooner stranded on one of those terribly steep and dangerous gravel ledges peculiar to that part of the Manx coast. It was found utterly impossible to throw a line against the wind, so the crew had to jump into the raging sea one by one, when they were met by their salvors, who were up to their necks in the water, and in imminent danger of their own lives. Often they were washed off their feet, and far beyond their depth. The lives of all virtually depended on sturdy Helen Blyth, who had hold of the shore-end of the line. The force of the gale was terrific, and it blew sleet into the faces of the rescuers with blinding force. The sea too was the heaviest known during thirteen years. The rescue of the captain was the most exciting of all. He was the last to leave the ship.

MISS HELEN BLYTH (MRS. HANNAH).
*From a Photo. by Mowll & Morrison, Liverpool.*

So benumbed with cold was he, that when he jumped overboard and the running bowline was thrown to him by Miss Blyth, he was unable to pass it round his body. As he jumped he was struck on the head by a falling spar. He must certainly have perished had not the lighthouse-keeper's heroic daughter dashed into the breakers, passed the line about his neck, and then dragged him ashore insensible and half strangled. Miss Blyth was nearly lost several times owing to the tremendous force of the backwash. The rescued men were taken into the lighthouse, put to bed between warm blankets, and tenderly nursed by Miss Blyth and Mrs. Wallace, the wife of the assistant lighthouse-keeper, who also received a medal.

A Silver Medal was awarded to Miss Annie Pearson by the Royal Society for the Pro-

MISS ANNIE PEARSON.
*From a Photograph.*

tection of Life from Fire. Miss Pearson was employed as mantle saleswoman by Mr. Thomas Mellor, of 19, King Street, Huddersfield. About ten o'clock on the night of November 21st, 1896, a terrible fire broke out in the shop, which not only resulted in the utter destruction of the premises and stock, but also in the death of one assistant and the serious injury of another.

The origin of the fire was clear enough. One of the apprentices went into a big window to draw down the blinds before closing, and he accidentally moved a group of lighted gas-burners under a quantity of muslin that hung in the window.

Soon the whole place was a blazing furnace. Miss Pearson was in the show-rooms above, with her colleagues, covering up the goods, before leaving for the night. Hearing the uproar below she ran downstairs into the street, and was then surprised to notice that the proprietor and most of the male and female assistants remained in the various departments upstairs, evidently ignorant of the awful peril they ran.

By this time the premises were fairly enveloped in flames, but Miss Pearson most heroically dashed back into the burning building and fought her way upstairs through the fire and smoke. Reaching the first floor she gave the warning to all she saw there, and she then actually ascended to the upper floors, though she was well aware that every moment rendered her own escape less probable.

Miss Pearson's heroic act resulted in the escape of all except Miss Annie Wells, the principal millinery saleswoman, whose charred remains were found on the second floor. Miss S. Jackson, another saleswoman, was shockingly burned, but did ultimately recover.

Miss Pearson was one of the last to leave the burning building, and indeed her escape was quite miraculous, considering the fierceness and rapidity of the flames. When she first left the premises and gained the street she stood in safety, and yet she deliberately went back and entered every department in the place, warning all she met and directing them as to the readiest means of escape.

A portrait of Miss Kate Verity next appears. She was awarded the Bronze Medal of the Royal Humane Society for the rescue of a little boy named Harold Harker, aged 4½ years, under circumstances of exceptional gallantry.

MISS KATE VERITY.
*From a Photograph.*

About 4 p.m. on Sunday, July 28th, 1895, little Harker and another boy were playing on the banks of the River Wharfe, at Linton Falls, near Skipton, in Yorkshire. It should be said here that the appearance of the river at the time was simply frightful; it was swollen to twice its normal size with recent rains, and it raced along with awful rapidity and a noise like deep thunder. Into this stately torrent

fell the boy Harker, and in a moment he was swept into the middle and then down the river with great swiftness towards the terrible Linton Falls. The screams of his companion attracted the attention of Miss Verity, who was reading in her room in the mill close by. Her quickness of action and readiness of resource were alike amazing. In a few moments, she was out and across the bridge above the falls.

Then commenced an exciting race down the river after the drowning boy, who had by this time been carried over a hundred yards. Miss Verity came level with him not 30ft. above the falls, over which the swollen river tumbled with a deafening roar on to the huge sharp rocks below. The river here is deep as well as swift, but Miss Verity dashed headlong into it, first calculating where she would meet the boy. Then came a terrible struggle. As the girl threw the child's head over her shoulders, both were swept onwards towards the falls with almost irresistible force. It was now only a question of a few moments. Slowly Miss Verity fought her way to the side, often crashing heavily against a rock. At length she got near enough to be dragged from the raging river, bleeding and almost insensible, but still clutching little Harker with one arm.

MISS MARY E. LESTER.
*From a Photo. by Slater, Llandudno.*

The judgment displayed by this seventeen-year-old girl was marvellous. Had she leaped into the river a little sooner, the child would have been carried over the falls, and dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Among those who witnessed the rescue (and did nothing) were several trippers from Bradford, who came solely to see the River Wharfe in flood and listen to the roar of the falls.

The case of Miss Mary Elizabeth Lester follows next. She was awarded the Silver Medal of the Liverpool Shipwreck and Humane Society for a deed of heroism performed on September 30th, 1881.

Miss Lester's mother sends in the following account: "We were out walking one day in Litherland, when we heard cries of children in distress. My daughter at once ran across a field in the direction indicated, and came upon a little child screaming at the edge of a deep pit. She had no time to divest herself of her heavy clothing, because a little girl of about eleven years rose struggling and fighting for life amid the green, slimy water of the stagnant pool.

"My daughter at once plunged into the filthy water and with great difficulty (owing to the weeds) reached the drowning child. Then followed a terribly exhausting struggle to reach the bank, for the pond was very wide and deep, and was, moreover, simply caked with vegetation and refuse.

"However, she got safely out with the little girl. The latter—poor, plucky little soul—had undressed and gone into the pit to save her little brother, who had fallen in whilst blackberrying. In trying to reach him she had gone far beyond her depth, and was rapidly drowning when my daughter plunged in.

"By this time Mr. James Jones, the schoolmaster of Litherland, had arrived on the scene, and on learning that the little boy was still under the water, he very courageously jumped in and brought him to land nearly lifeless. The child was, however, resuscitated, to the great delight of his brave little sister, who refused to leave him until she saw signs of returning animation."

It was at Marlborough House, on July 23rd, 1890, that the Prince of Wales presented the Silver Medal of the Grand Priory of the Order of St. John to Mrs. Margaret Irving, of Holywell, whose portrait is next reproduced.

On September 14th, 1889, Mrs. Irving chanced to be at Bagillt Railway Station, in Flint. Suddenly she noticed with horror that a cripple, named Owen Jones (who was also quite deaf), was limping slowly across the line, right in front of the mail

MRS. MARGARET IRVING.
*From a Photo. by A. Lomer & Co., Brisbane.*

train, which was thundering along at fifty-five miles an hour. For a moment Mrs. Irving doubted whether she could do anything, so far was she from the man and so apparently hopeless was his position. She made up her mind to try, however, and she flew down the platform, leaping on to the rails right under the great train. The force of her onslaught must have greatly surprised the decrepit Owen. It also hurled him and his preserver right into the six-foot way. Here Mrs. Irving held the cripple for a few awful moments, until the last coach of the express flew past with a mighty roar.

This act of extraordinary judgment, presence of mind, and heroism was testified to by the railway officials who witnessed it. They, of course, thought that both Jones and Mrs. Irving would be cut to pieces beneath the train.

The next portrait is that of Mrs. Donald Mackay, who actually saved, virtually single-handed, the whole crew of a ship. It was a Danish vessel, the *Grana*, which stranded on the coast of the Island of Lewis, in the Hebrides, on October 21st, 1896. Mrs. Mackay was at home at the time of the wreck, the only other person in the house being her eldest boy. Nevertheless, she heroically went forth into the storm with her young son, and her gallant exertions resulted in the establishment of communication with the ship, by means of which the whole crew were saved from certain death.

Mrs. Mackay then took the men into her own house, and cared for them with almost maternal tenderness, nursing them for several days. By way of acknowledging this gallant conduct, the Danish Government presented Mrs. Mackay with a clock, suitably inscribed.

MRS. DONALD MACKAY.
*From a Photograph.*

Thanks to the heroic action of Miss Marie L. Evans, of Hythe, near Southampton, no fewer than three lives were saved. Walking on the pier one Sunday evening after church, Miss Evans saw a boat with three occupants (a man and two women) suddenly capsize, throwing all three into very deep water. Merely pulling off her gloves, Miss

MISS MARIE L. EVANS.
*From a Photo. by Chalkley, Gould, & Co., Southampton.*

Evans plunged into the sea, grasped one of the women, who was nearest, and immediately brought her safely to the pier steps. Then, seeing that the man was struggling wildly in the water with the other girl, who was clinging to him and preventing him from swimming, Miss Evans unhesitatingly plunged in again to their assistance, and was thus the means of rescuing all three. This took place at 8 p.m. on June 2nd, 1895; and it is satisfactory to learn that the Royal Humane Society awarded Miss Evans their Silver Medal. This heroine is an accomplished swimmer; and the spectators were, of course, amazed to see the tastefully attired young lady plunge twice into the deep sea, diving time after time, and generally negotiating her helpless burdens in the water in a manner that filled the beholders with amazement.

The group of young ladies seen in our next photo. are the Misses Prideaux-Brune, of Prideaux Place, Padstow, Cornwall. Each was awarded the Silver Medal of the Life-boat Institution, together with a copy of the vote inscribed on vellum.

The key to the group is as follows: Commencing on the left-hand side we have Miss Mary K. Prideaux-Brune; then comes Miss Gertrude; next Miss Prideaux-Brune herself, and the fourth sister in front on the extreme right is Miss Beatrice.

On the 9th of August, 1879, three men and a boy took out for a sail down Padstow harbour a small 13ft. punt belonging to Patrick Sharky, a pensioner. Patrick's permission was *not* asked. About half an hour after leaving, when in the vicinity of Bray Hill, the boat capsized in a squall, owing to improper management. For one thing, she was carrying too much sail.

All the occupants were, of course, thrown into the water, there being a very strong ebb and a choppy sea on at the time.

The accident was observed by the Misses Prideaux-Brune, who were in their own pleasure-skiff, the *Chough*, towed by a fishing-smack. The moment the eldest girl realized what had happened, she asked to be cast off, and then, as an eye-witness afterwards stated, "the girls rowed like tigers to the rescue."

As a fact, this crew of ladies showed extraordinary gallantry and determination, as well as marked ability in the management of their amateur lifeboat. They ran extremely great risk in dragging the drowning sailor, Edward Smith, into their frail craft, which, as it lay to, was swept again and again by the big waves. The fishing-smack which had had the ladies in tow succeeded in rescuing the boy Morrissey, but the other two were drowned.

It is a noteworthy fact that the man, Edward Smith, who was saved by the Misses Prideaux-Brune, formed one of the crew of the schooner *Salamander*, of Padstow, which had been run down and sunk off Hartland Point only a few days previously. On this occasion also Smith had a very narrow escape. Plainly he was not born to be drowned.

THE MISSES PRIDEAUX-BRUNE.
*From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside.*

# The Thames Valley Catastrophe

BY

GRANT ALLEN.

IT can scarcely be necessary for me to mention, I suppose, at this time of day, that I was one of the earliest and fullest observers of the sad series of events which finally brought about the transference of the seat of Government of these islands from London to Manchester. Nor need I allude here to the conspicuous position which my narrative naturally occupies in the Blue-book on the Thames Valley Catastrophe (vol. ii., part vii.), ordered by Parliament in its preliminary Session under the new *régime* at Birmingham. But I think it also incumbent upon me, for the benefit of posterity, to supplement that necessarily dry and formal statement by a more circumstantial account of my personal adventures during the terrible period.

I am aware, of course, that my poor little story can possess little interest for our contemporaries, wearied out as they are with details of the disaster, and surfeited with tedious scientific discussions as to its origin and nature. But in after years, I venture to believe, when the crowning calamity of the nineteenth century has grown picturesque and, so to speak, ivy-clad, by reason of its remoteness (like the Great Plague or the Great Fire of London with ourselves), the world may possibly desire to hear how this unparalleled convulsion affected the feelings and fortunes of a single family in the middle rank of life, and in a part of London neither squalid nor fashionable.

It is such personal touches of human nature that give reality to history, which without them must become, as a great writer has finely said, nothing more than an old almanac. I shall not apologize, therefore, for being frankly egoistic and domestic in my reminiscences of that appalling day: for I know that those who desire to seek scientific information on the subject will look for it, not in vain, in the eight bulky volumes of the recent Blue-book. I shall concern myself here with the great event merely as it appeared to myself, a Government servant of the second grade, and in its relations to my own wife, my home, and my children.

On the morning of the 21st of August, in the memorable year of the calamity, I happened to be at Cookham, a pleasant and pretty village which then occupied the western bank of the Thames just below the spot where the Look-out Tower of the Earthquake and Eruption Department now dominates the whole wide plain of the Glassy Rock Desert. In place of the black lake of basalt which young people see nowadays winding its solid bays in and out among the grassy downs, most men still living can well remember a gracious and smiling valley, threaded in the midst by a beautiful river.

I had cycled down from London the evening before (thus forestalling my holiday),

and had spent the night at a tolerable inn in the village. By a curious coincidence, the only other visitor at the little hotel that night was a fellow-cyclist, an American, George W. Ward by name, who had come over with his "wheel," as he called it, for six weeks in England, in order to investigate the geology of our southern counties for himself, and to compare it with that of the far western cretaceous system. I venture to describe this as a curious coincidence, because, as it happened, the mere accident of my meeting him gave me my first inkling of the very existence of that singular phenomenon of which we were all so soon to receive a startling example. I had never so much as heard before of fissure-eruptions; and if I had not heard of them from Ward that evening, I might not have recognised at sight the actuality when it first appeared, and therefore I might have been involved in the general disaster. In which case, of course, this unpretentious narrative would never have been written.

As we sat in the little parlour of the White Hart, however, over our evening pipe, it chanced that the American, who was a pleasant, conversable fellow, began talking to me of his reasons for visiting England. I was at that time a clerk in the General Post Office (of which I am now secretary), and was then no student of science; but his enthusiastic talk about his own country and its vastness amused and interested me. He had been employed for some years on the Geological Survey in the Western States, and he was deeply impressed by the solemnity and the colossal scale of everything American. "Mountains!" he said, when I spoke of Scotland; "why, for mountains, your Alps aren't in it,* and as for volcanoes, your Vesuviuses and Etnas just spit fire a bit at infrequent intervals; while ours do things on a scale worthy of a great country, I can tell you. Europe is a circumstance: America is a continent."

"But surely," I objected, "that was a pretty fair eruption that destroyed Pompeii!"

The American rose and surveyed me slowly. I can see him to this day, with his close-shaven face and his contemptuous smile at my European ignorance. "Well," he said, after a long and impressive pause, "the lava-flood that destroyed a few acres about the Bay of Naples was what we call a trickle: it came from a crater; and the crater it came from was nothing more than a small round vent-hole; the lava flowed down from it in a moderate stream over a limited area. But what do you say to the earth opening in a huge crack, forty or fifty miles long—say, as far as from here right away to London, or farther—and lava pouring out from the orifice, not in a little rivulet, as at Etna or Vesuvius, but in a sea or inundation, which spread at once over a tract as big as England? That's something like volcanic action, isn't it? And *that's* the sort of thing we have out in Colorado."

"You are joking," I replied, "or bragging. You are trying to astonish me with the familiar spread eagle."

He smiled a quiet smile. "Not a bit of it," he answered. "What I tell you is at least as true as Gospel. The earth yawns in Montana. There are fissure-eruptions, as we call them, in the Western States, out of which the lava has welled like wine out of a broken skin—welled up in vast roaring floods, molten torrents of basalt, many miles across, and spread like water over whole plains and valleys."

"Not within historical times!" I exclaimed.

"I'm not so sure about that," he answered, musing. "I grant you, not within times which are historical right there—for Colorado is a very new country: but I incline to think some of the most recent fissure-eruptions took place not later than when the Tudors reigned in England. The lava oozed out, red-hot — gushed out — was squeezed out—and spread instantly everywhere; it's so comparatively recent that the surface of the rock is still bare in many parts, unweathered sufficiently to support vegetation. I fancy the stream must have been ejected at a single burst, in a huge white-hot dome, and then flowed down on every side, filling up the valleys to a certain level, in and out among the hills, exactly as water might do. And some of these eruptions, I tell you, by measured survey, would have covered more ground than from Dover to Liverpool, and from York to Cornwall."

"Let us be thankful," I said, carelessly, "that such things don't happen in our own times."

He eyed me curiously. "*Haven't* happened, you mean," he answered. "We have no security that they mayn't happen again to-morrow. These fissure-eruptions, though not historically described for us, are common events in geological history—commoner and on a larger scale in America than elsewhere. Still, they have occurred in all lands and at various epochs; there is no reason at all

*A slang phrase of the time, equivalent to our modern "Your Alps swob the show," or "fail to eventuate."

why one shouldn't occur in England at present."

I laughed, and shook my head. I had the Englishman's firm conviction—so rudely shattered by the subsequent events, but then so universal — that nothing very unusual ever happened in England.

Next morning I rose early, bathed in Odney Weir (a picturesque pool close by), breakfasted with the American, and then wrote a hasty line to my wife, informing her that I should probably sleep that night at Oxford; for I was off on a few days' holiday, and I liked Ethel to know where a letter or telegram would reach me each day, as we were both a little anxious about the baby's teething. Even while I pen these words now, the grim humour of the situation comes back to me vividly. Thousands of fathers and mothers were anxious that morning about similar trifles, whose pettiness was brought home to them with an appalling shock in the all-embracing horror of that day's calamity.

About ten o'clock I inflated my tyres and got under way. I meant to ride towards Oxford by a leisurely and circuitous route, along the windings of the river, past Marlow and Henley; so I began by crossing Cookham Bridge, a wooden or iron structure, I scarcely remember which. It spanned the Thames close by the village: the curious will find its exact position marked in the maps of the period.

In the middle of the bridge, I paused and surveyed that charming prospect, which I was the last of living men perhaps to see as it then existed. Close by stood a weir; beside it, the stream divided into three separate branches, exquisitely backed up by the gentle green slopes of Hedsor and Cliveden. I could never pass that typical English view without a glance of admiration; this morning, I pulled up my bicycle for a moment, and cast my eye down stream with more than my usual enjoyment of the smooth blue water and the tall white poplars whose leaves showed their gleaming silver in the breeze beside it. I might have gazed at it too long—and one minute more would have sufficed for my destruction—had not a cry from the tow-path a little farther up attracted my attention.

It was a wild, despairing cry, like that of a man being overpowered and murdered.

I am confident this was my first intimation of danger. Two minutes before, it is true, I had heard a faint sound like distant rumbling of thunder; but nothing else. I am one of those who strenuously maintain that the catastrophe was *not* heralded by shocks of earthquake.*

I turned my eye up stream. For half a second I was utterly bewildered. Strange to say, I did not perceive at first the great flood of fire that was advancing towards me. I saw only the man who had shouted — a miserable, cowering, terror-stricken wretch, one of the abject creatures who used to earn a dubious livelihood in those days (when the river was a boulevard of pleasure) by towing boats up stream. But now, he was rushing wildly forward, with panic in his face; I could see he looked as if close pursued by some wild beast behind him. "A mad dog!" I said to myself at the outset; "or else a bull in the meadow!"

"HE WAS RUSHING WILDLY FORWARD, WITH PANIC IN HIS FACE."

I glanced back to see what his pursuer might be; and then, in one second, the whole horror and terror of the catastrophe burst upon me. Its whole horror and terror, I say, but not yet its magnitude. I was aware at first just of a moving red wall, like

* For an opposite opinion, see Dr. Haigh Withers's evidence in Vol. iii. of the Blue-book.

dull, red-hot molten metal. Trying to recall at so safe a distance in time and space the feelings of the moment and the way in which they surged and succeeded one another, I think I can recollect that my earliest idea was no more than this: "He must run, or the moving wall will overtake him!" Next instant, a hot wave seemed to strike my face. It was just like the blast of heat that strikes one in a glasshouse when you stand in front of the boiling and seething glass in the furnace. At about the same point in time, I was aware, I believe, that the dull red wall was really a wall of fire. But it was cooled by contact with the air and the water. Even as I looked, however, a second wave from behind seemed to rush on and break: it overlaid and outran the first one. This second wave was white, not red—at white heat, I realized. Then, with a burst of recognition, I knew what it all meant. What Ward had spoken of last night—a fissure-eruption!

I looked back. Ward was coming towards me on the bridge, mounted on his Columbia. Too speechless to utter one word, I pointed up stream with my hand. He nodded and shouted back, in a singularly calm voice: "Yes; just what I told you. A fissure-eruption!"

They were the last words I heard him speak. Not that he appreciated the danger less than I did, though his manner was cool; but he was wearing no clips to his trousers, and at that critical moment he caught his leg in his pedals. The accident disconcerted him; he dismounted hurriedly, and then, panic-stricken as I judged, abandoned his machine. He tried to run. The error was fatal. He tripped and fell. What became of him afterward I will mention later.

But for the moment I saw only the poor wretch on the tow-path. He was not a hundred yards off, just beyond the little bridge which led over the opening to a private boat-house. But as he rushed forwards and shrieked, the wall of fire overtook him. I do not think it quite caught him. It is hard at such moments to judge what really happens; but I believe I saw him shrivel like a moth in a flame a few seconds before the advancing wall of fire swept over the boat-house. I have seen an insect shrivel just so when flung into the midst of white-hot coals. He seemed to go off in gas, leaving a shower of powdery ash to represent his bones behind him. But of this I do not pretend to be positive; I will allow that my own agitation was far too profound to permit of my observing anything with accuracy.

How high was the wall at that time? This has been much debated. I should guess, thirty feet (though it rose afterwards to more than two hundred), and it advanced rather faster than a man could run down the centre of the valley. (Later on, its pace accelerated greatly with subsequent outbursts.) In frantic haste, I saw or felt that only one chance of safety lay before me: I must strike up hill by the field path to Hedsor.

I rode for very life, with grim death behind me. Once well across the bridge, and turning up the hill, I saw Ward on the parapet, with his arms flung up, trying wildly to save himself by leaping into the river. Next instant he shrivelled I think, as the beggar had shrivelled; and it is to this complete combustion before the lava-flood reached them that I attribute the circumstance (so

"NEXT INSTANT HE SHRIVELLED."

much commented upon in the scientific excavations among the ruins) that no casts of dead bodies, like those at Pompeii, have anywhere been found in the Thames Valley Desert. My own belief is that every human body was reduced to a gaseous condition by the terrific heat several seconds before the molten basalt reached it.

Even at the distance which I had now attained from the central mass, indeed, the heat was intolerable. Yet, strange to say, I saw few or no people flying as yet from the inundation. The fact is, the eruption came upon us so suddenly, so utterly without warning or premonitory symptoms (for I deny the earthquake shocks), that whole towns must have been destroyed before the inhabitants were aware that anything out of the common was happening. It is a sort of alleviation to the general horror to remember that a large proportion of the victims must have died without even knowing it; one second, they were laughing, talking, bargaining; the next, they were asphyxiated or reduced to ashes as you have seen a small fly disappear in an incandescent gas flame.

This, however, is what I learned afterward. At that moment, I was only aware of a frantic pace uphill, over a rough, stony road, and with my pedals working as I had never before worked them; while behind me, I saw purgatory let loose, striving hard to overtake me. I just knew that a sea of fire was filling the valley from end to end, and that its heat scorched my face as I urged on my bicycle in abject terror.

All this time, I will admit, my panic was purely personal. I was too much engaged in the engrossing sense of my own pressing danger to be vividly alive to the public catastrophe. I did not even think of Ethel and the children. But when I reached the hill by Hedsor Church—a neat, small building, whose shell still stands, though scorched and charred, by the edge of the desert—I was able to pause for half a minute to recover breath, and to look back upon the scene of the first disaster.

It was a terrible and yet I felt even then a beautiful sight—beautiful with the awful and unearthly beauty of a great forest fire, or a mighty conflagration in some crowded city. The whole river valley, up which I looked, was one sea of fire. Barriers of red-hot lava formed themselves for a moment now and again where the outer edge or vanguard of the inundation had cooled a little on the surface by exposure: and over these temporary dams, fresh cataracts of white-hot material poured themselves afresh into the valley beyond it. After a while, as the deeper portion of basalt was pushed out, all was white alike. So glorious it looked in the morning sunshine that one could hardly realize the appalling reality of that sea of molten gold; one might almost have imagined a splendid triumph of the scene-painter's art, did one not know that it was actually a river of fire, overwhelming, consuming, and destroying every object before it in its devastating progress.

I tried vaguely to discover the source of the disaster. Looking straight up stream, past Bourne End and Marlow, I descried with bleared and dazzled eyes a whiter mass than any, glowing fiercely in the daylight like an electric light, and filling up the narrow gorge of the river towards Hurley and Henley. I recollected at once that this portion of the valley was not usually visible from Hedsor Hill, and almost without thinking of it I instinctively guessed the reason why it had become so now: it was the centre of disturbance—the earth's crust just there had bulged upward slightly, till it cracked and gaped to emit the basalt.

Looking harder, I could make out (though it was like looking at the sun) that the glowing white dome-shaped mass, as of an electric light, was the molten lava as it gurgled from the mouth of the vast fissure. I say vast, because so it seemed to me, though, as everybody now knows, the actual gap where the earth opened measures no more than eight miles across, from a point near what was once Shiplake Ferry to the site of the old lime-kilns at Marlow. Yet when one saw the eruption actually taking place, the colossal scale of it was what most appalled one. A sea of fire, eight to twelve miles broad, in the familiar Thames Valley, impressed and terrified one a thousand times more than a sea of fire ten times as vast in the nameless wilds of Western America.

I could see dimly, too, that the flood spread in every direction from its central point, both up and down the river. To right and left, indeed, it was soon checked and hemmed in by the hills about Wargrave and Medmenham; but downward, it had filled the entire valley as far as Cookham and beyond; while upward, it spread in one vast glowing sheet towards Reading and the flats by the confluence of the Kennet. I did not then know, of course, that this gigantic natural dam or barrier was later on to fill up the whole low-lying level, and so block the

course of the two rivers as to form those twin expanses of inland water, Lake Newbury and Lake Oxford. Tourists who now look down on still summer evenings where the ruins of Magdalen and of Merton may be dimly descried through the pale green depths, their broken masonry picturesquely overgrown with tangled water-weeds, can form but little idea of the terrible scene which that peaceful bank presented while the incandescent lava was pouring forth in a scorching white flood towards the doomed district. Merchants who crowd the busy quays of those mushroom cities which have sprung up with greater rapidity than Chicago or Johannesburg on the indented shore where the new lakes abut upon the Berkshire Chalk Downs have half forgotten the horror of the intermediate time when the waters of the two rivers rose slowly, slowly, day after day, to choke their valleys and overwhelm some of the most glorious architecture in Britain. But though I did not know and could not then foresee the remoter effects of the great fire-flood in that direction, I saw enough to make my heart stand still within me. It was with difficulty that I grasped my bicycle, my hands trembled so fiercely. I realized that I was a spectator of the greatest calamity which had befallen a civilized land within the ken of history.

I looked southward along the valley in the direction of Maidenhead. As yet it did not occur to me that the catastrophe was anything more than a local flood, though even as such it would have been one of unexampled vastness. My imagination could hardly conceive that London itself was threatened. In those days one could not grasp the idea of the destruction of London. I only thought just at first, "It will go on towards Maidenhead!" Even as I thought it, I saw a fresh and fiercer gush of fire well out from the central gash, and flow still faster than ever down the centre of the valley, over the hardening layer already cooling on its edge by contact with the air and soil. This new outburst fell in a mad cataract over the end or van of the last, and instantly spread like water across the level expanse between the Cliveden hills and the opposite range at Pinkneys. I realized with a throb that it was advancing towards Windsor. Then a wild fear thrilled through me. If Windsor, why not Staines and Chertsey and Hounslow? If Hounslow, why not London?

In a second I remembered Ethel and the children. Hitherto, the immediate danger of my own position alone had struck me. The fire was so near; the heat of it rose up in my face and daunted me. But now I felt I must make a wild dash to warn—not London—no, frankly, I forgot those millions; but Ethel and my little ones. In that thought, for the first moment, the real vastness of the catastrophe came home to me. The Thames Valley was doomed! I must ride for dear life if I wished to save my wife and children!

I mounted again, but found my shaking feet could hardly work the pedals. My legs were one jelly. With a frantic effort, I struck off inland in the direction of Burnham. I did not think my way out definitely; I hardly knew the topography of the district well enough to form any clear conception of what route I must take in order to keep to the hills and avoid the flood of fire that was deluging the lowlands. But by pure instinct, I believe, I set my face Londonwards along the ridge of the chalk downs. In three minutes I had lost sight of the burning flood, and was deep among green lanes and under shadowy

"WITH A FRANTIC EFFORT I STRUCK OFF INLAND."

beeches. The very contrast frightened me. I wondered if I was going mad. It was all so quiet. One could not believe that scarce five miles off from that devastating sheet of fire, birds were singing in the sky and men toiling in the fields as if nothing had happened.

Near Lambourne Wood I met a brother cyclist, just about to descend the hill. A curve in the road hid the valley from him. I shouted aloud :—

"For Heaven's sake, don't go down! There is danger, danger!"

He smiled and looked back at me. "I can take any hill in England," he answered.

"It's not the hill," I burst out. "There has been an eruption—a fissure-eruption at Marlow—great floods of fire—and all the valley is filled with burning lava!"

He stared at me derisively. Then his expression changed of a sudden. I suppose he saw I was white-faced and horror-stricken. He drew away as if alarmed. "Go back to Colney Hatch!" he cried, pedalling faster, and rode hastily down the hill, as if afraid of me. I have no doubt he must have ridden into the very midst of the flood, and been scorched by its advance, before he could check his machine on so sudden a slope.

Between Lambourne Wood and Burnham I did not see the fire-flood. I rode on at full speed among green fields and meadows. Here and there I passed a labouring man on the road. More than one looked up at me and commented on the oppressive heat, but none of them seemed to be aware of the fate that was overtaking their own homes close by, in the valley. I told one or two, but they laughed and gazed after me as if I were a madman. I grew sick of warning them. They took no heed of my words, but went on upon their way as if nothing out of the common were happening to England.

On the edge of the down, near Burnham, I caught sight of the valley again. Here, people were just awaking to what was taking place near them. Half the population was gathered on the slope, looking down with wonder on the flood of fire, which had now just turned the corner of the hills by Taplow. Silent terror was the prevailing type of expression. But when I told them I had seen the lava bursting forth from the earth in a white dome above Marlow, they laughed me to scorn; and when I assured them I was pushing forward in hot haste to London, they answered, "London! It won't never get as far as London!" That was the only place on the hills, as is now well known, where the flood was observed long enough beforehand to telegraph and warn the inhabitants of the great city; but nobody thought of doing it; and I must say, even if they had done so, there is not the slightest probability that the warning would have attracted the least attention in our ancient Metropolis. Men on the Stock Exchange would have made jests about the slump, and proceeded to buy and sell as usual.

I measured with my eye the level plain between Burnham and Slough, calculating roughly with myself whether I should have time to descend upon the well-known road from Maidenhead to London by Colnbrook and Hounslow. (I advise those who are unacquainted with the topography of this district before the eruption to follow out my route on a good map of the period.) But I recognised in a moment that this course would be impossible. At the rate that the flood had taken to progress from Cookham Bridge to Taplow, I felt sure it would be upon me before I reached Upton, or Ditton Park at the outside. It is true the speed of the advance might slacken somewhat as the lava cooled; and strange to say, so rapidly do realities come to be accepted in one's mind, that I caught myself thinking this thought in the most natural manner, as if I had all my life long been accustomed to the ways of fissure-eruptions. But on the other hand, the lava might well out faster and hotter than before, as I had already seen it do more than once; and I had no certainty even that it would not rise to the level of the hills on which I was standing. You who read this narrative nowadays take it for granted, of course, that the extent and height of the inundation was bound to be exactly what you know it to have been; we at the time could not guess how high it might rise and how large an area of the country it might overwhelm and devastate. Was it to stop at the Chilterns, or to go north to Birmingham, York, and Scotland?

Still, in my trembling anxiety to warn my wife and children, I debated with myself whether I should venture down into the valley, and hurry along the main road with a wild burst for London. I thought of Ethel, alone in our little home at Bayswater, and almost made up my mind to risk it. At that moment, I became aware that the road to London was already crowded with carriages, carts, and cycles, all dashing at a mad pace unanimously towards London. Suddenly a fresh wave turned the corner by Taplow and Maidenhead Bridge,

and began to gain upon them visibly. It was an awful sight. I cannot pretend to describe it. The poor creatures on the road, men and animals alike, rushed wildly, despairingly on; the fire took them from behind, and, one by one, before the actual sea reached them, I saw them shrivel and melt away in the fierce white heat of the advancing inundation. I could not look at it any longer. I certainly could not descend and court instant death. I felt that my one chance was to strike across the downs, by Stoke Poges and Uxbridge, and then try the line of northern heights to London.

Oh, how fiercely I pedalled! At Farnham Royal (where again nobody seemed to be aware what had happened) a rural policeman tried to stop me for frantic riding. I tripped him up, and rode on. Experience had taught me it was no use telling those who had not seen it of the disaster. A little beyond, at the entrance to a fine park, a gatekeeper attempted to shut a gate in my face, exclaiming that the road was private. I saw it was the only practicable way without descending to the valley, and I made up my mind this was no time for trifling. I am a man of peace, but I lifted my fist and planted it between his eyes. Then, before he could recover from his astonishment, I had mounted again and ridden on across the park, while he ran after me in vain, screaming to the men in the pleasure-grounds to stop me. But I would not be stopped; and I emerged on the road once more at Stoke Poges.

Near Galley Hill, after a long and furious ride, I reached the descent to Uxbridge. Was it possible to descend? I glanced across, once more by pure instinct, for I had never visited the spot before, towards where I felt the Thames must run. A great white cloud hung over it. I saw what that cloud must mean: it was the steam of the river, where the lava sucked it up and made it seethe and boil suddenly. I had not noticed this white fleece of steam at Cookham, though I did not guess why till afterwards. In the narrow valley where the Thames ran between hills, the lava flowed over it all at once, bottling the steam beneath; and it is this imprisoned steam that gave rise in time to the subsequent series of appalling earthquakes, to supply forecasts of which is now the chief duty of the Seismologer Royal; whereas, in the open plain, the basalt advanced more gradually and in a thinner stream, and therefore turned the whole mass of water into white cloud as soon as it reached each bend of the river.

"THE POOR CREATURES RUSHED WILDLY DESPAIRINGLY ON."

At the time, however, I had no leisure to think out all this. I only knew by such indirect signs that the flood was still advancing, and, therefore, that it would be impossible for me to proceed towards London by the direct route *viâ* Uxbridge and Hanwell. If I meant to reach town (as we called it familiarly), I must descend to the valley at once, pass through Uxbridge streets as fast as I could, make a dash across the plain, by what I afterwards knew to be Hillingdon (I saw it then as a nameless

village), and aim at a house-crowned hill, which I only learned later was Harrow, but which I felt sure would enable me to descend upon London by Hampstead or Highgate.

I am no strategist; but in a second, in that extremity, I picked out these points, feeling dimly sure they would lead me home to Ethel and the children.

The town of Uxbridge (whose place you can still find marked on many maps) lay in the valley of a small river, a confluent of the Thames. Up this valley it was certain that the lava-stream must flow; and, indeed, at the present day, the basin around is completely filled by one of the solidest and most forbidding masses of black basalt in the country. Still, I made up my mind to descend and cut across the low-lying ground towards Harrow. If I failed, I felt, after all, I was but one unit more in what I now began to realize as a prodigious national calamity.

I was just coasting down the hill, with Uxbridge lying snug and unconscious in the glen below me, when a slight and unimportant accident occurred which almost rendered impossible my further progress. It was past the middle of August; the hedges were being cut; and this particular lane, bordered by a high thorn fence, was strewn with the mangled branches of the may-bushes. At any other time, I should have remembered the danger and avoided them; that day, hurrying down hill for dear life and for Ethel, I forgot to notice them. The consequence was, I was pulled up suddenly by finding my front wheel deflated*; this untimely misfortune almost unmanned me. I dismounted and examined the tyre; it had received a bad puncture. I tried inflating again, in hopes the hole might be small enough to make that precaution sufficient. But it was quite useless. I found I must submit to stop and doctor up the puncture. Fortunately, I had the necessary apparatus in my wallet.

I think it was the weirdest episode of all that weird ride—this sense of stopping impatiently, while the fiery flood still surged on towards London, in order to go through all the fiddling and troublesome little details of mending a pneumatic tyre. The moment and the operation seemed so sadly out of harmony. A countryman passed by on a cart, obviously suspecting nothing; that was another point which added horror to the occasion—that so near the catastrophe, so very few people were even aware what was taking place beside them. Indeed, as is well known, I was one of the very few who saw the eruption during its course, and yet managed to escape from it. Elsewhere, those who tried to run before it, either to escape themselves or to warn others of the danger, were overtaken by the lava before they could reach a place of safety. I attribute this mainly to the fact that most of them continued along the high roads in the valley, or fled instinctively for shelter towards their homes, instead of making at once for the heights and the uplands.

"'THE MORE HASTE THE LESS SPEED,' HE SAID."

* The bicycles of that period were fitted with pneumatic tubes of india-rubber as tyres—a clumsy device, now long superseded.

The countryman stopped and looked at me.

"The more haste the less speed!" he said, with proverbial wisdom.

I glanced up at him, and hesitated. Should I warn him of his doom, or was it useless? "Keep up on the hills," I said, at last. "An unspeakable calamity is happening in the valley. Flames of fire are flowing down it, as from a great burning mountain. You will be cut off by the eruption."

He stared at me blankly, and burst into a meaningless laugh. "Why, you're one of them Salvation Army fellows," he exclaimed, after a short pause. "You're trying to preach to me. I'm going to Uxbridge." And he continued down the hill towards certain destruction.

It was hours, I feel sure, before I had patched up that puncture, though I did it by the watch in four and a half minutes. As soon as I had blown out my tyre again I mounted once more, and rode at a break-neck pace to Uxbridge. I passed down the straggling main street of the suburban town, crying aloud as I went, "Run, run, to the downs! A flood of lava is rushing up the valley! To the hills, for your lives! All the Thames bank is blazing!" Nobody took the slightest heed; they stood still in the street for a minute with open mouths: then they returned to their customary occupations. A quarter of an hour later, there was no such place in the world as Uxbridge.

I followed the main road through the village which I have since identified as Hillingdon; then I diverged to the left, partly by roads and partly by field paths of whose exact course I am still uncertain, towards the hill at Harrow. When I reached the town, I did not strive to rouse the people, partly because my past experience had taught me the futility of the attempt, and partly because I rightly judged that they were safe from the inundation; for as it never quite covered the dome of St. Paul's, part of which still protrudes from the sea of basalt, it did not reach the level of the northern heights of London. I rode on through Harrow without one word to any body. I did not desire to be stopped or harassed as an escaped lunatic.

From Harrow I made my way tortuously along the rising ground, by the light of nature, through Wembley Park, to Willesden. At Willesden, for the first time, I found to a certainty that London was threatened. Great crowds of people in the profoundest excitement stood watching a dense cloud of smoke and steam that spread rapidly over the direction of Shepherd's Bush and Hammersmith. They were speculating as to its meaning, but laughed incredulously when I told them what it portended. A few minutes later, the smoke spread ominously towards Kensington and Paddington. That settled my fate. It was clearly impossible to descend into London; and indeed, the heat now began to be unendurable. It drove us all back, almost physically. I thought I must abandon all hope. I should never even know what had become of Ethel and the children.

My first impulse was to lie down and await the fire-flood. Yet the sense of the greatness of the catastrophe seemed somehow to blunt one's own private grief. I was beside myself with fear for my darlings; but I realized that I was but one among hundreds of thousands of fathers in the same position. What was happening at that moment in the great city of five million souls we did not know, we shall never know; but we may conjecture that the end was mercifully too swift to entail much needless suffering. All at once, a gleam of hope struck me. It was my father's birthday. Was it not just possible that Ethel might have taken the children up to Hampstead to wish their grandpapa many happy returns of the day? With a wild determination not to give up all for lost, I turned my front wheel in the direction of Hampstead Hill, still skirting the high ground as far as possible. My heart was on fire within me. A restless anxiety urged me to ride my hardest. As all along the route, I was still just a minute or two in front of the catastrophe. People were beginning to be aware that something was taking place; more than once as I passed they asked me eagerly where the fire was. It was impossible for me to believe by this time that they knew nothing of an event in whose midst I seemed to have been living for months; how could I realize that all the things which had happened since I started from Cookham Bridge so long ago were really compressed into the space of a single morning?—nay, more, of an hour and a half only?

As I approached Windmill Hill, a terrible sinking seized me. I seemed to totter on the brink of a precipice. Could Ethel be safe? Should I ever again see little Bertie and the baby? I pedalled on as if automatically; for all life had gone out of me. I felt my hip-joint moving dry in its socket. I held my breath; my heart stood still. It was a ghastly moment.

At my father's door I drew up, and opened the garden gate. I hardly dared to

go in. Though each second was precious, I paused and hesitated.

At last I turned the handle. I heard somebody within. My heart came up in my mouth. It was little Bertie's voice: "Do it again, Granpa; do it again; it amooses Bertie!"

I rushed into the room. "Bertie, Bertie!" I cried. "Is Mammy here?"

He flung himself upon me. "Mammy, Mammy, Daddy has comed home." I burst into tears. "And Baby?" I asked, trembling.

"Baby and Ethel are here, George," my father answered, staring at me. "Why, my boy, what's the matter?"

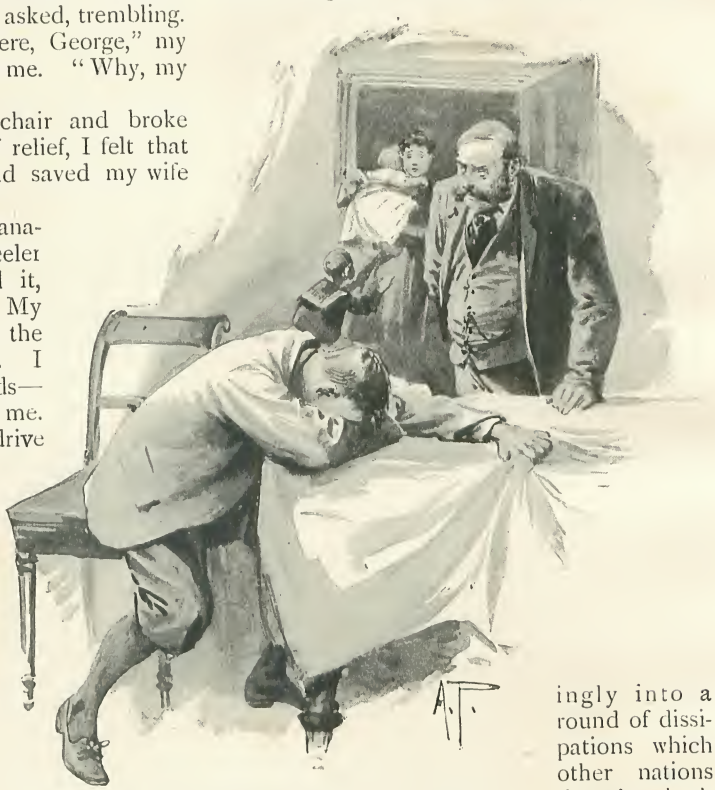
I flung myself into a chair and broke down. In that moment of relief, I felt that London was lost, but I had saved my wife and children.

I did not wait for explanations. A crawling four-wheeler was loitering by. I hailed it, and hurried them in. My father wished to discuss the matter, but I cut him short. I gave the driver three pounds—all the gold I had with me. "Drive on!" I shouted, "drive on! Towards Hatfield—anywhere!"

He drove as he was bid. We spent that night, while Hampstead flared like a beacon, at an isolated farm-house on the high ground in Hertfordshire. For, of course, though the flood did not reach so high, it set fire to everything inflammable in its neighbourhood.

Next day, all the world knew the magnitude of the disaster. It can only be summed up in five emphatic words: There was no more London.

I have one other observation alone to make. I noticed at the time how, in my personal relief, I forgot for the moment that London was perishing. I even forgot that my house and property had perished. Exactly the opposite, it seemed to me, happened with most of those survivors who lost wives and children in the eruption. They moved about as in a dream, without a tear, without a complaint, helping others to provide for the needs of the homeless and houseless. The universality of the catastrophe made each man feel as though it were selfishness to attach too great an importance at such a crisis to his own personal losses. Nay, more; the burst of feverish activity and nervous excitement, I might even say enjoyment, which followed the horror, was traceable, I think, to this self-same cause. Even grave citizens felt they must do their best to dispel the universal gloom; and they plunged accordingly into a round of dissipations which other nations thought both unseemly and un-English. It was one way of expressing the common emotion. We had all lost heart—and we flocked to the theatres to pluck up our courage. That, I believe, must be our national answer to M. Zola's strictures on our untimely levity. "This people," says the great French author, "which took its pleasures sadly while it was rich and prosperous, begins to dance and sing above the ashes of its capital—it makes merry by the open graves of its wives and children. What an enigma! What a puzzle! What chance of an Œdipus!"



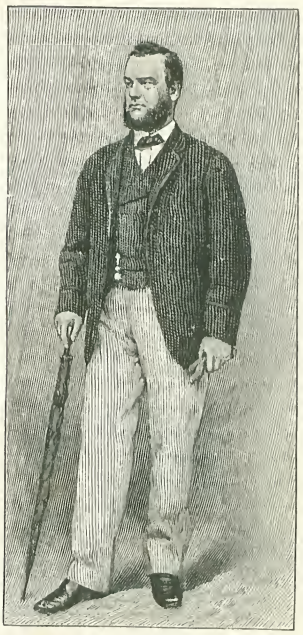
"I FLUNG MYSELF INTO A CHAIR AND BROKE DOWN."

AGE 20.
*From a Photograph.*

## LORD WATSON.

BORN 1828.

LORD WILLIAM WATSON, P.C., D.L., LL.D. (Edinburgh and Glasgow), has been a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary since 1880, when he was created a baron for life. He is the son of the late Rev. Thomas Watson, of Covington, Lanarkshire, and was educated at both Edinburgh and Glasgow



AGE 40.
*From a Photo. by Ross & Pringle, Edinburgh.*

Universities. He studied for the legal profession, and was called to the Bar of Scotland in 1851. He became Solicitor-General for Scotland in 1874–76; Dean of Faculty of Advocates in 1875, and was Lord Advocate from 1876 to 1880. For the four years previous to his being made a Lord of Appeal,

AGE 55.
*From a Photo. by W. Crooke, Edinburgh.*

and consequent migration to the House of Lords, he represented both Glasgow and Aberdeen Universities in the House of Commons on the Conservative side. Since 1885 he has been a member of the Committee of Council on Education for Scotland.

PRESENT DAY.
*From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.*

## MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.

WE have much pleasure in reproducing here a charming set of portraits of Miss Irene Vanbrugh, sister to Miss Violet Vanbrugh, now Mrs. Arthur Bourchier. Miss Vanbrugh began, in 1889, with the revival of "Alice in Wonderland," as the *White Queen*. Joining Mr. Toole's company, she remained with him for three years; and has been on a tour through the United States with Mr. and Mrs. Bourchier. She created the part of *Belle Golightly* in "Walker, London," and in 1893 she joined Mr. Tree, creating the maid's part in Henry Arthur Jones's play, "The Tempter." In the following spring she went to St. James's to appear in "The Masqueraders," took part in "The Importance of Being Earnest," and the revivals of "The Idler" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." She also appeared in "The Chili Widow," and, later, took the title *rôle* in "Kitty Clive," by Frankfort Moore, and played *Miss Grantham* in "The Liar." Miss Vanbrugh created a part in "Belle Belair" at the Avenue Theatre, and subsequently toured as *Polly Eccles* and also as *Lotty* in "The Two Roses." Mr. Charles Wyndham has been fortunate in securing her for the part of *Lady Rosamund Tatton* in "The Liars," by H. A. Jones, at the Criterion.

AGE 4.
*From a Photo. by H. Mower, Exeter.*

AGE 12.
*From a Photo. by W. Kent, Eastbourne.*

AGE 15.
*From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.*

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 17. *[Falk, Sydney.*

*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[Alfred Ellis.*

AGE 16.
*From a Miniature.*

## FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN L. SIMMONS.

BORN 1821.

IT is difficult, nay impossible, to enumerate in so few lines even the salient points in the wonderful career of Sir John Simmons. As soldier, Diplomatist, Railway Commissioner, Governor of Malta, Inspector-General of Fortifications, Her Majesty's

AGE 33.
*From a Photograph.*

Commissioner with the Turkish Army in 1873, and in innumerable other responsible positions, Sir John has met with success and great distinction. He was made Field-Marshal in 1890, and has since been sent as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Pope Leo XIII.

AGE 45.
*From a Photograph.*

AGE 58.
*From a Photo. by T. Fall.*

PRESENT DAY.
*From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.*

*From a]* AGE 9. *[Photograph.*

DR. VILLIERS STANFORD.
BORN 1852.

DR. CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD, M.A., D.C.L., Mus.D., the famous composer and conductor, was born at Dublin, where his father, an enthusiastic amateur, was Examiner at the Court of Chancery. He was educated privately, and at Cambridge, matriculating as choral scholar at Queens' College in 1870. He succeeded Dr. J. L. Hopkins as organist of Trinity College in 1873, and later was appointed conductor of Cambridge University Musical Society. Under Dr. Stanford this society has become a power in the country, and his influence has stimulated music at Cambridge to a remarkable degree of activity. In February, 1881, his opera, entitled "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," in three acts, the libretto by W. B. Squire, was produced at the Court Theatre, Hanover. He has also produced an opera at Hamburg, and has conducted concerts at Berlin. Many of his works have been successfully performed at the Festivals of Birmingham, Leeds, etc., at the Albert Hall, Richter Concerts, Crystal Palace, and on the London stage. At the request of Tennyson he composed the overture, songs, and entr'actes for "Queen Mary," when that play was produced at the Lyceum in 1876. Dr. Stanford's most recent musical compositions are: 4th Symphony in F; 5th Symphony (L'Allegro) in D; the opera, "Shamus O'Brien"; the choral ballad, "Phaudrig Crohoore"; the Irish Fantasies for the Violin, etc. He is a Professor of Music at Cambridge University, and Professor of Composition and Orchestral Playing at the Royal College of Music.

AGE 21.
*From a Photo. by Gabriel Blaise, Tours.*

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 14. *[M. Allen & Co., Dublin.*

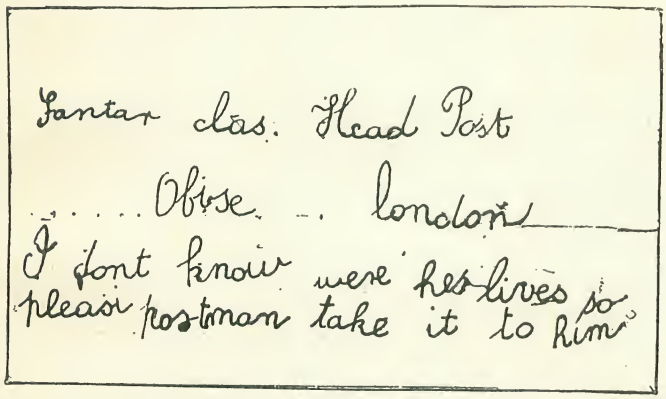
*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[Window & Grove.*

# *Letters to Santa Claus.*

By Mary K. Davis.

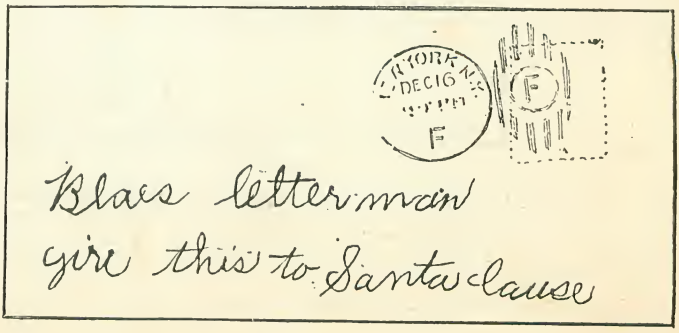
SOME years back a little boy wrote a letter to Santa Claus asking for a box of paints. The letter was addressed as shown below.

The postman, unfortunately, did not know where Santa lived, so he took the letter to the post-office, and, in course of time, the little boy received the box of paints. Nothing, I think, could more clearly prove that Santa, by some mysterious means, is accessible to all children through the mail.

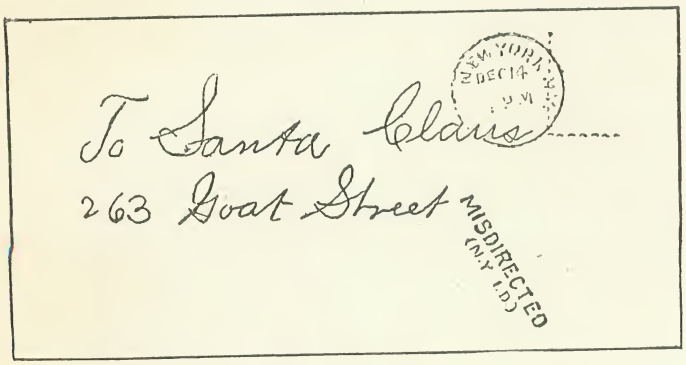



Children certainly think so. Every year Santa's post-bag is filled with letters from boys and girls in all parts of the Christian world, and the wonder is, not how Santa can find time to read them all in so many different languages, but how they ever get to him. Santa's address has never been divulged. The little old man with the grey beard and fur-coat, who comes from somewhere in one short night and leaves something nice in the stocking of every good boy and girl, disappears as quickly as he comes, and for a whole year lives in seclusion, where no person can reach him. So far as is known, there is one man in the post-office who knows the correct address. How else would the boy have got his box of paints? But this man will not tell his secret. Some think, I believe, that Santa calls in person once a year at the post-office to receive his mail, but as no one has ever seen him, the supposition must be abandoned as untrue.

With the whereabouts of Santa I have, of course, little to do, but it seems to me that the safest way for small boys and girls to reach him by mail is to let father or mother act as amanuensis. The letter will then be written, stamped, and directed in the best possible manner, and no delay will take place in the mails. The girl who addressed the envelope shown at the foot of this page, "Blaes letter-man give this to Santa Cause", was greatly disappointed at not getting an answer from Santa on Christmas Eve, but the New York letterman who picked it out of the box took such a long time trying to find Santa's address in the directory, that Santa did not get the letter until after he had started on his trip.



In every well-regulated post-office there is a corps of "guessers" and directory searchers, who are kept for the express purpose of finding out where people live, when addresses are carelessly or not fully written out. Last year a letter came to the post-office, post-




marked New York, with the superscription "To Santa Claus, 263, Goat Street." There is no Goat Street in New York, so the letter was stamped "misdirected," as in the reproduction above, and sent to Washington, where, it was supposed, Goat Street might be found. The clerks thought that fuller directions might be discovered inside, so they opened the envelope, and found the following letter :—

Dear Santa, — When I said my prayers last night I told God to tell you to bring me a hobby horse. I don't want a hobby horse, really. A honestly live horse is what I want. Mamma told me not to ask for him, because I probably would make you mad, so you wouldn't give me anything at all, and if I got him I wouldn't have any place to keep him. A man I know will keep him, he says, if you get him for me. I thought you might like to know. Please don't be mad. — Affectionately, JOHN.

P.S. — A Shetland would be enough.

P.S. — I'd rather have a hobby horse than nothing at all.

I am very sorry to say that John did not get the horse. Little boys who don't do as their mothers tell them find little favour with Santa Claus.

The desires of some children are not very great, and Santa is always pleased with modest children. Down in Norfolk there is a family containing four of the brightest boys and girls to be found within many a mile, and these children lately sent off a batch of letters to Santa, which were admirable, and pleased Santa very much. I quote them together :—

Dear Santa Claus

I should very much like a teaset will you kindly send me one please I should be so thinkful if you would sed me from Yours truely Rosa

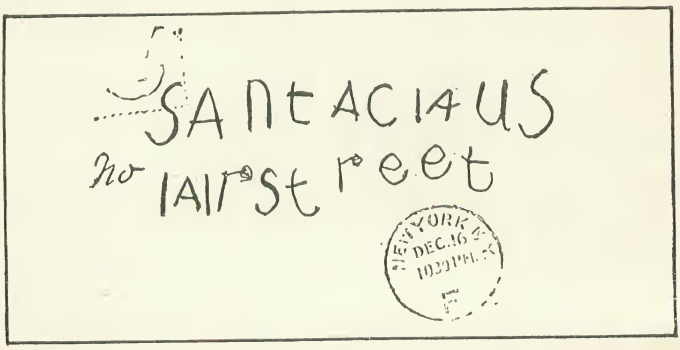
dear Santa claus pleas will you send me a nice doll with black eyes nice cloas on it from Maretta

dear Santa Claus i should realy like a tin wistle with red marks on it

Yours truly
Charlie

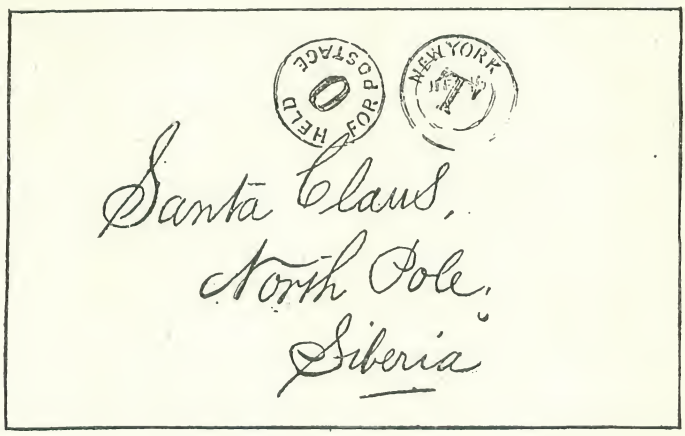
dear Santy clawes i should lik a nice little doll with brown eys black hear will you let me have one please from Marion

An interesting story is told about the following envelope, which passed through the New York Post Office on December 16th of last year. One of the officials was standing with the envelope in his hands, and turning round to another official, he said, "Here is a




letter to Santa Claus, addressed to Air Street. Where is Air Street?" "Why, don't you know?" answered the second official, who had children at home. "Air Street's in the town where the sun rises." The letter was duly delivered.

On this page two superscriptions are reproduced, which show how ideas regarding Santa's address differ. The first, addressed to the North Pole, Siberia, was evidently written by a father at the child's dictation, and failed in reaching its destination because



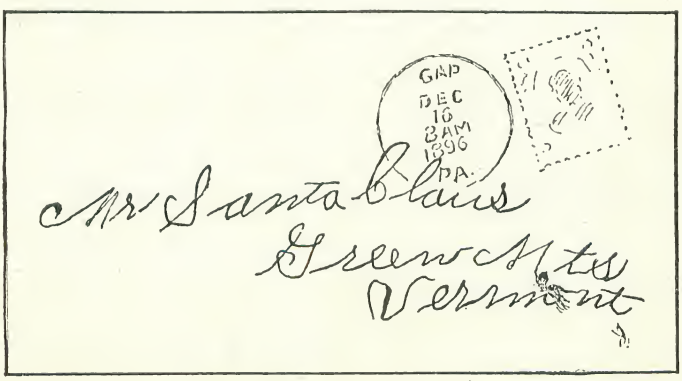

the father had neglected to stamp it. Note the round mark on the envelope, with "Held for Postage" stamped thereon by some assiduous post-office clerk. The second letter was addressed to the Green Mountains, Vermont, probably because Vermont is one of the many places in the United States where the Christmas trees come from. "Where," thought this little one, "should Santa live but in the land of Christmas trees?"

There is a little London boy who wrote a rather pathetic note to Santa trying to appease him for having eaten up a pot of jelly which some kind lady had given to the said boy when he had the measles. Here is what he wrote :—

My dear Santa Claus

Christmas will soon be here, and I spect you are very busy geting your presents ready. You did not forget me last year and the things you brought me were booful. How did you stweze down our small chimley the toys were not a bit smuty. Dear Santa Claus my mama says you only come to good boys and girls. I had the meesels wonce and a kind lady gave me a pot of jelly. I thot I would help my self and ate it all up at wonce. I hope dear Santy Claus you will forget this cos I did like that jelly. Plese bring me a bicykel You cant put that in my stocking or through the chimley but I will ask my daddy to put the door open for you to come in Plese bring a monkey on a stick for my baby brother and a walking stick for my daddy. He has a lot of walking about and his air is getting gray. My stocking is big so plese pop in sweets and nuts and a big pot of jelly. I wont eat it all at wonce. I hope dear Santy Claus you will not have a bad cold or the meesels, and not be able to come.

My name is
Percy ——




I haven't the slightest doubt that Santa Claus would look with favour on this appeal, and we all hope that Santa will never have the "meesels."

A dear little six-year-old girl, who lives not many miles from Charing Cross, also put her wishes on paper, which is, after all, one of the safest ways to get what you want. I wish we could reproduce the pages of the original letter, but the letter has been passed on to Santa. Here is our copy of it :—

My dear Santa Claus.

I hope you are twite well and hab dot a sack full ob nice toys to dive away. You didnt fordet me last Twismas. You brought me a horse and tart and a lot of buns, nuts and sweets. Pwease, dear Daddy Twismas, will you bwing me a lantern this Twismas, will you bwing me a big ball and some sweets. I tink you will be able to queeze em frough de shimney. Will you bwing my baby sister a wag dolly wiv long close and a lot ob sugar ticks. My dear dada would yike a bicycle to dow to work wiv, he has de scrumatics in his bid toe and has to walk wid a stick. My bedroom hab dot a berry bid shimney I tink dere will be woom for you to det down. I will sut my eyes tight and be fast asleep while you are bwinging dem down frou de shimney. So dont fordet. Dood-bye, dear Daddy Twismas, I am longing for you to tum from Jack in the box.

Another letter, written by a girl of seven, who is sometimes "norty," was sent off some time ago, in order that Santa might have a good opportunity to get the doll's baby carriage and the "squeak cat for the baby."

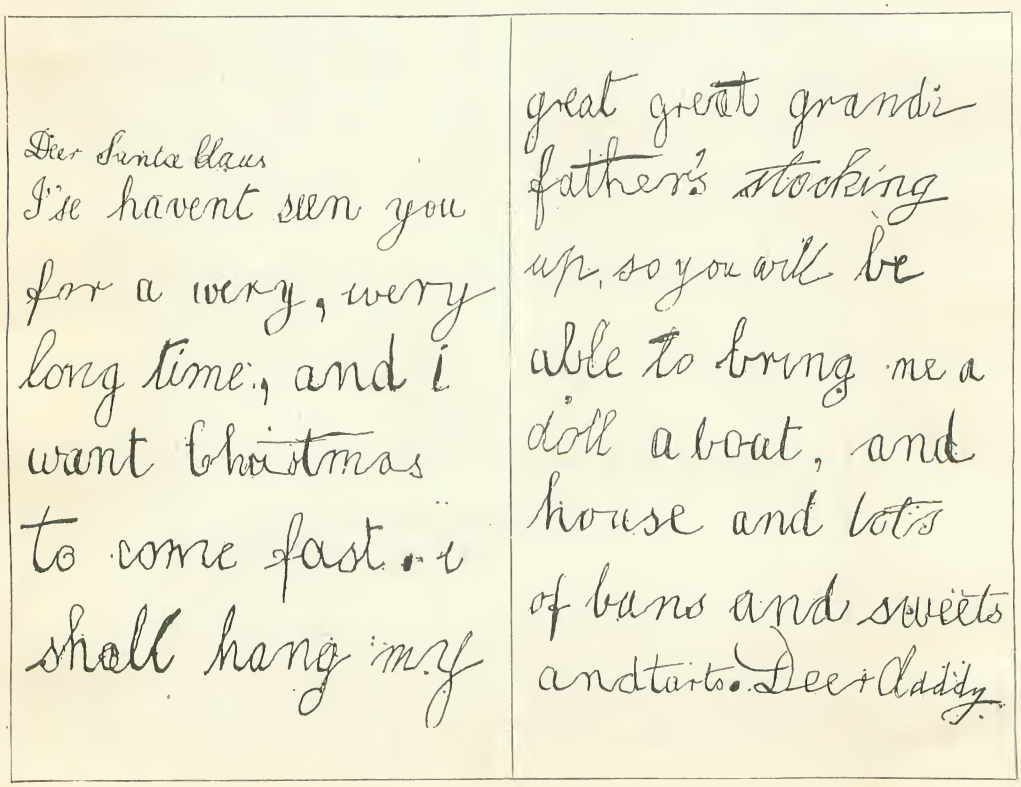
My Dear Santa Claus.

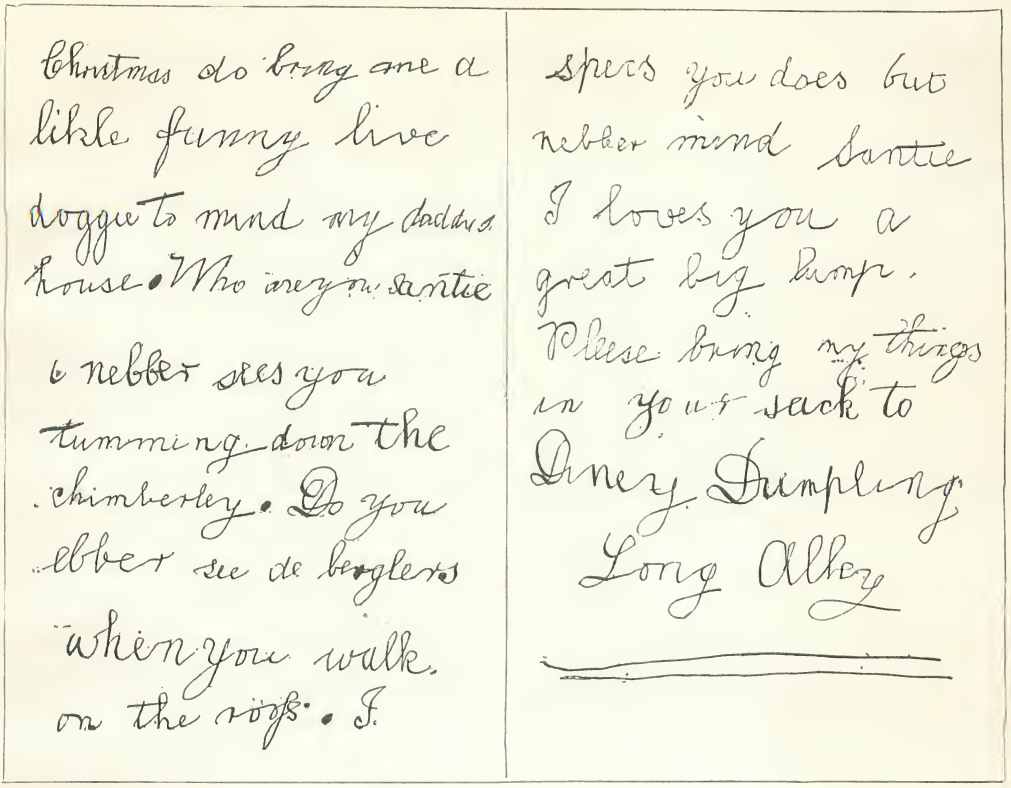
I hope you are quite well. I have got a great big stocking reddy to hang up at Xmas. There is only one big hole in it at the top for you to put the things in. Plese bring me a dolls pram. If it is too big to put in my stocking plese tie it outside where I can see it. Dear Santa Claus I do like butter scotch, plese not forget to bring some, also some nuts and oranges. My teacher tells me you will look at my face to see if I have been good. I am norty some times but plese dont forget me, and bring a horse and cart for my little Tommy and a squeak cat for the baby. I love you very much and ope you will not forget poor little Jimmy who lives at Hope Cottage.

For individuality, and expression of a sweet womanly nature, the following letter, written by an eleven-year-old girl, could hardly be surpassed :—

My Dear Santa Claus

I have been counting up the weeks to Christmas and am longing for the time to come. You have put something in my stocking lots of times so please Dear Santa Claus remember me again. Last year I wanted a dear little baby a real live one you know but I suppose it was too cold and besides I did not write to you as I am doing now, so it did not come. Please bring me one this year. a little girl if you can. I have saved money enough to buy a cradle, and I can get plenty of flannelette to keep it warm. Dear Santie a dear lady gave me your photo. It is hanging in my bedroom, and when I look at it I think you must be




Christmas do bring one a likle funny live doggie to mind my dadda's house. Who are you Santie

& nebber sees you a tumming down the chimberley. Do you ebber see de beagles when you walk on the roofs. I spects you does but nebber mind Santie I loves you a great big lump. Please bring my things in your sack to Diney Dumpling Long Alley

getting very old, and I am sure your legs must ake a good deal at Christmas, when you have to get up and down so many chimneys. If you find the inflewenza coming on, drink a good big glassful of hot lemon water and nosset yourself up or a lot of little boys and girls will be disappointed. As babies are so expensive I will not ask for anything else for myself, but kindly remember my dear Dad by popping in a pair of woollen socks to keep his toes warm when he goes to church, and a warm comfort to tie round his mouth to keep the fog from getting down his throat. Please bring a chooky pig for my little Clement. He will be nearly two years old then. Good-bye dear Daddy Christmas, with my best love, hoping you will not forget little Gertie.

P.S.—If you really do manage to bring the baby, please not forget the feeding bottle.

Most children, when they write, sign nicknames, thinking, perhaps, that Santa will recognise them more quickly by their pet names than by their more formal appellations. The five-year-old girl who wrote the interesting letter reproduced in facsimile above is down on the register of births as Dinah Denton, but little Dinah preferred to sign her pet-name. I know that Santa Claus will not forget Long Alley on his rounds, and that Diney, on Christmas morning, may be the happy possessor of a doll, even if her daddy doesn't get "a likle funny live doggie" to mind his house.

# *Silenced.*

By L. T. Meade and Robert Eustace.

THE terrible time is over, but the agony of the last two months must remain with me as long as I live. To-morrow the girl I love will be married. For her I have suffered and almost died. We love those for whom we suffer—it is the law of life.

I am a lady by birth and a nurse by profession. Early in the winter of last vear I was sent for to attend a nerve case. My patient was a girl of the name of Leonora Trefusis. She was only nineteen years of age. She had a lovely face, but she owed her beauty, not only to classical features and the extreme first tender bloom of youth, but also to an expression ever-varying and ever-beautiful. She was the victim, however, of nerve distress in one of its acute forms. The trouble was brought on by an unfortunate love affair.

Two years ago she had been engaged to a gallant officer in Her Majesty's service. Captain Gifford belonged to a cavalry regiment. He and Leonora had loved each other since they were children, and he hoped to return to England within a year to claim his bride. One of the many disturbances which are always taking place on the north-west frontier of India claimed him, however, as its prey. The news reached Leonora that her lover had been killed during an encounter with the tribes-men. His body was never recovered, and the stunning and terrible blow completely prostrated the young girl. For a time she was quite inconsolable, and that breakdown of nerve and physical health which specially required my services took place. I got her to confide her sorrows to me—she often talked of Captain Gifford and of the love she still bore to him. Once or twice she said, anxiously :—

"Nurse, he may not be dead, after all!"

I shook my head. I knew that it would be wrong to buoy my patient up with false hopes. Of course, the gallant captain was dead, or we should have heard of him long ago.

By-and-by, slowly and surely, Leonora began to get well, and almost immediately afterwards, rather to my astonishment, she became engaged to a Mr. Hertslet, one of the cleverest surgeons in Harley Street. I had nursed patients for Mr. Hertslet before now, and never imagined for a moment that he was a marrying man. He was hard and dry in appearance—not more than thirty-five years of age, but he looked considerably older. His skin was of a deep olive, he was painfully thin, and had a wiry, alert appearance; his eyes were black as night. He had black hair also, which was cropped close to his head. His manner was quick and keen and very decided—he never spoke an unnecessary word, and seemed to be always engaged in abstruse speculations. Mr. Hertslet was a brain specialist, and it had been my lot to nurse some very complicated brain cases for him. No man in England had studied the anatomy of the brain more thoroughly. I am certain he knew the localization of every centre. All that modern science could tell him he had acquired. Now and then in moments of confidence he had spoken to me on the subject of his patients. I was extremely fond of anatomy, and I liked to listen to his explanations, to see his diagrams, to learn something of the wonderful mechanism of that most marvellous thing on earth, the human brain. I respected Mr. Hertslet, but it is also true that I feared him. When he became engaged to Leonora I could not but own to a feeling of consternation. Once I ventured to speak to my patient on the subject.

"I am sorry you are going to marry him," I said; "he is a hard man, and you are full of enthusiasm and fire. By-and-by he will crush your youth out of you."

The colour filled her cheeks, she clasped her hands together and looked earnestly at me.

"Why do you say that?" she remarked. "It is strange of you. Now, I will confess something. I do not love Mr. Hertslet: I only marry him because my father wishes it."

"Have you told him so?" I asked.

"Yes, he knows the exact truth. He is aware that I do not love him. All the love I possess is given to the man who lies in his unknown grave. Mr. Hertslet understands that, if such an impossible thing should happen as that Dick Gifford should come back, I could not marry him. Dick will never come back, of course, and in all pro-

bability I shall be married to Mr. Hertslet in two months from now. You will stay with me until the wedding is over, will you not, nurse?"

I readily promised, for I had already learned to love her well.

"But I promised to remain with her until after the wedding," I answered.

When I mentioned the wedding, a gleam of pleasure filled his black eyes.

"It seems strange, does it not," he said, in a thoughtful tone, "that such a young

"I WILL CONFESS SOMETHING."

On a certain day not long after this conversation I happened to be alone, when the door of the room in which I was sitting was opened, and Mr. Hertslet came in. He looked eagerly around him. When he saw that Leonora was not present he raised his brows and came at once to my side.

"I want to say a word to you, Nurse Petre." As he spoke he seated himself near me.

"I mean to trust you," he said. "I have a very critical case in my private hospital just now. I want an excellent nurse, one who can be calm and firm, and who understands her work. The case is one of life or death. You will leave Miss Trefusis to-morrow and come to me."

I coloured with annoyance.

"I cannot do so," I replied. "Leonora is better, but she is still very dependent on me. There are times when her nervous malady still overcomes her."

"She will get over that," said the surgeon, with an impatient movement.

and beautiful girl should want a man like me?"

"She does not want you—you want her," I answered, boldly.

He looked at me and smiled. He had a slow smile, a cruel one—it reduced his lips to the thinness of a straight line, it showed his white teeth, which always seemed to me more to resemble those of an animal than a human being; then it passed, leaving his face serene, quiet, powerful.

"Nurse, you are a strange woman," he said; "too frank for your profession. Some day that frankness of yours will be your undoing. In your position it behoves you to be careful."

As he spoke he stood up.

"The case I want you to attend is a bad one, and I mean to trephine the day after to-morrow. If I am not successful, the victim will go mad; trephining is the one and only chance. You will come to my house to-morrow evening. The operation will take place on the following morning."

"NURSE, YOU ARE A STRANGE WOMAN."

"I told you that I was engaged to Leonora," I said, angrily.

"I will arrange the matter with Miss Trefusis. I shall expect you. Good afternoon."

He smiled again in that enigmatical way and left the room.

Late that evening Leonora came to see me.

"I have come to say good-night, nurse," she said. "I feel terribly sad at the thought of the parting, but Mr. Hertslet must have his way."

"I am sorry," I answered. She came close to me and nestled by my side.

"And so am I sorry," she said. "I bitterly regret your leaving, but Paul wishes it; there is nothing else to be done."

"Do you feel that you must obey Mr. Hertslet in every particular?" I said, slowly.

She looked at me anxiously.

"When he becomes emphatic, I have to obey him," she said. "He is a person whom it is extremely difficult to resist. Don't you find it so yourself?"

"I do," I said; "I do"—and there was horror in my tone.

She was looking straight before her, and I doubt if she heard my last words.

"I shall miss you terribly," she said, at last. "Those nerve symptoms, which are my torture, may return when your strong presence is withdrawn. I mentioned this to Paul, but he only smiled. He says when I am his wife that I will never feel the trouble which now worries me. I suppose that is likely to be the case; but, nurse, I am in no hurry to be married. As I told you already, I do not really love Mr. Hertslet; the man I love is the one who lost his life in India. I think of him constantly; I shall never forget him. Sometimes I am possessed with the belief that he is not really dead; there always seems to me a possibility of his returning to England."

"He is dead," I said, "I am certain he is dead. You must not encourage false hopes. I wish you all happiness, Leonora; there is no doubt that Mr. Hertslet loves you devotedly."

"He loves me terribly," she answered. "I wish he did not care so much—it is depressing to take so much and give so little. But come into my room, nurse, I have a strange wish to show you something that you have never yet seen — Captain Gifford's photograph. After I am married it will be wrong of me to look at it; but, until then, I may—I must!"

I followed her to her room. She opened a drawer, took out a morocco case, opened it, and put it into my hands. It contained the photograph of a remarkably fine-looking man. The brow was lofty, the eyes wide open, very vivacious and full of life; the mouth was partly hidden by a moustache, but I could guess that its curves were sweet, and I was certain that when that face smiled it was like the sunshine.

"It is a good face," I said, quietly; "the face of a brave man. I am sorry for you, Leonora."

She looked up at me, and then suddenly burst into a passion of weeping.

Towards the evening of the next day I left her and went to Mr. Hertslet's hospital. The hospital was next door to his own house. Having been taken to my room and given some refreshment, a servant came in to ask me if I would like to go and see my patient.

"Mr. Hertslet is out," said the woman. "He said if you arrived sufficiently early you might like to see the gentleman to-night."

I assented willingly, and in my professional cap and apron followed the girl to the door of a large and spacious room on the first floor. I knocked, a manly voice said "Come in," and I entered. A tall man had risen to receive me; a lamp stood on the table behind him, his face and figure were in shadow. He came forward and held out his hand.

"I have heard of you, nurse," he said. "So your kind services are to be at my disposal?"

"Yes," I answered, "I shall be very glad to do what I can for you."

"Pray sit down. Has Mr. Hertslet told you anything of the nature of the operation which is to take place?"

"Yes," I replied. "He says that it is a serious one."

"It is. It is one of life or death. If I die, I die, and the world is well rid of a suffering invalid. If, on the other hand, I live and recover—ah, well, I have much to live for—perhaps you understand."

As he spoke he smiled. He had turned his face so that the lamp-light fell on it, and his smile flashed out on me in a most unexpected way. It transformed his face, making it brilliant and fascinating to an extraordinary degree. I had a curious, undefinable feeling that I had seen it before, but I could not imagine where or when. I liked him, I took heartily to him on the spot, his voice rang true, I knew him to be a good man.

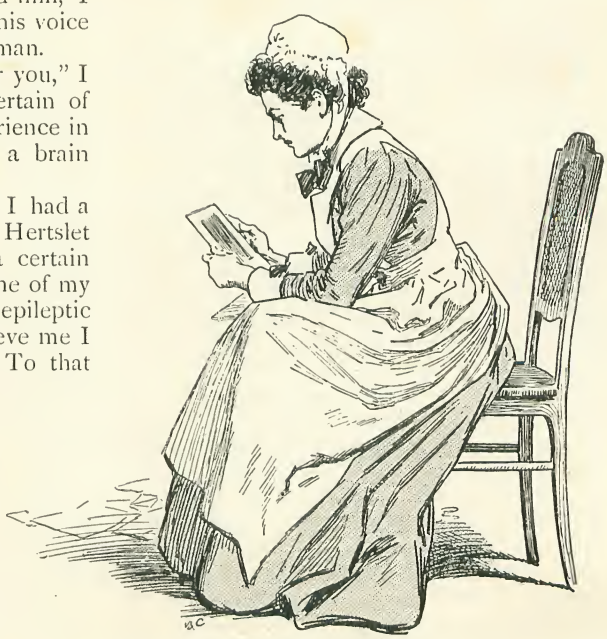
"I shall do my very utmost for you," I said, with enthusiasm, "be quite certain of that. I have had considerable experience in cases like yours. You suffer from a brain trouble?"

"I do. A couple of years ago I had a severe blow on the head—Mr. Hertslet believes that there is pressure on a certain portion of the brain. Since the time of my accident I have suffered from terrible epileptic fits. If nothing can be done to relieve me I shall soon be in a lunatic asylum. To that awful fate I prefer the chance which the surgeon's knife offers. Even in India I heard of Dr. Hertslet's skill, and resolved to come to him whenever I could set foot again in my native land. I have done so, and here I am."

"Is it long since you returned?" I asked, after a pause.

"Only a fortnight. I had curious adventures, about which I will tell you another time. When with my regiment I received the blow on the head which I have just mentioned. I was supposed to be dead, but was taken prisoner by the tribe of"—he paused abruptly. "I must not talk too long," he said; "the slightest excitement brings on a fit. Perhaps, nurse, you will go to my room and unpack some of my clothes. Here are the keys."

He took a bunch from his pocket, gave me a few directions, and I went into his bedroom, which adjoined the sitting-room. It was a well-furnished room—a large travelling portmanteau stood on a pair of trestles by the door. I proceeded to unlock it, and began to put my patient's clothes away neatly in the different drawers which were ready to receive them. At the bottom of the portmanteau I found a small leather writing-case. In taking it out of its resting-place, it fell from my hands, the leather band snapped, and the case flew open. Its contents were scattered on the floor. Vexed with my clumsiness, I stooped to collect them. Amongst a pile of envelopes and sheets of paper lay a photograph. I took it up to replace it in the writing-case, then I paused, uttered an exclamation, and running to the light gazed eagerly at the face which was suddenly revealed to me on the little piece of cardboard. It was the well-known and very lovely face of my late patient, Leonora Trefusis. My brain seemed to whirl. For a



"IT WAS THE WELL-KNOWN AND VERY LOVELY FACE."

moment I could scarcely think distinctly. Then, like a flash, the truth, or what seemed like the truth, became clear to me. The man whom I was about to nurse had only just returned from India. While there he had gone through strange experiences, had been wounded in battle, taken prisoner—I clasped my hands together. Excitement almost overpowered me. Was it possible that I was about to nurse Leonora's old lover? Was it to be my delightful task to bring happiness to the girl I loved best in the world? But I must make sure—I must do nothing rash. I returned to the sitting-room.

"I have unpacked your things," I said to the patient; "you will find everything in perfect order in the different drawers. By the way, do you mind letting me know your name?"

"My name?—oh, Captain Gifford," he said, shortly.

He looked worried, and I did not dare to disturb him further. I knew the truth, however; my heart beat wildly. I made an excuse, and a moment afterwards left the room.

It was now nearly ten o'clock at night, but still not too late for me to go to Leonora in order to tell her what I had discovered. I rushed to my room, put on my cloak and bonnet, and was just descending the stairs, when I heard a latchkey in the lock, and Mr. Hertslet let himself in.

"Ah, nurse," he said, "I am glad you are here. Have you seen the patient?"

"Yes," I replied. "I have been with Captain Gifford for some little time; I have unpacked his things. I do not think he cares to be disturbed again to-night, and——"

"You are going out?" he said, raising his brows with an interrogatory gesture.

"I am anxious to see Miss Trefusis," I replied; "it is not too late, and I have some —news for her." I tried to speak quietly. It occurred to me that I ought to be careful, but in spite of myself my voice trembled. I was terribly excited, and did not think of Mr. Hertslet in the matter. He looked at me steadily, then he spoke.

"I cannot spare you to go out just now," he said, in a cold tone. "The operation is to be performed early to-morrow morning, and there is much to attend to. I wish also to talk the case carefully over with you. Please go into my consulting-room, I will join you in a moment."

As he spoke he walked down the hall, threw open the door of his consulting-room, and motioned me to enter. I went in, he shut the door behind me. The electric light was on, the place looked bright and yet gruesome; a queer presentiment of coming danger visited me. I had little time, however, to give way to it, for in a couple of moments Mr. Hertslet entered the room.

"Now, nurse," he said, "I am ready to attend to you—you want to see Miss Trefusis, and you speak of news: what do you mean?"

"I have made a very extraordinary discovery," I said.

He gave me a steady look, then said, in that voice which always compelled both my fear and respect:—

"You are an excellent nurse, but it is a pity you are so excitable. Excitement is bad for a woman in your profession. What possible discovery can you have made in this house which can bring that tremble to your voice? I admit that you are a good nurse, but you will not long remain so if you allow your feelings to get the better of you."

"Never mind about me now," I said, impatiently; "I want to ask you a question."

"Ask it," he said.

"If all goes well, you intend to marry Leonora Trefusis in about six weeks from now?"

"Have you taken leave of your senses, nurse? Of course I shall marry Miss Trefusis; but why allude to a fact you know quite well?"

"I have more to say," I interrupted. "You are engaged to her on a condition."

"That is not your affair."

"It happens to be my affair," I replied. "You engaged yourself to Leonora on a condition. She promised to marry you solely and entirely because she believed her old lover to be dead."

"Oh, you allude to that old affair," said Mr. Hertslet, with a perceptible note of relief in his voice. "I do not even know the name of the man, but Leonora did speak of a boy-and-girl affair. The fellow, whoever he was, is dead, however. I certainly did say to her if such a thing should happen as that the dead should return to life, I should in honour be obliged to give her up."

"And you never asked the name of her lover?"

"No; the subject scarcely interested me—I wished to avoid it. Before Miss Trefusis is my wife three months she will have forgotten that the man ever existed. Passion like mine will be fully returned."

"Mr. Hertslet," I said, "you must be prepared for a blow. Leonora's old lover exists; he is alive. As from the gate of

death he has returned, he is in this house—his name is Captain Gifford."

The surgeon was standing before me; he staggered when I spoke, then he held himself erect.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"What I say. The name of Leonora's old lover is Captain Gifford. He is upstairs—he is your patient. Go to Leonora, if you do not believe me, and ask her what the name of her old lover was. She will tell you Captain Gifford. If you do not still believe me, ask her to show you his photograph. The photograph is the photograph of the man upstairs. He is alive — he is your patient."

"Take a chair," said Mr. Hertslet.

I dropped into the nearest chair.

"Now, repeat that story again," he said.

I did so. When I had finished he spoke.

"I must leave you for a little, nurse."

I started up, I was really frightened.

"I will not stay in this room," I exclaimed; "I must see Leonora, and at once."

"You will not see her to-night. While I am absent you must remain here."

He walked to the door, opened it, went out, and shut and locked it behind him. At the end of an hour he returned. His face was as calm and powerful-looking as ever. He locked the door again and put the key in his pocket.

"I have verified the truth of your statement," he said. "Now, nurse, you and I must come to terms."

"No," I answered.

"Do you dare to defy me?"

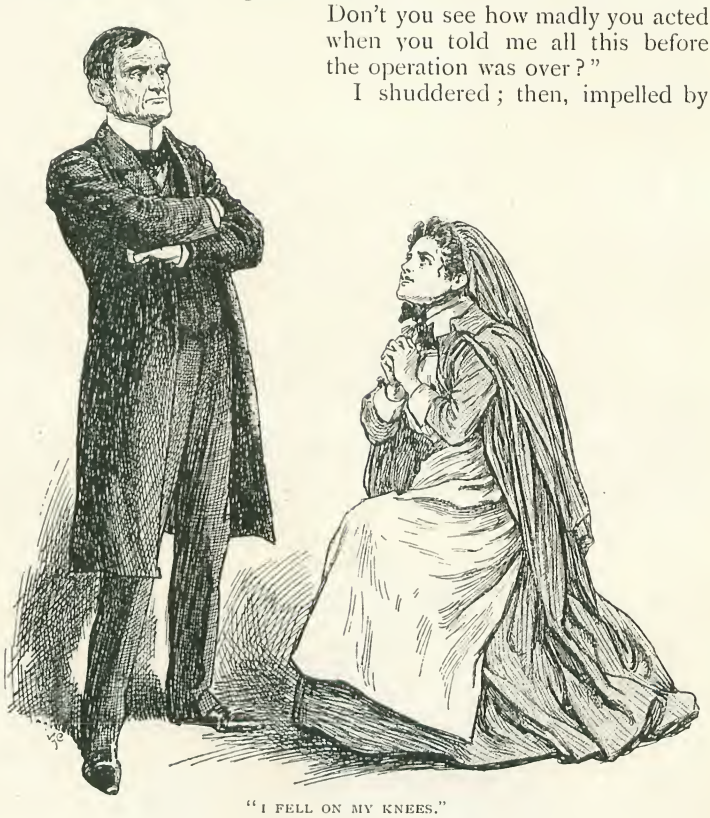
"Yes."

"You will scarcely do so when you know everything. I have spent the last hour looking into the truth of what you have said. I find that your words are correct."

"You did not then believe me?"

"I believed you partly, not wholly; I was resolved to prove the thing for myself. I have visited Miss Trefusis. For the first time since our engagement I alluded to the subject of her old lover—I talked of him gently. She wept. I kissed her and assured her of my sympathy. I asked his name and particulars about him. I have seen his photograph. You are right; my rival lives, he is upstairs. To-morrow I am expected to perform a most critical operation upon him. Think what you have put into my power. The operation is one of extreme difficulty. The slightest swerve of the knife means death. Don't you see how madly you acted when you told me all this before the operation was over?"

I shuddered; then, impelled by the most unexpected terror, I fell on my knees.



"I FELL ON MY KNEES."

"For Heaven's sake do not commit murder!" I cried.

"Get up; I have not the slightest intention of committing murder. I shall operate upon Captain Gifford, and when I do so, the operation will be successful. The case is too critical, too valuable for me to throw it away. I shall gain fresh influence in my profession by the successful performance of so difficult an operation. Ambition and love run a neck-and-neck race with me. I do not intend to sacrifice either, but I have resolved to do this. The operation shall be postponed.

I will give Captain Gifford excellent reasons for this. I shall keep him here, but I shall not operate until after my marriage. Now, do you understand? You can, if you so wish it, return to Leonora, and stay with her until her marriage, or—you can defy me."

"You mean that I am to go back to Leonora and not tell her what I have discovered?"

"That is what I mean; but you can please yourself."

"What other alternative do you offer?"

"*I shall seal your lips!*"

"How? What do you mean? You will make me a prisoner?"

"Nothing of the kind."

"Then how can you seal my lips?"

"That is my secret. You do not leave this house to-night. To-morrow morning I may speak to you again. If to-morrow you make me the necessary promise, I am sure you will keep it, and I shall trust you to return to Leonora. If you refuse to make the promise, I shall seal your lips."

As he spoke he opened the door of his consulting-room and motioned me to leave it.

Trembling in every limb, I went to my room. I was horribly afraid. My earnest wish was to get out of the house. I remained in my room for a couple of hours, then I went downstairs. I tried to unlock the front door. As I was doing so, Mr. Hertslet came out and confronted me.

"Go back to your room," he said, slowly, and with that smile flitting across his lips which I have before mentioned.

I fled upstairs as though I were pursued by a fury. I sat down by my bedside, still wearing my bonnet and cloak. The time flew by; the house was silent as the grave. Overcome with excitement and emotion, I suddenly found myself dozing. I determined to resist slumber, and started up. Once more I gave way to it; at last I fell into a deep sleep. A sudden movement awoke me. I opened my eyes wide. In an instant I was making a frantic effort to struggle to my feet. I found I was unable to do so. Mr. Hertslet was in the room. A ward lamp stood on the dressing-table; the electric light was brightly on. The surgeon was bending over me. He was holding something to my mouth and nostrils, and in his other hand both of mine were clasped tightly. I made another futile effort to rise—the faint, sweet smell of chloroform was all too apparent. Each limb was weighted as if with lead. Hertslet's cruel eyes were looking into mine.

"You are in my power," he said. "I seal your lips."

As he spoke I ceased to struggle—nothing in all the world seemed to matter; I did not care whether I lost my senses or not. I remembered nothing more. When at last I awoke it was morning; the windows of the room were wide open. I was lying with my head close to the sharp corner of the fender, I felt queer and heavy, and there was a dull pain in my temples; I wondered what had happened and why I was lying thus. For a moment or two I lay quiet, thinking over the events of the preceding night. Leonora's lover had returned; he was to be operated on that morning; and I was the nurse who was chosen to undertake the case. Still, I was

"I WAS LYING WITH MY HEAD CLOSE TO THE SHARP CORNER OF THE FENDER."

in no hurry to rise, each limb was soothed, nothing seemed greatly to matter. Presently the door was opened, and a servant entered with a can of hot water. She started back in astonishment and terror when she saw me. Then, hastily putting the can down, she ran towards me.

"What is the matter?" she cried; "what has happened?"

I made an effort to speak, but not a word would come, only a gurgling noise in my throat. I tried to struggle to my feet. Good heavens! my right side, arm, and leg were powerless! I sank back with a moan. As I did so, I noticed a little blood on the corner of the fender against which I had evidently fallen. The girl, now terrified out of her wits, rushed from the room, and in a few moments returned with Mr. Hertslet. He came to me at once and looked at me keenly.

"This is dreadful," I heard him mutter. As he spoke he raised my paralyzed arm and let it fall again. "How did this happen, Nurse Petre?" he asked.

Again I tried to speak—my lips moved, but no sound escaped them.

"Ring for Nurse Martha, and get her into bed at once," said Mr. Hertslet, turning to the servant. "This is a case of apoplexy. What a dreadful thing! I will be back in a few minutes."

The servant helped me to undress, and rang the bell for the other nurse. They soon got me into bed. In about a quarter of an hour Mr. Hertslet returned with another doctor. They both examined me carefully.

"There is no doubt what is the matter," said the fresh doctor, turning to the surgeon. "Hemorrhage from the left middle cerebral, with hemiplegia and aphasia. Rather curious in so young a girl," he continued. "I have only seen two or three cases at her age. One of your own nurses, too, you tell me. Very sad indeed. The mind is fully conscious, but all power of speech is lost. Broca's convolution is evidently involved."

"Can you raise your right arm?" he said, bending down over me.

I shook my head at his question.

"You see she understands what is said to her," he added, looking at Mr. Hertslet.

Some directions were given to the nurse, who had remained in the room, and then both the doctors went out. I could hear them talking outside for a few moments, then they went downstairs. Presently Mr. Hertslet returned. He sent Nurse Martha out of the room and bent down over me.

"You see," he said, speaking in his usual quiet, deliberate tone, "how wrongly you acted not to yield to my reasonable terms last night. You made a mistake, and are suffering the consequences. I told you that if you did not agree to my conditions I should seal your lips. I have done so."

Once more I made a frantic effort to answer, but not a word would come.

"You injure yourself by the emotion which you exhibit," he said. "Now, listen. I intend to marry Miss Trefusis, and in order to do so I have taken steps to insure your silence. In all probability you will never speak again. With my immense knowledge of the localization of motor centres of the brain, it was easy for me to do what I have done. When I saw you try to leave the house last night I made up my mind. I waited until you dropped asleep, then I administered an anæsthetic. The rest was easy. With a suitable instrument I made a small opening through the bone at the top of your temple, just over the centre which controls the power of speech. Having made the hole through the bone, I introduced a probe and broke up that portion of the brain tissue. The external opening is scarcely visible. You are supposed to be suffering from cerebral hemorrhage. You may by-and-by rise from your bed, but you cannot speak, nor can you control your brain sufficiently to write anything, even with your left hand. Thus you are as powerless to convey the information which you know to Leonora Trefusis as if you were dead."

He paused for a moment, then he continued:—

"You will like to know everything, and I am willing to tell you. Having performed the operation, I placed you with your head beside the sharp corner of the fender, and upon it smeared a little blood. You may call attention to the small wound on your head, by making signs to the nurse, but she has been told that the wound was caused by your fall."

Having said the last words he turned and left the room.

I lay perfectly motionless in my bed. The nurse had little or nothing to do for me. All I wished for was to be alone. My active brain, revolving ever and ever round one problem, brought torture to the point of madness. I knew that I was doomed; I was chained as if in iron: I, in my first youth, was doomed to the silence of the grave. Mr. Hertslet would marry Leonora; Captain Gifford would probably die.

These thoughts, sweeping by in grim procession, tortured me day and night, day and night.

At last, about a week after my seizure, Leonora came to see me. She looked very pale and sad, and when she entered the room and noticed the change in my face she burst into tears.

"Oh, my poor darling!" she exclaimed, "how dreadful you look!" As she spoke she flung herself on her knees by my side.

"OH, MY POOR DARLING!"

"Get up, Leonora," said a voice, which I had learned to dread with an unutterable horror. Mr. Hertslet had entered the room.

"This emotion is bad for you, and bad also for the patient," he added.

"Paul, will she never speak again?" asked the girl.

"It is unlikely, but we must hope for the best."

"She looks so anxious and pathetic," said Miss Trefusis. "Watch her eyes—they are full of a question. She is longing to tell us something. Perhaps she can write it."

"Try her," said Mr. Hertslet. As he spoke he crossed the room, and took a sheet of paper and pencil and brought them to my side.

"Try with your left hand," he said, quietly.

I glanced up at him and made a frantic effort. All in vain. My brain directed the words, but the hand would not obey its master. I could only effect a few straggling lines on the paper.

"She cannot," said the surgeon, looking at Leonora; "it tortures her to try."

He put the paper back again; Leonora bent over me and kissed me.

"Rest quietly, darling," she said. "After I am married you shall live with me—I will nurse you and love you; I will try to do a little for you because of the much you did for me."

Then she left the room, her tears still falling.

Some more weeks went by—there was no change in my condition. In those weeks I had learned what despair meant. A certain morning dawned; I awoke feeling strangely better. I could not account for my sensations, but I felt lighter and less heavy-limbed. I observed, too, that I could move my arm—the paralysis was evidently passing away. Once again I made an effort to speak, but not a word would come. Still, the paralysis of the arm and side was less marked.

When the nurse came into the room I longed to say to her "I am better," but I think my eyes must have told her something, for she bent over me and said, cheerily:—

"Oh, come, you are looking more like yourself."

I raised my arm about an inch in order to draw her attention to it.

"This is splendid," she said; "I must tell Mr. Hertslet." She stood at the bottom of the bed as if considering.

"I do not know that I ought to trouble him to-day," she said; "this is his wedding-day. Why, nurse, what a queer expression you have in your face. You have got such strange eyes—I never before saw human eyes express so much. I do not believe you like this wedding. Well, Miss Trefusis is a

beautiful young lady, but then Mr. Hertslet is so clever, the cleverest surgeon of his day. Of course, he is older, but still——"

There came a knock at the door, the nurse went to open it. I heard her utter an exclamation, she then came back on tiptoe to my side.

"What do you think has happened?" she said. "You are highly honoured. There is no less a person standing outside than Miss Trefusis—the bride herself. Shall I show her in?"

My eyes spoke, my hand was raised once again. Leonora entered. She was in her bridal dress. Her beauty was extraordinary and startling, but her sweet face was ghastly pale, and her dark eyes were full of an uncontrollable sadness. I motioned with my hand to Nurse Martha to leave us. Leonora came up close to me.

"I hoped you might have been better," she said, bending over me. "I could not go away without seeing you and bidding you good-bye. Yes, I am going to the church now to be married. Ah, nurse, dear nurse, he never came back. I shall be Mrs. Hertslet within an hour."

I motioned with my hand and said with my eyes, "Stay with me for a little. Mine is a dreadful fate—comfort me with your presence just for a few moments."

She seemed to read my thoughts, for without a word she sat down near me. Presently she took my hand and covered it with her kisses. Some of her tears dropped on it. As she sat so, and the quick moments passed, and I knew that in a very short time her fate would be irrevocably sealed, a frantic determination awoke within me. If no words could rise to my lips, at least I could direct my thoughts to the Providence above. I began to pray frantically, despairingly. I began to plead with the Almighty to give me back the gift of speech.

"Let me have it, Lord!" I entreated. "Only for an hour, for half an hour, for a few moments, just in order that I may save her."

As I spoke thus to God the light in my eyes must have been wonderful, for Leonora touched me.

"What is it?" she said; "your eyes seem to speak—there is something troubling you. Oh, nurse, nurse, make an effort. Surely if you make a great, frantic effort you can move that silent tongue."

My heart was beating wildly.

"One word, Lord, even one word," I pleaded, "one word to save her, to prevent a great, a terrible wrong being done."

I moved my lips, the guttural noise came to my throat. Suddenly, with a mighty effort, the blood surging to my temples, I found that my long-disused speech had returned.

"Leonora," I whispered.

"Good heavens! she speaks, she speaks," cried the girl. She fell on her knees and clasped both my hands. "Dear, dearest, tell me what is in your heart."

I knew that my words must be few. I had to select them before they were uttered.

"Leonora, listen," I said. "Do not marry Mr. Hertslet. Captain Gifford is in this house. Do not marry that—bad man."

These were all the words I found myself capable of uttering. My brain reeled, the room became dark, I sank away into complete unconsciousness.

I was very ill afterwards, and knew nothing more for a long time. When I came to myself Leonora told me the story of the next few days. Acting on my advice, she went to seek Captain Gifford, and found him. She said little or nothing about that interview, nor did I question her. Mr. Hertslet returned to the house about half an hour after I had recovered my power of speech. Leonora herself met him and told him what had occurred. He looked quietly at her, his face grew white, he went out of the house, never to return. Never again did he come back to Harley Street. I cannot tell what part of the world he is now in, but at least his career in England is at an end. Another great surgeon performed the operation on Captain Gifford, who got better, and to-morrow Leonora is to be his wife.

As for me, I am slowly but completely recovering; the awful silence is over. It was broken in time, thank Heaven!

# *Glimpses of Nature.*

## VI.—THOSE HORRID EARWIGS.

By Grant Allen.

THIS is an age of vindications. Robespierre has been vindicated, and so has Marat; officious apologists have attempted to whitewash the unamiable character of Richard III.; Tiberius has been described as "a wise and great ruler"; and even poor Caligula has been lamely excused, on the ground of insanity, for such playful little freaks as making his favourite saddle-horse a Roman consul. Nobody's reputation is safe nowadays from the vindicator. It is the same in the animal world. New light is constantly being cast on the idiosyncrasies of the rattlesnake; we are assured from day to day that the cobra, though slightly venomous, is an excellent wife and a devoted mother; the scorpion only stings when you put him on the defensive or when he runs for his life; and the tarantula, we are told, has been most unjustifiably and cruelly blown upon. Has not the poet of "The Bad Boy's Book of Beasts" informed us that—

The tiger, on the other hand, is kittenish and mild;
He makes a pretty plaything for any little child;
And mothers of large families (who claim to common sense)
Will find a tiger well repay the trouble and expense.

In the midst of all these vindications, shall the harmless, unnecessary earwig go unvindicated from the aspersions that too often assail his character? A thousand times, no! Because he is small, he shall not be insulted with impunity. I see a helpless animal unduly exposed to vile detractions, and openly pursued with undeserved asperity. The sight arouses all the latent chivalry of my nature. I will gird on my sword to do battle for the right, and rush in, a scientific St. George, in defence of the innocent but persecuted earwig.

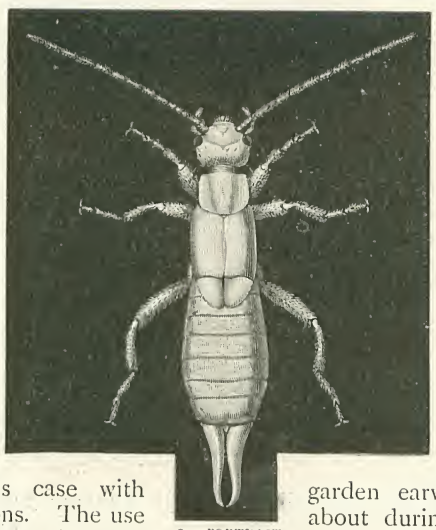
That my hero (or heroine) has a bad name in the world I am not careful to deny. Calumny has dogged it from its earliest days. Its very name enshrines a myth which is in itself a libel. It is called earwig, gossips will tell you, because it creeps into the ears of incautious sleepers in the open air, and so worms its way to the brain, where, if you will believe the purveyors of folk-lore natural history, it grows to a gigantic size, "as big as a goose's egg," and finally kills its unhappy victim. It is true, science knows nothing of this form of brain-disease; it has tried the case before an impartial tribunal, and the earwig has left the court without a stain on his character. Some etymologists have even endeavoured to persuade us that the name earwig itself is but a corruption of ear-wing, a word which they suppose to be derived from the shape of its flying organs. There, however, our philologists are surely crediting the people with more knowledge than they possess; very few gardeners or countrymen are aware that earwigs have wings, while the general public never sees them flying. Besides, the German name *Ohrwurm*, or "ear-worm," and the French *Perce-oreille*, or "pierce-ear," suffice to show that the myth is not confined to our own country. All over the world this harmless and on the whole beneficent creature (for he is a good scavenger) is regarded with superstitious fear and aversion; all over the world, he is ruthlessly destroyed whenever found; and modern science alone is the first to attempt the Herculean task of rehabilitating him.

Before you begin to rehabilitate anybody, however, it is first desirable to know something about himself, his family, and his antecedents. I will therefore set out with a brief description of the earwig and his relations. Almost everybody knows well that earwigs are black little creeping insects, which frequent dark spots, avoid the light, and love to take refuge under stones or woodwork. The earwig, in point of fact, is a nocturnal animal. Like the bat and the owl, he hides during the daytime, and only prowls forth at night in search of food and adventures. Plain as he is to outward view, his diet might suit the daintiest of poets, for he lives for the most part on the petals of flowers, on which account he is hated with a deadly hatred by gardeners. But the diet of the race is not wholly floral. Earwigs prefer petals and other soft parts of plants; but they will put up with leaves or growing shoots, and even feed to a small extent on dead or decaying animal matter. That they are fond of fruit you must have observed for yourself in the case of peaches and strawberries; though I fancy they never attack a perfect

specimen for themselves. My own experience is that they wait till a wasp has bored a hole in the rind of an apricot or a nectarine, and then creep in to enlarge it by their additional efforts. If on any such occasion instead of throwing the fruit away in disgust you will watch the little robbers with a pocket lens, you may (if fortunate) have a chance of observing the mode of action of the mouth organs. That is the difference between the point of view of the naturalist and the general public. The outsider says: "What a nuisance! This peach is full of earwigs!" The naturalist says: "How lucky! Now I shall have a chance of seeing how he uses his mandibles!"

1.—PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN. (OBSERVE HIS TAIL.)

And here let me call your attention in passing to the portrait of a male earwig, the father of a large family, in illustration No. 1. You will observe at once for yourself that he has a long body, divided as a whole into three well-demarcated portions. In front comes the head, with its two beady-black compound eyes, its round upper lip, its long waving antennæ, and its shorter jaw-feelers. Next to the head come the three rings or segments of the body proper (called, technically, the *thorax*), each ring being here provided with a pair of legs, while the two hinder rings bear also wings or wing-cases. Last of all comes the abdomen, or tail, with its numerous flexible rings, of which the male has one more than the female. Notice also the powerful pair of pincers at the extremity of the tail, which are the most conspicuous organs in the full-grown insect: they are more curved in the father of the family than in his faithful spouse, and are likewise provided in his case with curious teeth or indentations. The use and meaning of all these parts will come out in detail as we proceed with our inquiry; for the present, I will content myself with calling your attention to the fact that "that horrid earwig" is a far handsomer animal when you come to examine him at close quarters than you were inclined to believe on a casual and disgusted summary inspection. Confess now that his beautifully jointed legs, his translucent thighs, his toothed pincers or forceps, and his feathery antennæ are very much finer than anything you expected from him when you first saw him.



2.—PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

In No. 2, Mr. Enock has given us the counterfeit presentment of the earwig's wife, for comparison with the portrait of her noble lord. You will observe at a glance that she differs from her mate in two main particulars only. She has one less segment to her tail; and her pincers, which are toothless, are almost straight and nearly parallel. The air of distinction which the husband thus gains over his wife is almost as marked as that which is given to man over woman by a couple of inches additional height, and by the noble appendage of a pair of black moustaches. Compare the two as you see them in the illustrations, and you will never again have a doubt as to the real nature of masculine superiority. If you are a man, indeed, I don't suppose you have ever had one. I have called the earwig black, but that is only true on a general survey. In reality, the head is rich chocolate brown, with the many-faceted compound black eyes standing out against it; the legs are amber-coloured, the jointed antennæ are pale amber, and the wing cases are transparent or horn-like in colour.

Now, these two faithful portraits represent the earwig as we all best know him — the common or garden earwig, engaged in crawling about during the hours of sunshine, and seeking some cranny where he may hide himself from the light that irks and distresses him. But there is another side to earwig life which in all probability you have

never suspected. While day lasts the earwig shelters himself underground, or lies hid beneath stones or in the crevices of bark. But when night arrives, oh, then he sallies forth, on love and feasts inclined; he seeks his dusky mate, or battens on pink rose-petals. Then is the time to see him flying abroad on expanded wings; and then is the time when he really enjoys existence, till some late-flying swallow or prowling bat puts an end to his brief revels.

"But I never knew earwigs *flew!*" you exclaim. "I never thought they had wings. Those I have seen were always creeping and crawling."

That is quite true; and in this matter I will not deceive you. The common earwig does really fly; but he is an infrequent aeronaut. Indeed, I believe he seldom uses his wings except when he is courting or changing his residence. However, there is a smaller species of earwig, not minutely discriminated from the common sort by housewives and gardeners (who kill all the race impartially), but known to entomologists as *Labia minor*. This lesser member of the tribe may often be seen disporting himself on the wing on warm afternoons in summer; and even the larger earwig occasionally ventures out after dark in the same manner. The approved method of taking earwigs on the wing is by means of a tarred board, on which they may be caught in small numbers. When the broad transparent wings are expanded, they are really beautiful and striking objects.

3.—FEMALE EARWIG WITH HER WINGS EXPANDED.

What becomes of the wings, however, when the insect is at rest or crawling? Well, they are almost invisibly tucked up in a most curious and marvellous way under the horny outer pair, or wing-cases. In beetles, the horny front pair or wing-cases completely cover and hide the hind pair or flying wings. But earwigs are in many ways a less advanced and perfect group than the beetle tribe: as we shall see hereafter, they are a rather primitive type, only half way up in the scale of development towards the highest insects. And among their imperfections one may mention this—that the hind wings are only partially covered by the front pair or wing-cases.

When I say so, however, I do not mean to be unkind to the earwig, who, within his own limitations (as we say of minor poets), must be looked upon as one of the most marvellous and complicated of animals. And I propose to illustrate this fact for you in a single direction by a brief consideration of the way in which he folds and tucks away his pinions when he has done with them.

No. 3 represents a female earwig in flight, with the thin, transparent wings fully expanded. You will notice here that the first pair, or wing-cases, which are hard and horny, are held open in front out of the way; and that the second pair, or true wings, are flat and papery behind, but have a curious horny rib or "stiffener" in their front portion. This stiffener acts exactly like the whalebone or steel in a pair of corsets, or like the ribs in an umbrella. The beautiful folds and creases in the true wings resemble those in a fan or Japanese parasol; but they run two ways, some lengthwise, and some transversely. They are exquisitely true in their wrinkles, and enable the insect to shut up the wing with perfect accuracy.

No. 4 and the subsequent illustrations show us the various stages in the very complicated closing process; and Mr. Enock has so drawn them for me as to let us follow in detail every step in this wonderful piece of insect jugglery. Cinquevalli himself does nothing more admirable. To see an earwig close her wings is a study in the perfection of nature's mechanism. In No. 4 itself, which is the first of the series, the rib or stiffener is just slightly depressed, so as to make the tip of the wing drop a little. In No. 5, the stiffener bends at the joint in the middle, and thus makes the edge of the wing curl inward like a fan, the pleats folding neatly

with the utmost precision. With the stage illustrated in No. 6, the wing begins to flap; and in No. 7, the first part of it disappears round the corner, while the remainder turns up like a hinge at the intermediate

much as they can do in the way of tightening up, by their unaided efforts. And now comes in the use of the tail with its curious appendages; and very odd it is. The pincers supplement the action of the wing-muscles.

4.—BEGINNING TO CLOSE.

6.—A STAGE FURTHER.

cross-nerves. In No. 8, we find the wing constricted in the middle by the process of folding; while in No. 9, the back part has been nicely tucked away behind the front portion, so that

As soon as the earwig has reached the point of closing represented in No. 11, she suddenly turns up her tail from behind, as you can see in No. 12, opens her forceps, and applies the sharp points of the pincers to the

5.—DOUBLING UP THE FORE-WING FANWISE.

7.—THE BACK PART FOLDING HINGE-WISE.

the whole simulates for a moment a pair of separate wings. In Nos. 10 and 11, again, the folding still continues, till the muscles which move the wings have done as

recalcitrant wing-tip, which will not close of its own mere motion. Then, as you can observe in No. 13, she rapidly clips the pincers together, thus tucking in the last bit

of the wing much as a hand might do it. After that, she straightens her body again, as in No. 14, and is ready to replace the folded wings behind the hard wing-covers. Of course, all this process, which we have represented here in detail in its various stages, only occupies in life a few brief seconds; so perfect and so automatic is the mechanism that the earwig manages it all as readily as a lady closes up her fan and re-opens it.

8.—A SECOND LATER.

10.—THE PROCESS CONTINUED.

9.—THE HIND PART FOLDS BENEATH THE FORE.

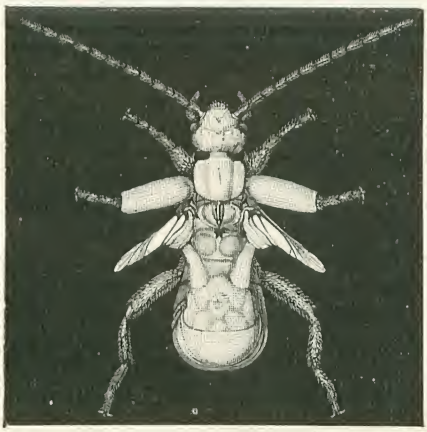
11.—THE WINGS THEMSELVES CAN GO NO FURTHER; SO—

In No. 15, our earwig is shown in the act of replacing the folded wings over the abdomen; while the hard, horny wing-case is beginning to cover them. In No. 16 she has folded them quite back, but has lifted the wing-cases again, as if to fly off once more; this illustration exhibits the size of the wings when fully folded, and enables you to understand their true relation to the outer wing-cases. Reverting now to No. 2, the mechanism is seen once more completely closed up, and the earwig is prepared to crawl about on the ground in its usual sedate and humdrum manner. But if, after this, you ever despise those horrid earwigs, I shall think you have no taste for the wonderful in nature.

Perhaps, however, the most marvellous point in the history of the female earwig is

12.—THE TAIL COMES IN TO HELP THEM.

the fact that she sits on her eggs and takes care of her young exactly as a hen does. She retires underground to lay her eggs, which she deposits in some safe and convenient cranny—usually ready-made for her. She is not herself a good digger, like the mole-cricket, nor has she feet specially adapted for clearing away the soil; she therefore takes advantage of accidental cracks in the ground (being a cave-dweller, not an excavator), and is particularly fond of following the disused burrows of earth-worms. You must remember that the surface-soil is literally honey-combed with burrows of worms, which are not mere holes, but neat small tubes, cylindrical in outline, carefully engineered, and lined throughout with a layer of fine earth, as solid as concrete. The mouth of the burrow is also frequently papered with dead leaves, cemented to the wall by a sticky secretion from the worm's body. These underground tunnels often penetrate the earth to a depth of many inches, and occasionally go down as much as six or seven feet. They thus form excellent approaches or adits, which the earwig can use in prospecting a suitable cranny for her own nursery. If you ask why the worm does not expel the intruder, or stick up a notice to say that trespassers will be prosecuted, I would point out in reply that hundreds of such tunnels are rendered tenantless each day by means of thrushes, starlings, and other worm-eating birds, which prowl about lawns, gardens, and meadows, picking out the earth-worms as fast as they show their noses above the level of the soil; while hundreds more are made desolate by moles and centipedes. There is thus never any lack of empty burrows which the earwig can appropriate, as the hermit-crab appropriates the empty shells of whelks and periwinkles.



13.—THE USE OF THE PINCERS.

In No. 17 we see the mother earwig safely installed in a nice underground nest, and sitting like a hen on the eggs she has deposited within it. You can dig up such nests and eggs in any garden in January and February. Mr. Enock tells me he sometimes finds them at a depth of six inches. The average number of eggs in a brood runs from fifty to sixty. The good mother sits on them till they are all hatched out, and even then continues to watch them, as a hen does her chicks, till they have arrived at years, or rather weeks, of discretion.

No 18 is a portrait of the earwig and her numerous family in their first condition. And this picture leads us up to one most interesting point in the earwig's development. You will notice here that the young insects closely resemble their mother in most respects—far more closely than a caterpillar resembles

14.—THE TAIL STRAIGHTENED OUT AGAIN.

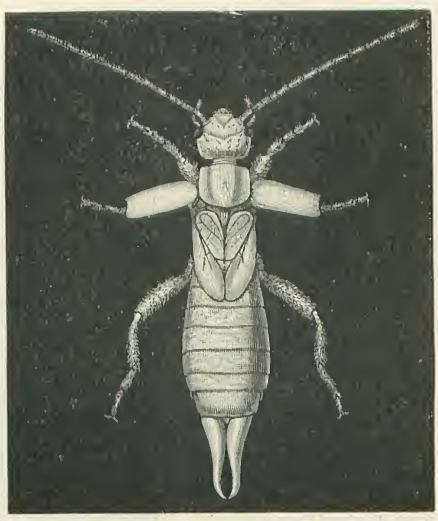
its butterfly; they have the same sort of head, the same sort of body, the same sort of tail, and the same peculiar pincers; but they are quite wingless. Now, this brings out in a very clear way their analogies to and their differences from most higher insects; it enables us to form a distinct idea of the origin of that standing miracle, the metamorphosis of the maggot into the fly and of the caterpillar into the butterfly.

15.—REPLACING THE WINGS BENEATH THE WING-CASES.

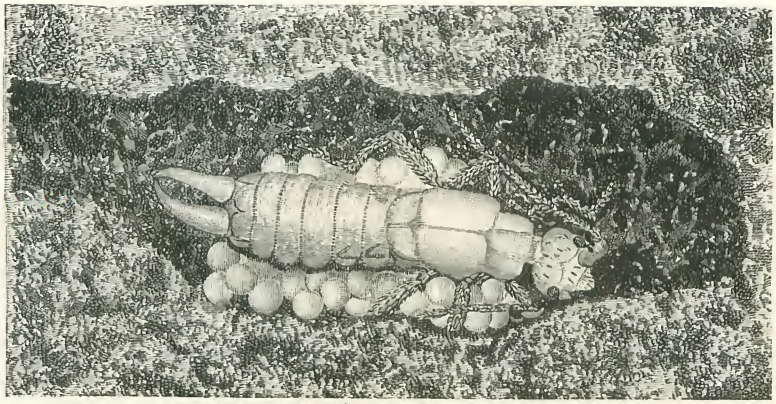
Some insects have wings, and some have none; but among insects with none, we may distinguish two classes: those whose progenitors could fly, but who have themselves degenerated so as to become wingless; and those who never had wings at all, but represent the primitive non-flying ancestor. Several of these early wingless types still persist to the present day; and they very closely resemble the young of the earwigs. They have a head with a couple of waving antennæ; they have a body of three segments, each of which bears a pair of legs, but no wings; they have a long, jointed abdomen; and at its end they have two appendages which, though not specialized into pincers, distinctly suggest the forceps of the earwig. Indeed, if the baby earwigs always remained in their first larval stage, we might easily mistake them for some of these primitive wingless creatures. No. 19 is a rough sketch of such an early type of non-flying insect, by name Campodea.

The young earwig, however, does not stop short at this point. When born or hatched from the egg, he closely resembles his parents in most respects, and as he grows and moults, he becomes at each change more and more like them, till at last he is justly considered "the very image of his father." At a certain stage in his development, indeed, we find that on two segments or rings of the body, two prominences or protuberances begin to make their appearance. These are the rudiments of the wings and wing-cases, which grow gradually under the skin, and become fully developed after the last moulting. We may fairly take it for granted, therefore, that in this case the young earwig when first hatched out resembles the original wingless ancestor of the race; but as time goes on, he begins to assume the various forms which the race has passed through in its advance to the modern winged condition. In other words, the metamorphosis of the individual sums up for us in brief the evolution of the kind.

Observe, however, that the young earwigs do not pass through any distinct and well-marked stages of larva, pupa, and imago—grub, chrysalis, and butterfly—like their more advanced relations. It is true, the names of larva and pupa are frequently given to the two earlier phases in the life of the earwig and its allies. But the terms are misapplied. All that happens to the earwig is a gradual series of successive moults; and during one of these moults the wings make their appearance. Moreover, the young earwig when just hatched out of the egg (as you can see in No. 18) resembles its mother in everything essential save in the possession of wings. There is no real metamorphosis, or a very imperfect one; hardly more change, indeed, than takes place in the growth of humanity; for the acquisition of walking and the addition of a beard and other adult adjuncts may fairly be compared to the develop-



16.—THE WINGS AT REST; THE WING-CASES RAISED AGAIN.



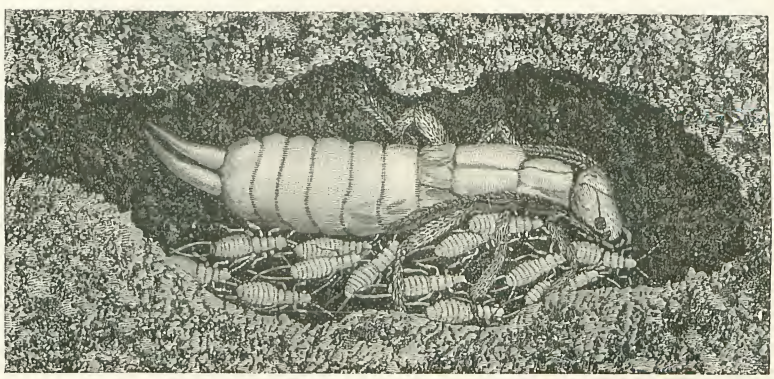
17.—THE MOTHER EARWIG SITTING ON HER EGGS.

ment of the wings in the growing earwig. It is quite otherwise with those insects which undergo a complete metamorphosis, like bees and butterflies. The young grub in the comb does not in the least resemble the full-grown bee, whether queen, or drone, or worker; the caterpillar does not in the least resemble the beautiful full-grown moth or butterfly.

And here we get another curious piece of cross-relationship; for while the young earwig only "throws back" to a primitive six-legged, wingless insect, such as the one figured in No. 19, the young bee or butterfly "throws back" to a far earlier stage, and is hatched out in the form of a crawling worm—a type which must have belonged to a much more original ancestor. It passes the first stage of its life in this worm-like form; but it does not grow by slow degrees, like the earwig, into its final shape. On the contrary, it suddenly boxes itself up one day in a pupa-case, or chrysalis, lies by dormant for a while, re-arranges its parts entirely, and then rapidly develops into a wholly different creature—a bee or wasp, or moth or beetle. The earwig's change is growth; the butterfly's is a transformation scene.

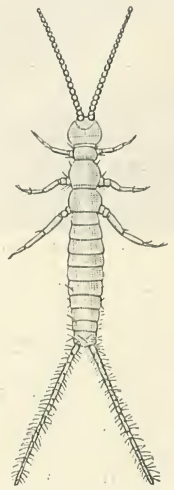
How are we to explain these facts? I think in this way. Long, long ago, the common progenitor of all the insect tribes was a worm-like creature, with a soft and fleshy body, a few jointed legs, and the general appearance of a grub or caterpillar. To this very ancient and somewhat shadowy ancestor the larvæ of the higher insects still more or less revert in their earlier stages; and we may believe that many insects so reverted during many generations. But in process of time, the primitive type developed into a wingless, six-legged form, like that in No. 19; a form which you can see at once marks a comparatively great advance upon the old, worm-like progenitor. This animal, you can note, has six good legs to run about with, and is already provided with a well-marked head, and with the three body-rings and the long tail or abdomen so characteristic to the last of all higher insects. Its segments have been specialized. From such a type, it is probable the earwigs and their allies were developed by natural selection. But to this day every earwig begins life in a shape which closely resembles that of his first six-legged ancestor, and only gradually acquires his wings and other distinctively earwig-like features.

If you wonder how an animal so small as an earwig can do all the damage it undoubtedly does in gardens, a glance at No. 20 will explain the mystery. You will see from this sketch that the mouth-organs of the little beast are admirably adapted for destroying the petals of your choicest flowers. Nature has provided the earwig with a beautiful series of instruments for cutting holes in leaves and fruits. The figure in No. 20 is



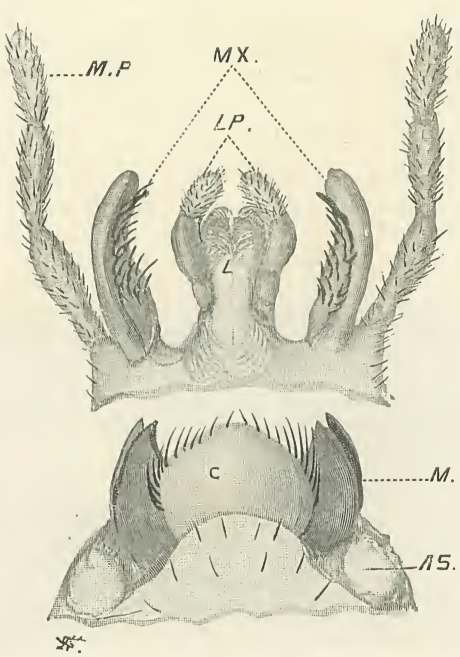
18.—THE MOTHER EARWIG AND HER BROOD OF CHICKS.

the lower part of the mouth, and is covered when at rest by the upper part, which is here placed below it. *M* are the mandibles or cutting jaws; they are formidable implements employed to saw holes in leaves, petals, or seed-capsules; while *C* is the *clypeus* or shield—in other words, the upper lip, which acts as a patent protector for the whole delicate apparatus. *AS* are the antennæ sockets, the feelers themselves having been removed for the purposes of this sketch. The other parts of the mechanism, I regret to say, can only be described in painfully technical language; but as I am generally sparing in my use of technicalities, I trust I may be forgiven this solitary slip on the ground of previous good conduct. *L* is the *labium* or lower lip, which closes the mouth from below when it is not in action. *LP* are the *labial palpi*, used in manipulating the morsel as it is being eaten. *MX* are the *maxillæ*, or true jaws, employed in masticating the food, and answering in their functions pretty closely to the teeth of higher animals. Last of all, *MP* are the *maxillary palpi*, chiefly used like a pair of forks in holding the food, and, perhaps, also, in deciding whether it is fit for eating. From this brief description it will be immediately obvious to you that feeding with the earwig is a solemn and very complicated process. It is carried on by a number of distinct organs and implements, the exact purposes of each of which are only known at full to the insect which uses them.



19.—CAMPODEA, A PRIMITIVE WINGLESS INSECT. *After Sir John Lubbock.*

I should add that the antennæ or feelers (not included in this last sketch, but conspicuous in all the previous illustrations) are in all likelihood sense-organs, whose precise nature has never been altogether established. Some naturalists believe that they are used as organs of smell; others that they are combined organs of touch and guidance; yet others, that they are the seat of a "sixth sense" unknown to humanity. However this may be, it is at least certain that they are useful as a means of communication between the insect himself and his mate, his young, his friends, and his acquaintances. Earwigs clearly feel their way, to a great extent, by the aid of the antennæ, and also recognise through them their visitors and family. They use them, too, in caressing or fondling their mates and their children. It is known that the antennæ are provided with numerous nerve-terminals, as is always the case with organs of the senses; and I believe myself that, by their means, all insects of the same species are able to communicate more or less with one another by established signals. Perhaps the antennæ emit peculiar perfumes, which are recognised in turn by those of the friend or mate; perhaps it is by touches and strokes that the insects transmit their ideas to one another. But that they do transmit ideas nobody who has watched them closely ever doubts for a moment; and many naturalists even use the word "talking" of the parleys which ants and other insects carry on with their feelers.




20.—THE EARWIG'S MOUTH, DISSECTED.

It may be thought that an earwig's life, like a policeman's, "is not a happy one." This I hold to be an error. The earwig loves damp and darkness, it is true; but he flies at night in the beautiful twilight or by the soft rays of the moon, while his days are solaced by the companionship of his mate and his chosen comrades; for they are gregarious creatures. The mother tends her young with the assiduity of a hen sitting on her chickens; and food being abundant and cheap, life runs, as a rule, fairly smoothly with the earwig.

# *A Hundred Years Ago.*

By Alfred Whitman.

[*With Illustrations from Old Prints.*]

THE year 1797 was strongly marked by its contrasts of bright high lights and deep depressing shadows; and the subjects that chiefly occupied the attention of the people alternately convulsed them with outbursts of joy, and cast them into almost the depths of despair. It was a year of kaleidoscopic changes. First came the scare of foreign invasion, when rumours of landings were rife all along the coast, and serious preparations were made to resist attacks. Then the country was thrown into a paroxysm of delight by the news of the victory off Cape St. Vincent. But the joy of victory was soon contending with the alarm of a financial crisis, when the scarcity of coin brought about the introduction of a paper currency. Next came the mutinies at Spithead and the Nore. Then with the dull season came a comparative lull in public events, from which the nation was roused by the booming of cannon that announced another victory — this time off Camperdown. Thus, the year which opened with the dread of invasion and a financial crisis, closed with a victorious fanfare of trumpets and the country in a thorough good humour. But we must examine these events and ceremonies more closely.

That the fear of invasion was very real is shown by the records of the time, from which we learn that associations were formed in almost all the principal towns in the kingdom to render service against attacks, troops and ammunition were moved to strategic points to be in readiness in case of need, and the Admiralty ordered every ship at Spithead to be kept fit for immediate service; while at Liverpool the townsfolk "busily employed themselves in erecting batteries at all points, on both sides of the river, with a furnace to each for the purpose of heating shot."

But the fears of the people were considerably diminished when, in the early morning of March 4th, the news of the victory off Cape St. Vincent reached London. The battle was fought on February 14th, and though one of the smallest in extent, was the most brilliant of any during the war. The Spanish fleet comprised twenty-seven ships of the line against only fifteen English; and yet in the result, by skilful seamanship, as well as by courageous fighting, our men succeeded in capturing four Spanish vessels of the line,

THE BATTLE OF ST. VINCENT, FEBRUARY, 1797.

ten merchantmen, and 3,200 prisoners. The share our gallant Nelson took in this brilliant engagement is forcibly told by an eye-witness who writes: "However incredible it may appear, it is a positive fact, that in the action of the 14th February, Commodore Nelson, in the *Captain* of 74 guns, and Captain Troubridge in the *Culloden* of the same force, turned the whole van of the Spanish fleet, consisting of three first rates, and four 74 or 80 gun ships." Nelson's fame in this battle, however, was made by the remarkable intrepidity with which he, with Troubridge, engaged the *San Nicolas* and *San Josef*,

NELSON BOARDING THE "SAN NICOLAS," FEBRUARY, 1797.

boarded them, and finally received the sword from the Spanish rear-admiral, which he afterwards presented to the corporation of Norwich. Nelson boarding the *San Nicolas* is portrayed in our second illustration; and a special interest attaches to it, for it was the last occasion in which he was represented with both arms. His right arm, which he was to lose at Santa Cruz in less than five months, is raised aloft, and his left hand grasps a pistol in his belt. For this victory Admiral Jervis was created an Earl, and Commodore Nelson a Knight of the Bath.

But the war, which had been in progress since 1793, was a vast expense to the country, and had been an enormous drain upon its resources; so much so that the supply of specie in the Bank of England became alarmingly small, and Consols dropped to below 48. As a consequence, an Act of Parliament was passed authorizing the Bank to suspend payments in cash, and to substitute the paper currency with which we are now so familiar. At the same time the City merchants met at the Mansion House, and agreed to accept bank-notes in payment of debts, in order to strengthen the credit of the country and reduce the fears of timid depositors. The scheme was an experiment of great importance, but the experience of later years has approved it as an extremely convenient arrangement.

Early in the year it was announced that the King's eldest daughter was about to marry Frederic Prince of Wurtemberg; and the happy event was solemnized on May 18th. We will not trace the events leading up to the wedding, but the following items appear amusing at the present day, when State affairs are arranged with such precision. The bridegroom reached Harwich from the Continent on April 11th, but no one was there to meet him. It was expected he would land at Yarmouth, where preparations for his reception were made and where the Royal carriages were awaiting him. When he reached London

he stayed at an hotel in Pall Mall, and "a party of butchers with marrow-bones and cleavers played their rough music at the door; and as soon as the Prince was apprised of the object of their visit he sent them a present of £5 5s." Then his arrival in this country was premature, and he was sent off on a tour to the principal provincial towns to fill in the time until the arrangements were complete. Although the wedding took place in St. James's Palace, the banquet that followed was not held in London, but "in the afternoon the bride and bridegroom, King, and Royal Family set off for Windsor to dinner."

Turning from the Royal nuptials, we find that at this time there was grave cause for anxiety on account of the mutinies that broke out at Plymouth, Spithead, the Nore, and Yarmouth. The most serious of these was at the Nore, and space will permit us to notice only that one. The men, it appears, had cause for complaint, and appointed delegates from each vessel to champion their cause, with Richard Parker, whose portrait is here given, as president. The grievances of the mutineers included: unfair distribution of prize money, smallness of pay, unnecessary restrictions when in harbour, and unpunctual payment of wages. The red flag of mutiny was hoisted on Parker's ship, the *Sandwich*, on May 23rd, and in a few days as many as twenty-four ships had joined the mutineers, who blocked up the Thames by mooring four vessels across it, and effectually stopped all traffic on the river, so that even the Royal bride and bridegroom could not venture down for fear of being taken as hostages. The greatest alarm was felt at the perilous state of affairs, and while Parliament was passing an Act to cope with the danger, a subscription was raised among City men to equip a volunteer force. Troops were stationed along the Essex and Kent coasts to prevent the mutineers from communicating with the shore, and "furnaces for heating red-hot shot were kept in readiness at Sheerness." At first an endeavour was made to pacify the men by granting the King's pardon to all who would immediately return to their duties; but as the offer was flagrantly scorned by the mutineers, preparations were made on a large scale to enforce strict obedience to the laws. The men then realized that their game was a losing one, disaffection set in, and on June 14th the gratifying message reached London by telegraph: "The mutiny at the Nore is completely at an end." Parker and some 250 others were taken prisoners, and the ringleader, after a court-martial which lasted three days, was found guilty and suffered the extreme penalty at the yard-arm of his ship, his body finally finding a resting-place at Whitechapel Church. A few other mutineers were executed, but most of the prisoners sooner or later received the King's pardon.

RICHARD PARKER—RINGLEADER OF THE MUTINY AT THE NORE, JUNE, 1797.

The rebellion being settled, Government at once turned its attention to the complaints of the Army, which were beginning to find expression, and inquired into the conditions of the Service, with the result that it was decided to augment the pay by an increase of two shillings a week.

During the year many eminent persons died; and among the number we recall the world-famed Horace Walpole, the man of

letters and art amateur, who died on March 2nd worth nearly £100,000, and was buried quite privately; Mrs. Pope, the celebrated actress, who found a resting-place in Westminster Abbey; Edmund Burke, the statesman and orator, who died on July 8th; and on Boxing Day John Wilkes, the apostle of freedom and Alderman of the City of London. To these must be added John Pitman, the miser, who died at Exeter in August, denying himself even a rushlight, while his property was worth nearly £200,000. Among the marriages must be mentioned that of Miss Farren, the actress who became Countess of Derby, and Miss Spooner, who was led to the altar and became the wife of William Wilberforce, the Slave Abolitionist.

AN INCIDENT AT LINCOLN RACES, SEPTEMBER, 1797—HORNPIPE LEAPING OVER PEPPERPOT, HIS RIDER, AND A FARMER'S SON.

If the world became poorer by the deaths of celebrated people, it was enriched by the births of those who in after years should become famous. Among the number may be placed Samuel Lover, the author of "Handy Andy"; Sir Anthony Panizzi, the originator of the great Reading Room of the British Museum; Madame Vestris, the actress, who made for herself a great reputation; and the Earl of Cardigan, who led the celebrated charge of the Light Brigade at the Battle of Balaclava.

Sports of all kinds held their place in public esteem, and for the month of September, no fewer than fourteen race meetings were announced. Ascot Races took place as usual in June, and were graced with the presence of Royalty. "After the first heat, the Royal Family rode in procession up and down the course; His Majesty and suite on horseback, the Queen and Princesses in sociables." But the weather did not remain fine; for we read "the storm was the most severe of any we have had this year; the Royal Family was overtaken in it, and got home dripping wet." The incident depicted in the accompanying illustration occurred at Lincoln Races on September 8th. A farmer's son carelessly endeavoured to cross the course as the horses were coming along. He came in collision with a horse named Pepperpot, which with its rider he brought down upon him; and another horse—Hornpipe—running close behind was cleverly taken at a leap safely over the obstruction, and came in second at the finish.

But the account of the principal naval victory of the year has yet to be related. Quite early in the spring Admiral Duncan had been ordered to take his fleet into the North Sea, to prevent the Dutch fleet from effecting a junction with their allies of France and Spain. So carefully did Duncan watch the enemy that his fleet was kept closely in the Texel, and it was not until the autumn, when the English Admiral had put into Yarmouth to refit, that the enemy endeavoured to elude his vigilance and sail south. Duncan, however, was quickly advised that the Dutch had left harbour, and at once put to sea to seek an engage-

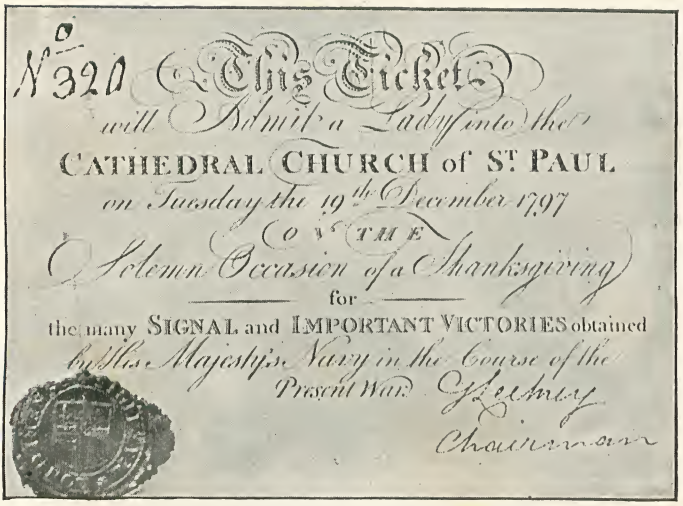
ment. He found the Dutch within nine miles of land between Egmont and Camperdown, and determined to break the enemy's line, which, with the assistance of Admiral Onslow, who commanded the rear division, he succeeded in doing. Then followed a most stubborn encounter, which lasted from noon until four o'clock in the afternoon, when the engagement ended in a decisive victory for the English. That the Dutch fought with great determination and valour is shown by the fact that Admiral De Winter did not yield until all his masts were gone and half his crew were dead or wounded. Thousands of people assembled along the coast and witnessed the disaster to their country's fleet. The ships on both sides were terribly disabled, but the English succeeded in capturing no fewer than nine sail of the line, besides two frigates; while the enemy's loss in killed and wounded amounted to nearly 1,500 men.

The next illustration gives us the scene on board Admiral Duncan's vessel at the close

THE DUTCH ADMIRAL SURRENDERING HIS SWORD TO ADMIRAL DUNCAN, AFTER THE BATTLE OF CAMPERDOWN, OCTOBER, 1797.

of the action, when Admiral De Winter surrendered his sword. Duncan at the time was about sixty-three years of age, and, as will be judged from the picture, stood well over 6ft. high. It was with some difficulty that the prizes were brought to our coast, on account of their condition; and had a gale which occurred two days after the action taken place while the ships were at sea, there is grave doubt whether they would have arrived at all. The news of the victory caused great rejoicings throughout the country, and the feeling of the nation is well expressed in a leading article of the *Times* when it says: "This glorious engagement has reduced the Dutch Navy to a state from which it will not be able to recover, and it has rescued us from all the dangers with which the Batavians threatened both our coasts and our navigation in the North Sea." As was natural, the victory was at once seized upon by the world of fashion, and "the *Duncan* robe and *Duncan* cap has become all the rage; and nothing is to be seen but plaid ribbons."

But the crowning event of the year was the National Thanksgiving for the naval victories, which George III. commanded should take place on December 19th. The King arranged to go in procession to St. Paul's to be present at a solemn thanksgiving service; and when reading the contemporary accounts of the preparations, one almost fancies one is reading a newspaper of last June. The *Times* of December 12th contains the following:


N° 320
This Ticket
will Admit a Lady into the
CATHEDRAL CHURCH of ST. PAUL
on Tuesday the 19th December 1797
on the
Solemn Occasion of a Thanksgiving
for
the many SIGNAL and IMPORTANT VICTORIES obtained
by His Majesty's Navy in the Course of the
Present War.
Chairman

A TICKET OF ADMISSION TO ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

"Procession to St. Paul's. No. 28, Ludgate Hill. To be Let, Front Seats in Dining Room 2 guineas, Second Seats 1½ guineas, Third 1 guinea. Seats in Shop 1 guinea, 2nd Floor Room 20 guineas, 3rd Floor Room 12 guineas." This is a specimen of many advertisements. Besides other preparations at St. Paul's, we find: "To render the Cathedral as warm as possible, a very large brazier is erected under the great dome, which is kept burning night and day until the 19th. Six other braziers in other parts of the Cathedral." On the 14th we read: "The eight cream-coloured horses belonging to the King's state-coach are every morning drove to St. Paul's Church, to train them to the flags in Queen Anne's Church Yard." The auspicious day was fine, and "almost all the inhabitants of the Metropolis and adjacent parts were in the streets, and long before daylight the houses began to fill. . . . . The naval procession began soon after eight o'clock, and the colours were brought within the church under the loudest shouts of applause. . . . . The King reached St. Paul's at 11.30, the sermon was preached by the Dean, and lasted thirty-seven minutes, and the service concluded at 2.30. . . . . On the whole it was impossible to behold a more splendid sight, or one better conducted." . . . . "But some villains drove an ox into the crowd." Thus the day came and went, and as was the case last June, everyone seemed satisfied. The accompanying illustration is taken from a ticket that admitted a lady to the service in the Cathedral.

During the year 1797 many fires occurred at home and abroad. In January, nine houses were destroyed at Deptford; in March, twenty houses and a timber-yard were burnt in the Minories; in July, Lord St. Helen's house in Bloomsbury caught fire during a severe storm, so that the spectacle "presented a most awful aspect"; and in September, thirty-one houses were burnt down at Honiton. The most disastrous fire of the year occurred at Scutari, near Constantinople, when upwards of three thousand buildings were consumed. In the illustration, we have a London fireman of the period, with, in the background, the best extinguishing apparatus known at the time. A hundred years ago, the arrangements for dealing with outbreaks of fire were almost entirely in the hands of the insurance

A LONDON FIREMAN A CENTURY AGO.

THE SITE OF THE TATE GALLERY, MILLBANK, IN 1797.

corporations; and the fireman depicted was in the employ of the "Sun" office, whose badge he wears upon his left arm.

The above illustration gives a view of the spot at Millbank where stands the Gallery of British Art, lately given to the nation by Mr. Henry Tate, and opened by the Prince of Wales last July. From it we can very well form an idea of the rural appearance of places within a short distance of the City a century ago, and can the better realize the conquest that has been made by bricks and mortar since then. Another London item shows the length of time that is sometimes required to accomplish a great scheme. "August 21st, 1797. Snow Hill will soon be laid in ruins preparatory to the great improvement intended by a dry bridge from that spot to the

VIEW OF "THE STRAND MAGAZINE" COVER AS IT WOULD HAVE BEEN IN 1797.

pitch of Holborn Hill. All tenants are quitting the former spot." These tenants might have returned to their homes and remained a long time ere the houses were required to make room for the Holborn Viaduct!

The next illustration is introduced in order that the reader may see the view that would have appeared on the cover of THE STRAND MAGAZINE had the periodical been produced at the end of the last century. It is from a print of 1797, and forms a contrast to the site of the Tate Gallery. In the Millbank picture we realize the great changes that may be brought about in a century; in the Strand view we are chiefly impressed with the small amount of alteration that has taken place. Somerset House, then an infant of twelve years, and St. Mary-le-Strand, which in 1797 had withstood the vicissitudes of some eighty winters, gave to this part of the Strand the same appearance as at the present day; and for the genuineness of the view we must look at the houses on the left, the costumes of the passers-by, and the build of the coaches. Somewhere in the foreground formerly stood the old Strand Maypole.

At the end of the last century, fashions in dress were in a state of transition—though for that matter it would be difficult to find a time when transition was not the order of the day. The wide skirts of 1780 were giving place to the very narrow ones of 1810, and in 1797 they were about half-way between the extremes. The extravagantly high and elaborate hair-dressing of the middle of the century had almost died out, and attention was being given more to the coverings for the hair than to the hair itself, and towards the close of the century these articles of millinery assumed many fantastic shapes. In the illustration are given some of the head dresses which were most fashionable during the year 1797.

FASHIONS IN LADIES' HEAD-DRESSES IN 1797.

# The Preservation of Henniker

By Arthur E. H. Barry.

*Author of "The Tragedy of the Mugglepore."*

WHETHER the veranda felt unusually cool, or the weeds seemed in extra good condition, I hardly remember, but I do know that I felt uncommonly pleased with myself and life in general as I stretched my feet out luxuriously in a long cane chair (none of your abominable canvas things for me), and started puffing jolly little spirals of blue smoke into the still air. Outside, it was scorchingly hot. Under the half-drawn chatties I could catch a glimpse of the dust-strewn ground, fiercely lit up by the blazing afternoon sun, and watch and pity the few poor devils of natives whose business took them toiling their sweating way under the burning heat.

From my earliest infancy I seem to have been doomed to wander. In morbid moments I liken myself to a half-inflated football kicked over the universe by a relentless fate ever behind me. I have a fellow-feeling for the "Wandering Jew," only I never wear hob-nailed boots, and India makes me tired, or rather I am tired of India. For the rest, some facetious person has dubbed me "The Buccaneer."

It was December, and I was staying with my friend Strange, of the 101st Goorkhas, at their quarters in Agrapootra, an up-country station in the gourd district of Central Southern India, the very hottest and most intolerable part of the province that revels in the joy of possessing heat-ridden, burnt-up Mechas as its capital. Several fellows were about me, all lying identically, like myself, in identical chairs. I think to all of us life was good just then.

I except "Hicky Dend." He was then supposed to be permanently uncomfortable. The cause of his discomfort was Miss Kathleen Dowler and Captain Henniker.

Miss Dowler was twenty, and a brunette—no brunette ought ever, in my judgment, to be more than twenty-five—of charming manners and mannerisms, gifted with especially grey eyes. She was a catch—for Papa Dowler was a Commissioner, holding the strong little gates opening into the alleys that lead to the cool inclosures where live the white gods called successful men, who have bits of the alphabet after their names.

Captain Henniker, of the 127th Bengal Beefeaters, was dark, tall, and thirty-five; every inch a dashing cavalry officer.

Lastly, the before-mentioned Hicky Dend was senior lieutenant of the 101st Goorkhas. He was rather boyish for twenty-six, and child-like and innocent in many ways.

Papa Commissioner was wont to smile upon the captain with a loving smile of approval, while trying to wink one very yellow eye; for the gallant captain was well connected, and had means.

Poor Dend felt it all very badly. He had lost hope, and without it life was hardly worth much. People said he was young and

would get over it. But I, who had seen a little and heard much, was afraid my friend Hicky was in a bad way. And this brings me back again to this particular afternoon.

Just as I was dropping off into a doze someone mentioned snakes, and that set me thinking about that patch of fig-covered country about three miles away, particularly known as the breeding and abiding place of vast quantities of the most awful of reptiles that crawl upon their bellies—the Hymandras.

This place was an especial favourite of theirs. There was a beautiful cover, and the hollow stems of the grim old fig-trees made comfortable abodes. They lived in sufficient quantities to keep the country around infected with them; hundreds of natives being killed yearly. Several attempts had been made to attack them, but without any real success. The difficult nature of the ground, covered with dense tangled growth, and the frightful ferocity of the serpents, defended them. Several men had lost their lives, and only comparatively few snakes had been killed, and now the villagers refused to go against them. But I had an idea. I fully meant, ere I left Agrapootra, to combine with some kindred spirits to carry out a real attack. There would be plenty of adventure and danger, and also a few rupees, as the Government paid so much for every head brought in.

"THE SNAKE BIT IT FIERCELY."

They are a dreadful curse, these teeming brutes. The natives lived in a perfect terror of them, and their mark lay heavy on the country-side. Of all living snakes the Hymandras are the most ferocious and, perhaps, the most deadly, their bite being absolutely fatal in about twelve minutes. They will dash at any human being they may see, without the least provocation, pursuing him with awful rage; thereby being totally unlike nearly all other serpents, who, unless previously provoked, seldom attack.

When Sir James Outram took the warlike tribes in hand, he lost five men from Hymandras in one day. I had heard stories related of their malignant ferocity, which gave me a very good idea as to what dangerous customers they were to tackle. A coolie was walking along the road one day, when suddenly, without the least warning, a black and yellow mass uncoiled itself from a tree hard by, and sliding rapidly on to the ground, came for him at a tremendous pace. The terrified man, seeing what it was, turned and fled away down the road, with the furious reptile after him. The chase must have soon ended, for the Hymandra was gaining rapidly, when the man whipped off his tartan and flung it on the ground. Instantly the snake flung itself upon it with the utmost fury, coiled about it and bit it fiercely, striking it again and again, writhing its body in awful coils, all the while hissing with passion. This gave the coolie breathing space. He took to the water, and swam for a boat in mid-stream, again closely pursued by the snake, who had given up the tartan. The reptile swam so well that the fellow only got into the boat in the nick of time, and killed it with an oar.

This particular story I knew to be true. But my plan of attack, I fancied, was good enough. At four o'clock, when we went to dress for our afternoon ride, and only Strange and Hicky were present, I broached my scheme to them. They were game at once, as I knew they would be; and Strange volunteered to get three Goorkhas to come with us.

"Nothing could be better," I said; and

during our ride we arranged the business in all its details for that day week, to give us time to prepare the necessary gear.

During this interval, Henniker got wind of it somehow, and being a sporting sort of chap, pressed me so to let him in the fun, that I agreed.

The eventful morning came; and at daybreak we sallied forth, Strange, Henniker, Hicky, and myself, and the three Goorkhas, carrying between us several rolls of ¼in. mesh rabbit-wire, two or three bundles of stout stakes, and a whole heap of tent pegs, of which each man carried some in a little bag, together with a hammer, slung beside him. For weapon we each had two 6ft. lithe bamboo canes: we Europeans having as well a double-barrel 12-bore slung behind us, with lots of No. 6 cartridges.

But we meant the battle really to be fought with the canes. No one can have any idea, unless he has seen it, of the tremendous force of a blow that can be delivered by one of these reedy-looking affairs. You can cut deep into a man's flesh; and as for a snake, with the least effort you can take his head off, whilst a severe blow would break a 15ft. python across his back as easy as winking.

I shall always remember that walk with mixed feelings. It was the first time any of us had done our own bearer business in that country. We all suffered accordingly, and swore it should be our last attempt. That wire was infernally heavy, and the riding boots we had on were no joke to walk in. We had started off gaily enough, but when after about two miles we left the road and plunged into what we called the Hymandra country, our real troubles began.

It was indeed a fitting home for these most terrible snakes: a desolation of wilderness, dense thickets of tangled growth spreading vampire-like over the land, from which sprang thick clumps of old gnarled fig-trees, all mis-shapen and distorted, with great warts and knots covering their limbs like giant excrescences. They must have been centuries old, and their deep, decaying hollows afforded room for any amount of reptiles.

About seven o'clock we reached an especially likely-looking spot: a ravine between gigantic boulders, thickly covered with waving grass as high as a man, a lovely place for snakes to hide in during the heat of the day. Here we decided to make a start.

That there were plenty of them about, although as yet we had seen none, was soon proved by one of the Goorkhas, who threw a stone at the trunk of a large fig-tree close by. The crash of the stone had hardly reached our ears, when instantly a black and yellow thing slid to the ground, looked around for a moment, and then, head up, with a horrible hissing, went like an arrow straight for the man.

The plucky chap, whipping off his jacket, held it in front of him and stood his ground, singing out to us not to shoot. We had all instinctively raised our guns. The Hymandra, blinded with passion, made a great spring, and struck the jacket with such force, that he actually dashed it right into the man's face, nearly knocking him over as well. The next moment his cane sang through the air, and there was one dead Hymandra.

This incident pleased us. It showed the excellent stuff the fellow was made of. We had a sandwich and a pull from our flasks, and then began to make our arrangements.

My idea with the netting was to pitch it in a circle large enough to hold us all easily—staking it upright strongly; and then to fire some grass close by and retreat into the citadel. The brutes would be sure to go for us when the fire drove them out, and we would stand inside our ring-fence, and kill them as they tried to climb it. The fence, by-the-bye, was to have a barbed wire run along its top.

Half an hour sufficed to prepare all this on a nice little piece of rising ground. Then, after collecting a lot of stones inside and laying our guns out all handy, we fired the long grass in the ravine, and hastily retreated into our netting. I confess some tremors seized me as, cane in hand, we waited whilst the Goorkhas flung stones into the thickets and I listened for the crackling of the flames. But the ring-fence made a splendid little fort—four feet high, staked with a strong upright every three feet, the bottom well pegged, and with a thick piece of heavily-barbed wire run from stake to stake along the top.

But we hadn't long to think.

As the flames rose and the smoke began to rise from the still dewy stuff, a great rustling was apparent amid the strangely-waving reeds and grass. A horrible hissing filled the air with an indescribable noise. Then a heavy scent, not unlike valerian, became apparent, and the next minute dozens of wriggling, crawling, black and yellow bodies appeared, gleaming in the fierce sunshine—dozens of ferocious Hymandras!

By Jove! we had roused them with a vengeance. We need not have bothered about the stone-throwing to stir more up. I had never seen or dreamed of so many

"WE HAD ROUSED THEM WITH A VENGEANCE."

snakes together, and as I glanced at the compressed lips of my companions and then at the netting, the barrier looked horribly low. I confess that I again felt dubious as to the results of the adventure.

On they came. First one by one, then in threes, in bunches—in dozens. The leading ones caught sight of our little band. In a second up went their heads, and at us they came, in a sort of ghastly follow-my-leader fashion. It was an unnerving sight. They had about sixty yards of open ground to cross before reaching the netting, and this army of hissing, sinuous bodies was exposed to two volleys from our breech-loaders, which strewed a score of them in maimed, writhing, knotted heaps; but this never stopped the main army in the least.

Then there ensued a horrible scene. We began quietly enough, but as the lust of battle and slaughter seized upon us it all became to me a sort of chaos, of rattling reports, fierce yells and curses, smoke and heat, as the flames from the burning jungle were wafted by the wind towards us; and over all that overpowering scent of valerian. Forms of shouting men were seen dimly through the enveloping cloud striking at half-invisible foes, as the fierce, distended jaws and quivering tongues of the horrible brutes came up above the netting; while the swish of the swinging canes, whistling through the air, was followed by a curious "thuck" as they hit the supple, firm body of the snake.

At last, what with the heat from the burning jungle, our failing strength, and the apparently endless number of the brutes, who were beginning to surround us entirely, it was getting too warm to stay. We decided to slip out behind our netting and to cut and run to a hill a hundred yards off, which had a stony top and stood fairly high. I do not think I ever sprinted so fast before. Ensconced on the hill, we were able, whilst regaining breath, to watch what was happening below in our deserted fort. The brutes were still swarming at the netting, striking it with their heads, and throwing themselves on it with inconceivable fury. At last some actually got over.

Three pigs burst out of the burning jungle, and, half mad with terror, dashed through the swarming reptiles. We could see them being repeatedly bitten, as they dashed along. The first one ran about a hundred yards, luckily in an entirely opposite

direction to us, before he dropped ; the others only covered half the distance before they too went down. But it had apparently created a diversion, and off went the Hymandras on the line the pigs had taken. We opened fire, and our shot did tremendous execution, opening regular lanes amongst them ; and we blazed away volley after volley until they got out of range.

The crumbling ruins of an ancient hill-fort stood near their way. Perhaps they thought their unseen enemies were concealed there ; anyhow, they went at it like tigers. With fearful hisses, plainly audible to us, they swarmed like ants up its old walls. It was an uncanny sight ; death, horrible, writhing and hideous—death in tangled knots of quivering black and yellow. One great brute would get half-way up and then slip back, to be instantaneously bitten to death by his companions. It is a curious point about the Hymandras that, when inflamed with rage, they bite and kill each other as readily as the common enemy. A second or two of their awful poison does the business, and the survivors often devour the dead. By far the greater number killed this day were poisoned by each other.

We waited and watched until there seemed but a few left moving. They had won the fort and killed most of themselves in the effort. Then we went to the netting, inside which were some dozen gleaming brutes trying vainly to get out. These we quickly dispatched by the now red-stained canes, and then we set to work to collect the dead and cut their heads off—no agreeable task, and one by no means free from danger, as some still had a little life left.

Hicky was standing by Henniker, Strange and myself being some distance away, when suddenly I saw Henniker, who had been stooping forward over something, raise himself upright with a cry. It all passed in a second before my horror-struck gaze. An object of mingled black and yellow flashed at him in the sunlight off the ground. The figures of two men, as Hicky threw himself across the captain—a couple of forms standing out strongly silhouetted against a background of charred jungle—were mingled with each other. A curse, a couple of canes swishing through the air, an extra desperate cut by Hicky, and then the black and yellow thing seemed to glide down his body and disappeared, leaving the two men looking at one another very gravely.

Then one of them, Hicky, sat down on the ground, and folded his arms. I rushed up to them, a great fear pursuing me.

"What's up?" I asked, breathlessly.

"AN OBJECT OF MINGLED BLACK AND YELLOW FLASHED AT HIM."

"An awful thing!" Henniker stuttered out. He seemed badly shaken. "An infernal Hymandra, which I thought was dead, got up and went for me. I had no time to get out of its way, and Hicky here threw himself between and got——"

"Rot," interrupted Hicky, who seemed the most composed of the two. "Anyone would have——"

"And," continued Henniker, "the brute has bitten him in the neck."

"Hicky!" I cried out, for I had taken a real liking to him.

"I am afraid it is so," was all he answered. And then I saw that he was holding his handkerchief to his neck.

I snatched it aside and saw a curious indentation, marking where some four or five teeth had met in the soft flesh. There was a little blood oozing from the wound. I tried to put my lips to it, but he waved me aside.

"Brandy!" I shouted.

"There isn't any left," he said. "I've got just inside of fifteen minutes left to live. It's no use, old chap," he added, pushing me aside again, as I once more bent down to suck the wound. And he covered it with his handkerchief.

"You know why I did it?" Then he sank his voice, "But I'd like to just scribble a few lines, I think, before I—— I say, old man," he went on, "I hope it isn't very painful, but I believe that sometimes it twists one up a bit, despite all you can do. Now, if you see me beginning like that, throw something over me, for Heaven's sake, so that you can't see, or those Goorkha chaps either. Or else help me," and he looked significantly at my gun; "let me go like a gentleman, decently."

I had a fight for a moment to steady myself, but I did fairly well, though my voice sounded harsh as I replied:—

"Hicky, you are a hero—Can I?—Is there——"

"No more of that," he broke in. "Pencil and paper."

In a dream I gave them to him, and withdrew a little distance, taking the others with me.

When we had gone I could only see two of the Goorkhas. Hicky took out his watch (a hunter), put it open on the ground before him, and, after calmly glancing at it, commenced scribbling.

It would have made a powerful picture for a painter; a group of men standing breathlessly together by some great fig-trees, whose burnt branches made a half shade; outside, under the burning sun, a man, condemned to die in a few minutes, sitting out there in the open, the sunlight dancing down on his helmet.

"HICKY COMMENCED SCRIBBLING."

To die! Such an awful death! And we—we alive and well, looking on at it all!

Henniker was standing with clenched hands, silent, frozen with emotion. Strange had turned away. I tried to bury my face in my hands, but some fascination compelled me to keep looking up.

It seemed ages, as we stood there watching, before the sitting figure, after glancing at the open watch before him, finished his writing and beckoned to me.

I went forward, treading, I know not why,

softly; somehow it seemed most fitting. I hardly dared to look at him.

"Here's the note, Buccaneer," said a voice, not without a strain to keep it steady. "Give it her after——"

There was a pause. I nearly choked.

"It doesn't seem to be acting yet," he presently went on; "perhaps if we started now we might have time to get back to barracks before it began. Then I could go to my room and end up decently—*alone*. It may hold off for another half-hour or so, and I have a horror of twisting up before the Goorkhas."

To this I eagerly assented. Anything was better than waiting out here in this desolated wilderness, with the horrible scent still hanging heavy in the air. There might be time. Anyhow, he would have a doctor, and although I knew a doctor was no real use, there was the blessed chloroform under whose kindly hand a man may go easily through the dark gate.

Surely that was one of the strangest parties ever seen, that procession towards the barracks—we surrounding that figure, so pitilessly doomed, yet now so erect, striding rapidly along. The time seemed eternal, though by my watch we were but thirty-nine minutes. Every moment we were wondering if the boyish figure would stumble, and the awful end begin.

My heart gave a great throb of relief when we reached the barracks and dived through the crowd of subalterns, who, with jokes and shouts, demanded to know "What luck?" Directly we reached his room, Hicky went in. I shut the door and mounted sentinel, while Henniker flew for the doctor, and Strange went and told the gossiping group the whole sad story.

A great hush fell over the laughing voices. The doctor came tearing along and disappeared into the room. The trembling Henniker—he was literally trembling—joined me outside.

Presently we heard a great shout; the door-handle was rattled violently, the door flew open, and the doctor reappeared. Inside, I caught a glimpse of Hicky, sitting, looking very white, on his little camp-bed.

"Good heavens, man," the doctor cried, clutching me by the arm, "there's no poison there. He's as right as I am. It's simply a plain bite; not a trace of venom about it. I examined the wound carefully with my glass, and found the five indentations each equal in size and depth. No back-teeth marks amongst them. The brute must have lost the two fangs that convey the poison, or there would have been one big indentation at each end of the bites. They are always by far the largest. It's all a mistake. The snake that gave that bite was no more a Hymandra than I am. Did you see the brute afterwards? Did you kill it?"

"Why, no," I stammered. My mind was in a whirl. "Now I come to think of it, we didn't. We took it for granted it must have been a Hymandra. But you, Henniker?" and I turned towards him.

"I—I—", he stammered, excitedly, "I would almost swear that it looked the shape and colour"; he broke off with, "and Hicky?"

"Well, it wasn't," the doctor broke in, gaily. "Thank God for it, too," he added, gravely.

For a moment or two we looked silently at each other. Then I rushed in to shake Hicky's paw. But Henniker was before me, and seizing on the poor fellow's left arm, commenced wringing it like a pump-handle.

Hicky got up off his bunk, as well as he was able, to shake mine.

"Well, Buccaneer," he said, "I sha'n't want you to deliver that note now, eh?" Then he suddenly went very white and fell limp into my arms.

"That's nothing," said the doctor-man, who had bustled in. "He's only fainted; a bit over-wrought after all this. Best thing he could do. Now clear out, you fellows, and I'll fix him up. A good sleep and quiet are what he wants."

So out we cleared, after laying him gently on his camp-bed. But that very evening, on my own responsibility, I delivered his letter to Miss Kathleen.

"Dend" is now I don't know what in the Political Department of the Indian Government. Every now and then I notice that a few more letters get tacked on his name. The snake, which was killed and brought in by a Goorkha, is still to be seen in a glass case in his hall. And his wife preserves among her most sacred treasures a bit of crumpled paper covered with a scrawl.

I can still shut my eyes and see a little group of men stand gathered under the shadow of a clump of fig-trees; and that kharkee-clothed, silent figure sitting out there in the open, the sunlight dancing merrily down on him, scribbling away, waiting for death.

I wonder whether *he* ever does!

# *The Dog Orchestra.*

By John West.

[*From Photographs by Marceau, San Francisco.*]

THE DOG ORCHESTRA—A DRESS REHEARSAL.

THE "Dog Orchestra" is the property of Mr. Louis Lavater, and a very respectable property it is. Anyone with a head for figures can calculate the profits on the investment. Mr. Lavater pays from eighteenpence to five shillings (never more) for a dog, and the orchestra brings him in £50 or £60 a week.

The orchestra consists of six dogs, gorgeously dressed, and provided with specially made instruments. They are not remarkable for pedigree, but they *are* remarkable for intelligence. Let us introduce these canine instrumentalists. Commencing on the left-hand side of the photograph above we have Jack, the trombone player. Next comes Tim, the bass; followed by Patsey, the first violin; Prince, the big drum; Peter, the cymbals; and Bob, the small drum. The bows, drum-sticks, etc., are fixed to the dogs' paws by means of little bracelets.

Mr. Lavater has been a public entertainer (and a lover of dogs) all his life. Many years ago, whilst performing with a circus at Copenhagen, he resolved to set about getting his dog orchestra together—for it had long been his pet idea. He therefore went to the Dogs' Home in the Danish capital and paid five kroner for a nondescript cur. He took that cur home, fastened a stick on his paw, and persuaded him to beat a tea-tray. This same mongrel's musical education was in a fair way to be completed, when his master had to get rid of him on account of his pugnacious disposition.

Here is Jack, the trombone player. Now, it is a comparatively easy matter to get a dog to stand upon his hind legs, but give him a relatively heavy instrument to hold in his front paws the while, and see if he does not overbalance himself and relapse into his natural position. Jack had to be taught to stand on his hind legs for half an hour at a time; next, to balance himself, holding the trombone in position; then to work the instrument properly; and, finally, to act in conjunction with his colleagues. And this with six different dogs, having six different instru-

"A LITTLE QUIET PRACTICE."

A MUSICIAN OF IMPORTANCE.

ments, to say nothing of the "funny" dog, who makes blunders purposely, and is betrayed by his neighbour, who leaves his instrument and "informs" in his master's ear! The thing seems impossible, but was not so to Mr. Lavater, to whose skill and patience and humour and fertility of imagination the dog orchestra is a living monument.

But look at Jack, the trombone player. Long association with that doleful instrument has made Jack a mournful dog. It took him three months to learn to keep his balance. Mr. Lavater was almost in despair at the end of the first, and bought Jack a pair of cymbals, each weighing 8oz. "This," thought Jack, "is *not* beyond me," and he pounded away at the "sounding brasses" with no regard for tune. This dog has had an adventurous career. He was once locked up in Basle for wandering at large without a muzzle. He swam across Niagara rapids, and has been "held up" by robbers in America.

It is Mrs. Lavater who makes the dresses for members of the orchestra. Tim, the bass viol player, next depicted, wears an almost painfully sumptuous suit of bright green satin. He is a Maltese, is Tim, and this is probably why he wears at all times an air of dignified alertness, as who should say, "I'm doing my very best, but don't trifle with me." Tim's immediate predecessor had a rooted objection to all forms of work. He was as obstinate as he was lazy, and so he had to go.

Mr. Lavater was years getting together his orchestra and rehearsing before he ventured to appear in public. The *début* took place in a theatre near Amsterdam, and the trainer won't forget it this side of his grave. "They came out reluctantly," he said, "dazed by the glare of the footlights When they *were* out, they sat there looking helplessly at each other as if to say: 'What on earth are we doing here?' Then they did wrong things at wrong moments. Prince fell over his big drum. The others got up and tore aimlessly about the stage, scared by the trailing of their instruments behind them; and to crown all Jack, the trombone 'man,' fell into the (human) orchestra. My Dutch audience were hysterical with merriment, and even my wife, who stood in the wings, couldn't help laughing, in spite of her vexation and dismay."

The first violin is next represented—a quiet, sober dog, of evident culture and re-

PATSEY—THE FIRST VIOLIN.

AN ENERGETIC PLAYER.

finement. Not even the highly inappropriate clown cap, stuck rakishly on one side of his head, can detract from this animal's musicianly appearance. Patsey—a hideous name for a canine Sarasate—is clothed in a dress of green and mauve-striped silk. We fear his real character belies his appearance, however. He is always in trouble, being—like Esau—a mighty hunter, mainly of cats and people's pets generally.

Prince, who plays the big drum and whose portrait is next given, has but one fault—he is too excitable, too strenuous. Look at him in the photo. reproduced on the front page of this article. He is panting with excitement; his sharp little teeth are showing; he is pounding away for dear life. And yet he occupies the position of deputy-conductor under Mr. Lavater himself! However, although Prince may lack the composure of a Mottl, a Richter, or a Seidl, yet he makes up for it in feverish zeal. He is a Yorkshire, and affects a suit of pink and white satin.

"The first big drummer I had," remarked Mr. Lavater, "I bought at Frankfort. He was a half-bred terrier. I took him away and tied him up, but he broke loose time after time and ran back to his master, who was a stableman. He was a queer dog. At rehearsals, and even on the stage during public performances, he would wait until I wasn't looking, and then he'd give his nearest neighbour a sharp nip. For a long time I could never make out what caused those frightful yowls now and again, because, after biting his fellow, Prince would thump his drum anxiously, as though his soul was in his work and he wanted to get along with the show."

This dog (the predecessor, that is, of the "Prince" shown in our photo.—the same name is handed down, so to speak, from dog to dog) went mad on board a steamer going from Rotterdam to Antwerp. It was the funniest sight imaginable. The dog had the deck to himself in less than ten seconds. The captain wanted to have Prince thrown overboard, but Mr. Lavater wouldn't hear of his property being disposed of in that way. The trainer threw some water over the dog, and that brought him round—for a time. Not long afterwards he went mad again, and finally ran himself to death in the streets of Antwerp. Another member of the orchestra was torn to pieces by pariah dogs in the streets of Constantinople. The present big drummer, Prince, was bought from a butcher in Hamburg, so they are a cosmopolitan lot, these performers.

It took one or two of the dogs some time to forget their former owners after passing into Mr. Lavater's possession. Bob, the small drum, belonged to a widow

"WARBLING A LITTLE THING OF HIS OWN."

who kept a perfumery shop, and for years that dog would run after ladies with black dresses.

Next comes Peter, the cymbal player. Many vicissitudes has Peter seen. Originally he belonged to a Paris *chiffonier*, or rag-picker. He used to go out o' nights with his master and mind the little cart, whilst unconsidered trifles were being gathered in. Peter is an Irish terrier, and he is a little sentimental, as may perhaps be judged from the portrait, in which Peter seems to be crooning a simple love song, accompanying himself on the cymbals. This is the manner of the whole performance, as told by Mr. Lavater:—

"The dogs follow me on to the stage and take their seats—the small drum first, then the big drum, the bass, the first violin, the cymbals, and last of all, the serious trombone. I stand up in the middle and commence by playing 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.' A waltz comes next, and then the dogs follow with 'The Last Rose of Summer'—played, I should explain, by means of bells on their paws, and not by their several instruments. It was an awful job to get them to play the bells properly. Either they would all play together or not at all. Later on in the performance, I call upon the dogs to sound a preliminary chord. They do so, and I say, 'That is a false chord.' Prince, the big drum, then hops up officiously and whispers something in my ear, whereupon I say, aloud, 'Oh, is he, indeed? Tim, I hear it is you who are out of tune.'"

THE SMALL DRUM.

Mr. Lavater tells us that each dog knows his own dress, so that the moment it is held up he runs forward to push his little head into it. The dogs are fed well—their ordinary diet consisting of biscuit, soup, bread, rice, and occasionally boiled cabbage. Each acting member has an understudy, so as to avoid hitches when the unforeseen happens. A former "big drum" came to a bad end on board an Atlantic liner by swallowing a lot of tow or jute, with which the engineers had been cleaning the machinery.

The last member of the orchestra to be introduced is Bob, the little drum. Bob is a water-spaniel, whose lines are cast in pleasant places. He is a painstaking dog, devoted to his profession. He is apt to thieve a little, but he is very lovable with it. "He forgot himself one night," remarked Mr. Lavater, sternly, "and made away with a pound of steak. I didn't beat him; I never do. I ignored him. He became penitent at once, and tried to attract my attention, but I would not look up from my paper. At last he was struck with an idea. He knew that whenever he did a smart thing he was applauded, so patting my knee eagerly with his paw to attract my attention for a moment, he began to parade across the hearth-rug on his hind legs!

Asked as to whether the dogs and their instruments were interchangeable, so to speak, Mr. Lavater sadly replied that they were not. "One night I tried it," he said. "I put the first violin on the big drum, and *vice-versâ*. The result was comic in the extreme. The big drum began to bang his fiddle as though he would knock a hole through it, whilst the first violin seized his stick and began to draw it slowly across his drum."

At the same time, the dogs have a keen sense of duty. Mr. Lavater was one evening taking them in his brougham to the theatre, when suddenly a Volunteer band struck up outside. The effect was extraordinary. The dogs leaped up in their baskets. One commenced to saw the air, another to clap his paws together, and so on. They thought they had received their cue, and they hastened to respond according to their lights, notwithstanding the trying circumstances.

# *Peculiar Churches.*

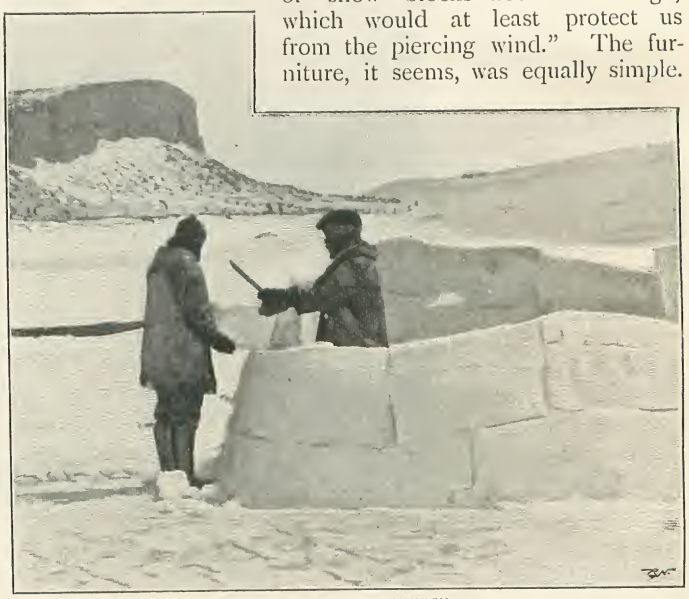
By Louis Greville.

THEIR number is great ; so is their variety. A church—even a civilized one—may be peculiar by reason of the vagaries of the incumbent. The clergy of the Church of the Sacred Heart on Montmartre, in Paris, give away loaves of bread to the destitute after each service. The number of the destitute that turn up is astounding. Then, again, a church may be peculiar on account of its situation. The old Chapel of Ease at Tunbridge Wells stands in two counties and three parishes. And, furthermore, there are structural peculiarities. At Waterloo, Iowa, U.S.A., a church was built from a single rock weighing 2,500 tons. At Santa Rosa, California, there is yet another sacred edifice which was built out of a single tree—one of the enormous red-woods which flourish in that beautiful State. There are many more equally interesting and remarkable churches, but these give you an idea of the kind of thing I have in my mind.

But, of course, by far the most extraordinary and most numerous of the peculiar churches are those built by missionaries in remote and little-known parts of the earth. It is the earnest wish of the writer to convey at least some faint idea of the ingenuity, devotion, and heroism of these men, whose work and daily life teem with colour and romance, equalling, if not surpassing, the highest flights of fiction.

I first of all approached the Church Missionary Society, which is the greatest of all. And here I gladly take an opportunity of acknowledging my deep indebtedness to the C.M.S. Editorial Department, and particularly to Mr. E. J. Staples for assistance most courteously rendered.

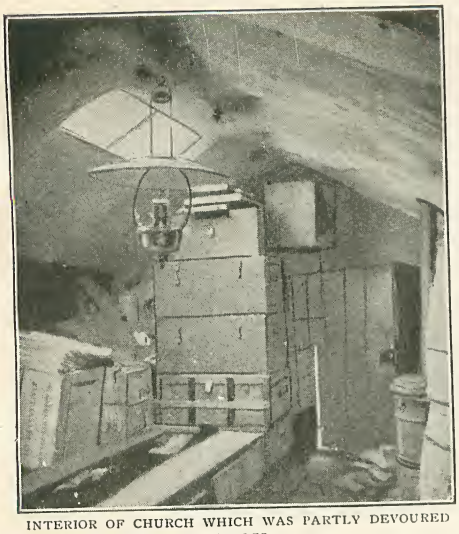
The very first reproduction will be a little startling to members of fashionable congregations, who are accustomed to worship in more or less luxurious style. The photo. depicts the temporary C.M.S. *snow* church at Cumberland Sound, within the Arctic Circle. The building is simply constructed of blocks of snow placed one on top of the other and frozen together. The missionary himself was probably architect, builder—everything. Here is the entry from the diary of the Rev. E. J. Peck concerning the snow church : "May 11th, 1895. Having no place in which to assemble the Eskimo, we set to work to build a church of snow—a large circular wall of snow-blocks about 6ft. high, which would at least protect us from the piercing wind." The furniture, it seems, was equally simple.



BUILDING THE SNOW CHURCH.

"The seats were mere blocks of snow, placed close to the snow wall. . . . . Quite a number of adults and children came in to a service of prayer and hymns. . . . . What a strange sight — these massive walls of snow, with nothing between us in an upward direction but the blue heavens!"

The same indomitable missionary built the next church, which may safely lay claim to be the most extraordinary on record. Its location was Blacklead Island, in Cumberland



INTERIOR OF CHURCH WHICH WAS PARTLY DEVOURED BY DOGS.

Sound. "We decided to erect some building where they (the Eskimo) could meet together. A sealskin church is quite a unique structure, but as there was no timber to be had, this was the only shelter we could make. Some forty sealskins were sewn together and stretched on a framework partly composed of whales' ribs. Old provision-boxes and a few boards were used as seats. Two seal-oil lamps were suspended from the roof, and a slow-combustion stove, in which we burnt coal and ashes, was also placed inside. By the 15th of November we experienced fifty degrees of frost ; and, as winter advanced, snow-storms struck our island home with terrific force. The Eskimo, not being able to venture out on the frozen sea to catch seals, suffered terribly through lack of food, and they could not, therefore, feed their unfortunate dogs. These indispensable canines, mad with hunger, managed one night to climb over the snow walls we had built round our little church. They then leaped on to the roof, and commenced to tear off the sealskins and devour them. In the dim light (the moon was shining a little) we could see about a hundred of these wolfish creatures, and the uproar they made was almost deafening, as they fought and growled over their tough repast.

"We sallied forth in defence of our church (never was a more peculiar crusade!), and after a sharp battle, we managed to drive away the famished and dangerous brutes. Next, we patched up the church with old sacks and scraps of canvas."

After the foregoing, one is not at all surprised to learn that the extraordinary structure seen in the accompanying illustration is a full-blown cathedral—Mengo Cathedral, in Uganda. This is the second cathedral with which Mengo has been provided, the first having been blown down in a great storm on October 11th, 1894. A leading C.M.S. missionary, who was there at the time, assured me that he never realized the vastness of the building until he saw the mountain of grass, mud, and poles. The architect of the new cathedral was no less a personage than the Katikiro, or Prime Minister, of Uganda. The wily and troublesome Mwanga would have undertaken the work, but at the last minute he considered it *infra dig.* for a King to erect buildings. This huge church will accommodate 4,000 worshippers. It stands on Namirembê Hill. One of the missionaries, Mr. Pilkington, describing a service in the cathedral, writes as follows: "We are in the great church in the capital ; it is a week-day—any week-day but Monday—about eight o'clock in the morning. As we glance down the vast aisles of poles we see that the whole building is filled with groups of learners, most of them sitting on the floor. The teachers, however, are sitting on chairs or stools, some dressed in robes of snow-white calico, others in bark-cloth knotted over the right shoulder. Soon the loud rhythmical beat of the great drum, which can be heard for some four or five miles round, calls us to prayers, and the classes break up and gather in the front."

THE CATHEDRAL IN UGANDA.

INTERIOR OF UGANDA CATHEDRAL.

The aisles of poles referred to are admirably shown in the next photograph. In the foreground on the right-hand side is seen the baptismal font—a particularly good specimen of native workmanship. Next is seen a curious drum which is used instead of a bell to let people know it is church time; and on the left-hand side the Communion table is seen.

One of the most interesting things about Mengo Cathedral is the collection plate; I do not mean the plate itself, of course, but what is put into it. The collection I have in my mind was taken up one Easter Sunday. It yielded two goats, thirteen fowls, three eggs, fifty-four bundles of plantains and potatoes, several sticks of sugar-cane, two bark cloths and some mats, twenty-seven and a half yards of calico, and 9,511 shells.

THE FIRST CHURCH AT TAITA—SHOWING CAMP-STOOL PULPIT.

The next church to be dealt with is even more primitive. The photograph was kindly lent by Mr. J. A. Wray, of 22, Sussex Square, Brighton. Mr. Wray writes: "I am sending you a photo. of a church built in Taita, a country about 120 miles inland from Mombasa, in East Africa. The photo. represents the first Christian church built in Taita country. It was neither more nor less than a lean-to shed, erected against my mud kitchen. It had a kind of secondary use, which was to prevent the rain from washing off the mud plastering from my humble dwelling. The benches on either side are very thick trees, split in two by means of wooden wedges—for tools are practically unknown luxuries in these wilds. Holes were bored in the ends and pegs driven in to serve as legs. The little camp-stool seen at the farther end *did* duty as a pulpit. All the services were conducted in the native language, which I have reduced to writing."

One awkward thing about the Taitan church-goers was that, far from supporting the mission, they actually expected their minister to give them presents. The very children asked for "their wages" on the second day they were at school! This reminds me of the impecunious Chinese mandarin who came a three days' march to inquire of the missionaries "whether those who became Christians were *paid by the month or by the year?*"

Kilindini Church, which is seen in the next reproduction, will be acknowledged as one of the quaintest structures that ever

KILINDINI CHURCH.

bore the name. Nevertheless, it is a fact that the congregation of this church have always attended and do always attend Divine service with a simple piety and demonstrative fervour unknown in the fashionable temples of London. Kilindini Church is situated in Mombasa Island, East Africa. Mr. Wray, of Taita, assures me that it was built by the natives, not only at their own expense, but even before any of them were baptized Christians. The church simply consists of sticks and palm roofing; the seats are merely a series of cocoa-nut palm trunks; and the whole structure cost about £5 to erect. Mr. Wray was himself in charge for some time. On Sunday morning the ordinary English service is held — of course, translated into Suahili. The population of Kilindini numbers about 400 persons, and virtually all of these attend church. For the most part the people are rescued or redeemed slaves. It seems that there was formerly at Kilindini an even more primitive "church" than this one, for the work at this place was commenced by holding preachings under a big mango tree, the people being called together by the beating of a huge triangle.

The great aim of the missionary societies is to make these native Christian churches self-supporting. The very ministers are in due time drawn from among the natives themselves, and ordained by the Bishop of a diocese which may be as big as half-a-dozen Englands.

The next photograph to be reproduced shows the interior of Sela Ndongo Church, in Taveta, British East Africa. The original church, built in 1892, consisted solely of what is now the chancel, and was composed of "wattle and daub," *i.e.*, sticks and mud, with a grass roof. The roof of the nave is supported on two rows of wild date palms, the beams and uprights being of the same material. The rafters are composed of the rafia palm, fastened top and bottom with strips of bark. The whole structure is completely covered with the bark of the banana plant, and the seats are formed by sections of palms fastened together by iron wire. The church has a brass lectern in memory of a Mr. Hamilton, who was for some time the British East African Company's representative at Taveta, and who was afterwards murdered at Bismayu. The church was built entirely by a number of lads who had attached themselves to the mission, and who willingly gave their labour for the purpose. There are several other churches of the same material in different parts of Taveta, built by these native young men. One which seats nearly

INTERIOR OF SELA NDONGO CHURCH.

CHIEF ABRAHAM WRIGHT WITH HIS TROLLEY AND DOGS.

200 people was erected by twelve workers in twenty-one mornings, the working hours being from 6 a.m. till noon.

Nothing, indeed, can be more remarkable than the loyalty with which the missionaries are supported and helped by their native converts; and in the next photograph reproduced will be found a particularly interesting illustration of this. The photo. represents Chief Abraham Wright, of Aiyansh Mission, in British Columbia, with dogs and trolley, by means of which he transported 98,000ft. of lumber from the river bank to the site of the church. "The children seen in the photograph," writes the Rev. A. E. Price, who took the photo., "enjoyed an occasional trip on the trolley."

The remarkable church at Aiyansh owes its existence entirely to that most heroic of missionaries, the Rev. J. B. McCullagh, who thus describes the building: "We began to lay the foundation of this church in 1894, but the work had to be suspended for a time owing to the burning and consequent rebuilding of the Mission-house. However, we were again able to resume our work on the church in September, 1895. It may be interesting to mention that the building fund for this church was started on an Egyptian (Soudan) battle-field. The first subscription reached me in 1887, and my first step was to provide the means of building. I therefore bought a saw-mill without delay. This may appear at first sight an unwarrantable application of my church fund—certainly it was making a détour—but in this case 'the longest way round was the shortest' to accomplish my purpose. Had I done otherwise, I should have wasted half my funds on canoe-freighting, and then have only had enough left to build a miserable barn which might be called a church. It has all been done by unskilled labour—designed and planned by unskilled heads, and built by unskilled hands. The planning and building of the tower and spire was the severest test we had to endure. The church was opened on October 27th, 1896. Mr. Price, a brother missionary, came 102 miles over frozen rivers to be present at the function.

"At the opening service, by the way, there was one of the most extraordinary offertories on record. A stalwart young man of twenty-four carried the alms-dish as long as he could, and then the people passed up their money, tied in a bag, over the communion-rails. There was about 80lb. weight in silver—that is, about £280 sterling. And remember, this was given by less than 300 people."

The remarkable little building seen in the next illustration is the Mission-house at Aberdeen, on the Skeena River, in

MISSION CHURCH ON THE SKEENA RIVER, B.C.

"A CHURCH ON WHEELS."

the wilds of British Columbia. It will be seen that this little church, or mission-house, lies in the middle of a primeval forest, and the tree-stumps round about the little log building show where material was obtained for its construction. A curiously sharp contrast is presented by the church which figures in the next photograph. This is virtually a church on wheels. It is one of the Church Army Mission and Colportage vans, which are so ably managed by the Rev. W. Carlile. The head-quarters of the Church Army, as everyone knows, are at 130, Edgware Road, W. The successful use of travelling vans for political and other purposes suggested to Mr. Carlile what an immense assistance the visit of a Gospel van, manned by the right kind of workers, would be to the vicars of country parishes. A start was accordingly made in the summer of 1892, with the warm approval and support of the late Archbishop Benson and the leading Bishops of the day. The first van was sent to work in the southern counties. At the outset, however, and for some time afterwards, the movement was regarded with some suspicion, both by clergy and people. But as the time passed, the genuine character of the work done began to tell, and for the last three years the work has developed beyond the most sanguine expectations of the promoters. There are at present no fewer than forty-three of these church vans at work, summer and winter, in different dioceses throughout the country. Many archdeaconries are pressing the society to send them a van, but the committee never do this until the initial cost of 100 guineas has been provided. These church vans are never sent into a diocese without the hearty goodwill of the Bishop, and they visit a parish only on the invitation of the incumbent.

These churches on wheels are each 9ft. 6in. long and 6ft. wide. Each is fitted up with three berths, cooking range, washstand, etc. Our photograph shows the Bishop of Lincoln pronouncing the dedicatory prayer at the dedication of the "Lincoln No. 1" van.

BUILDING NEWALA CHURCH.

A CENTRAL AFRICAN CONGREGATION.

We now come to the Universities Mission to Central Africa, which virtually owes its existence to Livingstone. The very interesting photo. reproduced on page 737 shows Newala Church in actual process of construction. Newala is one of the chief mission stations in the Rovuma district, and lies about 100 miles inland from the East Coast. Newala Church is a typical native-built structure of poles, bamboo, grass, and mud. The native villages being of a temporary character, and their occupants often shifting their homes for seemingly slight reasons, a permanent church is liable to become useless. Outside, Newala Church has the appearance of a big haystack; but inside it can be made to look very much as a church should.

"The congregation," writes the Rev. R. F. Acland-Hood, of Axbridge, "sit on mats spread on the floor. Nothing disturbs them. The women bring their babies to church, and there are often present as many babies as adults. The little ones crawl all over the floor from mamma to papa. Dogs and fowls come in too, and although no one minds these, we do draw the line at snakes."

A typical Christian congregation in Central Africa forms the subject of the next illustration; the people have grouped themselves before the porch of the church which they themselves have just built. The photograph was taken at Misozwe, one of the most northern stations of the mission. This station is built on a hill of the same name, amongst the Shambala Mountains. One great curse which afflicts these congregations is the systematic and periodical "raiding" practised by stronger tribes. "Often," writes one missionary, "when our own people get to know of a projected raid, they run away, leaving the missionaries *soli*, to parade the station all night without any sleep, and perhaps get lost in the bush among the wild beasts."

I am indebted to Miss Gertrude Palmer, of the U.M.C.A., for the next interesting photograph, which shows the interior of the native Christian church on Chizmulu Island, in

CHIZMULU CHURCH.

INTERIOR OF LIKOMA CATHEDRAL.

Lake Nyassa. "This church," writes Miss Palmer, "is built of reeds, and has a bamboo roof covered with grass. It has the usual mud floor, but the altar is built of stone. Mortar was procured from ants' nests. Just in front of the altar will be seen a dark patch, which is really a mass of sand and white ants. Although the insects were removed from the altar every morning, they returned as regularly at night. The altar steps are covered with a striped grass mat from Zanzibar. The chair seen on the right was made in Likoma by native carpenters."

The next illustration is from a photo. of the interior of the church built on the Island of Likoma, Lake Nyassa, British Central Africa. This is the headquarters of the Universities Mission; and it is from Likoma that the bishop takes his title. This "cathedral" has low stone walls, and a grass roof supported by bamboos. It measures about 100ft. by 30ft., and holds upwards of 400 people. The photo. was taken by Miss Palmer herself, who kindly sent the following information: "A huge basket is always kept near the altar rails to be used as an alms-bag. This the congregation generally fill with offerings in kind—cassava bread, eggs, beans, needles, fruit, grain, salt, fowls, etc. There are no pews. The congregation sit on the ground, the men on one side and the women on the other. The pastor preaches whilst walking up and down the aisle. The church railings are kept tarred, the better to withstand the ravages of the white ants."

Another very interesting church is seen in process of erection in the photo. here reproduced. This is the church at Umba, one of the earliest stations of the Universities Mission. The village of Umba was one of the frontier villages of the Wabondei, and an outpost against the raids of a neighbouring tribe, the Wadigo. For this reason it was regarded as rather an important place, and in it live the missionaries in houses very similar to the church. The latter is built of three materials only—sticks and poles cut in the forest; earth, and long grass. The poles

UMBA CHURCH CONSTRUCTING.

STOCKADED CHURCH, NTONDA, B.C.A.

have to be very carefully selected, as the white ants easily perforate the softer kinds of wood, so that churches not uncommonly come tumbling down on top of the congregation. Umba is a typical Central African church, with red mud plastered into the interstices of the sticks, and a floor of beaten mud, covered with coarse mats made from palm leaves.

So voracious are the all-devouring white ants in these parts that the very binding of the Bibles and prayer and other books used in the church require to be either of tin or zinc.

Another very remarkable church, or mission-house, is shown in the illustration here given. This peculiar building is a combination mission-house, church, and schoolhouse at the Ntonda station of the Zambesi Industrial Mission. Ntonda is in Southern Angoniland. Four years ago there was nothing but forest hereabouts, with here and there a clearing of native villages, whose occupants were in constant dread of the slave-raiders. To-day, thanks to the magnificent work done by the Z.I.M., the forest trees have vanished, and in their place are seen the dark glossy leaves of coffee bushes and other valuable plants. The church seen in the photo. is built of "wattle and daub," and has a bamboo palisading, partly to keep off wild animals and partly also as a stockade in case of attack by the slave-raiders. "This primitive building," writes Mr. Caldwell, the indefatigable secretary of the Z.I.M. "is the architect's first attempt of the kind. Often," he goes on to say, "the missionaries have been awakened suddenly in the night by the cries of children and the bleating of sheep and goats, the villagers having taken shelter in the church until the dreaded slave-raiders were driven off."

Next is reproduced a particularly interesting photograph, showing the first missionary church collection in New Guinea; the photo. was kindly lent by the London Missionary Society, whose vast and splendid organization is well known everywhere. The Rev. C. W. Abel writes from Port Moresby, New Guinea, as follows: "About nine o'clock

AN EXTRAORDINARY CHURCH COLLECTION, NEW GUINEA.

COMING TO CHURCH IN BOATS—CHOBIKAPAR CHAPEL, BENGAL.

in the morning the people gathered together in the church. Fully 500 natives were present, some dressed decently enough, others mere naked savages, hideous in grotesque ornamentation. The collection consisted of £20 1s. 6d. in cash, besides 325 spears; 65 shell armlets; 92 bows; 180 arrows; in addition to shields, drums, necklaces, feather, and other ornaments, the whole valued at about £10.

"The drums and shields of the Papuans," remarked Mr. Abel, naïvely, "are not to be collected on a plate; many of the spears are over 12ft. long."

We now come to the Baptist Missionary Society, to whom we are indebted for the loan of several photographs.

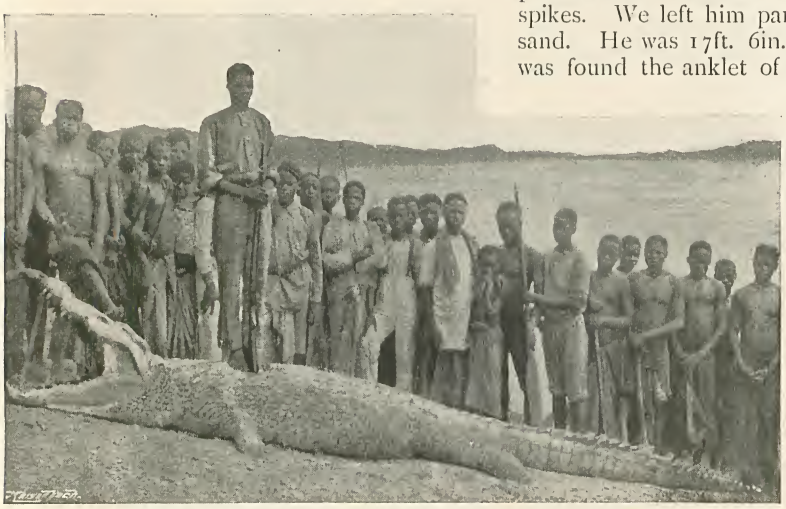
A very interesting building is the new Mission Chapel at Chobikapar, in Eastern Bengal. This is a perfectly new house of worship, built and paid for by the people of the place. It is a large building, resting on a high mud foundation, and with a thickly thatched roof, supported by a strong framework of poles. As many as 400 persons can seat themselves comfortably on the floor, but at a pinch it will hold many more. The Rev. W. Carey, of Barisal, counted at one of the services 520 people grouped inside. On account of the terrible heat, no walls were put up. Chobikapar being the centre of a large "beel," deep water laps the foundations of the chapel all through the flood season. At such times the congregation assembles by boat, and a score or so of black canoes lie moored outside during service; so that in the event of a long and tedious sermon, the victim has only to step into his boat, crawl under its grass mat awning, and either smoke his hookah or go to sleep peacefully.

The next photo. gives one a capital idea of a truly primitive "church." The Rev. George Grenfell writes from Bolobo, on the Upper Congo: "This is the temporary church at Yukasu, and we hope it presents an imposing appearance. We have heard from Mr. White that he is making good progress with the putting together of the frame building which we recently took up river with us on the steamer *Goodwill*. You will observe some of the planks in the foreground." It seems Mr. White put up this wretched structure partly in order to have some sort of protection for himself and his flock before the rainy season started, but also to establish his claim to that

FIRST CHURCH AT YUKASU, ON THE CONGO.

particular plot of land. There is no lack of exciting incidents among the native Christian congregations on the Congo.

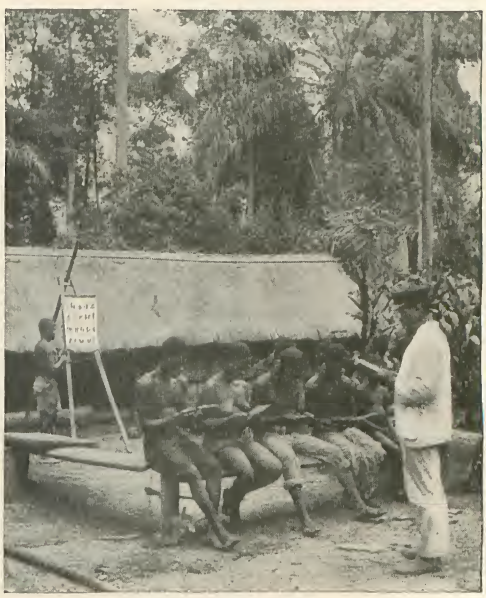
The next photograph shows an enormous crocodile which made away with a native Christian. Here is the story: "At six o'clock



CROCODILE THAT CARRIED OFF MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION.

in the evening, Buella asked permission to be away a little while next morning, in order to fetch his wife from the other side of the river. He hired a canoe, and was making his way along the river, near the shore, when the crocodile seized him. His friends soon hastened to the spot, but all they could see was the canoe floating down the river with the side knocked in. Poor Buella's last work in the printing office was to set a primer for a tribe on the Kassai, where our brethren of the American Presbyterian Mission are engaged. The anguish of the unfortunate man's wife was terrible to witness. Next morning, someone knocked at my bedroom door, and several sobbing friends of Buella began to tell me how a woman had dreamed that the missing man was alive on the island opposite. There was nothing for it but an expedition. I borrowed Mr. Clarke's rifle, and went with them to steer the boat. We went to the place dreamed of, and saw there horrible marks of a crocodile eating his prey. At last the look-out on the boat cried out that he saw the reptile. We got within 60yds. of him and fired, wounding him badly. There was a struggle, and he disappeared, leaving something floating. It was Buella, or rather what remained of him. Some of them lifted his corpse, minus three limbs, carefully into the boat. We followed the wounded crocodile six miles down the river, and then, our cartridges being spent, we tried to kill him with spears. He glared at us in the most awful way, his head and tail lifted up, his back arched, and the protuberances thereon extended like iron spikes. We left him panting his last on the sand. He was 17ft. 6in. long. In his belly was found the anklet of a woman who had been killed four years previously; also the anklet of a man who had recently been seized close by in the river."

The next photo. is a very interesting one, showing, as it does, the church and school at Bongubu. The Rev. J. Whitehead, of Lukolela, on the Upper Congo, writes as follows: "The school is held in the open air near Chief Bokakola's house. The benches are of cedar, and are made from the old sides of disused canoes. Bokakola himself is the third on the front bench, and Lusala Kavendi is teaching this queer class to read



A CHURCH SCHOOL, ON THE CONGO.

such words as 'bana' (children); 'kete' (cut); 'mako' (planting), etc."

A native church choir in Northern Bengal forms the subject of the next illustration; the drums are beaten with the fingers. Altogether the music is very loud, and unpleasant to the ear, until one becomes accustomed to it. This reminds me that an ordinary harmonium often creates perfect consternation among savage congregations. The following delightful explanation was given of the music

CHURCH CHOIR IN BENGAL.

KLONDIKE CHURCH AT JUNEAU, ALASKA.

of a harmonium by a Central African congregation. "He" (the missionary) "has a square box. In it are a man and a woman who cannot get out; the man cries *B-o-o-o*, and the woman squeaks *B-e-e-e!*"

I am indebted to the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States for the photograph next reproduced. The corresponding secretary, the Rev. D. J. McMillan, D.D., writes as follows: "This church is located at Juneau, Alaska, and is built entirely of rough-hewn logs. It has been called the Church of Saint John in the Woods, though not officially so designated. Mr. Young, our missionary to the Klondike region, held services in it on his way through Alaska; and next spring he will take charge of it in connection with his chapel to be built at Dawson City, the metropolis of the Klondike."

The first Presbyterian Church of Miami, Florida, is the next in our collection. Miami, I gather, is a young "city" of great promise at the southern terminus of the East Coast Railroad, in Florida. The growth of the place has been extremely rapid. A year ago the

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, MIAMI, FLORIDA.

CURIOUS OLD TIMBER CHURCH AT BORGUND, NORWAY.

Presbyterian Church, the first in the village, was organized by the Rev. Mr. Keigwin. It is no permanent house of worship, but rather an ample tent, which is filled by a numerous and devout congregation. The adjoining tent is used as a reading-room, and is supplied with a circulating library and all the Church periodicals.

Borgund Church, in Norway, which is seen in the next photograph, is a most picturesque and interesting structure. This church is constructed entirely of wood, the walls being formed of huge logs, and the roof of shingles. The ends of the gables are fantastically ornamented with carved dragons' heads. The church dates from the early days of Norwegian Christianity—possibly even from the time of St. Olaf himself, who flourished in the eleventh century. The gables cover a sort of gallery, which runs round the church. The doorway is ornamented with elaborate carving, consisting of two entwined snakes. The interior is small and extremely dark. The central space, about 24ft. square, is surrounded by ten curiously carved pillars, which support the roof. A stone font is the only object in the church not made of wood.

In the last photo. we see the Rev. George Grenfell, of the B.M.S., who, with his wife, travelled more than 1,000 miles on a bull's back—an excellent and picturesque illustration of the curious way in which pastors in these remote regions have to get about among their flocks. So able a man was Mr. Grenfell, that King Leopold of Belgium appointed him Commissioner Royal of the Congo State for the delimitation of the Lunda frontier.

HOW THE PASTOR GOES HIS ROUNDS ON THE CONGO.

# THE LITTLE TIN TRUMPET

By James Workman.

ARCHIE CAMPBELL stood in the small, dingy, ill-furnished room in which his little son lay asleep, looking wistfully at the tiny, pale face, framed in a tangle of crisp yellow curls. By the dim light of the candle it looked pinched and wan, except for an ominous flush on one of the thin cheeks. A year before it had been plump and rosy. Archie's lips shut tight to stifle a groan as he realized the change that had taken place in so short a time, and he turned hurriedly away. As he did so he caught sight of a little stocking hanging at the foot of the bed. It was Christmas Eve, and Tommy had placed it there in the hope that Santa Claus would fill it with toys and sweets, as he had always done before.

During the past few months Archie had trained himself to confront the most cruel disappointments with a grim smile, but he was tired, hungry, and miserable, and the sight of the tiny stocking shot so keen a pang through his heart, that the little face on the pillow grew dim through the tears that filled his eyes.

That he had no playthings to give the child, however tawdry and cheap, might well have seemed of trifling importance when compared with his inability to obtain the bare necessities of life; and yet the thought of the little fellow's woebegone face, as he peered into the empty stocking in the morning, gave him a keener pang than any he had yet experienced.

The child stirred uneasily in his sleep, and fearing the light of the candle might awake him, Archie stepped softly towards the door. But a loose board creaked and Tommy instantly started up.

"Is that you, daddie?"

"Yes, little one."

"Oh," he answered, lying down again, with a sigh of disappointment, "I thought it was Santa Claus. I'm ever so tired and sleepy, but I've been tryin' as hard as ever I could to keep awake, 'cos I wanted to ask him to give me a little trumpet. I want a trumpet ever so much more than anythin' else. You don't think he'd be cross if I asked him for one—a very little one—do you, daddie?"

"No," answered Archie, in a somewhat unsteady voice, "I don't suppose he would."

"He's almost very nearly sure to have trumpets, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes, he often has trumpets, and drums, and swords, and things."

"And if he had, he'd give me one—just a little one—if I was very, very polite to him, wouldn't he?"

Haunted by a sick child's feverish craving for something he has set his heart on, Tommy was in a state of intense excitement. He sat up in bed, with crimson cheeks and glittering eyes.

"Yes, yes," said his father, soothingly, "of course he would."

Then he made a feeble attempt to prepare the little fellow for his inevitable disappointment.

"But suppose that, just for this once, he didn't come, you'd be a plucky little chap—wouldn't you, Tommy? You wouldn't cry and make yourself ill—would you?"

"S'pose he didn't come?" faltered

"'S'POSE HE DIDN'T COME?' FALTERED TOMMY."

Tommy. "Do you mean, didn't come at all, daddie?"

His eyes filled with tears, his lips twitched, and turning away, he hid his quivering face in the pillow.

"There, there, don't cry, little man," exclaimed his father, remorsefully, patting him on the shoulder. "Cheer up, old fellow. I think he'll come—I'm sure he will, I am really. But you must go to sleep, or perhaps he won't. He knows just what little boys and girls want without being told, and if he has any trumpets he'll be quite sure to give you one. Besides, he doesn't like to find little children awake, so you must close your eyes and keep quite still, and you'll be asleep in no time. Good-night, little man."

Archie came out and closed the door softly behind him.

"To think that I haven't got so much as a copper to buy him some cheap little plaything or two and a few sweets," he muttered, despairingly; "and—and perhaps it's the last Christmas he'll be here. Poor little chap, he gets thinner and weaker every day. Oh, I must get him something, I will get him something, if I have to——"

He stopped abruptly and glanced furtively round, as if fearing that someone might have overheard him. Then snatching up his hat and buttoning his threadbare coat, he stepped hurriedly into the street.

Eight or nine months before, the sudden collapse of an Australian bank, in which his whole fortune was invested, had reduced him from independence to abject poverty. Since then he had drifted to London, and had been straining every nerve to scrape together the few shillings that would provide himself and his little boy with food and lodging. It was a heart-breaking struggle. With the exception of an occasional odd job, his ceaseless applications for employment of any kind had ended in hopeless failure. He had spent his last penny. Every article on which he could raise a shilling had long since been pawned. Naturally proud and sensitive, he was living on the charity of the poor woman with whom he lodged, plunging into debts which, however pitiably insignificant, he saw no chance of ever repaying.

On this night, as he walked hastily along the crowded streets, shivering in his threadbare clothes and faint with hunger, there was an almost wolfish glitter in his eyes as he glared through the shop windows at the food or jewels that lay within arm's length of his twitching fingers. Indeed, he looked so gaunt and desperate, that well-dressed passers-by avoided him, and policemen eyed him suspiciously.

One hope — a miserably slender one — stood between him and the last stages of despair. In his college days he had cherished literary ambitions, but a comfortable income and an early marriage had turned his thoughts into other channels, and since his wife's death the care of his little boy seemed to have absorbed his whole time and attention. When the bank collapsed he turned instinctively to the only profession that seemed to require no special course of training, but the stories and articles he wrote with feverish haste had so far been invariably rejected. The editor of the *Weekly Mirror* had alone betrayed any interest in his work; and though he had politely declined Archie's contributions, had nevertheless given him a few kindly words of encouragement when he ventured to call at the office.

Knowing the editor's private address in a distant suburb, Archie determined, as a last resource, to go there and implore him for an advance of a sovereign or two, or even a few shillings. In return he was willing to pledge himself to any kind of employment, however distasteful or laborious. If the editor believed him incapable of writing satisfactory articles, he would cheerfully undertake to light fires, to sweep out the offices, to carry coals, or clean windows. It comforted him a little to enumerate all the menial things he was prepared to do in exchange for a trifling loan, but in his heart he knew that for the first time in his life he was going to beg for charity from a comparative stranger, and he turned sick with shame at the thought.

Tommy's wasting figure and pinched white face goaded him on, or he would have turned back again and again. As he had to tramp every foot of the way, and was growing weak from want of food, it was verging on midnight before he reached the house, a semi-detached villa, fronted by a fair-sized garden. Archie groaned as he glanced up at the windows. Not a light was visible. Every soul in the house was probably asleep. He leant against the railings, sick at heart with disappointment, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, and aching in every limb. How could anyone, on such an errand as his, drag out of bed at midnight a man he had seen only once before in his life? He would certainly meet with nothing but insults if he did.

He was turning away, wondering how he would ever be able to drag himself home again, when it occurred to him that there might possibly be a light in one of the side-windows which were invisible from the road. Entering the garden, he stepped noiselessly along an asphalt path that skirted the side of the house. Presently he stopped in front of a large window on the ground-floor, illumined by a dim flickering light within. Approaching a little nearer, he could see through the partially drawn curtains that a fire was still burning in the grate.

As he peered in a fragment of coal dropped into the white-hot centre of the fire and, bursting into flame, illuminated the whole interior of the room. Archie started and rubbed his eyes. Could he be dreaming? Had he grown light-headed with hunger, or were those really toys that lay on the table? The flame died down and the objects on the table grew barely perceptible, but he could have sworn that he had seen a doll's house, a humming top, a cocked hat with white plumes, a drum, a sword, and above all, a little tin trumpet.

His heart began to beat furiously, and he turned his head with a furtive, sidelong glance in the direction of the road. Not a soul was visible. He listened intently, and could hear nothing but the distant rumbling of a cab. He turned again to the window. The room was still dark, but he fancied he could distinguish the little tin trumpet glimmering in the dim light. He put out his hand towards the window-sash, and then suddenly twisting on his heel walked hurriedly away. As he did so there rose up before him a vision of a little pale face with tear-filled eyes and quivering lips gazing wistfully into an empty stocking. He threw up his hands with a despairing gesture and turned back again. For several minutes he stood before the window, listening and glancing uneasily around him, and then, as if moved by a sudden, overmastering impulse, placed his hands on the sash and attempted to raise it. Left unfastened by some careless servant, it went up with hardly a sound, and in another moment he was inside the room. He mechanically closed the window behind him, and going straight to the table, took up the trumpet and carried it to the fire. It was quite new, and glittered bravely in the firelight. To the scarlet cord by which it could be hung over the shoulder of its proud owner a scrap of paper was pinned, on which was written: "To Johnnie, from his affectionate Aunt Bertha." He tore off the paper, and thrust the trumpet into the inner breast-pocket of his coat.

Then he crouched down by the fire to warm his numbed hands. A bitter east wind had chilled him to the bone, and the warmth

was delicious to him. Presently he gave the fire a gentle poke, and the room was again brightly illuminated. But, careful as he was, the poker made a slight noise as he put it back in the fender.

"Who's there?" called a man's voice from outside the room.

Archie leapt to his feet, white and trembling. In one agonizing moment he realized where he was, what he had done, and what might be the result of his incredible folly. He was too dazed and bewildered to decide on immediate flight, but shrank instinctively behind the heavy baize curtain near the window. Cold sweat stood on his forehead, and he was quaking in every limb.

"Who's there?" exclaimed the same voice, now at the door of the room.

"Papa," called out another voice, apparently from the head of the stairs. "What is it? Is there someone in the house?"

"Hush—keep quiet — I don't know. I thought I heard someone, but perhaps I was mistaken. Go back to your bed."

There was a few moments' silence, and then Archie heard the door creak faintly, and peering round the edge of the curtain saw a dim figure stealing cautiously into the room.

"Is there anyone here?"

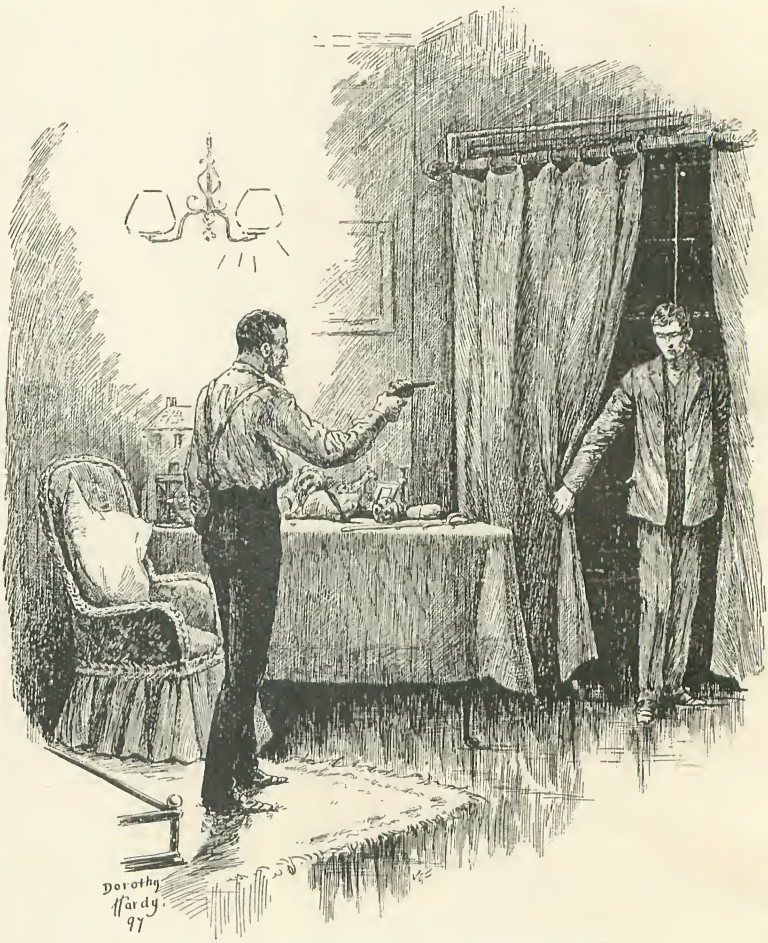
Archie could feel his heart thumping so violently against his ribs that he wondered that it was not as audible to his pursuer as the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece. The man advanced slowly towards the chandelier.

"I'm going to light the gas," he said presently; "and I warn you that I have a revolver in my hand, and that if you attack me while I am doing so, I'll shoot you without a moment's hesitation."

The words were followed by the hurried striking of a match, and Archie, turning panic-stricken to the window, made an ineffectual attempt to open it. But he had waited too long. The gas flared up and a peremptory voice exclaimed:—

"You are hiding behind that curtain. Come out, or I'll fire."

Livid with shame and fear, Archie stepped forward to find himself confronted by the muzzle of a revolver held in the outstretched hand of a tall, bearded man standing on the




"WITH SHAME AND FEAR, ARCHIE STEPPED FORWARD."

hearth-rug in his shirt and trousers. It was David Grant, the editor of the *Weekly Mirror*.

"Oh," said Grant, with a grim smile, "it's you—is it? Happy to meet you again, I'm sure. So this is your highly respectable calling—is it? and you merely dabble in literature in your leisure moments—eh?"

Archie tried to speak, to explain, but his tongue seemed paralyzed, and the words died on his lips.

"Papa, what is it?" exclaimed a girl's voice at the door. "I thought I heard you speaking. Is there really someone here?"

"You can come in, Bertha," replied her father, coolly. "It's only a burglar, a real live one, but quite harmless."

A pretty girl of about eighteen, attired in a dainty dressing-gown, stepped timidly in, and gazed with wide, frightened eyes at Archie's white face and shrinking figure.

"This young gentleman and I," continued Grant, "have met before. In his leisure moments he devotes himself to literature, and he has done me the honour of wishing to contribute to the *Mirror*. Unfortunately I was compelled to decline his contributions, which were not pictures of life, but impossible psychological romances evolved from his inner consciousness. It never seems to have occurred to him that if he had given a vivid description of—shall I say?—his professional experiences, his manuscript might have met with a very different reception. However, during his temporary retirement from the active duties of his profession—which is likely to prove the result of this delightful interview—he may possibly secure an opportunity of using his pen to greater advantage, and I may have the pleasure of accepting a really live article, entitled 'The Experiences of a Professional Burglar.'"

During this speech, every word of which stung like a whip on bare flesh, Archie stood with bent head, white face, and quivering lips, an object which might have filled the hardest heart with pity.

"In the meantime," continued Grant, "you have probably filled your pockets with my spoons and forks. Now, I like to encourage energetic young men, and it grieves me to interfere with your business arrangements, but I must reluctantly request you to hand them back again."

Archie took out the little tin trumpet and laid it on the table.

"I took nothing but that," he said, weakly. "I didn't intend to take anything else."

Grant stared at it in amazement, and then fixing his keen, grey eyes on Archie, indulged in a grim chuckle.

"Come, come, my good fellow," he said, "if you must tell lies—and even a burglar should tell as few as possible—they ought at least to be moderately plausible ones. Do you expect me to believe this?"

For a moment Archie glanced at him appealingly, and then turned away with a stifled groan as he realized the utter futility of expecting a shrewd, practical man of the world like Grant to accept the only explanation he had to offer.

"No," he muttered, helplessly, "I don't."

"I'm glad to hear it," rejoined Grant. "Bertha, my dear, you'll find a policeman's whistle in the drawer of the hat-stand. Open the front door and blow it as hard as you can."

But the mute appeal in the young man's despairing eyes had touched Bertha's kind heart.

"Oh, papa," she faltered, "won't you forgive him? I—I'm sure he's speaking the truth. Won't you give him one more chance?"

Archie looked up at the sound of the girl's pleading voice. A glimmer of hope lit up his haggard face. Surely, if he told them all they would believe him, would pity and forgive him. Words rushed to his lips, and though usually silent and reserved, despair made him eloquent.

As they listened to his pitiful story they saw, as though they had actually stood beside him in the dingy, ill-furnished room, the thin, wistful face of the little boy, and the tiny stocking hanging forlornly at the foot of the bed. They saw him dragging his tired limbs along the endless streets, felt the pang of disappointment with which he glanced up at the dark and silent house, and looking with him through the window beheld the trumpet glittering in the firelight. From that moment the tawdry little toy seemed no longer inadequate to account for his presence there, and when he concluded he found Bertha in tears, and her father regarding him with an almost friendly expression.

"You will forgive him, won't you, papa?" faltered Bertha.

Grant remained silent. An idea, suggested by Archie's story, had just struck him.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said, at last; "I'll give you one more chance. Sit down at that desk and write an account of your night's adventure and all that led up to it. Make it brief, humorous, pathetic, and picturesque. If it's marketable, I'll accept it

and pay you for it. What's more, I'll let you go, because there'll be a chance of your earning an honest livelihood. But if you can't make marketable copy out of such an experience as this, you're a hopeless case, and the best thing I can do for you and the public is to hand you over to the police. Sit down and fire away. Just run upstairs, Bertha, and fetch my coat and waistcoat."

Archie sat down despondently. He had failed so often before that he had little or no hope of succeeding. Just as he expected, his brain refused to work. Again and again the ink dried on the pen. Not a word would come. Grant, puffing at a cigar by the fire, grew impatient as he glanced at the motionless figure.

"Come," he said. "I can't wait all night. I'll give you another ten minutes, and if you're not making headway by then, I shall get Bertha to blow the whistle."

Archie groaned, and buried his pale face in his hands. His brain seemed incapable of evolving a single coherent sentence. Then suddenly through the corner of his eye he caught a glimpse of the little tin trumpet. It suggested what struck him as an appropriate title for his narrative, and he wrote it down. Then half unconsciously to himself his pen traced a few words of the conversation which had taken place between himself and Tommy, and a moment later his eyes sparkled, his cheeks flushed, and he was writing page after page without effort or hesitation, and with a command of appropriate language, with touches of mingled humour and pathos, that subsequently amazed him.

When at length he stopped he looked bewildered, like a man suddenly awakened out of a dream. Without a word he handed the manuscript to Grant, and waited hopelessly for his verdict. He was certain that it would be unfavourable, and felt the policeman's hand already on his shoulder.

Grant read it through without comment, Bertha peeping over his shoulder. There was a few moments' silence, and then Grant cleared his throat.

"Well," said he, "what do you think of it yourself?"

Archie shook his head miserably.

"It's no use," he said. "I shall never do any good. You'd better get out the whistle."

Then Grant got up and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Cheer up, my lad," he said, *kindly;*

"'CHEER UP, MY LAD,' HE SAID, KINDLY."

"you're wrong this time. I always thought you had it in you. The stuff's first-rate—as good stuff as I've had for many a day. I'll take it and pay you for it."

Archie looked up, stupefied with astonishment. Grant was smiling down at him, and

there were tears in Bertha's soft brown eyes.

"Oh, yes, I mean it," said Grant. "You'll do; with a little coaching you'll do very well. At any rate, I feel confident of one thing, and that is that, whether or not you succeed as a journalist, you'll never succeed as a burglar, so I think you'd better make up your mind to stick to the pen. In the meantime I can't find in my heart to deprive you of the proceeds of your first and probably your last appearance in that fascinating character; and so you'll greatly oblige me if you'll put that trumpet back in your pocket. Pooh, don't hesitate, man. Bertha intended it for a present to a little scapegrace of a nephew of hers who is going to dine with us to-morrow. He'll be quite as well pleased with a shilling or two to spend in any way he chooses. Now, I daresay you'd prefer cash to a cheque? I thought so. Well, I'll see if I can scrape a few coins together while Bertha gets you something to eat. What do you say? Couldn't think of troubling us? What rubbish. Sit down this instant, or as sure as you're born I'll get out that whistle and give you in charge before you know where you are."

Tommy shouted with delight when he awoke the next morning to find his stocking bulkier than usual, and on the top of all the fine things it contained the desire of his heart, a trumpet. He couldn't imagine how Santa Claus had guessed that it was just the one thing he wanted above all others. From that day he began to improve, and was soon as fat and jolly as ever.

"TOMMY SHOUTED WITH DELIGHT."

These things happened several years ago, and Archie is now a thriving journalist, but if you could look into a certain carefully-locked drawer you would find a photograph of a pretty girl with soft brown eyes, and close beside it — battered, bent, and almost unrecognisable — the little tin trumpet.

# *Things Made by Children.*

By Robert Henderson.

THE writer of this article has made it his business to search the whole country through for interesting little specimens of ingenious work done entirely by children. The result of this quest is set out herein.

In the very first photo. is shown the interior of the carpenter's shop at the National Industrial Home for Crippled Boys, at Kensington. A gorgeous doll's house is in course of completion for no less a person than His Majesty Chulalongkorn of Siam. The monarch does not want it for himself. This is, in fact, a doll's house with a history. When King Chulalongkorn was in Edinburgh a few months ago he was shown over a children's hospital. He was pleased with what he saw, and he asked his suite what acceptable form his satisfaction might take. Up rose Mr. Verney, Councillor to the Siamese Legation in London, and suggested a big doll's house. And the notion found favour with the King.

Now, Mr. Verney lives in Kensington, and it was his pleasure to place the order with the wonderfully intelligent children of the above-named home, many of whom have been trained by one of the most experienced carpenters in the country, who is attached permanently to the institution.

Words fail adequately to describe this most sumptuous of dolls' houses. Its great size is apparent in the photo. There were real curtains to the windows, real carpets, pictures, china and glass, fenders and fire-irons, chairs, tables, beds, and every other requisite and luxury that the most exacting doll could think of—if dolls think at all, that is.

The tiny workmen took an amazing amount of interest in their big commission—which, by the way, was worth about £50, all on. These children did absolutely everything, even to cutting the glass for the windows and putting in the fire-places. It was arranged that King Chulalongkorn himself should take over the house from the diminutive builders and decorators when all was complete—when the last stair-rod was placed in position. We understand that the Siamese King displayed such emotion on seeing the completed structure, as to predicate a root-and-branch alteration in the architecture of Bangkok.

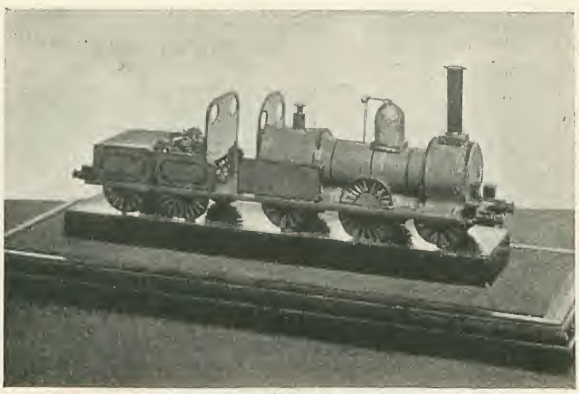
MAKING A DOLL'S HOUSE FOR THE KING OF SIAM.

The name of the house gave much trouble; for what is a house without an appropriate title? Some people have no title at all to their houses, but that is another question. Anyhow, the thing was, would "Chulalongkorn Villa" do, or would it suggest (or cause) profanity among the uninitiated? Or, again, should it be merely "Chulalongkorn"—just plain "Chulalongkorn," as it might be "Rosemead" or "Brierleigh"? Plainly, it was a delicate matter.

More interesting, however, was the ultimate use of this handsome and costly toy. Well, it was to be wheeled from ward to ward in the Edinburgh children's hospital, and while the babies might look and admire, they must on no account touch, lest the house fall into premature dilapidation.

MISS R. M. D. SPURGIN.

Here is a portrait of Miss Rosalie M. Dewing Spurgin, of Gresham Lodge, Sidcup, aged fifteen. Little Miss Spurgin's handiwork is next seen — a most creditable model of a Great Northern locomotive, named (appropriately, as will be seen) the "Mystery." Now, in the course of our travels in search of these things, we came across any number of model engines made by boys, but only this solitary one made by a girl.



MISS SPURGIN'S MODEL ENGINE.

"It is made," writes Miss Spurgin, speaking of her little engine, "of cardboard, wood, and paper. It is painted green, picked out with black and red, and is quite complete, with spring buffers, lamps, taps, pistons, boiler, dome, and funnel. I constructed it secretly in the winter evenings of the year 1888. The work was attended with great difficulty, for I had to hide myself away behind a screen. My secret was well kept, however, and none of the family suspected what I was doing until I placed my model complete in the middle of the dining-table on Christmas Day." Its size is 16in. by 3in., and 7in. high.

At that splendid institution, Reedham Orphanage, Purley, the small boys make model locomotives which are perfectly miraculous instances of the utilization of waste material. The art of constructing this model is, in fact, handed down from boy to boy as a heritage of fascinating pastime. The foundation is a scrap of wood; thin rolled cardboard goes to form the boiler and funnel; steps, levers, springs, etc., are made of wire and waste from watch-makers' shops. The coupling-chains are bits of toy watch-chains, and the lines round the boiler, shavings from old chocolate boxes. The model is 2ft. long, and only costs about 1s. 6d. for material.

Feltham is another place visited by us in search of children's work. It is only about a dozen miles out of London, yet few seem even to have heard of it—always excepting people who live there. There is at Feltham one of the largest industrial schools in the world. It is under the London County Council. The department we are most concerned with, however, is the Sloyd workshops, which are presided over by Mr. Henry Samworth, a most able instructor. The very small boys in this place produce articles of "bigotry and virtue" that are fairly staggering in their originality of conception, variety, and perfectness of finish. No wonder Feltham is easily first in the work competitions held by the Children's Aid Society. The boy in the photo. on the next page is holding a very novel specimen of work—the Lord's Prayer wrought in a square of wood by means of a fret-saw. The same boy could indite an epistle to his friends on the same original lines. So expert is the lad

THE LORD'S PRAYER CUT IN WOOD WITH A FRET-SAW.

with his saw, that it will be seen he fairly revels in all sorts of type, to say nothing of the elaborate scrolls and designs in the border.

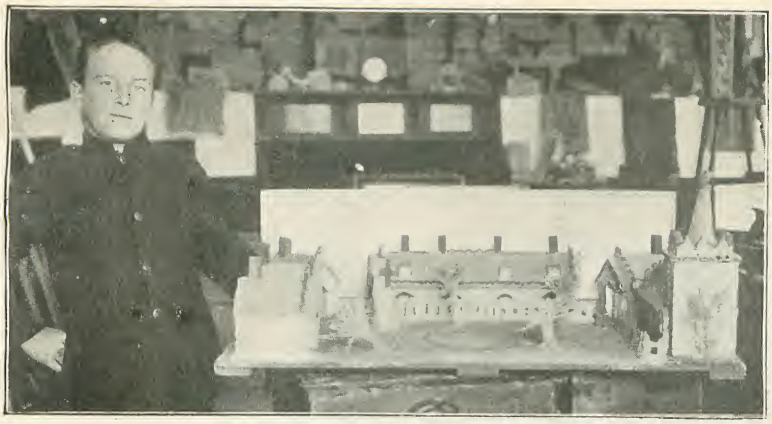
The Feltham boys turn out, in fretwork, photo. frames, inkstands, brackets, boxes, cabinets, models, and many other articles. The tiny wood-carvers produce chairs, tables, stools, and other useful (and therefore, perhaps, uninteresting) objects. The turnery class have made hundreds of pairs of dumb-bells, besides enough clubs to arm a Matabele impi. Frankly, we ourselves took far more interest in the little things the youngsters made for their own private gratification, or that of their mothers and friends.

Observe the boy in the next photo. He has constructed a highly creditable model of a village church out of unconsidered scraps of wood and cardboard, and powdered glass. There is something peculiar about that church. You see the slit in the roof of the nave? Very well; that explains the use of the little model. As a fact, its maker designed it as a collecting box, for use at bazaars. Had he, we wonder, noticed the reluctance people have to part with money at these embarrassing functions? And was the notion that contributors might be able to say, with literal accuracy, that they had "put money into the church"? Anyway, it is a good idea.

Only give boys and girls a lesson or two in this sort of thing, and you will be astonished at the result. It is a splendid pastime, this half-unconscious training of the eye and hand; and the ingenuity and fertility of resource displayed by some of the enthusiastic little workers are nothing short of marvellous. Why, we have seen luxurious drawing-room chairs, that wouldn't disgrace Park Lane, made out of small soda-barrels, with just a piece cut out of the side at the top, and the seat and back stuffed with rags and unravelled rope, and then covered with cretonne. These were made entirely by little girls.

On the opposite page is seen a highly commendable piece of work done by the bright little boy seen near it. It is a complete model of an English village, with church, parsonage, cottages, village green, and pond. In order that the design might not appear too prim and stiff, the tree on the left-hand side was represented as having been partly blown down by the wind. This interesting model was first drawn to scale on paper by our clever little friend. The various buildings are composed of scraps of wood from the workshop floor, and little bits of broken china. The palisades and trees are made out of bits of cardboard-boxes.

A CURIOUS COLLECTING BOX.

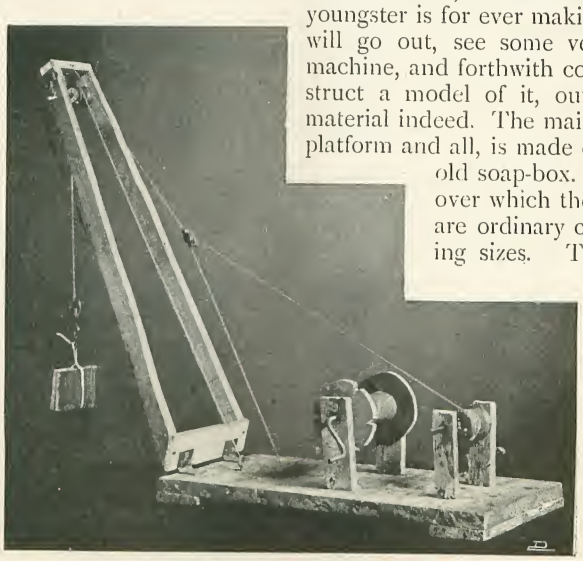


MODEL ENGLISH VILLAGE MADE OF CARDBOARD, ETC.

The whole village is nicely decorated, and mounted on a strong wooden platform. The little pond on the green is merely a small piece of thick glass, the edges of which fade imperceptibly into the gravel round about.

Naturally we approached the patent agents on the subject of things made by children. We learn that the agents have taken out several patents for boys of sixteen or thereabouts. The most interesting case was that of quite a little boy who some years ago applied for a patent for "improvements in, and applicable to, umbrellas and parasols." The patent was so valuable that it was actually opposed by a firm in the trade on several grounds. For one thing, they said, the patentee is a minor, and as such cannot own his own property or have a patent granted to him. It was a test case, with any number of appeals. Mr. W. P. Thomson, of Liverpool, defended the case as patent expert for the boy. Lord Cairns decided that the law in regard to minors was for their protection, and not for their disadvantage (sound sense as well as sound law), and that the Queen had absolute power to grant a patent to a minor. So the ingenious little boy won his case. Then, again, the model-makers will tell you of marvellously well-constructed models made by children. One of the most remarkable model oscillating engines the writer ever saw was made by Master J. W. Record, of 3, Shortlands Terrace, Lea Bridge Road, Leyton, who was a very small boy at the time. The boiler was a coffee-tin, the cylinder a bit of brass gas-pipe. Lead spoons, clock-works, bits of tin and wire — all these unpromising things did Master Record adapt to his purpose, until one is almost tempted to play upon his name in describing the resulting engine. The next attempt was something more than a toy, although the boiler this time had to be cut from sheet copper with the garden shears! This later engine is powerful enough to work a small sewing-machine. The little chap made his own drawings and even his own castings. He wants to become an engineer.

But for ingenuity and simplicity, commend to us the model crane seen in the accompanying reproduction. It was constructed in a single evening by Master W. J. McNab, of Rossie House, Lamb's Conduit Street. This youngster is for ever making something. He will go out, see some vehicle, building, or machine, and forthwith come home and construct a model of it, out of very primitive material indeed. The main part of the crane, platform and all, is made out of pieces of an old soap-box. The three drums over which the "rope" is wound are ordinary cotton-reels of varying sizes. The smaller pulleys are parts of window-catches. The handles and spindles are scraps of the iron "skimmer" with which the boy used to force his hoop along. Finally, the "rope" is twine from packets of



CRANE MADE FROM A SOAP-BOX, REELS, ETC.

FOUR GORGEOUS GUYS.

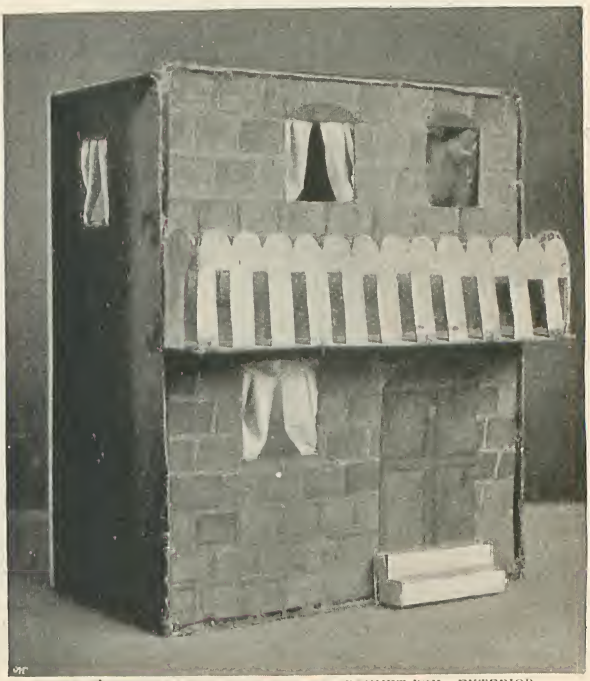
tea. With his model before him, the lad can give most luminous descriptions of the action and capacity of derricks and cranes of all kinds. His father (Mr. J. C. McNab) is superintendent of one of the Homes for Working Boys in London—institutions which are doing an enormous amount of good among working lads.

There are few things children love so well as the building-up of a really good effigy or guy. The accompanying photo. shows four of these, all in a row. They were made by the little boys at the Shaftesbury School, Bisley, which belongs to the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue. The guy on the left is intended to represent the Sultan of Turkey, for whom no indignity seems to be too great in this country. This effigy of the Caliph of Islam was made by two boys, who got some notion of the monarch's appearance from a portrait in one of the illustrated papers. The body is an old sack stuffed with straw. The fez is a jam-tin; and as to the belt, sash, medals, and other trappings, really, the less said about them the better, since allusion to their origin might cause a diplomatic rupture at the Porte.

Cheek by jowl with Abdul is a "Japanese gentleman," obviously in an advanced stage of alcoholic hilarity. It took three boys to make him. Briefly, he is an old suit of clothes filled to bursting with tailor's clippings and paper. The others are "a painter, his wife and their infant child," a touching little group, of course, but in bad company, and doomed to a worse end.

The little boys and girls at the various schools of the National Refuges amuse themselves by making a variety of interesting little models out of odds and ends. Take the specimen of the girls' work which is here reproduced. The first illustration shows the exterior of a doll's house which was made out of an old bonnet-box. The back, or bottom, of the box is the front of the house. The door-steps and balcony were cut from the cover. The curtains are made out of the tissue-paper that lined the box.

You will perceive that the house has but two rooms. Tables and chairs are cut out of cardboard, and covered with crochet work



DOLL'S HOUSE MADE FROM AN OLD BONNET-BOX—EXTERIOR.

DOLL'S HOUSE MADE FROM AN OLD BONNET-BOX—INTERIOR.

done by the ingenious and industrious little girls themselves. The staircase is a little precarious, but it reaches the upper room all right. In the upper room are an artistically draped bed, a wash-hand stand, and other furniture. The inmates, like the house, were simple. They were made of scraps of Berlin wool fastened together, and they seemed perfectly satisfied with the appointments of the house. The husband spent an abnormal time in bed; in fact, he was always there, whilst his wife sat complacently below.

The dear little girls who planned and made this doll's house "preferred it to any other"—to quote the soap testimonials; and they were continually trying the effect of various re-arrangements of the furniture, such as placing the wash-hand stand in the drawing-room, and so on. In fact, children nearly always prefer toys which they have made themselves, or work which is copied from that done by grown-up people. "One frequent source of amusement with our children," writes Mr. Sydney Phillips, of St. Thomas's Hospital, "is the bandaging of their dolls with the aid of their (the dolls') dresses." Poor stricken little mites! They see so much bandaging going on around them, that they are irresistibly led to operate on their own dolls! A pathetic instance of childish mimicry.

It may not be generally known that a so-called "Spare-Time Movement" was started some years ago by Mr. Albert Bankes, of Wolferton House, Dorchester. The notion was that, instead of importing German-made toys, these things should be made in spare time in every cottage in the kingdom. The value of foreign toys imported into the United Kingdom in 1895 was £997,647—say, a round million—which might just as well go into the pockets of our own people. The thing was to create and work out original designs in toys from old boxes, broom-handles, rags, and other waste material.

Here are two ingenious and diverting toys made by small children belonging to a local Band of Hope. They were sent in by Miss S. J. Hardy, of Catherine Street, Salisbury.

CURIOUS CARVED TOY.

The first is in two parts. There is a relatively heavy base, from which rise two very light rods, which support a small platform. Horse and rider are cut from a solid piece of wood with a pen-knife. Attached to the horse is a long curving piece of iron wire culminating in a piece of lead. You simply place the horse's hind legs on the platform and then push him up and down, when he oscillates in the air in a most remarkable way. The thing is puzzling to spectators from a distance, particularly when the toy is placed against a dark background.

The second toy consists of a light cylinder of cartridge paper, covered with silk or cloth at both ends. The material at the bottom is continued up so as to form a coat for the little figure. Legs and arms cut out of cloth are also fastened on. All you have to do next is to drop a good-sized marble or leaden

THE ECCENTRIC TUMBLER.

ball into the cylinder, and then paint a face on the outside.

You then get a board and tilt it up at an angle. Sit the little man on the top end of this inclined plane, and he commences his antics, which are really very funny. He wobbles for a moment backwards and forwards, and then takes a series of violent somersaults head over heels, coming to rest at the bottom with many peculiar jerks and nods.

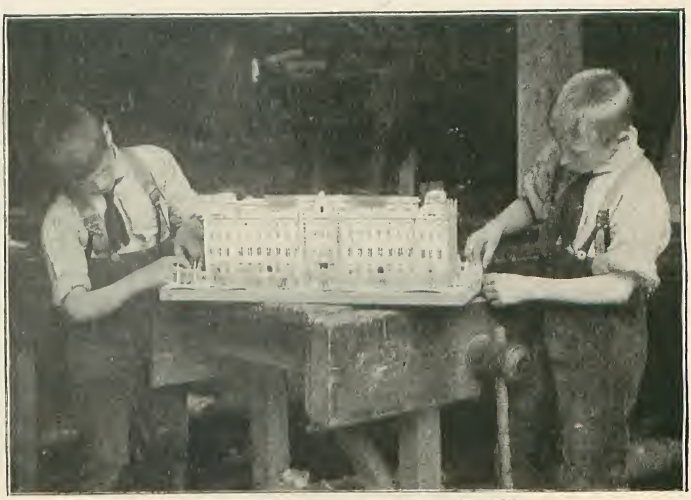
The Spare-Time Movement has set children all over the country making dolls, both for sale and for their own amusement. These dolls are wonderfully simple in construction. They are in the first instance mere oblong bags of calico, stuffed with odds and ends from the rag-bag, and with one end dragged in tightly to form a head. Then come the painting and dressing. The "guernsey" worn by a fisherman doll we saw consisted of part of an old stocking; his trousers were a bit of serge, and his sea-boots scraps of an old black glove. The net he carried consisted of odds and ends of string crocheted together. The doll was made by a bright little girl, only eight years old.

MODEL WINDMILL WORKED BY AN ENGINE.

We also came across dolls made by children which were not exactly playthings. One was used as a dressmaker's model. Another brace of dolls we found in a school of art, where they were constantly called upon to decorate a model landscape. Finally, a whole set of rag dolls were found doing duty in the officers' mess of a crack cavalry regiment, where they illustrated the various changes the uniform had undergone.

The next specimen of children's work to be reproduced is a very ingenious windmill made out of bits of wood and cardboard by a little fellow belonging to the House-Boy Brigade, 146, Marylebone Road. The remarkable thing about this windmill is that it is independent of wind, being provided with an ingenious little engine inside which works the sails furiously. The model is entirely the work of the boy himself. Most of the youngsters at the above-named excellent institution make interesting little models of this kind during the winter evenings. Once a boy is imbued with the idea of making things, he is always on the look-out for suitable subjects. Mr. J. Pendlebury, the courteous secretary of the Children's Home, Bonner Road, N.E., sent to these offices a little model steam-engine, which was made entirely by one of the boys, Sam Ferrel by name. This lad was at one time employed in stoking and minding the engine at the Home which supplies steam power to the laundry, so he had ample leisure both to study the original and to construct his model. This was composed of mere scraps of metal, yet it worked at high steam pressure, and was to the other children quite the most entertaining object in the whole institution.

We next see a corner of the workshop at the Boys' Home, Regent's Park Road. Two little boys are putting the finishing touches to a cardboard model of Buckingham Palace, which they have made entirely by themselves. When finished, a lighted candle is placed



MAKING A MODEL OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

inside the palace, so that every one of its myriad windows glows with warm, red light. Anyone, in fact, who will only take the trouble to ask for specimens of work, little things made by the children, for their own amusement—in any of the big institutions—such a person, we say, could not fail to be impressed with the extraordinary skill and ingenuity manifest in many of these spontaneous, unaided efforts.

In private families, too, it is the same. Here we show an elegant cottage built by a little boy as a birthday present for his sister. The builder is Master Leslie N. Furse, aged thirteen, of Englefield Green, Surrey. Leslie's father was having a house built, and the boy went with him to inspect it. The workmen allowed him to take away any broken pieces of brick that he could pick up. A knob of lime was another contribution, for this, mixed with some sand dug out of the garden, formed the mortar. "My father," writes little Master Furse, "gave me an empty packing-case, which I used, as far as possible, for the woodwork of my house; and some old slate-frames helped to make the window-sashes." Drain pipes and bath-room pipes were the stems of humble "clays." Having so constructed the wooden roof, the boy bought twopenny-worth of straw out of his pocket-money, and then set to and thatched it. The requisite paint was obtained by scraping some empty paint tins, and mixing the result with a little turpentine "begged from mother." The house is plastered right through with mortar mixed with flock, and all the rooms are properly papered.

It is a red-brick house, the woodwork being painted a chocolate brown. The lower room measures 27in. by 22in. The furniture in this room consists of four chairs, with old gold velvet seats; two sideboards, two tables, two silver "whatnots" and bookcases combined, one couch, and one piano. The pictures are framed Christmas-cards. There are proper foundations to the house, composed of loose stones from the garden mixed with lime.

BRICK AND MORTAR DOLL'S HOUSE—A BIRTHDAY PRESENT TO A LITTLE SISTER.

The staircase, which is right in front of the door, is carpeted with old Brussels, and there is a bath-room over the hall, supplied from a tank in the roof. When the house was photographed it was decorated for the Jubilee, and the four dolls that inhabit it placed outside, thus hiding the door. Master Furse's house is 4ft. high, and is built under a big apple-tree in the garden.

We found quite a number of interesting little things at the Princess Louise Home for Girls, at Norbiton. Here, for example, is a splendid bed for a doll of high degree. The foundation of the bed is simply a shallow cardboard bon-bon box opened, the cover being at right angles to the box itself. Hangings, mattress, bolster, pillows, blankets, sheets, and counterpane—each and every one of these is quite perfect, and owes its

DOLL'S BED MADE FROM A BON-BON BOX.

UMBRELLA-STAND MADE OF OLD COTTON-REELS.

existence to the ingenuity and skilful fingers of the little girls.

The children at this institution, by the way, have won many prizes for making useful articles out of unconsidered trifles. It was here we saw the stuffed chairs made out of butter-kegs and soda-barrels; and even odds and ends of flannelette were wrought into a substantial bath-room mat. The merest babies here either dress dolls in various styles, or cover toy whips with crochet work. Miss Skinner, the indefatigable lady superintendent, points with pride to a handsome shield, which her little ones won in open competition, for interesting little specimens of children's unaided work.

Talking of the utilization of waste and the like, just consider for a moment the neat little umbrella-stand which is here reproduced, and which is made entirely out of old cotton-reels, threaded on to iron wire. Miss Skinner collects thousands of these reels from shops and elsewhere, and then hands them over to her little girls to be transformed into really useful and ornamental articles of furniture. By the way, they make most beautiful photo.-frames and brackets at Norbiton out of pine-cones, picked up under the trees in the grounds.

One is amazed in visiting this place to notice the multitude of quaint and serviceable articles made by these clever children.

A QUAINT DOOR-STOP.

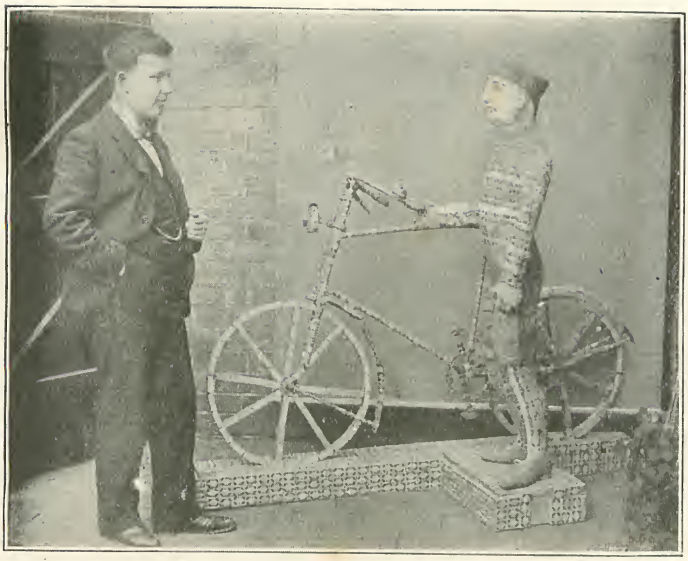
The funny doll which forms the next illustration is really a door-stop. It is made out of a wide-mouthed jar, or bottle, filled with stones, and then covered with scraps of cloth and provided with a head and hood. Every time the door strikes this benevolent-looking person (who stands behind it), she reels back with a hurt look, but quickly braces herself to withstand the onslaught. She is a personality of some weight — so much so, in fact, that we should not like her to descend upon the toes of even our worst enemy. Yet another article made out of old thread-reels—this time an ornamental jardinière, or flower-pot. Notice the flat

JARDINIERE MADE OF OLD COTTON-REELS.

layer of split reels around the top. They were dexterously split with one blow of a hatchet. These reel ornaments and articles of furniture are, of course, painted in gay colours by the girls.

A particularly interesting specimen of a little boy's ingenuity is next depicted. It is a large figure of a man and a safety bicycle, made entirely out of empty match-boxes. It was the work of Master Harold Blanckensee, aged fourteen, of 22, Upper Hagley Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham. We are indebted for the photo. to Mr. S. Bowman, of The Hollies, Poplar Avenue, Edgbaston. The model was made for exhibition in a competition organized by Messrs. S. J. Moreland and Son, of Gloucester, match manufacturers. Each competitor's model was to use up not less than so many hundred boxes. The reasons for which are perfectly obvious.

Our young friend, who is seen contemplating his curious handiwork in the photo., glued his match-boxes together, and there is in the model no sub-structure or foundation of any kind. For the cyclist himself and



WONDERFUL MODEL MADE FROM MATCH-BOXES.

parts of the machine, the match-boxes had to be soaked in boiling water, to make them pliable. All the different colours in the man's dress, complexion, eyebrows, lips, etc., were obtained by peeling the paper off the boxes and using the different colours as required.

Here are the dimensions: Length of stand, 5½ft.; length of bicycle, 5ft.; height of figure, 4½ft. Certain parts of the machine had to be modelled, or built, on an iron rod, which, however, was withdrawn when the soaked match-boxes had set and become hard. Altogether, no fewer than 1,700 empty match-boxes were used. One is glad to know that Master Blanckensee was awarded a silver English lever watch for this remarkable piece of work. Even the original photo., from which we reproduce, was developed and printed by the boy himself.

There is an organization in London which is particularly fruitful in the production of ingenious little things made by very small children. We refer to the Children's Happy Evenings Association, which is instituted to provide recreative evenings in the School Board buildings for the children attending school. Briefly, the notion is this: After hours the magnificently equipped Board school buildings stand idle and empty all the evening, whilst the children of the poor are compelled to amuse themselves as best they can in the street or the crowded court. "Why not," argued certain philanthropic ladies, "get the use of the schools for the evening, and amuse and entertain therein such children as liked to come?" The ladies agitated, and the thing was done.

Surely there never was a society that made money go farther! For every pound subscribed, twenty children have "happy evenings" for *seven months*. Only £300 a year is needed to pay the expenses of the thirty-six branches, which amuse 7,000 children weekly.

One way in which the children amuse themselves is by making things—our old friend, "the utilization of waste material." In fact, here is a delightful model of a bathing-machine, made out of old post-cards by a mere baby. Even the wheels are of the same material. The rope is a bit of window-cord, and the sea is represented by a bit of gauze and some cotton-wool.

The Happy Evenings are managed like this. There are "quiet" rooms for children who go in for reading and painting—that is, colouring pictures from the illustrated papers. Then there are what we may call "semi-quiet" rooms for the children who prefer making little toys and others who want stories told them. Finally, there are "noisy" rooms for sheer romping.

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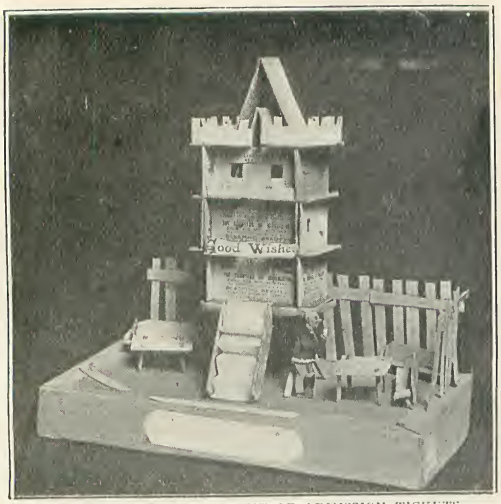
BATHING MACHINE MADE OUT OF OLD POST-CARDS.




CHINESE PAGODA MADE OUT OF ADMISSION TICKETS.

depicts a quaint little Chinese pagoda made by Rosie North, aged seven. Rosie is a pretty little thing, and one of the happiest of Happy Eveningers. She made this wonderful pagoda entirely out of admission tickets to one of the association's own functions!

The children at the various branches turn out an enormous quantity of dolls' furniture. Some of the chairs are built up of cardboard and covered with gorgeous velvet, whilst others are merely opened pill-boxes, extra large, and draped with a scrap of silk. Both tables and chairs for some of the more *chic* establishments, however, are made with horse-chestnuts and pins. Complete Punch and Judy shows are made out of match-boxes, the various characters being represented by the matches themselves, suitably dressed.

The doll here shown was made in a moment at one of the C.H.E.A.'s gatherings. The head is merely an empty egg-shell from the breakfast table, and the hood and dress (there is no body) a crumpled paper bag from the grocer's. The extraordinary expression of dolorousness is more accidental than anything else. The egg head has become a little loose and slipped side-ways, whilst the features are merely dabs of paint "thrown" on in the most perfunctory manner.

The life and soul of the Children's Happy Evenings Association is Miss Edith Heather-Bigg, of 14, Radnor Place, Hyde Park. To this most charming and vivacious of ladies (as well as to her sister, Miss Ada) the writer is vastly obliged for assistance most kindly rendered.

The last illustration reproduced is remarkable, not only as being the work of children, but of *blind* children. We asked Dr. F. J. Campbell, of the Royal Normal College, Upper Norwood, whether the little ones under his care made any interesting models and such-like, whereupon he was kind enough to send along these things, which have been modelled in clay with amazing instinct by the blind children. There are a dove-cot, a pond with ducks, a stile, and a pair of bellows. It is indeed a strange and pathetic sight to see these and other articles being made at the great institution at Norwood, particularly when we reflect that the children can never have seen the originals in Nature.

DOLL MADE OF EGG-SHELL AND PAPER BAG.

Their skill, however, in making baskets, brushes, toys, and models of every sort is nothing short of miraculous; and doubtless the manufacture of these things gives the little ones a sense of form which could in no other way be imparted to them.

LITTLE MODELS MADE BY BLIND CHILDREN.

# *Why Reginald Fawley Was Never Disbarred.*

By J. S. Sheridan.

"NOW, you understand," said the solicitor, "I want a conviction."

"Which you'll find it very difficult to obtain," said the barrister.

"I see no difficulty," answered the first speaker; "the woman has been in my service for ten years as housekeeper, and during that time I have been very good to her."

"You always were a philanthropist, Redfern," the barrister sneered.

"Philanthropist or not, you'll have the kindness to listen to me patiently now, and to keep your clever remarks to yourself, or you'll find that my philanthropy, so far as you are concerned, may take a somewhat unpleasant form, Mr. Reginald Fawley; d'you understand me?"

Mr. Fawley apparently did, for though he bit his lip, he merely muttered, "Well, go on, then," and sat down moodily on a chair.

"This woman," went on the other, "has, I say, been treated by me with such kindness and consideration as I have not lavished on any other human creature"—Mr. Fawley remarked to himself that "that was not saying much," but outwardly remained passive—"and how does she repay me? Why, by robbery, and robbery of the basest kind. She has had charge of my private accounts for only six months, ever since my poor, dear wife died, and yet, in that short space, she has embezzled no less a sum than four hundred and fifty pounds—*four hundred and fifty* pounds, mark you; where, then, does the difficulty of convicting her come in?"

"Well, as you've asked me, I'll tell you," returned the barrister. "The fact is, my dear friend, that the world is very censorious, and does not, I regret to say, entertain that high idea of your moral worth which I, for example, feel is undoubtedly your due."

"I've already warned you that your jests are ill-timed," said Redfern, quietly. "I sha'n't warn you again."

"Do you want a candid reply, then, or one that will fit in with your own view entirely?" answered the other.

"As long as you talk sense, I don't care how candid your reply is."

"Well, then, to put it plainly, Redfern, the version the public are already putting on the case is this: Here are you, half-solicitor, half-usurer, grinding your pound of flesh out of every poor wretch who comes in contact with you; known to have ill-treated your wife, half-suspected of having hastened her end; considered, in short, to be absolutely devoid of scruple; here are you, I say, in love—as far as such a man as you *can* be in love—with the woman you are now prosecuting. She treats your advances, as most women would, with the contempt and loathing they deserve; you—to compass your end—give the poor thing an opportunity of doing what she has done, embezzling, or, as she would put it, 'borrowing,' a few hundred pounds; which she has not spent on herself, mind, but probably handed over to a more favoured rival than yourself; and then you, to whom the loss of that money was as nothing, first try to use your knowledge of her crime to break down her resolution, and when you find her obdurate, give her into custody. That is what the world is saying," concluded Fawley, who had delivered "the world's" opinion with a gusto and vindictiveness which showed that he, at least, shared in it. "I need hardly add that I consider it a most unjust one, but still, as you've asked me to be candid with you, I've endeavoured to be so."

Samuel Redfern was not unused to hear uncomplimentary epithets applied to himself, but they were usually accompanied either by the tears of some unfortunate widow whose home he had sold up, or the imprecations of some broken-down spendthrift whom he had hastened to ruin; and the course of years had rendered him so accustomed to such scenes that they affected him not at all—but the short, incisive indictment of the barrister, who made no effort to conceal his satisfaction at being able at last to speak his opinion without let or hindrance, overcame even his usual self-possession. His sallow face flushed crimson, and his voice shook with rage; but, nevertheless, he answered coherently enough.

"Oh, that's the world's opinion, is it? Well then, for once, Mr. Fawley, the world has judged rightly, and has guessed my character and conduct absolutely correctly. But now I'll tell you what the world *doesn't* guess. It doesn't guess that Mr. Reginald Fawley, Q.C., is a bankrupt; it doesn't guess that the usurer Redfern holds him in the hollow of his hand; it doesn't guess that the man who grinds his pound of flesh out of every poor wretch he comes in contact with has it in his power to ruin *you*; to drive you from the courts, to blast your practice, to snatch the judgeship—already half promised you—from your grasp; to make you a beggar and an outcast, to put you in the dock——"

"NATURE HAS BLESSED YOU WITH A FACE OF BRASS."

"In the dock?" interrupted Fawley, who, through all this oration, had eyed his companion with that imperturbable and unmoved expression which most barristers in big practice learn to assume sooner or later. "In the dock, eh? Really, my dear sir, if I didn't know you so well, I should fear you'd been drinking. That I am practically a bankrupt is true; that you hold enough of my 'paper' to make me one, is also true; just as true as the fact that, if you do so, you won't get a stiver of your money back; but when you talk about my being in the dock, your remark is so absurd, that I really shall not pay you the compliment of being offended at it."

"It's always wise not to take offence at an insult, when you're not in a position to resent it," said Redfern; "but suppose you carry your mind back a good many years ago, when I first had the honour of making your acquaintance. Do you recollect how you first came to know me?"

"Perfectly, my dear sir. The gentleman who first procured me the felicity of being on your visiting list was Israel Solomons, a Jew money-lender; and the fact that you purchased his business for about half its value has always caused me, until this moment, to regard you as a remarkably shrewd and clear-headed man. Now, however, when you talk about putting me in the dock, my opinion alters, and I really begin to fear, my friend, that you are suffering from senile dementia."

"Nature," responded Redfern, "has blessed you with a face of brass; and to that probably you owe your success at the Bar; but I've known you too long not to be able to read you. You're not dealing with a jury—half stockbrokers, half greengrocers—now, Mr. Fawley; you're dealing with your master, you're dealing with *me*; and I tell you that at this very instant you know, in your own mind, what I am going to say to you."

The barrister's face never changed, and his eyes never fell as he answered "That he always humoured lunatics, and that Mr. Redfern might therefore proceed," but his forehead was damp with the cold perspiration of terror, and he crossed the room and put on his hat to conceal it.

"I'm not in the least offended at your tone," resumed Redfern; "naturally, for a man in your position to be suddenly confronted with an indiscretion—I call it an indiscretion for the moment—committed twenty years ago, is very embarrassing. Still, the facts have to be faced, and I'll put them before you with a conciseness which your legal mind will undoubtedly appreciate," and Mr. Redfern grinned and chuckled; while the barrister, yawning, and lighting a cigarette, grew dizzy and sick with the effort to prevent himself from rushing on his tormentor and strangling him where he stood.

"Twenty years ago," said Redfern, "you were—as, indeed, you are now—in very urgent need of funds; and, not knowing which way to turn, you came, at last, to my predecessor, Mr. Israel Solomons, and asked him to discount a bill, drawn by you and accepted by your cousin, Viscount Lowton. Have these little occurrences slipped from your usually retentive memory?"

"Oh, no," drawled the other, "I remember perfectly. Eighty pounds was what old Solomons let me have, which really was not bad, considering what thieves all money-lenders are."

"No, it was not so bad considering the real value of the security," replied Redfern; "for this bill, excellent in every other respect, contained one trifling little irregularity. What purported to be your cousin's signature was not his signature at all. You, with that unselfishness which is one of your most lovable traits, and, no doubt, with a desire to save him unnecessary trouble, signed his name yourself. *I* should call such an act a trifling indiscretion; our foolish law, however, calls it—er—forgery!"

Fawley laughed. "If anyone else," he said, "had called me a forger, I should probably have knocked him down. You, however, are such a scoundrel, and your insolence is so unique, that it is positively refreshing to talk to you. Even supposing—which is of course ridiculous—that I did as you say, the bill was duly met, and handed over to my cousin by Solomons. Your efforts to blackmail me—for I suppose that is what your remarks really mean—are not only infamous, but silly; and I'm sure I don't know what prevents my calling in the police and giving you into custody."

"You don't know what prevents you? Then I'll tell you," said the money-lender. "I was the solicitor employed by your cousin's executor; it was I who went through his papers, it was I who found that bill, and it is in my safe at the present moment."

"I was under the impression Lowton had destroyed it," Fawley answered; "but if your story be true—which, of course, it isn't—how can the existence of a bill which is twenty years old, which was duly met, the accepter of which is dead, and who never denied his signature in his lifetime, affect me? Why, Redfern, I knew you to be a ruffian, and I should have called you a clever one; but you're not even a fifth-rate scoundrel."

"True, if that were *all* I had to go on; but you will remember, Fawley, you were indiscreet enough to write a letter to your cousin, confessing what you had done, and imploring his forgiveness and assistance. He gave you both, and met the bill, on condition you never entered his house again. But he wrote out a statement of the facts, and attached that and your letter to the bill. How you could have been such a fool as to write, when you could have easily explained personally, I can't for the life of me imagine; but I suppose even the cleverest swindlers make errors sometimes, and *I* don't grumble—for your mistake, you see, has placed you utterly at my mercy."

"Bah," said the barrister, "words, mere words. Why should I believe you have these imaginary documents? If you have, show me them."

Redfern looked almost admiringly at his victim. "Upon my word," he said, "you 'play the game'; if you ever are disbarred, you could always make your living on an Atlantic liner, at poker. Well, I'll show them you, as you wish it. Go and stand by that wall while I get them out of my safe, and please remember that if you attempt to snatch them out of my hand—as you no doubt would—I shall shoot you, like a dog, with this beautifully inlaid little pistol, which, by-the-bye, once belonged to the late lamented Viscount Lowton."

Fawley stood where he was bid, and the solicitor—who neither took his eye off him, nor ceased to cover him with his weapon—unlocked his safe, and produced a packet of musty documents.

"Your eyesight," he said, "is sufficiently good to enable you to read at this distance. Here is the forged bill—your cousin's signature is most admirably done; upon my word you ought to be called 'Jim the Penman'; here is your letter—a most pathetic and contrite document, that would do credit to anyone; and here is your cousin's statement of the matter, which, albeit very clearly

drawn up, is not as complimentary to you as could be desired. I should think you were satisfied now. Do you want any further proof?"

The barrister shook his head, and then, for the first time in the interview, utterly broke down. He wept, he cried, he poured forth a volley of the most awful imprecations on Redfern, on his cousin, and most of all on himself; and at last, utterly exhausted, both by the effort of will he had exercised to keep his passions under, and by the violence of his emotion when they had broken loose, he sank, worn out and sobbing, on his persecutor's sofa.

"DO YOU WANT ANY FURTHER PROOF?"

Redfern was astonished, and, as far as he was capable of the feeling, sorry; but he deemed it best to let the outbreak wear itself out, and so, first putting a decanter of brandy on the table, walked into the next room, leaving the barrister alone.

At the end of half an hour he re-entered, and, hardened as he was, started at the change that thirty minutes had wrought. The paroxysm in which he had left Fawley had indeed passed, and the latter, having emptied the decanter, had once again restored to his face something of its former immobility and firmness; but the lines round the eyes were no longer those of a well-preserved man of forty—they might have been the deep furrows of sixty. His face seemed to have fallen in, and the upright carriage and springy gait, which had carried his portly figure so youthfully and jauntily, had given place to a stoop of the shoulder, and a hesitancy of step, which made him look old, and fat, and cumbersome. Only his eyes were unchanged. They might be fiercer and harder than before, but still they reflected all the ruthless tenacity of purpose which had ever been his principal characteristic at the Bar. It was the picture of a man who had received a terrible shock; a shock from which, perchance, he might never recover; but who, while life and brain were left to him, would fight his own battle, coming out victorious, or falling, perhaps, beaten; but, in either case, still fighting to the end.

"Well," he said, "you've fired your shot, and it's hit its mark. Now, what do you want?"

"Comparatively nothing, my dear Fawley: and upon my soul I'm sorry I was compelled to disclose what I did just now; but really——"

"Spare your sorrow for those who need it. You'll not see me break down again. You want me to do something for you, and something exceptionally vile, or you'd never have shown your hand. Now state clearly what it is!"

"Well, in the first place, I want you to conduct the prosecution."

"I agree."

"In the second place, I want her convicted."

"I've already given you my opinion as to the likelihood of that; but, of course, your case may be stronger than I supposed."

"Fawley," said the other, quietly, "the case is *weaker* than you suppose, and it is for that very reason that I am compelled to ask you to help me."

"To *force* me to help you, you mean; but go on."

"Listen," answered Redfern. "The woman is innocent. I gave her that four

hundred and fifty pounds. You smile: you think it impossible for me to willingly give anybody such a sum. It is not so; I was in love with that woman then; I loved her so, that even though she showed, as she did, the contempt and abhorrence in which she held me and my calling, she might have had all I possessed. One night she came to me in tears. She was in terrible trouble, she said, and begged my help. I gave it her, freely and willingly, and was proud to do so, for I looked upon it—like the fatuous idiot I was—as a first sign of affection and trust towards me. But when again, and yet again, she came to me, the thought flashed through my mind: 'What should she, who has never, hitherto, asked for a penny, want with all these sums?' I watched her; I opened her letters, and I was rewarded."

"What did you find?" asked the barrister.

"I found that the money I had sinned and screwed and toiled to gain was being sent by her to pay off the extravagances and debts of some miserable boy."

"Her lover, I presume?"

"No, not her lover; that was what I thought, and where I allowed myself to be so led away by rage and anger, that I did an action which, without your help, must be my ruin."

"It must have been a pretty villainous action, if *you* repent of it."

"*Repent!* Bah! I took an affidavit—and the affidavit is on the depositions—that the woman had confessed not only that she stole the money, but that she had done it at the instigation of her lover—this boy Shandon; and now I find it proved, beyond a doubt, that it is not her lover, but her son."

"Her son, eh? Well, that certainly complicates matters; but I see no great difficulty in that. As you've made the affidavit you must stick to it, that's all."

"It's not all. I swore—that I might ruin both her and the man I then thought was her lover—that the interview took place in Shandon's presence, that he admitted their relationship, and that—and that—and that——"

"Go on," said the other, "don't hesitate. I suppose my wretched part begins here."

"That—another person, a friend, was a witness of all that passed."

"And that fictitious friend was——?"

"Yourself," answered Redfern, sullenly.

There was a pause, and then Fawley said, musingly, and almost to himself, "My life's been a pretty bad one; I've done many things that, if known, would make men, almost devoid of conscience, look on me with contempt; I've forged, I know, once; and I'm asked now to make an innocent woman a felon; to swear that her son is not her son—to show his character in such a light that the lowest may jeer with impunity at him; and I'm forced to do this by fear of this man—this man, who, holding me as he does, may force me on to murder tomorrow. What guarantee have I"—and he turned fiercely and suddenly on Redfern—"that you won't use some other lever on me, when this case is over; that you won't beggar me, as you have often threatened to do; that you won't present my bills and make a bankrupt of me the day after the trial? No, by Heaven, I'll see you in purgatory before I do this thing!"

"Then listen to me and make your choice," said the solicitor. "If you refuse, I am a ruined man—a fugitive, and, if caught, a convict. You'd care little for that, of course, I know; but I swear that if I go down, you shall be in prison within twenty-four hours of myself. If you agree to help me in this, I myself will put it out of my own power ever to threaten you again; if you prefer it, ever speak to you again. I will give you back your forgery; I will give you back your bills; more, I will give you yet another £5,000 to set you straight. Take the one course, and you are free, able to go on rising in your profession, perhaps a judge within the year. Take the other, and within six weeks you are a bankrupt, on trial for forgery."

"You're a coward as well as a scoundrel," said Fawley, as he watched the other's face, ashen and covered with sweat; "but I can't very well dispute your reasoning. As to myself, I'm worse than you, and the only person I despise more than Samuel Redfern is Reginald Fawley. However, to be rid of you is almost worth any crime, so draw your affidavit of what I am to say, put the forged acceptance, my bills for £5,000, and your cheque for a similar sum into one envelope—which you will hand me just before I take the oath—and then come round to a Commissioner, and see me, a Queen's Counsel, make my first attempt at perjury."

Half an hour later, the two men stood together at a fashionable buffet. Redfern confident, cheerful, almost radiant; the barrister gloomy and silent, drinking glass after glass, and making no effort to rouse himself.

"Come, come, Reggy," said the former,

familiarly, "cheer up. Here, let's drink to the speedy conviction of the beautiful Anthea."

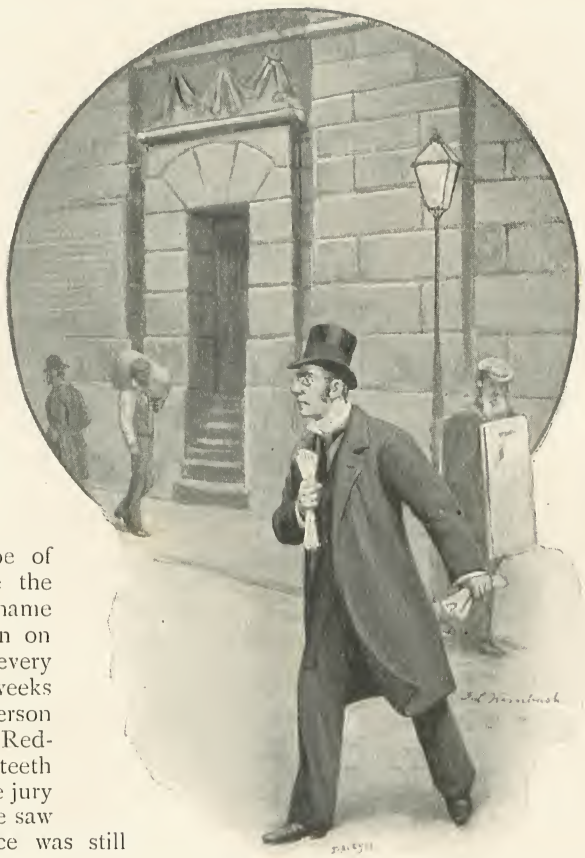
"Of whom?" said Fawley, going white.

"Of Anthea, that's the woman's name; funny name, isn't it?"

The barrister dashed his glass on the floor. "Curse you!" he said, "it only needed *you* to say that name to show me how utterly degraded I am," and he flung himself out of the bar.

"Peculiar man, Fawley," mused the usurer; "h'm, I expect he's had too much to drink."

It was half-past ten o'clock at the Old Bailey, and the judge had just taken his seat. The court was crowded to suffocation. The sheriffs were there, the solicitors were there, as many ladies as could get seats on the bench were there, the body of the court was filled with its usual crowd of ill-dressed people, whose faces are seen at every recurring sessions, and all were on the tiptoe of expectation to see the woman whose name and story had been on every lip, and in every newspaper, for weeks past. But one person was *not* there, and Redfern clenched his teeth convulsively, as the jury were sworn, and he saw that Fawley's place was still vacant.



"THE SOLICITOR RUSHED, TERROR-STRICKEN, TO THE BARRISTER'S CHAMBERS."

The preliminary formalities had all been gone through, and the judge looked up from his papers, as if to know the reason of the pause that followed. Redfern rose quickly to his feet.

"My lord," he said, "Mr. Reginald Fawley, my leading counsel, is most unaccountably absent. It is of vital importance to me that he should be here; and I, therefore, beg your lordship to adjourn the opening of this case for a few minutes, that I may go and find him."

The judge made a few genial remarks as to the time of Her Majesty's judges being wasted in such a disgraceful manner, but finally consented, adding, grimly, that "he, himself, did not share the great surprise which Mr. Redfern had expressed at Mr. Fawley's absence, as the latter's conduct had, for some weeks past, been so erratic and peculiar, that not only he, but several of his learned brethren, had noticed it."

The solicitor did not wait, but rushed, haggard and terror-stricken, to the barrister's chambers.

He found Fawley, flushed, unkempt, and only half-dressed, pacing up and down his room, the hand with which he was raising the brandy to his lips shaking so, that the glass rattled as it touched his teeth.

"Yes, yes, I know what you've come about," he said, before Redfern could speak; "you've come to drag me down to court, to use my eloquence and my lying and my skill, and to weigh my soul down with a weight that will never leave it; and all for what?—that you and I—as wicked a pair of ruffians as ever walked—may save ourselves, and send to prison an innocent woman and her wretched son."

Redfern seized and shook him. "You called me a coward, once!" he screamed; "am I such a coward as you—whose

conduct, for weeks, has been the jest of the Bar, who have been jeered at this morning from the Bench? You, you miserable cur, have as much at stake as I. You have *everything* at stake, and what do you do? Go and get drunk. You're drunk now—you've been half drunk for days; but don't think to trick *me*. I've got your affidavit and you've got my money, and I swear that if you try to double on me——"

"Who wants to double on you?" said the other, roughly, as he threw him off, but sobered by the intensity and passion of the man; "and who are you to lecture me? Drunk? Yes, I *am* half drunk, and you may thank the drink for the fact that I am here at all. Do you think, if sober, I could have gone quietly on, through all these days, knowing all the time what I was going to do? But I'm not going to desert you now, you fool; I'm too far in"— and he laughed jeeringly and gratingly—"and I'll do our work, none the worse for what I've drunk. Jeered at me, did his lordship, eh? His lordship shall speak to a different tune before *I've* done with him."

He strode into his bedroom, and in five minutes was back, sobered and dressed, and yet with a wild look in his eyes that checked his companion's speech; and the two drove down to the court together.

There was that in his appearance when he entered that caused a silence to fall on all. There was a look on that set face, of such determination, of such fear, and withal of such agony, that those who had never seen him before were as astounded, and as touched, as those who knew him well; and even the judge forbore to fire off the polished sarcasm he had so elaborately prepared during the delay.

Fawley walked to his place. He looked neither to the right nor to the left; he did not glance at the prisoners, he did not bow to the judge, he did not seem to see the jury, although he faced them. He paused for half a minute, and pushed back his wig, so that his hair, matted and dank, hung down beneath it, and then, passing his hand over his forehead, and amidst such a silence as seldom falls on that old court, began his speech.

It was a speech, so say those who heard it, such as may be heard but once in a lifetime; and it rose to a height of eloquence and power that the speaker had never, in his greatest hours of triumph, yet approached; but through it all, and through its clearly reasoned and finely pointed sentences, ran such a strain of implacable ferocity towards the prisoners, such a fixed determination to force conviction of their guilt upon the jury, that the counsel for the defence, callous as he had become, shuddered as he looked at the two faces in the dock.

Fawley had spoken for nearly an hour, and looking at length straight at the jury, commenced his peroration.

"I have briefly outlined to you, gentlemen," he said, "the case for the prosecution, and now I will tell you how this tale of guilt, infamy, and crime—proved as it will be up to the hilt—has been met by the defence. It has been met, not merely by a simple, albeit shameless denial, but by an attempt to blacken the character of the prosecutor, so base, that even I, used as I am, alas, to the tricks and falsehoods of my fellow-men, stand amazed at its audacity. The defence actually set up is that these sums—these hundreds of pounds—were *given* by my client to the wretched woman now before you. Gentlemen, one would almost think that such a story would contradict itself; but I do not rely on that; for it had never occurred to the female prisoner—with that blind foolishness which seems, sooner or later, to overtake all criminals—as possible that at that interview with the prosecutor, when she confessed her guilt, and implored for mercy for herself, and for the man she admitted was her lover, there was a witness present, and that that witness, unseen, unheard by her, was—myself!"

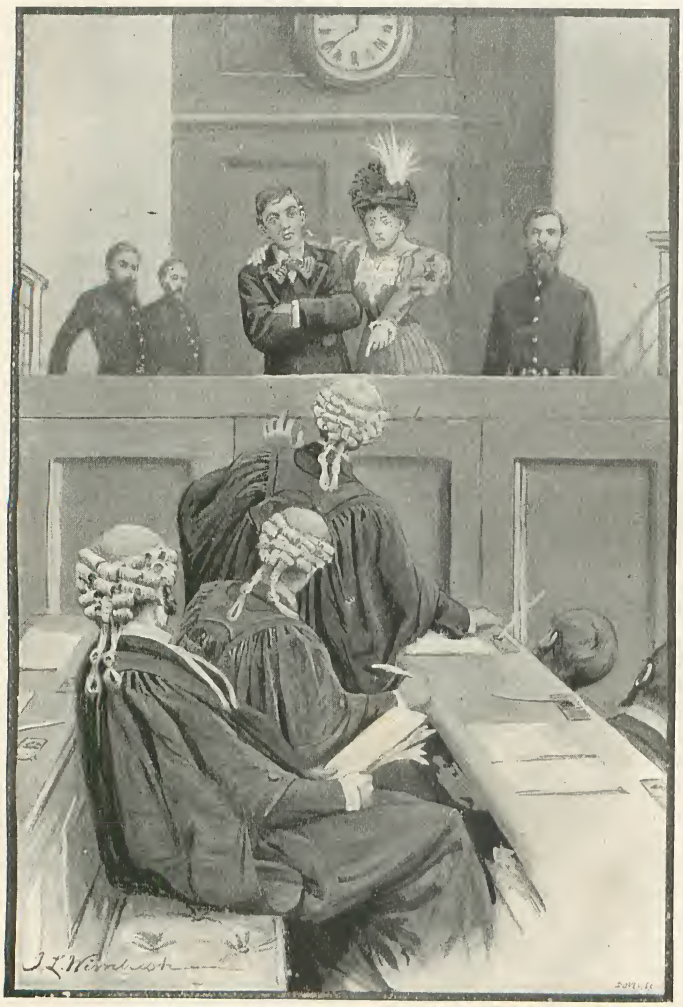
There was a sharp cry from the woman, and the barrister started at the sound and seemed to shiver, but he went on, hurriedly: "I am no harsh prosecutor, gentlemen, striving for a conviction; but fain as I would avoid it, it will be my painful, nay, my terrible duty, to go into the box, and swear, by an oath to my Creator, to the truth of what I have said. If those two wretched people were really bound by that most sacred of all ties—the love of mother and son—God knows that my client's efforts and my own would be directed to the side of clemency and mercy; but when a shameless woman robs and steals, that she may minister to the wants of her still more shameless accomplice, I have no such feeling. She says she is his mother, but she will not give the name of his father. Bah! Men are strange creatures, I know; but where is the man so base, so infamous, so lost to every better feeling, as not to come forward—at whatever risk to himself—to protect the woman he has wronged, and the son whose only inheritance

has been his shame? Where is such a man, I ask?"

A voice rang clearly and steadily from the dock:—

"You are that man!"

The barrister turned, and for the first time faced the prisoners. He heard the



"HIS EYES WERE ON THE WOMAN AS SHE SPOKE."

voice of the woman, saying, passionately: "For myself I care nothing. I would not have stooped to purchase one minute's respite by making myself known to you, whom of all men in the world I despise the most. But when I see that it is not I alone who would have to suffer, but that my son, my only son"—and she threw her arms round his neck—"is to be dragged down with me—then I feel that I must break my pride, and speak at last."

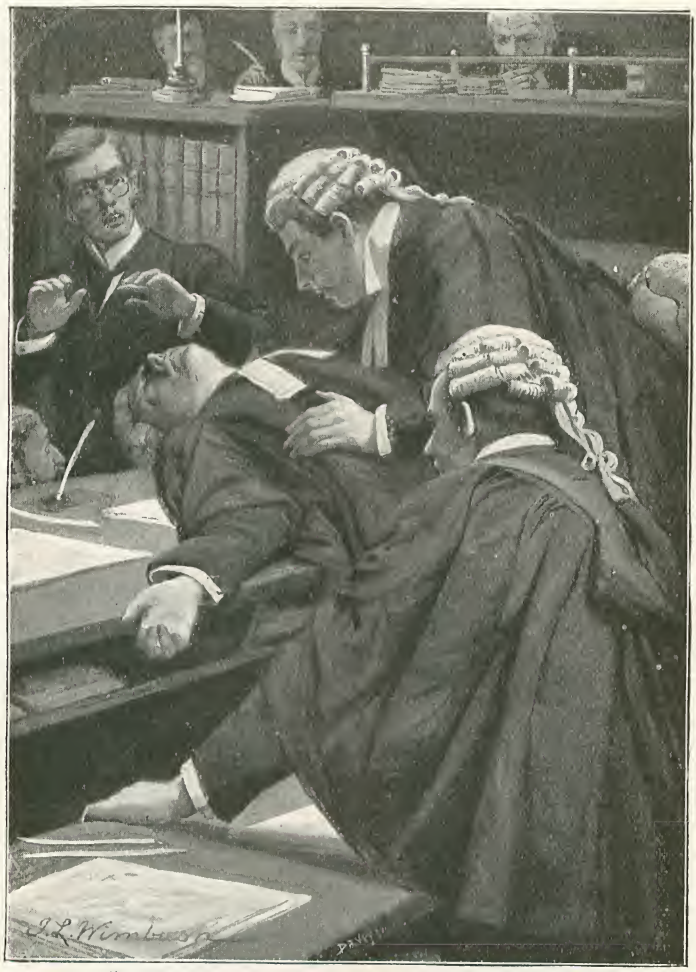
Fawley heard all this, and his eyes were on the woman as she spoke. But they saw a different scene: they saw the woman, not, as she was then, haggard, prematurely old, pointing scornfully at him, seeming to defy him; but as she had been twenty years ago, looking at him with all her love, all her affection, all her trust. He had no need to ask himself how he had repaid her; he had no need to conjure up reproaches for himself; he had but to look at her, and then to turn his gaze to the dissipated, broken youth, on whose neck she was weeping, to look on the face of his son.

There was half a minute's dreadful pause, broken only by the woman's half-stifled sobs, and then Fawley spoke. He spoke in a low, quiet voice, from which every trace of hardness, and of fierceness, had died out, and which, in its sweetness, even seemed to startle himself, and to bring back, anew and more vividly, the far-off vision that had just passed before him. As he spoke, his features seemed to alter. His face was white, but it was no longer the hard, furrowed, almost ferocious face of but an hour ago. It seemed, so they said afterwards, to be the face of a man who, by one supreme sacrifice, had regained his youth, his innocence, his peace.

"My lord," he said, "I have a confession to make. The answer given from the dock, to my question, is the right answer. I am the man whose existence just now I derided. The man, not only base and callous enough to desert those who should have been infinitely dear to him, but who has sunk to such a depth of degradation, as to try to falsely swear away their freedom. Nay, my lord, do not interrupt me—I am fully conscious of the effect of what I am saying. I entered this court, this morning, a man owning the respect, the admiration, the envy,

even, of the world: yet with the depth of my utter baseness before me, ever present with me. I leave this court, this afternoon, a ruined, a broken, a disgraced man; a man about to be disbarred, and with the knowledge that not one honest man will dare to speak to me. But I leave it, also, with the consciousness that, late as my repentance is, it has come at last, and I would forgive me, as I pray Almighty God to do so now."

He fell forward, over the desk, and lay quite still. No one moved for a few moments. There was that about him, and about the way he had uttered his last sentence, which seemed to make men fear to touch him: but they raised him, at last, and looked at his face.



"THEY RAISED HIM AT LAST AND LOOKED AT HIS FACE."

not lose that consciousness for all the prizes of this world. My lord"—and for the first time his voice shook—"in that dock stands the woman who should be my wife, and beside her stands my son. May they at last

Reginald Fawley was never disbarred. He had been called to plead at a Tribunal which knows none of our earthly distinctions, but judges all sinners alike—at a Bar of Infinite Mercy.

# *Foolhardy Feats.*

## II.—OTHER FOOLS.

By George Dollar.

TO ride down the Capitol steps at Washington is no easy feat, and the man who does it takes his life in his hands. The attempt has been made by many riders, when the guardians of the law were out of the way and conditions were generally favourable for the exploit, but the men who have accomplished it may be counted on the fingers of two hands. It is a feat which requires a steady brain, expert knowledge of the wheel, and a modicum of carelessness as to consequences — all of which qualities are deserving of some admiration. Two of the men who have ridden down the steps are William Sheilds and William T. Robertson. Sheilds has acquired a wide reputation in the United States as a trick rider. He travels under the name of "Rube," and dresses in the fashion of the "hayseeds," which is another way of terming the innocent farmers from the interior. His countrified clothes, however, do not hide the fact that he is one of the most expert riders in America.

WILLIAM SHEILDS ON HIS PERILOUS RIDE DOWN THE CAPITOL STEPS AT WASHINGTON. [*Photograph.*

*From a]*

There are two frontages to the Capitol, known as the "east" and "west" fronts, and it was on the west front steps that Sheilds rode down. These steep terrace steps are seventy-four in number, broken at intervals by three landings, the middle landing being 20ft. wide, and the other two 10ft. wide each. No trifling feat, this! In order to get some practice before attempting it, Sheilds went to another Government building and rode down its steep flight, finding the task easy, on account of the absence of landings, which might pitch him off the steps. Then, on April 1st, 1897, accompanied by a few friends and a photographer, he prepared to descend the steps which we see in the accompanying illustration.

When the watchman and visitors were out of the way, the rider sprang into his saddle, his bicycle resting on the edge of the steep incline. While coming down the topmost flight he lost his pedals, and, unable to recover them, he gripped his handle-bars fast, and kept his eyes fixed on the steps before him. Down he went like a gust of wind, and when he reached the last landing, his wheel had acquired such momentum that it leaped over the final sixteen steps at one bound without touching one of them. Both rider and wheel fell in a heap at the foot of the steps, and the spectators thought Sheilds was killed. But he had escaped without a bruise, and not a bolt of the wheel was loosened, the only injury being a twisted handle-bar.

In 1885, Robertson made his famous

WILLIAM T. ROBERTSON WHEELING DOWN THE CAPITOL STEPS.
*From a Photograph.*

descent on an old-fashioned "Star" machine. Robertson was the champion rider of the district wheelmen, and he determined to ride down the east side steps, which number forty-two, each 10in. wide and 8in. deep. The wheelman applied to the authorities for permission, but was refused, on account of the great risk involved. The feat, therefore, had to be performed in secret; and in the dull light of early morning, when few were stirring and the watchman was elsewhere engaged, the event came off. When the news was circulated, astonishment prevailed, and many people said it was impossible of accomplishment. But Robertson had taken the precaution to bring a photographer, and the photograph which we reproduce on this page was a sufficient answer to all the talk.

Another of Sheilds's remarkable feats was performed last year in Cincinnati, Ohio. He rode down a ladder extended from a second-story window to the street below. The angle was at least sixty degrees, and the window out of which he was to ride was 24ft. above the pavement. Sheilds showed up confidently at the window, and his cries to the crowd to keep out of his way only brought them closer. At a word he jumped on his wheel and shot down the ladder like a strek. At the bottom a crash came. The excited crowd thought he had been thrown against the curb and killed, but in a second the rider was on his feet as lively as a cricket.

The first man to ride down the east steps on a "safety" was Charles Kilpatrick, the famous one-legged bicyclist. Kilpatrick also accomplished the feat of standing with his wheel on top of the Laxey Wheel, in the Isle of Man. Everybody who knows this celebrated wheel, which stands over 100ft. high, will appreciate Kilpatrick's recklessness. The circumference of the wheel is covered with buckets, into which the water flows, and one revolution is made every 40sec. Kilpatrick obtained permission to have a photograph taken of himself standing on the platform at the top of the wheel, but this not being exciting enough, something more daring was planned. The cyclist had timed the revolutions, and decided that he could jump out upon the wheel, be photographed, and get back again within the forty seconds, a feat which he safely accomplished. In the illustration we see him standing on the rim of the wheel, with his bicycle in his hands. It is needless to say that the performance terrorized the onlookers, who thought Kilpatrick would be dashed to the ground.

KILPATRICK, THE ONE-LEGGED CYCLIST, ON TOP OF THE LAXEY WHEEL.
*From a Photograph.*

Kilpatrick is always risking his life at something—but he always comes out safely. A short time ago, when he was in South Africa doing his one-legged bicycle act with a travelling circus, he made bold to climb up an elephant and stand on the animal's head. It was a bit risky, for not even the trainer knew how "Old Ben" would take it. But when Kilpatrick got his breath, he went one better by asking the trainer to show "Ben" the bicycle, to see what he would do with it. The elephant calmly examined the wheel, then held it up for closer inspection, and, with Kilpatrick on his head, was quickly photographed by a looker-on. The best part of the story is that, ever after, when "Kil" was ready to do his wheel-act, "Old Ben" would wander off to the place where the bicycles were kept, and, picking out Kilpatrick's wheel, would hand it to him with a trump of joy.

KILPATRICK ON THE ELEPHANT'S HEAD.
*From a Photograph.*

Now for a word or two about the balloonatics. Statistics show that nine out of ten aeronauts meet with accidents. During the season of 1896 no fewer than forty-seven aeronauts were killed, and in one week during the present year seven parachute leapers were injured, some fatally.

Considering, then, the danger of it, ballooning may be counted a form of foolhardiness. Often, of course, the experiments are performed for a scientific purpose, and science-loving aeronauts cannot be classed with the "cranks" who jump off bridges, stand on the tops of masts, or swim across the Channel for a bet. The most recent balloon ascension of any importance, that of Mr. Charles Pollock, from Eastbourne across the English Channel, was, it is believed, undertaken for the purpose of testing certain appliances used by Herr Andrée in his late trip to the North Pole The element of danger was greatly reduced on account of the fine weather prevailing on October 12th, when Mr. Pollock started, and the fine photographs taken by Mr. J. W. Wilks, of Eastbourne, and lent to us by Mr. William H. Hammond, of the Eastbourne Gas Works, were results of the weather's beneficence. In the first photograph, Mr. Pollock is seen in the car of the balloon, ready for the ascent, and in the illustration at the top of the next page the balloon is shown after the "let go." The balloon, which was supplied by Messrs. Spencer and Sons, of Holloway, was filled by the manager of the local gas company, Mr. John Hammond. It was the aeronaut's intention to land near St. Valery, in France, between Boulogne and Dieppe, and this intention was fulfilled almost to the letter. From Beachy Head, through the powerful coastguard telescope, the balloon could be seen until it was about forty miles off the coast.

The Channel has always been a favourite

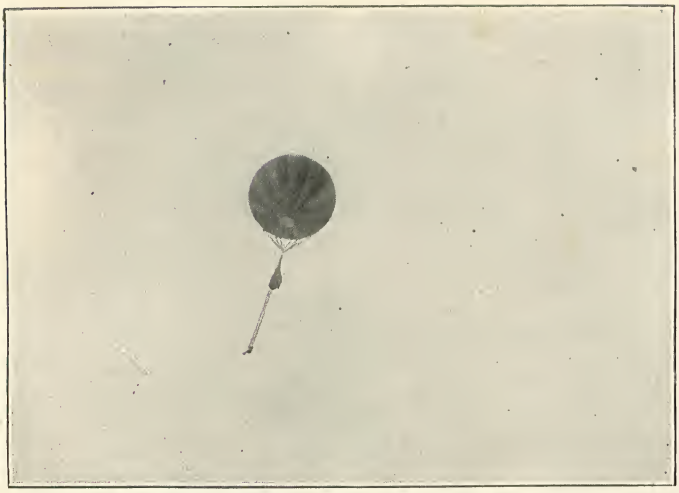
MR. CHARLES POLLOCK PREPARING FOR HIS TRIP ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, OCTOBER 12, 1897.
*From a Photo. by Mr. J. W. Wilks, Eastbourne.*

MR. POLLOCK BEGINS HIS JOURNEY.
*From a Photo. by Mr. J. W. Wilks, Eastbourne.*

playground of balloonists, but the trips are always fraught with great peril. An excellent French aeronaut named L'Hoste made the trip from France to England several times, but finally lost his life by drowning in the Channel. An old aeronaut who saw Pollock's ascent volunteered the opinion that "with proper care and an average amount of good fortune, the journeys may be taken with great confidence. But," he added, "even under the most favourable auspices, balloon trips across the Channel will probably never become fashionable."

Better far is it to go off and kill tigers, for then you have skins to show for your pains, and something to be proud of the rest of your life. It is no use to scare off young and ambitious hunters by enlarging upon the perils of tiger-hunting, for these perils can hardly be exaggerated; and it is equally futile to try to prove to those who are tiger-mad, that tiger-killing is among the most foolhardy of feats. Space alone forbids us to quote the whole of a letter from Mr. C. Allan Cooke, descriptive of the hunt in which he killed the magnificent tiger shown in the illustration below. The hunter, it seems, took his station in the jungle near a place where the animals came to drink, and after a three nights' vigil in a tree, heard the welcome screeching and barking of the monkeys, which announce the presence of a tiger or panther. It proved to be a tiger, but he did not stop to drink. Mr. Cooke now prepared to shoot. "The tiger," according to the letter, "saw the movement of the rifle, and stopped and looked up at me. This just gave me my chance, and I took a hurried aim and fired. The tiger immediately bounded off without making a sound; he passed straight under my tree and up the side nullah to the left, and just as he disappeared around the corner I fired the second barrel. I thought of course I had missed, and bemoaned my bad luck till morning. When it was light we got down, and there were spots of blood just below the tree, so I knew at least my first shot had hit. On further examination I found that the first shot had

THE TIGER FOR WHICH MR. C. ALLAN COOKE RISKED HIS LIFE.
*From a Photograph.*



PERCIVAL SPENCER HANGING TO THE PARACHUTE.
*From a Photograph.*

knocked it clean over. We followed up his blood tracks for a quarter of a mile, and then returned to collect all the shikarees before going any further."

The end of it was that the tiger was discovered in a deep cave wounded and furious with pain. The entrance to the cave was long and narrow—a sort of parallel passage which could be entered only by sliding at full length. Mr. Cooke's attendants feared to enter, with an angry animal at the other end to meet them, but the hunter himself, at the peril of his life, fearlessly undertook the job, and with one shot put an end to the dangerous beast. Several photographs were now taken of the prize, one of which we reproduce. The animal was found to measure 9ft. 3in. It was also found that not one of the early shots had missed.

A page back we shifted from balloons to tigers. Now we gracefully shift to balloons again. As a matter of fact, a man could run on all day telling balloon stories, because the dangerous accidents which have happened to aeronauts have always had interesting tales connected with them. The balloon shown at the top of this page, for instance—it is a slight and weak little thing, and seems to be floating peacefully along, without doing any harm to the man hanging at the end of its parachute. But an interesting story hangs to that man. He is Mr. Percival Spencer, of the celebrated firm of Charles Green Spencer and Sons, of 13, Ringcroft Street, Holloway, N., and our illustration shows him at a moment when his parachute refused to work. "Many a time," said Mr. Spencer, lately, "has it happened that, for some reason or other, the parachute has gone back upon me, and I have fallen down like a lump of lead, expecting every minute to strike the earth with a crash—when, all of a sudden, like something superhuman, the parachute opened and I was safe. At such times a man's heart is in his mouth, and he makes a vow never to go up again if he once comes down alive. But you can't resist it—there's something in the air that makes you go again." Mr. Spencer has had many hairbreadth escapes, yet he is one of the most expert aeronauts in the world.

The method by which a parachute is carried with a balloon is shown in the accompanying illustration. The photograph was taken by Mr. James Coster, of Eastbourne, and shows the balloon in which Professor Baldwin made his ascent at Bexhill on August Bank Holiday last year. The balloon is rising with the parachute hanging from the side, and the method by which Baldwin empties the balloon is also seen. The

BALDWIN'S ASCENT AT BEXHILL.
*From a Photo. by Mr. James Coster, Eastbourne.*

PROFESSOR REDDISH DIVING FROM DOVER PIER.
*From a Photo. by Mr. A. L. M. Lefroy.*

aeronaut is seated on a ring attached to the ropes. When he is sufficiently high he throws his weight on to the ropes of the parachute, which throws the balloon on its side, the gas rapidly escaping from the opening at the base.

In recent years, many attempts have been made to add novelty to the parachute business, and these attempts have been accompanied by increased risks. The latest freak, I believe, is to attach a bicycle to the parachute, which is opened when the aeronaut puts his feet on the pedals of the cycle. Professor Balleni is one of the experts at this trick, which is always successful with the crowd, probably because they reck little of the peril involved.

Dives have always been extremely popular. I can remember when "Tommy" Burns crowded the Aquarium with people, who came for nothing else except to see "the great dive." The man seemed to have a charmed life. Then there are the jumpers from Brooklyn Bridge, over twenty-four of them, and most of them dead, who thought that fortune and the praise of the multitude lay in store for them providing they made the great leap. The last of the number was a sailor boy named Otten, who struck the water with a huge splash, and was gathered in by a tug-boat and arrested for attempted suicide. Of course, there are experts like Professor Reddish (whose recent dive from Dover pier is shown on this page), who may reasonably be expected to strike the water in the proper fashion and come to the surface alive. These men we can admire because of their training and fearlessness. But when a man, under the influence of drink, makes foolish bets and dives, sympathy is lost on him.

The saddest of all dives was that of "Tommy" Burns, who went into the water from Rhyl pier, and came up to die. Burns seemed almost without fear. After his reputation was made at the Aquarium, he did all sorts of queer things, diving from moving trains into the Thames, etc., only to end up in death. The story of his last dive is too well-known to repeat here, but we reproduce the only photograph which was taken on Burns's luckless day.

BURNS DIVING TO HIS DEATH.
*From a Photo. by Evans, Rhyl.*

# *For the Good of the County.*

By Mary Angela Dickens.

IT was snowing hard. Against the long windows of the pretty country drawing-room a cold curtain of whirling white seemed to have been drawn, and though it was little past three o'clock, it was so dark that the firelight had asserted itself and become quite conspicuous. The room was delightfully comfortable, even under these adverse circumstances; thoroughly warm and daintily luxurious; and the two women who had drawn their cosy chairs close to the fire, and turned their backs upon the windows, need have been troubled by no conditions of the weather.

The elder of these two women, however, was very obviously troubled by something. She was a white-haired lady of majestic demeanour; the velvet and furs in which she was arrayed suggested that a pair of sleek carriage horses and a tyrant coachman were probably in attendance on her, and it might have been the thought of these that disturbed her. She cast no glance at the windows, however; a fact which rather negatived this idea.

Her companion was, as obviously, perfectly tranquil and at her ease; indeed, to judge from her appearance, she was rarely anything else. She was not young—perhaps about forty; though it was difficult to know how this fact became apparent, unless it was in a certain air of aplomb and bright self-possession which was characteristic of her. Her little figure was still slenderly rounded, her pretty hair had no grey thread in it, her face and the glance of her well-opened eyes were as bright and changeful as those of a girl. She was very well dressed, with a certain style and finish lacking in her visitor's garments.

Conversation is not to be conveniently sustained by one alone, however bright and ready that one may be, and the talk was distinctly languishing. The hostess threw a side glance of perplexity at her guest, put up a prayer for the arrival of tea, and tried a new subject.

"THE ELDER OF THE TWO WAS VERY OBVIOUSLY TROUBLED."

"You have your Girls' Friendly treat on New Year's Eve, haven't you?" she said. "A Christmas tree, I think it is. You'll accept a little subscription from me, won't you? May I give it to you now?"

But even this bait was not wholly successful. The elder lady smiled vaguely.

"You are always so kind, Mrs. Awdrey," she said. "I'm sure there is no one I

know with so kind a heart as you have." She paused a moment, and then added, with a kind of nervous rush—her majesty was evidently a matter chiefly of externals : 'And do you know, that is what brings me here this afternoon."

A laughing comprehension flashed into Mrs. Awdrey's eyes. There was something definite, then, at the bottom of her visitor's uneasy silence! She made a quick little movement of interest, and said, lightly :—

"The Girls' Friendly, do you mean—or my heart?"

"Your heart," responded the other, confusedly. "At least my conviction — the Christmas season—Mrs. Awdrey, my husband and I want you to give us the pleasure of your company at dinner on Christmas Eve, to meet Sir Thomas Harbord."

There was a moment's dead silence, and then Mrs. Awdrey rose impulsively and began to poke the fire. With a nervous flush on her face, the other resumed :—

"It is such an unfortunate thing—it is felt all over the neighbourhood to be such an unfortunate thing — this — this difference between you and Sir Thomas. I feel sure—at least, I think—that if you had known what it would lead to when you opened the question, you—you would have hesitated. It's such a dreadful thing among neighbours, you know—a coolness like this. You are still comparatively a new-comer, my dear Mrs. Awdrey, if you will forgive me for saying so——"

"I see no reason why a new-comer should see her land appropriated under her very eyes, Mrs. Anstruther," flashed out Mrs. Awdrey.

Mrs. Anstruther visibly quailed.

"Quite so, my dear—quite so!" she agreed, hurriedly. "Of course, I know that it's a very complicated question. And we are all so fond of you—I'm sure I don't know how to believe that you've only lived here five years. And we're fond of Sir Thomas, too ; and if you could be brought, both of you, not to make a personal affair of it—why, it would be so nice, wouldn't it?"

Mrs. Awdrey had apparently no opinion to offer on the subject. She was looking down at the fire, half turned from Mrs. Anstruther ; and after a moment's pause the latter continued, persuasively :—

"It always seems to me that Christmas is such a good time for anything of the sort—any little—reconciliation. It seems to make it easier. And I was talking it over with my husband the other day, and we mentioned it to the Eliots and the Ferriers, and we decided—they deputed me."

Mrs. Anstruther was not an observant person. She did not see the colour which had rushed into Mrs. Awdrey's face, and she was only vaguely aware of the suppressed indignation contained in the soft tattoo which a small foot was playing on the fender. She paused, discomfited but unwarned ; and then she went blundering on again.

"There doesn't seem to be any chance of the law-suit coming to an end," she said, "or of its clearing the matter up when it does. And it must be quite as uncomfortable for you and poor Sir Thomas as it is for all of us. Indeed, I can't help hoping that you may be quite glad of the opportunity—it's awkward sometimes to break through these things, isn't it?—and some people think that you are gradually letting the matter drop——"

With a sudden swift movement Mrs. Awdrey faced round upon her guest, her face glowing, her eyes flashing defiantly.

"Some people make a mistake, then!" she said. She did not raise her crisp tones in the least, but they rang with extraordinary decision and spirit. "I have not the slightest intention of letting the matter drop, and I imagine that Sir Thomas Harbord has just as little. I am sorry to disappoint you and the other kind neighbours who have taken counsel over my affairs"—here the incisive voice took a keener edge—"but so far from being, as you charitably hope, 'glad of the opportunity,' I must ask you to transfer your very kind invitation to some evening when Sir Thomas Harbord will not be with you! Ah, here is tea! You'll let me give you a cup?"

With the ready tact of a woman of the world, Mrs. Awdrey glided smoothly into some commonplace chit-chat for the edification of the footman, and gave Mrs. Anstruther an excellent cup of tea. But Mrs. Anstruther was crushed. She made no attempt to respond to the chit-chat, neither did she return to the charge when they were alone again. She drank her tea, and was driven home, through the snow, an unsuccessful woman, in disgrace with her coachman.

It was all about a few acres of copse-wood! On "the estate known as Whiteladies," to quote the county guide, lived and reigned Sir Thomas Harbord, successor to a long line of Harbords, who were supposed to date from the Conqueror. He had reigned for some thirty odd years, having succeeded as a youth of little over twenty ; and during all those years those acres

of copse-wood—called in the neighbourhood "the Triangle"—had been unquestionably included in the Whiteladies estate. He had reigned alone for thirty years, a childless widower; and as he was of a somewhat autocratic temper, and his word was law to a great many people, he made the natural mistake of thinking that it was law to the world at large. Consequently, it was distinctly disturbing to his theory of life when the place adjoining Whiteladies — Temple Aston — passed into the possession of a bright, wilful little woman, who was totally destitute of hereditary respect for him and his opinions. Long before there was any question of those acres of copse, Sir Thomas Harbord had paid the tribute of many a regretful snort to the memory of Mrs. Awdrey's deceased husband. Temple Aston, in his opinion, needed a master, not a mistress.

This was what he said, not only in the privacy of his own domain, but even, on occasion, to Mrs. Awdrey herself. Nevertheless, it may be doubted whether he did not find a certain amount of spice in the process of meeting with contradiction for the first time in his life. Mrs. Awdrey, also, presumably found a certain amount of entertainment in correcting the too authoritative habits of the county magnate. For if they never met without an encounter of some sort, there is no doubt that they met often, and that neither party seemed to object. Sir Thomas drifted into a habit of supplementing that lack of a masculine intelligence from which, in his opinion, Temple Aston must necessarily suffer, from his own store of experience. And Mrs. Awdrey apparently found his advice sound, for it became her custom to send for him and take his opinion on all questions connected with the management of her property.

What impulse suggested to Mrs. Awdrey that study of old maps and deeds in which all the trouble connected with the Triangle originated, it would be impossible to say. It was probably neither more nor less than a spirit of mischief. Sir Thomas Harbord may have been a trifle too dictatorial in his supervision of plans for Temple Aston; he may have over-ridden her inexperienced wishes with somewhat too high a hand. At any rate, he received a formal letter one fine day, to the effect that Mrs. Awdrey and her lawyer had come to the conclusion that "the piece of land known as the Triangle" had belonged originally not to Whiteladies but to Temple Aston, and that it had drifted into the hands of the Harbords by mistake.

"HE FELL INTO A RED-HOT FURY."

Sir Thomas was a hot-tempered man, more remarkable for his kind heart than for his sense of humour. He fell straightway into a red-hot fury, and dispatched a reply consistent with his frame of mind. Mrs. Awdrey had a temper as well as Sir Thomas Harbord, and it took fire at his heat. It is most unlikely that she had cared in the least, originally, for the ownership of the Triangle. But she now decided that the piece of land was hers, and that she would have it, at all costs. She set to work in an impetuous and high-handed fashion to take possession of it, and out of a mere wilful freak developed one of those breaches which unhinge county society.

The county was amused, at first. When Mrs. Awdrey set up fences about the Triangle and Sir Thomas Harbord removed them, it smiled broadly. When Sir Thomas Harbord planted young trees on the same debatable ground, and Mrs. Awdrey had them dug up and carted back to Whiteladies, it fairly roared with laughter. But as the inevitable law-suit dragged out its weary length, and the question proved practically insolvable; as the obstacle to all social functions presented by two county magnates who were not on speaking terms became increasingly manifest, the county grew grave and uncomfortable. It was a worthy county —none more so. But it was, perhaps, just a trifle slow and heavy in its mental processes. It was some time before the position became thoroughly clear to it; it was some time before it ceased to send the combatants in to dinner together, according to its previous custom; before cheery matrons ceased to ask Mrs. Awdrey Sir Thomas Harbord's views as to the character of her gardener, and their jovial husbands to inquire Sir Thomas's opinion of Mrs. Awdrey's new carriage horses. And when at last the county did grasp the situation, its exceeding awkwardness and embarrassment on those occasions when it found itself, so to speak, between the enemies, was not calculated to make matters easier, and effectually barred the way to any such neutrality of demeanour as time in its passing might have brought about. It was quite impossible that the foes should ever drift back into friendliness. The solicitude of the county effectually prevented any such proceeding. When once it was thoroughly realized that Mrs. Awdrey and Sir Thomas Harbord did not speak, the most conventional observation demanded by the usages of society, passing between them, would have convulsed the whole neighbourhood.

A formal reconciliation was, in the eyes of the county, the only thing to be hoped for. The matter had been discussed again and again; and at last, as has been seen, the attempt to bring about this desirable end was actually made. Everything seemed propitious. It was Christmas time, when all the sentimental impulses of good-fellowship are astir. From a more practical point of view, it was also observed that there had recently been a certain suspension of hostilities on the battle-field. It was their well-intentioned but injudicious use of this latter argument which served as the rock on which the Anstruthers wrecked the hopes of the county.

Sir Thomas Harbord had received a visit from Mr. Anstruther on the day on which Mrs. Anstruther had carried out her mission to Mrs. Awdrey; and the counterpart of the invitation laid before that lady had been extended to her adversary. But the interview between the men had not passed off so peacefully as that between the women. Mr. Anstruther, like his wife, had alluded to the prevailing idea that the quarrel was wearing itself out; and Sir Thomas Harbord had fallen there and then into a towering passion. The other man had felt himself righteously aggrieved, and the plainest speaking had ensued, including such flowers of rhetoric as "cursed interference" and "confounded temper." Another quarrel was added to the difficulties of the county.

Sir Thomas Harbord, as he took his dinner that night, swelling with wrath and indignation, was a majestic sight to see. And majestic was he as he strode up and down the smoking-room, later on, swearing softly under his breath. He was a fine-looking man, broad-shouldered, and well-set-up. His blue eyes were keen and fiery, and the only signs he bore of his age were his white moustache and his iron-grey hair.

"Let it drop!" he said to himself. "I'll let them see! What business is it of theirs? She'll never let it drop—confound her obstinacy—and before I give in to her I'll see her—I'll see her—I'll have that brushwood cleared out of the cursed place, just to show who is master. I'll go down and see about it to-morrow."

He did not go to see about it on the morrow, however. Four or five days elapsed, during which he was extraordinarily irritable and hot-tempered. The thought of Mr. Anstruther's invitation evidently rankled in his mind, and by Christmas Eve his irritation seemed to have worked itself to a climax. It was a bright, frosty day, and after luncheon he took his stick and set out for a walk. He took his way back by a road which led past the Triangle, and he pursued it with long, vindictive strides.

The light was changing rapidly as he reached the stile which led into the debatable land. The misty haze of a winter afternoon was gathering, and the little wood loomed out of it, gaunt and bare. Sir Thomas Harbord got deliberately over the stile, and as he did so he became aware of a small white object lying on the ground close to the bottom step. He stooped, mechanically, to pick it up, and as he held it in his hand, it resolved itself into a dainty little handkerchief.

Sir Thomas stopped short and glared at it. At the same time he turned it about with curious gentleness of touch until he came to an embroidered mark, "M.A." Sir Thomas growled audibly. Of course, the thing was no concern of his. If the woman chose to come trespassing on his land and dropped her handkerchief, she could not expect that he was going to take the trouble to return it to her. He would just drop it again and let it lie. Or should he keep it, after all, and send it back with a note informing her that trespassers would henceforth be prosecuted? That would show them whether or no he meant to let it drop. That would let her know whether Tom Harbord was to be beaten by a woman! He walked on absently, debating the matter with himself, holding the object under consideration on the palm of his hand.

"SHE TURNED AND WALKED AWAY"

"May I trouble you for my pocket-handkerchief, if you please?"

Sir Thomas Harbord started as though he had been shot. Although he had perfectly understood that the presence of that little handkerchief implied that Mrs. Awdrey had been in the Triangle, it had never occurred to him that she might be there at that moment. As he raised his eyes, with that icy little voice falling on his ears, he was confused by his astonishment beyond all recollection of trespass. He did not even realize that he and his foe were face to face for the first time for nearly a year.

As for Mrs. Awdrey, as she stood before him, very pretty, very chilly in demeanour, outwardly very self-possessed, she wanted her pocket-handkerchief; and to want your pocket-handkerchief on a winter's day is to feel yourself distinctly at a disadvantage.

There was a moment's blank pause. Then Sir Thomas recovered himself. He lifted his hat stiffly, put the handkerchief into her outstretched hand, and turned away. He was acting up to the tradition of the position.

Women, however, are proverbially careless of tradition. He had gone only a few paces along the path, when all his instincts of courtesy compelled him to stop.

"Sir Thomas!" said Mrs. Awdrey. She had applied her handkerchief hastily to her charming little nose, and her tone was rather hurried. It took on several shades of haughtiness as she said — Sir Thomas having returned:—

"I merely wish to say that I am happy to give you my permission to walk through the Triangle. I fear you will find the path rather out of condition."

She was very small and slight to support so much dignity, and for a moment a gleam of humour lit up Sir Thomas's eyes as he stood looking down on her. Then she bowed severely, he lifted his hat grimly, and this time she turned and walked away towards the stile.

But Sir Thomas was demoralized. He stood for a moment watching her retreating figure, and then he strode after her.

"Pardon me," he said, distantly. "But since we have met thus I should like to clear your mind of a possible misapprehension. This con——this preposterous idea of the Anstruthers—I beg you to understand dis-

tinctly that I had no hand whatever in it. It was wholly contrary to my wishes."

"And to mine, I assure you."

She flushed a little, and she spoke quickly. The words were succeeded by a silence, and apparently they did not realize that they were walking side by side until they found themselves confronted by the stile. Then they stopped abruptly and turned each to the other.

"I trust you are not going on my account?"

"Pray do not allow me to drive you away!"

The two speeches were uttered simultaneously, and the pause that necessarily followed was somewhat embarrassing. They were standing face to face again. Mrs. Awdrey recovered herself first. She shivered artistically.

"I've been here a long time," she said. "I came down to see about clearing away the brushwood."

A gruff ejaculation came from Sir Thomas.

"You don't mean that?" he said. "So did I!"

"Really?" she returned, composedly. "I recollect that our ideas used to coincide."

There was another pause. Mrs. Awdrey had solved the difficulty of facing the foe by fixing her eyes on the ground. Her colour was coming and going oddly.

"Mrs. Awdrey," said Sir Thomas, gruffly, "after all — couldn't we arrange it?"

She shook her head.

"I don't see how."

"I'll tell you—by George, I will! Look here—you say this cursed place belongs to Temple Aston. I say it belongs to Whiteladies. And we are neither of us going to give in. Well—let's join the two places."

Mrs. Awdrey did not look up.

"I don't see how," she said again. But she said it unsteadily and rather disingenuously, this time.

Sir Thomas drew a step nearer to her.

"I think you do," he said. "I—used to think you were the best little woman in the world before this—this confounded bother came about. And—I'm not such an old martinet at the bottom. I can't make speeches about it, but—won't you?"

Mrs. Awdrey was tying her pocket-handkerchief into knots with the greatest industry.

"I like my own way," she said, faintly.

"So do I," returned Sir Thomas. "But I'll make your way mine, if you'll be my wife. If you remain my neighbour, I'll fight you to the end—and look what a pother it makes for the county! Come, Mary—say yes!"

She said "Yes"—strictly for the good of the county, of course.

They dined at the Anstruthers that night, after all — Sir Thomas electrifying that worthy household by a note to his old friend sent post-haste by a mounted groom.

And the peace of the county has never been broken since.

# *The Dreyfus Case.*

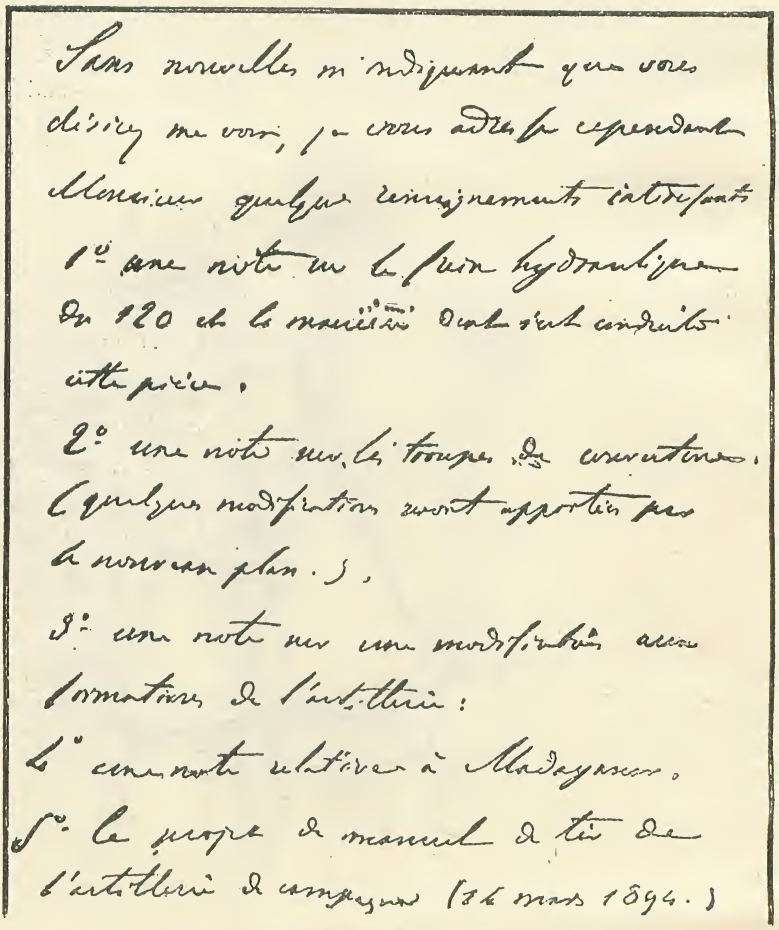
## A PUZZLE IN HANDWRITING.

By J. Holt Schooling.

READERS of this Magazine may perhaps recall a set of papers by me on the handwritings of famous men: Dickens, Gladstone, Carlyle, Tennyson, etc. The study of handwriting—viewed as a series of little gestures of the hand, which are self-registering in black and white at the moment when they are made—is full of interest, and part of my work is the forming of opinions as to the authenticity of this or that handwriting which is submitted to me.

Lately, a gentleman from Paris came to see me about the "Dreyfus case"—that *cause célèbre* of the Paris law-courts which, in the winter of 1894–95, made so great a stir in France and elsewhere, notably in this country, where, later, a play was written and acted at the Adelphi, based upon the Dreyfus case. A famous scene in this play was where the unhappy officer was degraded in the midst of his comrades, by having his uniform torn and defaced and his sword broken across the knee of the sergeant deputed to carry out the act of degradation on his former captain. But, before the play ended, the victim was found innocent.

My client from Paris put into my hands a facsimile of the document which practically condemned Captain Dreyfus to degradation and to imprisonment for life on a charge of treason to France—on a charge of selling to Germany information about France's private arrangements for a possible war.



Sans nouvelles m'indiquant que vous désiriez me voir, je vous adresse cependant Monsieur quelques renseignements intéressants

1° une note sur le frein hydraulique du 120 et la manière dont il doit être conduit cette pièce.

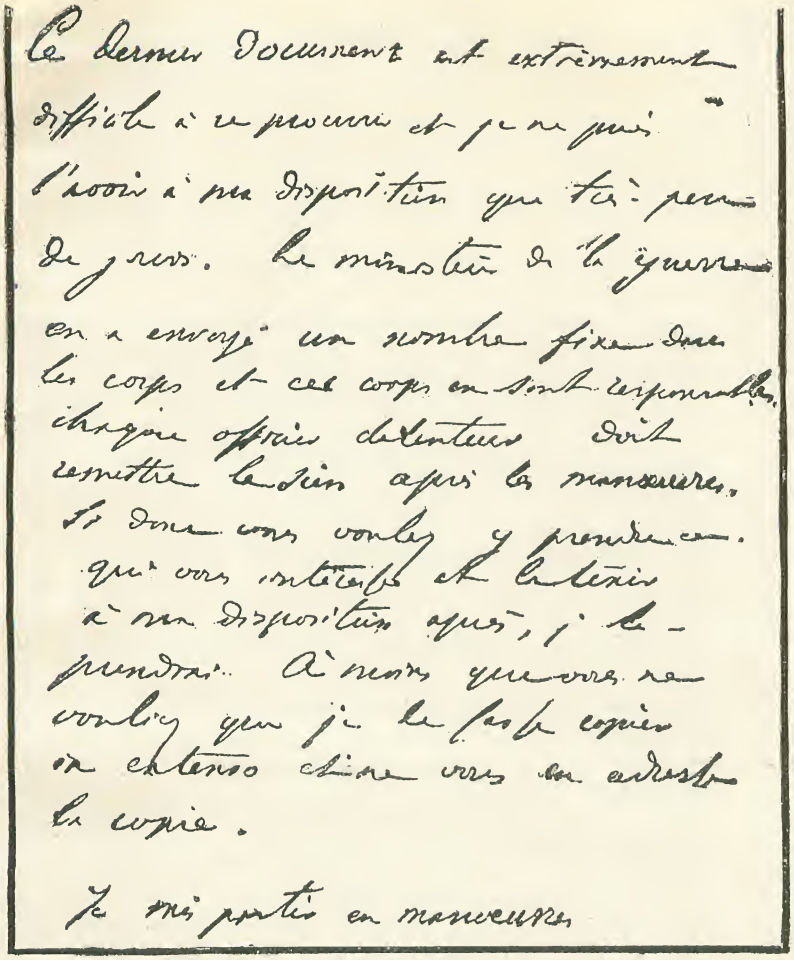
2° une note sur les troupes de couverture. (quelques modifications seront apportées par le nouveau plan.)

3° une note sur une modification aux formations de l'artillerie.

4° une note relative à Madagascar.

5° le projet de manuel de tir de l'artillerie de campagne (14 mars 1894.)

1.—The incriminatory document attributed to Captain Dreyfus, said to have been stolen from the German Embassy in Paris, and which constituted the charge against Captain Dreyfus of treason to France. *Continued on the next page; for translation see text.*



2.—The incriminatory document. *Continued from the preceding page; for translation see text.*

Also, several letters written by Captain Dreyfus before and after his trial were given to me, and I was asked to form an opinion as to whether Dreyfus did or did not write the document which is shown in facsimile in Nos. 1 and 2. Other men, in France, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, in the United States, and elsewhere, have also been asked for an opinion on this incriminatory document, and, to my mind, the case is of so much interest and importance that, with the sanction of my Parisian client, I am now putting the matter before the British public.

Any reader of this paper is invited to examine the handwriting of the incriminatory document shown in Nos. 1 and 2, and to compare it with the admitted handwriting of Captain Dreyfus shown in No. 3, and with the admitted handwriting of ex-Captain and Convict Alfred Dreyfus, shown in No. 4. He, or she, is invited to study these handwritings very carefully, preferably through a magnifier, and to form an opinion as to whether the hand that wrote Nos. 1 and 2 was the same hand that wrote Nos. 3 and 4. I may say that my opinion has been formed, written, and sent to Paris.

The limits of space prevent me from showing here all the documents upon which my opinion was based. But those now shown may be taken as fairly representing the set of papers submitted to me. There is the incriminatory document in Nos. 1 and 2; in No. 3 there is a letter written by Captain Dreyfus to a friend in August, 1893, prior to the accusation; and in No. 4 there is the handwriting of the wretched convict dated 21st January, 1895, and written in the French convict prison, Saint-Martin-de-Ré. All these facsimiles are here shown in the same size as the originals.

For the convenience of readers I will now give a transcript and a translation of the incriminatory document (see Nos. 1 and 2):—

Transcript:—Sans nouvelles m'indiquant que vous désirez me voir, je vous adresse cependant Monsieur quelques renseignements intéressants.

I. Une note en le frein hydraulique du 120 et la manière dont s'est conduite cette pièce.

II. Une note sur les troupes de couverture (quelques modifications seront apportées par le nouveau plan).

III. Une note sur une modification aux formations de l'artillerie.

IV. Une note relative à Madagascar.

V. Le projet de manuel de tir de l'artillerie de campagne (14 Mars, 1894).

*And facsimile No. 2 continues:—*

Ce dernier document est extrêmement difficile à se procurer et je ne puis l'avoir à ma disposition que très peu de jours. Le ministère de la guerre en a envoyé un nombre fixe dans les corps et ces corps en sont responsibles, chaque officier détenteur doit remettre le sien après les manœuvres. Si donc vous voulez y prendre ce que vous intéresse et le tenir à ma disposition après, je le prendrai. A moins que vous ne voulez que je le fasse copier in extenso, et ne vous en adresse la copie.

Je vais partir en manœuvres.

The preceding is the actual text of this fatal document, of which I now give the meaning:—

Translation: Without having heard whether you wish to see me, I am now sending you some interesting information.

I. A note on the hydraulic brake, 120, and the way it worked.

[This is a new brake to a cannon which had not then come into use; the 120 refers to the diameter of the bore of the cannon.—J. H. S.]

II. A note concerning the covering forces. (Several modifications will be made by the new plan.)

III. A note concerning alterations in the formations of the artillery.

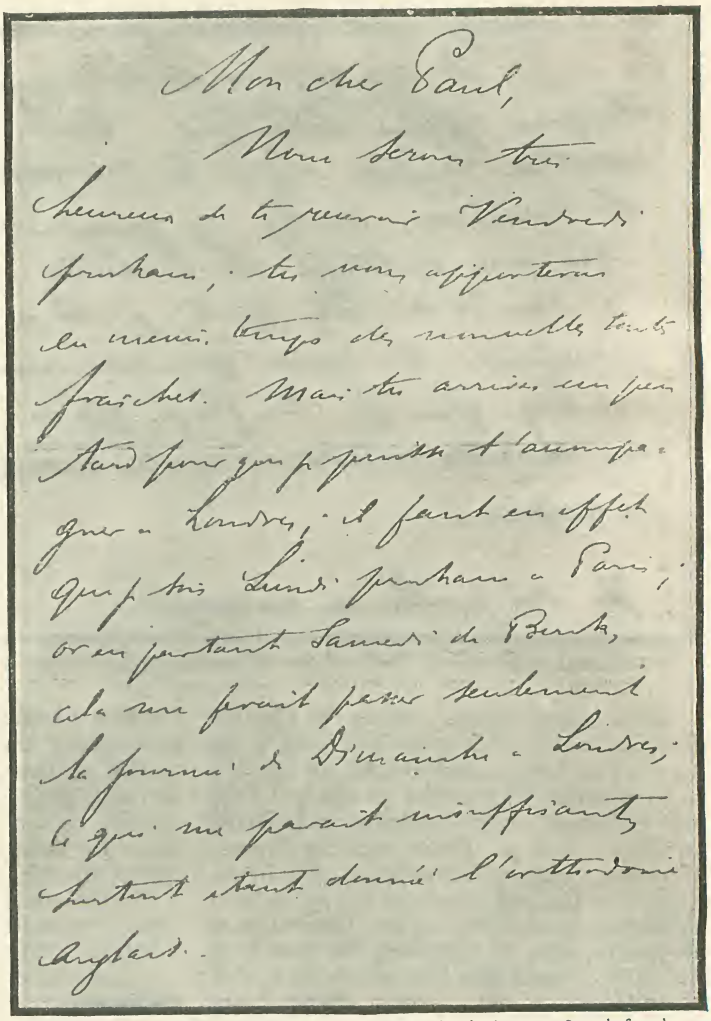
IV. A note relating to Madagascar.

V. The rough draft of a manual of artillery field practice.

This last document is very difficult to get, and I can have it at my disposal for a few days only. The War Office has sent a fixed number to the various regiments, and these regiments are responsible for them; each officer having one being obliged to return it after the manœuvres. If you would like to make extracts of the parts which interest you, and will keep the manuscript at my disposal, I will get one. Unless you would like me to make a copy of it *in extenso*, and to send you only the copy.

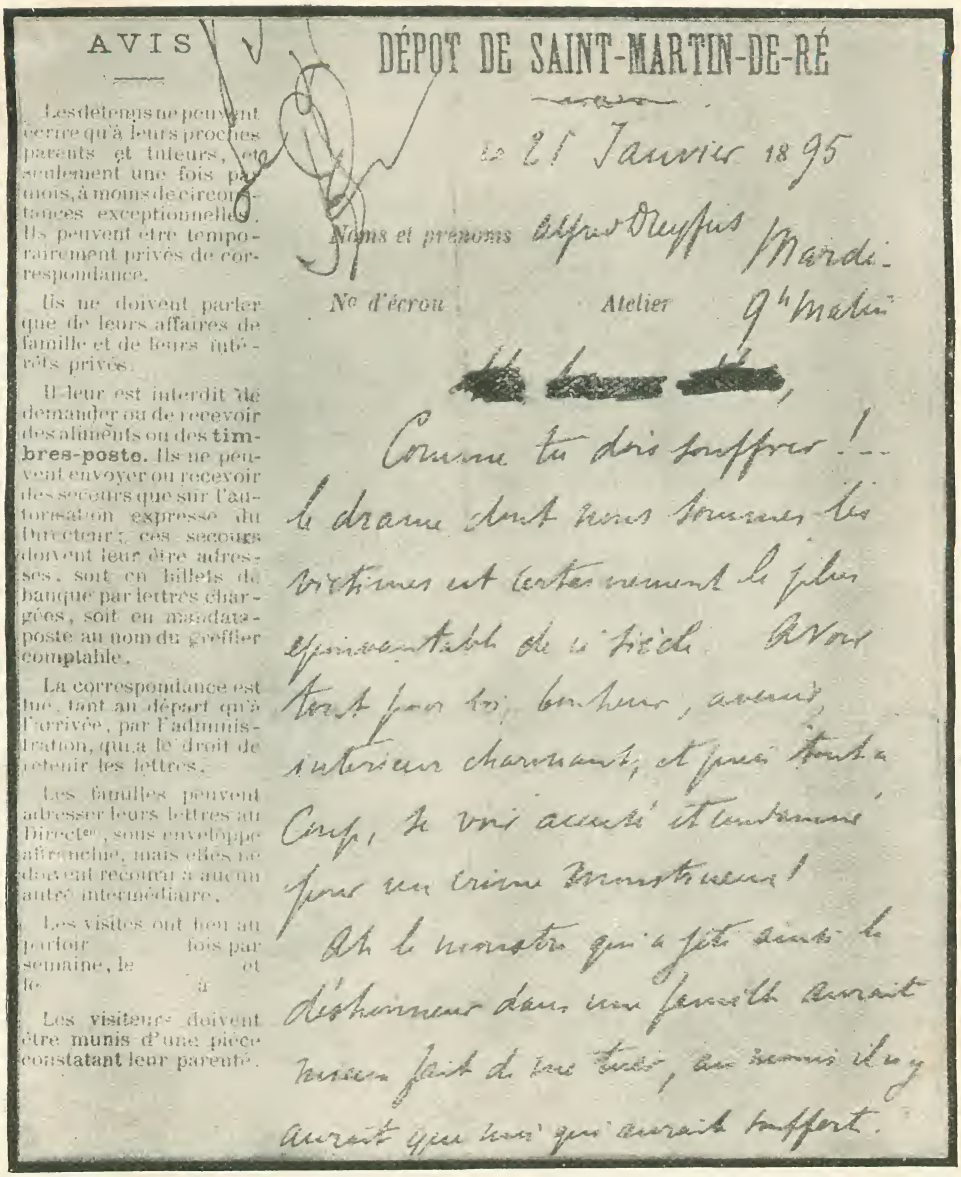
I am just off to the manœuvres.

Here is a damning thing indeed! And this traitorous paper was found (so the prosecuting counsel said) in a waste-paper basket at the German Embassy in Paris—of all places!—torn into four pieces. From the first a storm of public anger and indignation arose against Captain Dreyfus, and whether he did or did not write this document, the whole of the French Press assumed his guilt before the trial took place. The bare idea of a French officer selling secret war-information to the hated Germans seems to have set French opinion ablaze, and indignation at the fact certainly prevented the just and fair treatment of the accused man. His guilt was at once taken for granted in the great eagerness to punish *somebody*. Perhaps Dreyfus was guilty, perhaps not, but he was not fairly treated by the French Press, and he went to his trial an already condemned man. That, at any rate, is a fact. To some extent this injustice was due to the strong anti-Jew feeling then widespread in France—and Dreyfus is a Jew.



3.—The first page of a letter written by Captain Dreyfus in August, 1893—before he was accused of treason to France; *for translation see text.*

Before Captain Dreyfus was accused of



AVIS

Les détenus ne peuvent écrire qu'à leurs proches parents et tuteurs, et seulement une fois par mois, à moins de circonstances exceptionnelles. Ils peuvent être temporairement privés de correspondance.

Ils ne doivent parler que de leurs affaires de famille et de leurs intérêts privés.

Il leur est interdit de demander ou de recevoir des aliments ou des **timbres-poste.** Ils ne peuvent envoyer ou recevoir des secours que sur l'autorisation expresse du Directeur; ces secours doivent leur être adressés, soit en billets de banque par lettres chargées, soit en mandats-poste au nom du greffier comptable.

La correspondance est lue, tant au départ qu'à l'arrivée, par l'administration, qui a le droit de retenir les lettres.

Les familles peuvent adresser leurs lettres au Directeur, sous enveloppe affranchie, mais elles ne doivent recourir à aucun autre intermédiaire.

Les visites ont lieu au parloir fois par semaine, le et le à

Les visiteurs doivent être munis d'une pièce constatant leur parenté.

DÉPOT DE SAINT-MARTIN-DE-RÉ

le 21 Janvier 1895

Noms et prénoms Alfred Dreyfus Mardi

No d'écrou Atelier 9h Matin

[redacted],

Comme tu dois souffrir!... le drame dont nous sommes les victimes est certainement le plus épouvantable de ce siècle. Avoir tout pour toi, bonheur, avenir, intérieur charmant, et puis tout à coup, se voir accusé et condamné pour un crime monstrueux!

Ah le monstre qui a jeté ainsi le déshonneur dans une famille aurait mieux fait de me tuer, au moins il n'y aurait que moi qui aurait souffert.

4.—Part of the first page of a letter written, 21st January, 1895, by ex-Captain and convict Alfred Dreyfus, in the French Convict Prison of Saint-Martin-de-Ré—after he was degraded and sentenced to imprisonment for life for treason to France; *for translation see text.*

having supplied Germany with information, the French War Office was aware of a leakage somewhere. There are not wanting evidences which tend to support the assertion of Dreyfus's friends that he, the Jew, was made a scapegoat—but I will not enter into this part of the matter, which touches the political and racial aspects of this famous case: it is the handwriting which claims our attention.

No. 3 is the first page of a letter written in August, 1893, by Captain Dreyfus to a friend. He says:—

*(Translation.)*

MY DEAR PAUL,

We shall be very glad to see you next Friday; you will then bring us all the recent news. But you come a little late for me to go to London with you; as a matter of fact, I must be in Paris next Monday; now, leaving Berok [?] on Saturday, this will give me only the Sunday in London, which I think too short a while, especially considering English orthodoxy.

And a transcript of No. 3 will be useful to

readers who intend to accept my invitation to study the handwritings of all these facsimiles :—

Transcript of No. 3 : Mon cher Paul,—Nous serons très heureux de te recevoir Vendredi prochain ; tu nous apporterai en même temps des nouvelles toutes fraîches. Mais tu arrives un peu tard pour que je puisse t'accompagner à Londres ; il faut en effet que je sois Lundi prochain à Paris ; or en partant Samedi de Berok [?], cela me ferait passer seulement la journée de Dimanche à Londres, ce qui me paraît insuffisant, surtout etant donnée l'orthodoxie Anglais."

Poor wretch ! Guilty or innocent, Dreyfus, at his trial and before his trial, would have been glad to have in Paris something of our "English orthodoxy," applying orthodoxy (*orthodox* from *orthos*, right, and *doxa*, opinion), or right opinion, to the treatment of a man accused of serious crime, and so abstaining from condemnation *before trial* of the accused man.

Facsimile No. 4 is part of the first page of a letter written by the convict Alfred Dreyfus to a near relative on 21st January, 1895, in the prison of Saint-Martin-de-Ré. Here is a translation :—

How thou must suffer ! The tragedy whose victims we are is truly the most frightful of this century. To have everything—happiness, a future, a charming home—and then, suddenly to be accused and convicted of a monstrous crime !

Ah ! the wretch who has thus thrown dishonour into a home should rather have killed me, for then I should have been the only sufferer.

This sad letter covers four closely-written pages. Another passage reads :—

But what do I pray for night and day? Justice, justice.

Are we in the nineteenth century, or have we gone back into the past for several hundreds of years? Is it possible that innocence be unrecognised in an age of light and truth?—truth that I seek ; I ask for no mercy, but I demand that justice which is the right of every human being.

* * * * *

Give me news of all ours, embrace all my friends, I dare not speak of my darling children.

* * * * ALFRED.

The transcript of No. 4 is :—

Comme tu dois souffrir !—le drame dont nous sommes les victimes est certainement le plus épouvantable de ce siècle. Avoir tout pour soi, bonheur, avenir, intérieur charmant, et puis tout à coup, se voir accusé et condamné pour un crime monstrueux ! Ah le monstre qui a jeté ainsi le déshonneur dans une famille aurait mieux fait de me tuer, au moins il n'y aurait que moi qui aurait souffert.

Dreyfus the Jew had not justice. He was a condemned man from the moment when the crime of which he was accused became known to the French nation, to the moment when his terrible sentence of degradation and life-imprisonment was spoken to Dreyfus, Captain in the honourable army of France. Of mercy, all that he has had is the loaded pistol which has been placed on the ledge in his cell. He says he will not use it—yet—although he longs to, for Dreyfus believes in his own innocence, and so do others, while many more are anxious that at least this poor wretch should have a fair trial, which he most surely did not have three years ago. There is a tragedy in the pen-strokes on these pages, and they are perhaps silent witnesses to a most tragic and awful blunder. Perhaps this grim drama of real life will end as did the sham one at the theatre—who knows ?

# Christmas in the Forest.

A Story for Children. From the German.

THE little house that, like a lamb strayed from the flock, lay far behind the other houses in the village, belonged to Master Andrew. The house as well as the trade had descended through three generations. Andrew was a shoemaker, like his father and grandfather, and on his father's death had married a peasant maiden.

Alas! for Andrew, another shoemaker settled in the village. He had learnt his craft abroad, and was far more skilful than our villager. Andrew's trade departed, and he was glad to gain a scanty livelihood by patching shoes for the peasants.

Want pressed sorely on the little household, especially as there were six little mouths to feed. But poverty did not drive out peace or happiness. The boys and girls grew up strong and rosy. George, the eldest, helped his father, and was quite clever at putting in a patch. Katie assisted her mother. The younger children brought wood from the forest, and were useful in many ways.

Christmas was approaching. The snow lay thick on the ground. In Andrew's house there were no Christmas preparations. Father and son plied their trade by the feeble light of the oil lamp. The girls sat spinning beside their mother. The younger children, in charge of the second boy John, sat round the hearth cracking nuts.

Andrew whistled softly while the mother told the listening children how Christmas was celebrated in the town, of the fair with its thousand attractions and beautifully decorated fir-trees.

Then Andrew exclaimed: "There are

hundreds of firs outside; perhaps the forester will let us cut down some to sell."

The family applauded the idea. Early next morning Andrew sought the forester, and soon returned, bringing the written permission.

"Quick, boys," cried he, "run and ask your cousin the miner to lend us his large hand-sledge."

Away ran George and John. Their father sharpened the large axe whilst the mother prepared the breakfast. The boys quickly returned with the sledge, and, breakfast over, set out with their father for the forest.

Heavily bent the snow-laden branches; still and awesome was the white, silent forest; weirdly rose the old, black tree-trunks from out the white landscape surrounding them; bravely the three toiled through the deep snow.

At length Andrew halted before a spot where stood innumerable dwarf firs that seemed to grow expressly for Christmas-trees. The strokes of an axe were heard and a little tree fell, shaking the snow from its dark green branches. Gleefully the boys placed it in the sledge. A second followed.

"Give me the axe, father; let me try," cried George. His father handed it, and with skilful strokes the boy felled the third tree. "Listen, father," he continued; "there is plenty of work waiting you at home, and very little time to finish it. You go home; I will fell the trees while Jack loads the sledge. When it is full we will return."

His father agreed. "Be careful," said he; "the axe is sharp. And do not overload the sledge!" Then he left them.

"Do not stay late!" he called, looking back.

"Very well, father," cried George, with uplifted axe.

Warmed by their work, the boys heeded neither wind nor snow. The fallen trees breathed forth a fragrant perfume; their ice-bound branches drooped sorrowfully as though grieving to leave their forest home.

Their work ended, the boys harnessed themselves to the sledge and started for home. Just as they regained the tall fir George stopped, exclaiming: "The axe!"

Yes, the axe! It had been left behind. They could not return without that. A moment George hesitated; then he said: "Wait a bit, Jack. I will run back for the axe. I know just where it is."

Away he ran, calling as he went: "Stay with the sledge, Jack."

Jack watched till he was out of sight; then, weariness overpowering him, he sat down on the sledge. Pushing the branches aside, he saw something shine. It was the axe! Seizing it, he ran after his brother, calling: "George! George!" No answer. He turned slowly back and seated himself on the sledge with the axe on his lap.

Meanwhile, George searched anxiously, but found no axe. Darkness crept on, and with heavy heart he returned to the sledge. John was still there, but he had fallen asleep. The axe lay in the snow. George picked it up, then shook his brother, but, to his dismay, Jack would not wake. He half-opened his eyes, muttered some unintelligible words, and then fell back asleep. George let him sleep, and tried to draw the sledge by himself; but it would not stir.

Anguish and terror now overcame the poor boy. What could he do? Where obtain help? He feared Jack would be frozen. Suddenly a light shone in the distance. He ran towards it, and found to his astonishment that it proceeded from the old, ruined castle. He climbed to the window, and the strange sight that greeted him made him for a moment forget his trouble.

In the centre of the hall burned a large fire; over it was a vat-shaped vessel that sent forth spicy odours. All around hundreds of tiny forms were working busily. On one side sat many little men, some sewing garments of glittering tissue, others making beautiful little shoes. And they worked so swiftly. Husch! husch! a coat, cap, or shoe was finished, and flew away to the piles of garments standing beside the little workers.

At the farther end of the hall, cooks were making cakes, which, when baked, they carried two by two on small white boards to a hole in the wall that evidently led to the dwarfs' store-cupboard. Two little men, mounted on stones, stirred the vat with long wands.

"They will certainly enjoy their Christmas," thought George, sniffing the spicy odours.

But a new-comer appeared. He was also a dwarf, but different from the others in dress and appearance. He wore a green hunting-dress made from the wings of earth-beetles; a hat of like colour adorned his head; his hair and beard were long. At his side hung a gold hunting-horn. Majestic he stood amidst the workers, who saluted him respectfully. Raising his eyes, he beheld the intruder, and his glance was one of anger.

George sprang down, but, quick as lightning, the gnome climbed through the opening and stood before the terrified boy. The same moment the fire was extinguished, the

bustle ceased, and the castle stood silent and dark in the snowy forest.

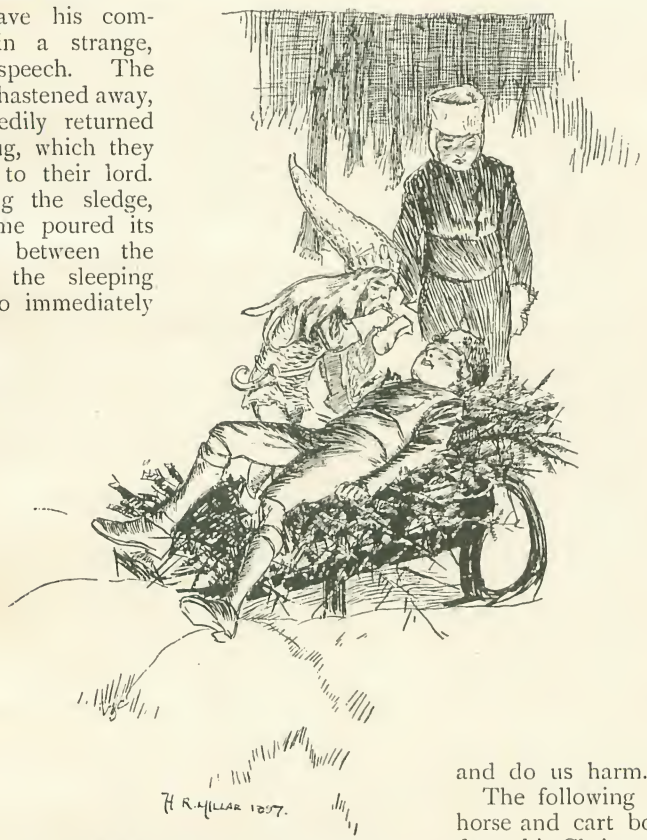
"How dare you spy out our secrets?" cried the angry little man.

George raised his fur cap. "Honoured sir," said he, "I came not to spy, but to implore your aid."

His politeness soothed the enraged gnome; he inquired the cause of distress, and when told, said: "Lead me to the sledge. I will see if I can help you."

George ran quickly forward, followed by the little man, and soon reached the sledge. John still slept. His face and hands were icy cold. In terror George shook him. Raising his horn, the gnome blew a long, shrill blast, and instantly gnomes arose from behind every tree, mound, and bush.

He gave his commands in a strange, lisping speech. The gnomes hastened away, but speedily returned with a jug, which they handed to their lord. Mounting the sledge, the gnome poured its contents between the lips of the sleeping boy, who immediately awoke, and stared wonderingly at the strange company.




"THE GNOME POURED ITS CONTENTS BETWEEN THE LIPS OF THE SLEEPING BOY."

George quickly explained what had happened, adding that he owed his life to the gnome's kind care. John thanked the little man, and declared he never felt better in his life.

Then the gnome questioned them about their family, and learning that they would have no Christmas rejoicings, bade them bring their brothers and sisters to the old castle and join the gnomes' Christmas feast.

The boys joyfully agreed and, thanking him for his kind invitation, turned to depart.

"Stay," said the gnome; "mount the sledge and hold each other tight!" He then ordered his servants to drag them to the last tall fir. The boys mounted. A hundred gnomes harnessed themselves to the sledge, and away they went, swift as the wind. That was a ride! They had barely started ere their father's house was in sight; the sledge stopped, and the gnomes vanished. As they clambered down their father came towards them.

"How could you stay so late?" he asked. "Your mother is very anxious and vexed that I left you."

They entered the cottage. Supper was ready, but they could eat nothing until they had related their strange adventure. Their father shook his head.

"Yes, yes," said he, "I knew the gnomes haunted the old castle, but I have never seen them; still, George is a Sunday child, and might well see things that are hidden from others."

"Of course, they must go," said the mother, "or the little people will be angry and do us harm."

The following morning Andrew, with a horse and cart borrowed from the miner, drove his Christmas-trees to the town. All the children ran out to see the cart loaded, and when it drove away they followed. Passing through the village, other children joined them, forming quite a procession.

At the end of the village Andrew stopped, saying, "Run back to school now, children; and you, George, make haste with your

mending." The little crowd turned back, and the cart with its green burden went briskly forward.

Reaching home, George worked industriously for some hours. Then shouts and laughter attracted him. He looked out. Beneath the tall fir the school-children were heaping up the snow.

"Ah, a snow-man!" he exclaimed. "I must help!" Away flew the boot with its half-finished patch, and away sped the little cobbler to join the laughing throng. Merry were the workers and loud their shouts as George, mounted on his shoemaker's stool, placed the snow-man's head upon his shoulders; and there the giant stood, tall and threatening as a winter god.

Then the children joined hands and danced round him, singing merrily, heedless of the icy blast that blew sharply against their laughing faces. Soon George returned to work; the others ran back to school, and his frozen Majesty stood solitary and forsaken.

When the moon rose behind the forest, bathing the snow-clad world in her silver light, George's boot had long been finished, the shoemaker slept beside his sleeping family, and in the box with the Sunday clothes lay a little leather purse filled with silver coins that he had brought back from the town.

The longed-for night arrived, and at the first blast of the golden horn that was to summon them to the feast, the children, dressed in their Sunday clothes, hastened to the forest.

Beneath the tall fir they paused in amaze. The snow-man reared his hoary head on high. But on his arms and shoulders, and on every branch of the fir, sat the gnomes who had come to guide their little guests through the forest.

Climbing swiftly down, they tripped lightly before the children. Gaily the girls' red frocks fluttered above the white snow; merrily the silvery laugh of the children rang through the silent forest.

When they reached the castle it was ablaze with light, whilst all around the tall firs, like giant Christmas-trees, were bright with various coloured stars.

They crossed the threshold to the sound of a million tinkling bells. Within all was light and glittering splendour. The ground and walls were covered with soft green moss, spangled with violets cut from amethysts and sapphires, whilst the carnations and snowdrops glistening between were cut from rubies and pearls, their tiny leaves shedding forth rays of dazzling light. A large sun, formed of carbuncles and diamonds, shed over all a light brighter than day. The children believed it a real sun and the flowers real flowers. Beneath stood a gigantic fir, its topmost branches almost touching the sun, and seeming every moment as though they would burst into flames. Showers of sparks fell from the sun and, resting like stars on every needle-pointed leaf, there sparkled and glittered.

On the branches hung every imaginable fruit, from the tiniest berries to the golden pineapple, all made and moulded with exquisite skill of sugar-pastry; no confectioner could have fashioned them more beautifully than had the little fingers of the gnome-cooks. All around fluttered butterflies, dragon-flies, and cockchafers, whom the gnomes had woke from their winter sleep, and who, placed in this beauteous garden, believed that spring had really come, and dived into the petals of the glittering flowers or stole the sweetness from the sugar fruits.

The children moved about on the tips of their toes, holding each other's hands, and murmuring, "How beautiful! Oh, how beautiful!" Their guides had departed, and save for the butterflies and cockchafers they were alone. The stillness and splendour almost took away their breath.

Strains of sweet music broke the silence; nearer and nearer it came, louder and louder it swelled, as, two by two, a train of little musicians in glittering doublets, blowing and fiddling on tiny instruments, passed through a slit in the wall and formed a circle round the tree.

Little men with long beards followed, and after them came the King, in whom George recognised his friend with the golden horn. Beside him walked the Queen, closely veiled. Both wore gold mantles ornamented with precious stones, and had crowns of flame on their heads. Next came many old men in gold robes. These wore red caps, and were evidently ministers of state, they looked so grave and thoughtful.

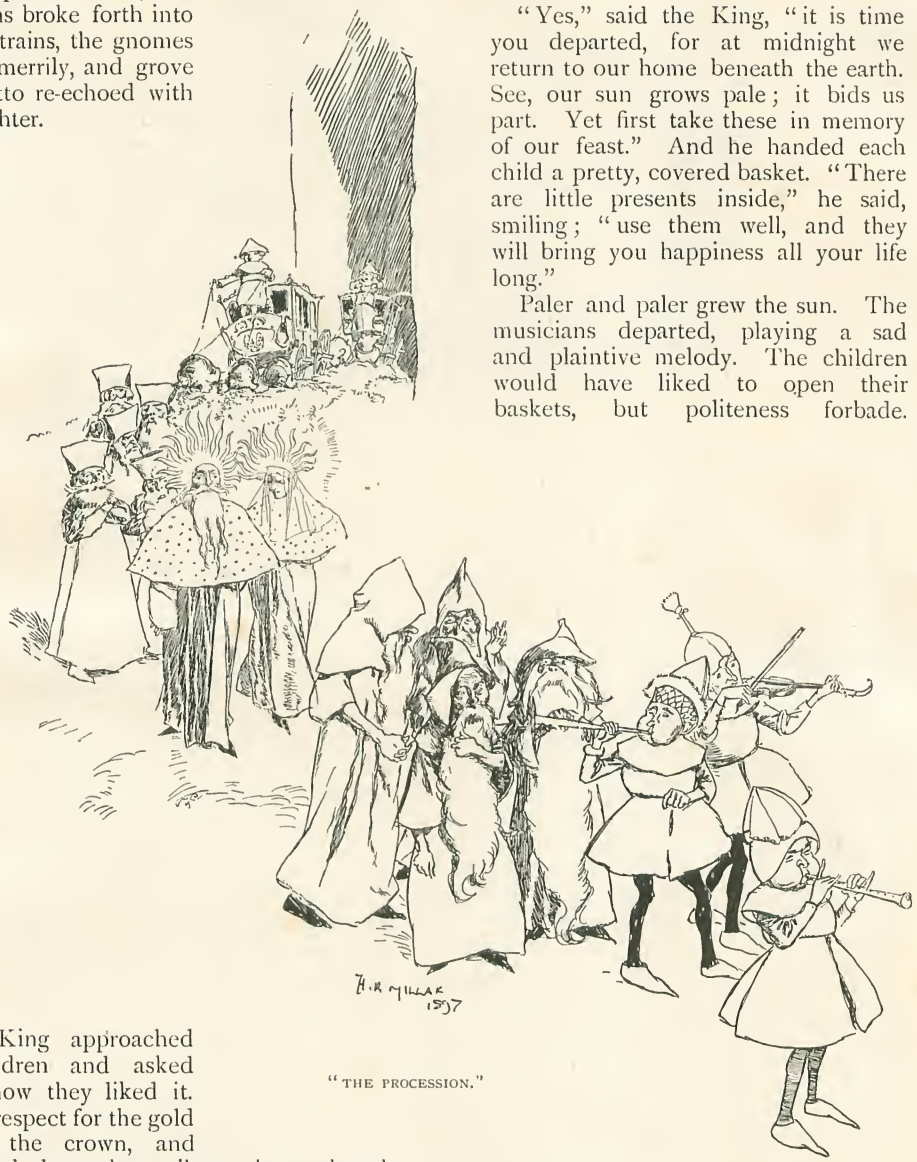
Then followed shining carriages drawn by rats and moles. In these sat the gnome ladies, all veiled. A gnome coachman sat on each carriage, and a gnome footman stood behind.

The King and Queen ascended a mossy eminence, on which stood two gold thrones. The ladies alighted from their carriages, which drove slowly away.

Then the King made a long speech. The children could not understand a word, but it

must have been very touching, for many of the ladies, and even the beautiful little Queen, wept with emotion.

The speech ended, the musicians broke forth into joyous strains, the gnomes sported merrily, and grove and grotto re-echoed with gay laughter.




"THE PROCESSION."

The King approached the children and asked kindly how they liked it. At first, respect for the gold mantle, the crown, and the speech, kept them silent; but at length George stammered forth: "It is beautiful above measure, beautiful as Heaven!"

Meanwhile the cooks ran about, carrying beautiful cakes and goblets of rosy wine. The gnomes did ample justice to the fare. The children enjoyed it exceedingly, although the bites and sups were very small. The dwarfs then climbed the Christmas-tree and threw the fruit to the ladies. This caused much merriment. The children had their share, and when they could eat no more the King made them fill all their pockets.

At length, being tired, they wished to return home.

"Yes," said the King, "it is time you departed, for at midnight we return to our home beneath the earth. See, our sun grows pale; it bids us part. Yet first take these in memory of our feast." And he handed each child a pretty, covered basket. "There are little presents inside," he said, smiling; "use them well, and they will bring you happiness all your life long."

Paler and paler grew the sun. The musicians departed, playing a sad and plaintive melody. The children would have liked to open their baskets, but politeness forbade. Instead, they thanked the King for his kindness, wished him good-night, and were led by him from the castle.

As they crossed the threshold their father stepped from behind the trees. He had waited there the whole time, and tried on all sides to enter the castle, but in vain. His anxiety had grown intense, and he rejoiced

"HE HANDED EACH CHILD A PRETTY, COVERED BASKET."

to see them return in safety. Taking the two youngest children in his arms, he hastened home, followed by the others.

On their way they told of all the music and splendour, and their father marvelled, for he had heard no music and seen no light. To his eyes the castle and the forest trees were black and gloomy as heretofore. But thus it is ever. The older folk gaze into the world with troubled eyes, and thus see only darkness and gloom, where to the children's eyes all is light, happiness, and joy.

In the baskets a fresh surprise awaited them. They contained neither gold nor precious stones, only pretty little tools, dainty, and bright as playthings. George and Paul each received every requisite for a shoemaker's trade. John and Karl a tailor's scissors, needle, and thimble. Katie and Christel had each a spinning-wheel.

The children laughed at the droll little presents, but their parents understood the deeper meaning that lay hidden beneath the apparent pleasantry, for they knew that the gnome is a friend to the industrious worker, and makes his work to prosper.

Years passed. A stately mansion with cowshed and pigsty replaced the shoemaker's cottage. Andrew and his wife were the richest people in the village.

This they owed to their children's industry, or rather to the gnome's presents, for the brothers and sisters always used the tools the King had given them. George and Paul were celebrated shoemakers, and did work enough for four; John and Karl were first-class tailors; whilst Katie and Christel were famed throughout the land for their beautiful spinning.

The villagers said Andrew must have found a treasure whilst taking his Christmas-trees to market; but the shoemaker and his family knew better, and when seated in their new mansion they often spoke with grateful remembrance of the "Gnome's Christmas Feast."

# *Curiosities.*

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

SOME QUEER SEED-PODS.

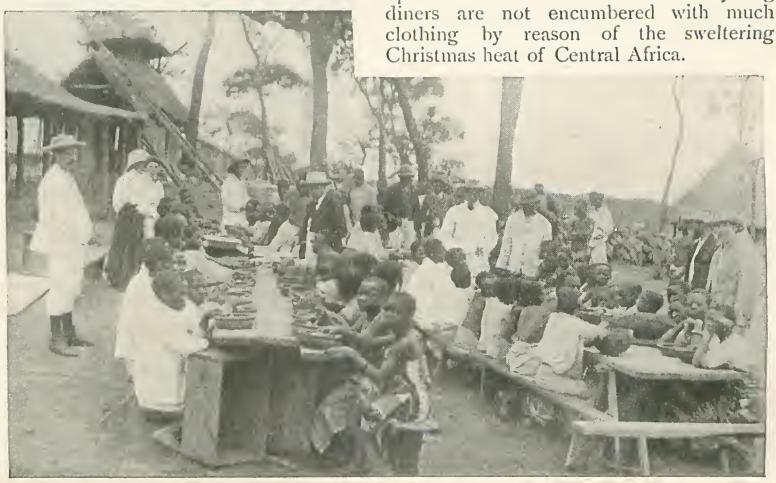
The Rev. Arthur East, of Southleigh Vicarage, Witney, Oxon, writes as follows: "These things are not the pitiful remnants of an appalling tragedy enacted in China, nor are they the skulls of victims of the bloodthirsty King of Benin. They are, strange to say, merely the seed-pods of the common snapdragon impaled upon ordinary darning needles!" Certainly these horticultural curiosities do look a little gruesome at first sight.

A REMARKABLE BASKET.

When the first great suspension bridge was to be built across the Niagara gorge, the authorities sought for something to aid in its construction. Finally a basket and cable way were decided on. The engineer was for having a basket of iron, and in order to settle the shape of this curious conveyance the contractor and engineer simply put their old-fashioned rocking chairs together, and in this way designed the basket. The great bridge was then built with its aid. A fine new steel arch has now taken the place of the old bridge, but the basket itself is preserved among the curiosities in the rooms of the Historical Society of Buffalo, New York. The photo. was sent in by Mr. Orrin E. Dunlap, of Niagara Falls, New York.

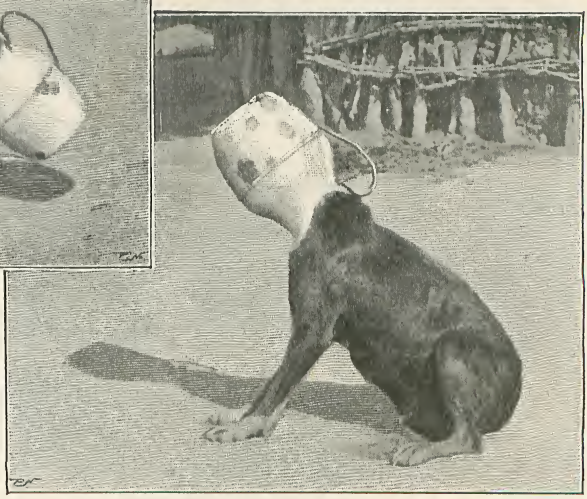
A PECULIAR DINNER.

We are indebted for this photo. to Mr. R. Caldwell, of the Zambesi Industrial Mission. It seems there was at the Mitsidi Station a very truculent and pugnacious ox. Besides being dangerous, it could not be broken in to work; so it was killed in order to provide a great Christmas dinner for the Mission school-children. The photo. shows upwards of one hundred children enjoying this very interesting feast. Portions of rice were served with the meat, and the dinner was given in the open air. It will be seen that the young diners are not encumbered with much clothing by reason of the sweltering Christmas heat of Central Africa.



THE DOG THAT STOLE THE MILK.

Most missionaries belonging to the great English missionary societies are now provided with cameras, and they are thus enabled to send to head-quarters many delightfully quaint little photos., of which the pair here reproduced are delightful examples. They were taken by the late Rev. J. P. Nickisson, of the Church Missionary Society, and were kindly forwarded to us by his brother, the Rev. Ernest Nickisson, of Margate. The missionary's dog one day came upon a big enamelled iron jug full of milk, and into this she incautiously thrust her head with great force. She drank steadily for some time, and then wishing to breathe more freely, and look round generally, she tried to withdraw, but found it impossible. The noise the dog made attracted the notice of Mr. J. P. Nickisson, who photographed the comical incident before releasing the dog. The second photo. is particularly funny. After many struggles, the dog has sat down in sheer despair with the big milk-jug wedged firmly on her head.



"WAITING FOR THE TRAIN" IN INDIA.

This photo. represents a scene on Sullangunge Railway Station—a little wayside station in India. The people are waiting for the train to return home. The Indian, it seems, thinks nothing of coming on to the platform three or four hours before the train is due, and then he or she sits down and talks or smokes a hookah, precisely as though it were a friend's house, instead of a remote railway station. This is an apt illustration of the very leisurely way in which the Oriental orders his life.

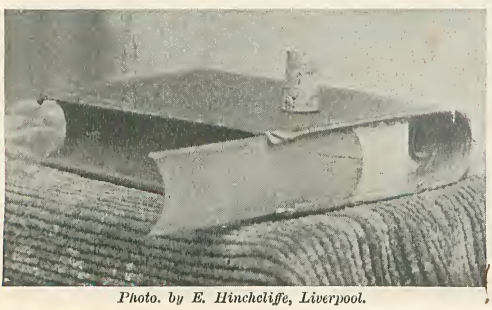


*Photo. by E. Hinchcliffe, Liverpool.*

A SURPRISING PRAYER-BOOK.

This is a very remarkable curiosity, the photograph of which was sent in by the Rev. W. Dallow, of Upton, Birkenhead. "This remarkable book of (un)Common Prayer," writes Mr. Dallow, "is really a tin spirit flask, neatly covered in morocco and with a gilt edge; it holds about half a pint. As will be seen in the photo. the upper end slides out, and the cork can then be removed. It belonged to a woman who was returning from a prayer-meeting in Liverpool last July; and as she rolled somewhat in her gait, the lady must have derived no small comfort from the 'book.'"

A CURIOUS VISITOR ON BOARD SHIP.

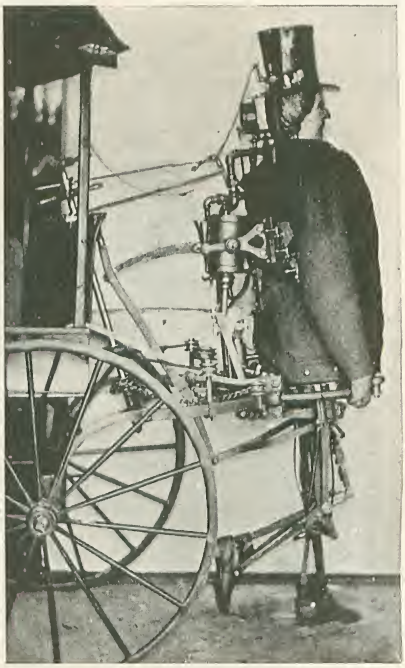
In the foreground of the above photo. a passenger will be seen seated, whilst on his head is perched a small bird ; this is a land bird, which flew on to the deck of the steamer when the latter was some 300 miles from the coast of Labrador. The bird remained on board several days, perching first on one passenger's head and then on another. It became so tame that it was fed daily from the hands and even the mouths of the passengers. We are indebted for the photograph to Mr. H. G. Armstrong, of Heathcote, Wellington College, Berks.

A PETROLEUM TANK FIRED BY LIGHTNING.

This is a remarkably impressive photograph by Mr. W. T. Tilton, of the Prairie Depôt, Ohio, U.S.A. The photograph represents the destruction of no less than 35,000 gallons of crude petroleum, which was stored in an enormous steel tank at North Lima, Ohio. The most remarkable thing about this extraordinary conflagration is that it was due entirely to the lightning that played about it during a great storm.

A WONDERFUL "MAN" STEAM ENGINE.

Mrs. L. Heathfield, of 2, Campden Grove, Kensington, writes as follows : "I am sending you a photo. which you may think worthy of a place among your 'Curiosities.' My brother sent it from the United States nearly thirty years ago. I think it must represent one of the earliest, if not the earliest, steam carriage

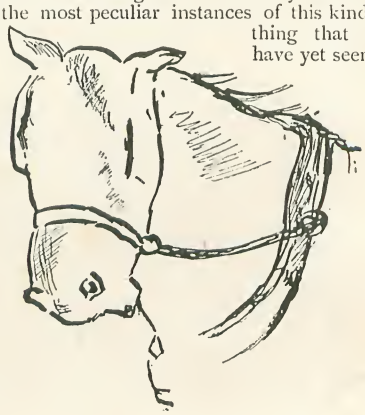


*From a Photo. by Geo. O. Bedford, Newark, N.J.*

ever used." The idea is a very extraordinary one, but the mechanism would appear to be far too complex to allow of satisfactory working.

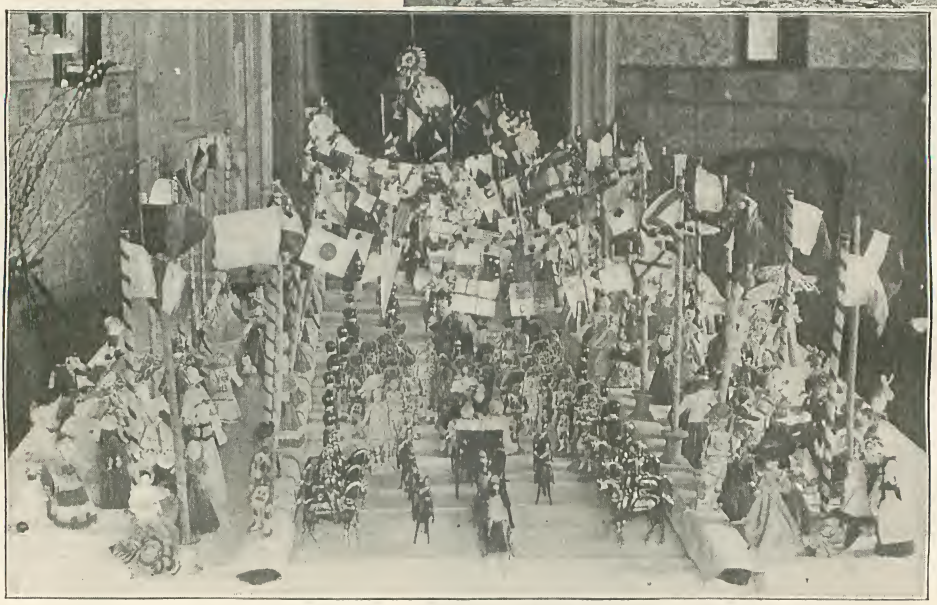
A FREAKISH SKETCH.

The accompanying rough sketch of a horse's head was sent us by Miss M. S. Gladstone, of Woolton Vale, Liverpool. "Turn the sketch upside down," says Miss Gladstone, "and it immediately appears to be a small, fat pug dog, smoking a little pipe, and attached by a strap to a broken stump. The design is both accidental and original." Certainly this is one of the most peculiar instances of this kind of thing that we have yet seen.



THREE WONDERFUL CARVED COCOA-NUTS.

These three heads were each fashioned from a single cocoa-nut—with the fibre on, of course—by convicts in the Andaman Islands. They were then packed in straw in a wooden box and left there a month before being removed. When this was done, the middle head was found to have thrown out a shoot over a foot long, with leaves completely formed! This gave the face, which already wore a queer smile, a most uncanny appearance. The sprout had sapped up all the milk, and could not therefore live long. The photo. was taken by Lieut. H. S. Alexander, and was sent in by Captain R. H. Dewing, of the 16th Madras Infantry, Rangoon.

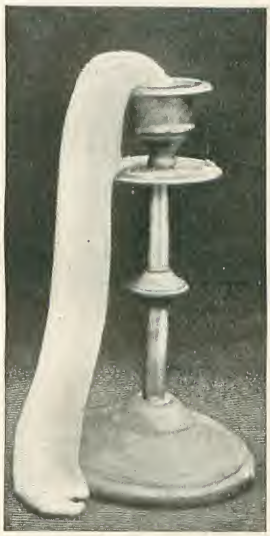


A PRIVATE "JUBILEE PROCESSION."

These two photos. were sent in by Mr. Henry D. Roberts, of St. Saviour's Public Library, S.E. They represent a complete Jubilee procession, made with the idea of interesting the younger members of her family, by Mrs. McCosh, of Burnside, Rutherglen, near Glasgow. The idea was to give the little ones a procession of their own. There was the Queen in her carriage; and any number of Princesses, drawn by prancing horses, the latter being ridden by correctly-dressed postilions. Festoons of daisies and buttercups were hung from pillars fitted into clothes-props, the latter duly swathed in bunting. The figures in the procession were all dolls, designed and made by Mrs. McCosh herself. The crowd consisted of over 150 dolls, all dressed differently. So striking was the result that visitors came from far and near to inspect the "Procession," although it was originally intended merely to interest and amuse young children. The very uniforms of the officers and Court officials were correctly copied.

### EFFECTS OF HEAT AND COLD.

These two photos. represent two vastly different results, brought about respectively by a very hot day and a very cold night. The photo. on the left-hand side shows a candle which was melted by the heat, on June 19th last. Mr. J. Francis Allen, writing from the Priory, Repton, says: "The candle was standing in a bedroom at this school. It went on drooping until, as you can see for yourself, it could droop no more." The second photo. was sent in by Mr. W. A. Stanford, of Heathfield, near Alfreton. "This photo.," he writes, "is



one of a bottle which was left all right over night, and was found next morning just as represented in the print." The cork seems to have been forced out, and as the liquid bubbled up it appears to have frozen.

### A MYSTERIOUS RAT IN A WATER-BOTTLE.

This remarkable photograph was taken by Mr. G. Macrone, in Mandala House, *British Central* Africa. The water-bottle was placed on a table as usual before retiring for the night. In the morning Mr. Macrone discovered this curious-looking rat at the bottom of the bottle. How the creature got there is a mystery; it could not have climbed up on the

outside, because the water-bottle was standing quite apart from anything else on the table. It was only with the greatest care and difficulty that the rat was liberated from its strange prison, when it seemed none the worse for its mysterious adventure. The photograph was sent in by Mrs. L. Macrone, of 13, Millbrae Crescent, Langside, Glasgow.

### ASTONISHING PHOTOGRAPHIC FREAK.

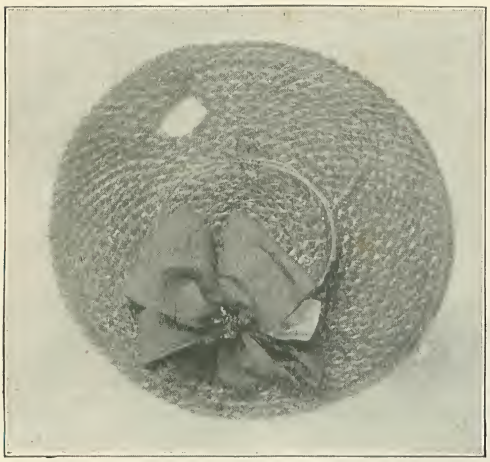
The original photo. from which the accompanying illustration was reproduced was submitted by us to various photographic experts, but none can account for it in a satisfactory way. Mr. George E. Neeves, of Cromer Lodge, Birdhurst Road, South Croydon, writes as follows: "This is a print of a photo. taken by me at New Quay, Cornwall. It was taken on a Paget plate, with two seconds' exposure, and, to my knowledge, the horse did not move, yet he is only represented as having three legs. It cannot have been a fault in the plate, because all the details of the wheel are given. It is altogether the most curious photographic mystery that I have ever known." It is clear that the leg could not have been moving, because such movement could not have failed to shake horse and trap and to blur the distinctness of the image, especially as the photograph was not an instantaneous one, but taken with the comparatively long exposure of two seconds. Is there any of our readers who can solve this problem?

A CHRISTMAS TREE IN INDIA.

Mrs. Carey writes from the Baptist Mission at Barisal, in Bengal: "Every year kind friends in England send our little girls Christmas presents. These are usually arranged on a table, and given away on Christmas afternoon. This year, however, we thought it would be nice to have a Christmas tree, so when the girls had gone off to Mr. Spurgeon's compound for a mid-day feast, we got the whole thing done. A huge branch of fir was broken from a tree and stuck in the ground a little away from the house. Fancy a Christmas tree in the open air with a blazing sun pouring down on it! We worked hard to get the tree dressed before the children came back, though it made us pant and perspire. There were dolls, big and little, fancy boxes, needle-cases, bracelets, and pretty clothes. The baskets on the ground contain oranges and native sweets. The girls fairly screamed with surprise and delight when they came back."

HAT PIERCED BY A ROCKET-STICK.

This photo. represents a very curious accident. The photo. was sent in by Mrs. E. J. Damant, of Bornholm, Cowes. In her letter the lady says that the accident occurred one night when a big firework display was being given in the beautiful Isle of Wight town. "My nursemaid was watching the fireworks



on the parade, when suddenly a rocket-stick descended with great force and passed clean through the brim of her hat, causing, however, no other damage, save a slight abrasion of the face." Considering the vast crowds present at firework displays, the wonder is that serious accidents do not frequently occur.

BROKEN GLASS EXTRAORDINARY.

This photo. comes from the Davey Photo. Company of Honolulu. It seems that a young lady artist in the Davey Gallery was employed on some iridium pictures when she was startled by a loud report. Upon investigation, she found that an ordinary cast glass, containing some water and colouring, had burst. The peculiar thing is that eleven pieces of the broken glass, each shaped exactly like a tomahawk, had been broken from the bottom of the tumbler and were laid about in a circle. The tumbler was left connected with the bottom only by a quarter of an inch of glass.

# INDEX.


PAGE

ADVENTURES OF SAID, THE. A STORY FOR CHILDREN. From the German of W. HAUFF. 109
(*Illustrations* by H. R. MILLAR.)

ALKALI DICK, THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF. By BRET HARTE ... ... ... ... 25
(*Illustrations* by PAUL HARDY.)

AMPHIBIOUS BOAT, THE. By JAMES WALTER SMITH ... ... ... ... ... ... 491
(*Illustrations* from Photographs and Prints.)

BABY-SHOW, AT A. By FRAMLEY STEELCROFT... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 378
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

BLIZZARDS. By S. BLAIR MCBEATH ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 228
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

BY THE MESS FIRE. By "THE PROFESSOR" ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 43
(*Illustrations* by W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.)

CAPTAINS OF ATLANTIC LINERS.—II. By ALFRED T. STORY ... ... ... ... ... 201
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

CARPET-BEDDING. By OLIVER THORNE ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 373
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

CATCH OF THE SEASON, THE. By MARY ANGELA DICKENS ... ... ... ... ... 66
(*Illustrations* by SIDNEY PAGET.)

CHAMPION JUMPER OF THE WORLD, THE. By OSWALD NORTH ... ... ... ... 507
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

CHRISTMAS IN THE FOREST. A STORY FOR CHILDREN. From the German ... ... ... 789
(*Illustrations* by H. R. MILLAR.)

CHRYSANTHEMUM, THE. From the French of FERNAND BEISSIER ... ... ... ... 319
(*Illustrations* by CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON.)

CHURCHES, PECULIAR. By LOUIS GREVILLE ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 732
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

COMPETITIONS, QUEER. By FRAMLEY STEELCROFT ... ... ... ... ... ... 55
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

COMPLEAT NOVELIST, THE. By JAMES PAYN ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 633
(*Illustrations* by WARWICK GOBLE.)

CONVEYANCES, QUEER ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 457
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

CRUIKSHANK, GEORGE, SOME UNPUBLISHED SKETCHES BY ... ... ... ... 183
(*Illustrations* from Facsimiles.)

CURIOSITIES ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 117, 237, 357, 477, 597, 795
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

DISTORTING MIRRORS. By L. S. LEWIS ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 313
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

DOG-ORCHESTRA, THE. By JOHN WEST ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 728
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

DREYFUS CASE, THE. By J. HOLT SCHOOLING ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 784
(*Illustrations* from Facsimiles.)

DROVER'S YARN, THE. By "THE PROFESSOR" ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 385
(*Illustrations* by PAUL HARDY.)

FIREWORKS OF THE PAST. By ALFRED WHITMAN ... ... ... ... ... ... 530
(*Illustrations* from Old Prints.)

PAGE

FLOATING CHURCH, THE. By L. S. LEWIS ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 197
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

FOOLHARDY FEATS. By GEORGE DOLLAR.

I.—THE NIAGARA FOOLS ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 332

II.—OTHER FOOLS ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 772
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

FOR THE GOOD OF THE COUNTY. By MARY ANGELA DICKENS ... ... ... ... 778
(*Illustrations* by CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON.)

GIANT KNARRATSCHKI AND THE PRINCESS TINGALING, THE. A STORY FOR CHILDREN. From the German of CLEMENS BRENTANO ... ... ... ... ... ... 352
(*Illustrations* by H. R. MILLAR.)

GLIMPSES OF NATURE (See NATURE, GLIMPSES OF).

G.P.O. MUSEUM, THE. By FRAMLEY STEELCROFT ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 216
(*Illustrations* from Photographs and Facsimiles.)

GREATEST ATHLETIC FEAT OF MODERN TIMES, THE. By A. M. DONALDSON ... 561
(*Illustrations* by FORREST NIVEN.)

HAND SHADOWS. By BERNARD MILLER ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 625
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

"HASTE TO THE WEDDING." By GERTRUDE KINGSTON ... ... ... ... ... ... 209
(*Illustrations* by FLORENCE K. UPTON.)

HEROINES. By DOUGLAS J. MURDOCK ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 665
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

HER ONLY CHANCE. By G. M. ROBINS ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 273
(*Illustrations* by PAUL HARDY.)

HIS FIRST LOVE. By A. BLAIR LEES ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 123
(*Illustrations* by W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.)

HIS WORD OF HONOUR. From the French of JEAN DU REBRAC ... ... ... ... ... 192
(*Illustrations* by ALFRED PEARSE.)

HOW A RACING BOAT IS BUILT. By S. J. HOUSLEY ... ... ... ... ... ... 20
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

HUMAN ALPHABET, A. By WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD ... ... ... ... ... ... 659
(*Illustrations* from Photographs by A. J. JOHNSON.)

HUNDRED YEARS AGO, A. By ALFRED WHITMAN ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 713
(*Illustrations* from Old Prints.)

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS.

LV.—SIR WILLIAM H. WHITE, K.C.B. By WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD ... ... ... 299
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

LVI.—SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN. By ARTHUR H. LAWRENCE... ... ... ... 649
(*Illustrations* from Photographs and Facsimiles.)

IN BIRCHY COPSE. By GEOFFREY MORTIMER... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 448
(*Illustrations* by CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON.)

IVAN'S GRAVE. By DOROTHEA GERARD ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 617
(*Illustrations* by W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.)

JUMPER, THE CHAMPION, OF THE WORLD. By OSWALD NORTH ... ... ... ... 507
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

KLONDIKE, THE NEW EL-DORADO ON THE. AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. HARRY DE WINDT. By WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 419
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

LITTLE SCRAP OF MELODY, A. By HELEN BODDINGTON ... ... ... ... ... 520
(*Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.)

LITTLE TIN TRUMPET, THE. By JAMES WORKMAN ... ... ... ... ... ... 745
(*Illustrations* by DOROTHY HARDY.)

LONGFELLOW WITH HIS CHILDREN. By MISS ALICE LONGFELLOW ... ... ... 250
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

MONKEY, AN EDUCATED ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 473
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

PAGE

NATURE, GLIMPSES OF. By GRANT ALLEN.
I.—THE COWS THAT ANTS MILK ... 12
II.—A PLANT THAT MELTS ICE ... 129
III.—A BEAST OF PREY ... 287
IV.—A WOODLAND TRAGEDY ... 401
V.—MARRIAGE AMONG THE CLOVERS ... 588
VI.—THOSE HORRID EARWIGS ... 704
(*Illustrations* by FRED. ENOCK.)

OKLAHOMA BOOMERS, THE. By GEORGE DOLLAR... 137
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

OLD TRAVELLERS' YARNS. By FRAMLEY STEELCROFT ... 344
(*Illustrations* from Old Prints.)

ON SHOW.
III.—MORE DOGS ... 74
IV.—CAGE BIRDS ... 324
V.—MORE CAGE BIRDS ... 574
(*Illustrated* by J. A. SHEPHERD.)

OPTICAL ILLUSIONS, SOME CURIOUS. By GEORGE LINDSAY JOHNSON, M.A., M.D. ... 394
(*Illustrations* from Drawings and Facsimiles.)

OURSELVES IN FIGURE AND DIAGRAM ... 37
(*Illustrations* from Diagrams.)

PEACHES, THE. From the French of ANDRÉ THEURIET ... 537
(*Illustrations* by CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON.)

PESTS. By WARREN COOPER... ... 542
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

PIONEERS OF PIKE'S PEAK, THE. By BASIL TOZER ... 337
(*Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.)

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRITIES AT DIFFERENT TIMES OF THEIR LIVES :—

BRISTOL, THE BISHOP OF ... 416
CARTON, MR. R. C. ... 519
DE WINDT, MR. HARRY ... 418
DREW, MRS. HARRY ... 297
DREW, THE REV. HARRY ... 296
EAMES-STORY, MADAME EMMA ... 159
EYTON, THE REV. CANON ... 51
GALTON, MR. FRANCIS... ... 518
HAYWARD, MR. THOMAS ... 54
KERR, MR. COMMISSIONER ... 415
MCTAGGART, MR. W. ... ... 160
MONKSWELL, LORD ... ... 517
RAE, MISS HENRIETTA ... 52
RICHARDSON, MR. T. ... 161
ROTHSCHILD, LORD ... ... 53
ST. ALBANS, THE BISHOP OF ... 158
SIAM, THE CROWN PRINCE OF ... 295
SIMMONS, FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN ... 687
SOUTHWELL, THE BISHOP OF ... 516
STANFORD, DR. VILLIERS ... ... 688
VANBRUGH, MISS IRENE ... ... 686
WATSON, LORD ... ... 685
WHITE, SIR WILLIAM H. ... ... 298
WILLIAMS, MISS ANNA ... ... 417

PRESERVATION OF HENNIKER, THE. By ARTHUR E. H. BARRY ... ... ... 721
(*Illustrations* by J. FINNEMORE, R.B.A.)

PROFESSIONAL OPPORTUNITIES. By NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS ... ... ... ... 432
(*Illustrations* by ALFRED PEARSE.)

RAILWAY ADVENTURE, A. From the German of DR. MAX NORDEAU ... ... ... 98
(*Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.)

RED WARDER OF THE REEF, THE. By JOHN ARTHUR BARRY... ... ... ... 641
(*Illustrations* by PAUL HARDY.)

ROMANCE OF FOUR WHEELS, A. By CATHERINE ADAMS ... ... ... ... 497
(*Illustrations* by PAUL HARDY.)

SANTA CLAUS, LETTERS TO. By MARY K. DAVIS... ... ... ... ... ... 689
(*Illustrations* from Facsimiles.)

SHY PRINCESS, THE. A STORY FOR CHILDREN. By FLORA SCHMALZ ... ... ... 467
(*Illustrations* by H. R. MILLAR.)

SIDE-SHOWS. By WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD ... ... ... ... ... ... 91, 152
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

SILENCED. By L. T. MEADE and ROBERT EUSTACE ... ... ... ... ... ... 694
(*Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.)

PAGE

SKIN-WRITING. By JEREMY BROOME ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 453
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

SNOW STATUES. By THOMAS E. CURTIS ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 609
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

SPEAKER'S CHAIR, FROM BEHIND THE. By HENRY W. LUCY ... ... ... 103, 177
(*Illustrations* by F. C. GOULD.)

STOPPED ON THE LONG STRETCH. By JOHN ARTHUR BARRY ... ... ... ... 162
(*Illustrations* by C. J. STANILAND, R.I.)

THAMES VALLEY CATASTROPHE, THE. By GRANT ALLEN ... ... ... ... ... 674
(*Illustrations* by ALFRED PEARSE.)

THINGS MADE BY CHILDREN. By ROBERT HENDERSON ... ... ... ... ... ... 752
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

TIMBER-TITANS. By GEORGE DOLLAR ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 82
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

TORNADOES. By JAMES WALTER SMITH... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 265
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

TOUCH AND GO. By OWEN HALL ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 254
(*Illustrations* by ALFRED PEARSE.)

TRAGEDY OF THE KOROSKO, THE. By A. CONAN DOYLE ... 3, 143, 243, 363, 483, 603
(*Illustrations* by SIDNEY PAGET.)

WANDERING SOLDIER, THE. A STORY FOR CHILDREN. From the German... ... ... 233
(*Illustrations* by H. R. MILLAR.)

WHITE KITTEN, THE. By JAMES WORKMAN ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 409
(*Illustrations* by W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.)

WHY REGINALD FAWLEY WAS NEVER DISBARRED. By J. S. SHERIDAN ... ... 763
(*Illustrations* by J. L. WIMBUSH.)

WILLS, SOME PECULIAR. By L. S. LEWIS ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 441
(*Illustrations* from Photographs and Facsimiles.)

WOODCUTTER'S DAUGHTER AND THE MYSTERIOUS VOICE, THE. A STORY FOR CHILDREN. From the German ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 582
(*Illustrations* by H. R. MILLAR.)

WRECKS. By WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 550
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

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